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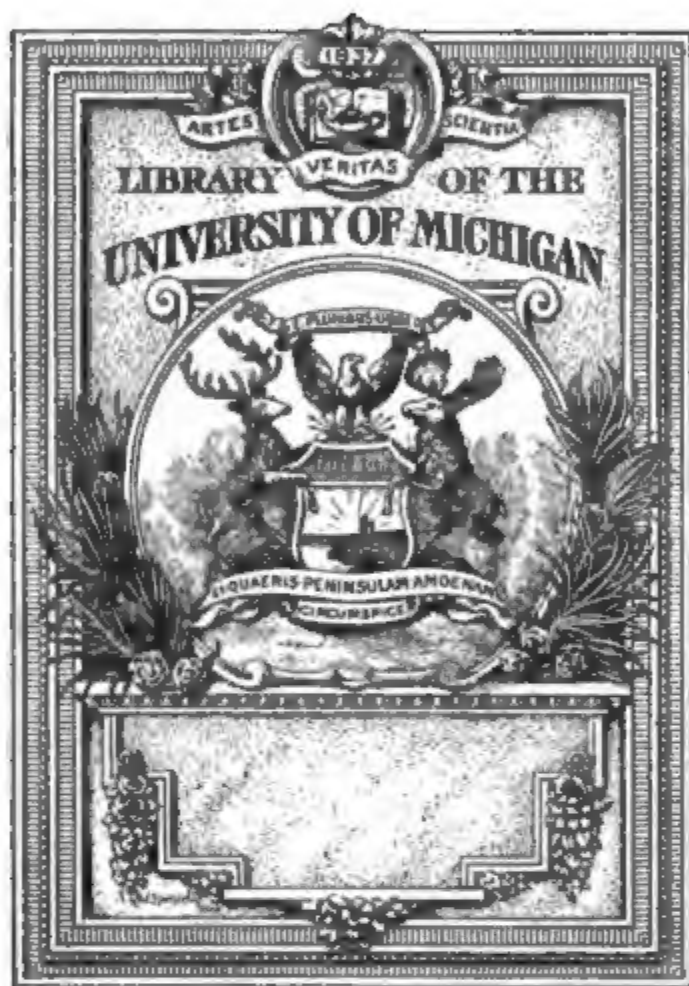
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JAMES M^cGLASHAN, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE-ST.

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DUBLIN

JAMES M'GLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-ST.

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CHATTERTON.—A STORY OF THE YEAR 1770.

PART I.—BRISTOL.

CHAPTER I.—WILKES AND LIBERTY.

Was there ever a time that did not think highly of its own importance? Was there ever a time when the world did not believe itself to be going to pieces, and when alarming pamphlets on "the present crisis" did not lie unbought on the counters of the booksellers? Poor mortals that we are, how we do make the most of our own little portion in the general drama of history! Nor are we quite wrong, after all. There is nothing really to laugh at in our laborious anxieties about this same "present crisis," which is always happening, and never over. "We live in earnest times"—what is there in the incessant repetition of this stereotyped phrase, but an explicit assertion, as it were, by each generation for itself, that the great sense of life, transmitted already through so many generations, is now, in turn, passing through it? The time that we ourselves are alive, the time that our eyes behold the light, and that the breath is strong in our nostrils, that is the crisis for us; and although it belongs to a higher than we to determine the worth of what we do, yet that we should do every thing with a certain amount of vehemence and bustle, seems but the necessary noise of the shuttle, as we weave forth our allotted portion of the general web of existence.

Well, eighty years ago, there was "a crisis" in England. That was the time, reader, when our great-grandfathers, laudably intent on bringing about your existence and mine, were, for that purpose, paying court

to our reluctant great-grandmothers. George III., an obese young sovereign of thirty-three, had then been ten years on the throne. Newspapers were not so numerous as now; parliament was not open to reporters; and, had gentlemen of the liberal press been alive with their present political opinions, every soul of them would have been hanged. Nevertheless, people got on very well; and there was enough for a nation of seven millions to take interest in and talk about, when they were in an inquisitive humour. Lord North, for example, an ungainly country gentleman, with goggle eyes and big cheeks, had just succeeded the Duke of Grafton as the head of a Tory ministry; Lord Chatham, throwing off his gout for the occasion, had, at the age of sixty-two, resumed his place in the public eye as the thundering Jove of the Opposition; Bute and Scotchmen were still said to be sucking the blood of the nation; and Edmund Burke, then in the prime of his strength and intellect, was publishing masterly pamphlets, and trying to construct, under the auspices of the Marquis of Rockingham, a new Whig party. Among the notabilities out of parliament were, Dr. Samuel Johnson, then past his sixty-first year, and a most obstinate old Tory; his friend Sir Joshua, fourteen years younger; Goldy, several years younger still; and Garrick, fifty-four years of age, but as sprightly as ever. In another circle, but not less prominently before the town, were Parson Horne and Mrs. Macaulay; and all England was ring-

ing with the terrible letters of the invisible Junius. But the man of the hour, the hero of the self-dubbed crisis, was John Wilkes.

Arrested in 1763, on account of the publication of No. 45 of the *North Briton*, in which one of the King's speeches had been severely commented on; discharged a few days afterwards in consequence of his privilege as a member of parliament; lifted instantaneously by this accident into an unexampled blaze of popular favour; persecuted all the more on this account by the court party; at last, in January, 1764, expelled from his seat in the House of Commons by a vote declaring him to be a seditious libeller; put on his trial thereafter, before the Court of Queen's Bench, and escaping sentence only by a voluntary flight to France; this squint-eyed personage, known up to that time only as a profligate wit about town, who lived on his wife's money, and fascinated other women in spite of his ugliness, had now been for six years the idol and glory of England. For six years "Wilkes and Forty-five" had been chalked on the walls; "Wilkes and Liberty" had been the cry of the mobs; and portraits of Wilkes had hung in the windows of the print-shops. Remembering that he was the champion of liberal opinions, even pious Dissenters had forgotten his atheism and his profligacy: they distinguished, they said, between the man and the cause which he represented.

For a year or two the patriot had been content with the mere echo of this applause as it was wafted to him in Paris; but, cash failing him there, and the parliament from which he had been ejected having been dissolved, he had returned to England early in 1768; had offered himself as a candidate for the city of London; had lost that election; but had almost instantly afterwards been returned for the county of Middlesex. Hereupon he had ventured to surrender himself to the process of the law; and the result had been his condemnation, in June, 1768, to pay a fine of £1,000, and undergo an imprisonment of twenty-two months. Nor had this been all. No sooner had parliament met than it had proceeded to expel the member for Middlesex. Then had begun the tug of war between parliament and the people. Thirteen days after his ex-

pulsion, the exasperated electors of Middlesex had again returned Wilkes as their representative, no one having dared to oppose him. Again the house had expelled him, and again the electors had returned him. Not till after the fourth farce of election had the contest ceased. On that occasion three other candidates had presented themselves; and one of them, Colonel Luttrell, having polled 296 votes, had been declared by the house to be duly elected, notwithstanding that the votes for Wilkes had been four times as numerous. Tremendous then had been the outcry of popular indignation; during the whole of the years 1768 and 1769 "the violation of the right of election by parliamentary despotism" had been the great topic of the country; and in the beginning of 1770 this was still the question of the hour, the question forced by the people into all other discussions, and regarding which all candidates for popular favour, from Chatham himself down to the parish beadle, were obliged distinctly to declare themselves.

Meanwhile, Wilkes was in the King's Bench, Southwark. His consolations, we may suppose, were, that by all this his popularity had been but increased; that Parson Horne and the Society for the protection of the Bill of Rights had organised a subscription in his favour, which would more than pay his fine; and that the whole country was waiting to do him honour on the day when he should step out of prison.

It came at last: Tuesday, the 17th of April, 1770. There was a considerable show of excitement all day in the vicinity of the prison; and it was with some difficulty that the patriot, getting into a hackney coach late in the afternoon, made his way past the cordial clutches of the mob, into the country. That evening and the next there were huzzas and illuminations in his honour; the house of Beckford, the Lord Mayor, in the then aristocratic region of Soho-square, was conspicuously decorated with the word "Liberty;" and public dinners to celebrate the release of the patriot were held in various parts of the city.

The rejoicings were not confined to London. In many other towns of England there were demonstrations in honour of Wilkes. A list of the chief places may still be culled from the newspapers of the day. From these

newspapers we learn, what indeed might have been independently surmised, that not the least eager among the towns of England in this emulous show of regard for Wilkes, was the ancient mercantile city of Bristol. The following appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, as from a Bristol correspondent, on the very day of Wilkes's release:—

' "Bristol, April 14th.—We hear that, on Wednesday next, being the day of Mr. Wilkes's enlargement, forty-five persons are to dine at the 'Crown,' in the passage leading from Broad-street to Tower-lane. The entertainment is to consist of two rounds of beef, of 45lbs. each; two legs of veal, weighing 45lbs.; two ditto of pork, 45lbs.; a pig roasted, 45lbs.; two puddings, of 45lbs.; 45 loaves; and, to drink, 45 tankards of ale. After dinner, they are to smoke 45 pipes of tobacco, and to drink 45 bowls of punch. Among others, the following toasts are to be given:—1. Long live the King; 2. Long live the supporters of British liberty; 3. The Magistrates of Bristol. And the dinner to be on the table exactly 45 minutes after two o'clock."

Whether this precise dinner, thus announced by the Bristol correspondent of the *Advertiser* was held or not, must, we fear, remain a mystery; but that there were several dinners in Bristol on the occasion is quite certain. On Thursday, the 19th, in particular, a public entertainment (possibly the above, with the day altered) was given in honour of the patriot by "an eminent citizen," and attended by many of the most influential men in the place.

Ah! the poetry of coincidences! On that same Thursday evening, while the assembled guests in the "Crown" were clattering their glasses in the hot room, puffing their tobacco-smoke, and making the roof ring with their tipsy uproar, there was walking moodily through the streets of Bristol, a young attorney's apprentice, who, four days before, had been discharged from his employment because he had alarmed his master by threatening to commit suicide. This attorney's apprentice was Thomas Chatterton.

CHAPTER II.

THE ATTORNEY'S APPRENTICE OF BRISTOL.

It was in the month of August, 1760, that a poor widow, who supported herself and two children by dressmaking, and by keeping a small day-school in one of the back streets of Bristol, gained admission for her younger child, a boy seven years and nine months old, into Colston's school, a charitable foundation, similar, in some respects, to Christ's Hospital in London. The husband of this widow, a rough, drunken fellow, who had been a singer, or sub-chaunter, in the cathedral choir of Bristol, as well as the master of a kind of free school for boys, had died a month or two before his son's birth. An old grandmother, however—either the widow's own mother or her husband's—was still alive, dependent, in some degree, on the family.

For nearly seven years, or from August, 1760, to July, 1767, the boy remained an inmate of Colston's school, wearing, as the Christ's Hospital boys still do, a blue coat and yellow stockings, and receiving, according to the custom of the institution, such a plain education as might fit him for an ordinary mercantile or

mechanical occupation. But, from the very first, the boy was singular. For one thing, he was a prodigious reader. The Bible, theological treatises, scraps of history, old magazines, poetry, whatever in the shape of a printed volume came in his way, all were eagerly pounced upon and devoured; and it was not long before his reputation in this respect enabled him to lay one or two circulating libraries under friendly contribution. Then, again, his temper, people remarked, had something in it quite unusual in one so young. Generally very sullen and silent, he was liable to sudden and unaccountable fits of weeping, as well as to violent fits of rage. He was also extremely secretive, and fond of being alone; and, on Saturday and other holiday afternoons, when he was at liberty to go home from school, it was quite a subject of speculation with his mother, Mrs. Chatterton, and her acquaintances, what the boy could be doing, sitting alone for hours, as was his habit, in a garret full of all kinds of out of the way lumber.

When he was about ten years of a

it became known to some of his seniors that the little Blue-coat was in the habit of writing verses. His first attempt in this way had been a pious little achievement, entitled, "On the Last Epiphany; or, Christ's coming to Judgment;" and so proud had he been of this performance, and so ambitious of seeing it in print, that he had boldly dropped it, one Saturday afternoon, into the letter-box of *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, a weekly newspaper in high local repute. It accordingly appeared in the columns of that newspaper on the 8th of January, 1763. From that day Chatterton was a sworn poet. Piece after piece was dropped by him during a period of three years into the letter-box of the accommodating *Journal*. Only one of these, however, is it necessary to mention particularly—a little lampoon, printed the 7th of January, 1764, and entitled, "The Churchwarden and the Apparition; a Fable." A Mr. Joseph Thomas, a brick-maker by trade, chancing, in that year, to hold the office of churchwarden for the parish of St. Mary Redcliffe, had greatly scandalized the public mind by causing the old church-yard to be levelled, and the surplus earth and clay to be carted away, as people said, for his own professional uses. For this outrage on decorum he was much attacked by the local press, and nowhere more severely than in the above-mentioned verses of the little Blue-coat, in whom, by-the-bye, there must have been a kind of hereditary resentment of such a piece of sacrilege, for his ancestors, the Chattertons, had been sextons of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe for a period of one hundred and fifty years continuously; and the office had, in fact, only passed out of the family on the death of an older brother of his father, named John Chatterton.

The date does not seem quite certain, but it was probably nearly three years after this occurrence, and when Chatterton would be above fourteen years of age, and one of the senior boys in the Blue-coat School, that he stepped, one afternoon, into the shop of a Mr. Burgum, partner of a Mr. Catcott in the pewter trade.

"I have found out a secret about you, Mr. Burgum," he said, going up to the pewterer at his desk.

"What is it?" said Mr.

"That you are descended from one of the noblest families in England."

"I did not know it," said the victim.

"It is true, though," said Chatterton, and, to prove it, I will bring you your pedigree written out, as I have traced it by the help of books of the peerage and old parchments."

Accordingly, a few days afterwards, he again called, and presented the astonished pewterer with a manuscript copy-book headed in large text, as follows:—

"Account of the Family of the De Bergham, from the Norman Conquest to this time; collected from original Records, Tournament-rolls, and the Heralds of March and Garter Records, by T. Chatterton."

In this document the Burgum pedigree was elaborately traced up, through no end of great names and illustrious intermarriages, to one "Simon de Seyncte Lyze, *alias* Senliz," who had come into England with the Conqueror; married a daughter of the Saxon chief, Waltheof; become possessed, among other properties, of Burgham Castle, in Northumberland; and been eventually created Earl of Northampton.

Pleased with the honours thus unexpectedly thrust upon him, the pewterer gave the Blue-coat five shillings for his trouble. To show his gratitude, Chatterton soon returned with "A Continuation of the Account of the Family of the De Bergham, from the Norman Conquest to this Time." In the original pedigree, the young genealogist had judiciously stopped short at the sixteenth century. In the supplement, however, he ventures as far down as the reign of Charles II., back to which point the pewterer is left to supply the links for himself. But the chief feature in the pedigree, as elaborated in the second document, is, that in addition to other great names, it contains a poet. This poet, whose name was John De Bergham, was a monk of the Cistercian order in Bristol; he had been educated in Oxford, and was "one of the greatest ornaments of the age in which he lived." He wrote several books, and translated some part of the *Iliad* under the title of "Romance of Troy." To give Mr. Burgum some idea of the poetic style of this distinguished man, his ancestor, there was inserted a short poem of his in the ancient dialect, entitled "The Romaunte of the

Cnychte;" and to render the meaning of the poem more intelligible, there was appended a modern metrical paraphrase of it by Chatterton himself.

By the *éclat* of this wonderful piece of genealogical and heraldic ingenuity done for Mr. Burgum, as well as by the occasional exercise in a more or less public manner of his talent for verse-making, Chatterton, already recognised as the first for attainments among all the lads in Colston's school, appears to have won a kind of reputation with a few persons of the pewterer's stamp out of doors, honest people, with small pretensions to literature themselves, but willing to encourage a clever boy whose mother was in poor circumstances.

It was probably through the influence of such people that, after having been seven years at the school, he was removed from it in July, 1767, to be apprenticed to Mr. John Lambert, a Bristol attorney. The trustees of Colston's school paid to Lambert, on the occasion, a premium of ten pounds; and the arrangement was, that Chatterton should be bound to him for seven years, during which period he was to board and lodge in Mr. Lambert's house, his mother, however, undertaking to wash and mend for him. There was no salary; but, as usually happens in such cases, there were probably means in Bristol by which a lad writing, as Chatterton did, a neat clerk's hand, could hope to earn, now and then, a few stray shillings. At any rate, he had the prospect of finding himself, at the end of seven years, in a fair way to be a Bristol attorney.

Lambert's office-hours were from eight in the morning till eight in the evening, with an interval for dinner; from eight till ten in the evening the apprentice was at liberty, but he was required to be home at his master's house, which was at some distance from the office, punctually by ten. An indignity which he felt very much, and more than once complained of, was that, by the household arrangements, which were under the controul of an old lady, his master's mother, he was sent to take his meals in the kitchen, and sleep with the footboy. To set against this, however, there was the advantage of plenty of spare time; for, as Lambert's business was not very extensive, the apprentice was often left alone in the office with nothing special to do, and

at liberty to amuse himself as he liked. From copying letters and precedents, he could turn to "Camden's Britannia," an edition of which lay on the office-shelves, to "Holinshed's Chronicles," to "Speght's Chaucer," to "Geoffrey of Monmouth," or to any other book that he could borrow from a library, and smuggle in for his private recreation. Sometimes, also, the tradition goes, his master, entering the office unexpectedly, would catch him writing verses, and would lecture him on the subject. Once the offence was still more serious. An anonymous abusive letter had been sent to Mr. Warner, the head-master of Colston's school, and by the texture of the paper, and other evidences, this letter was traced to the ex-Bluecoat of Mr. Lambert's office, whose reasons for sending it had probably been personal. On this occasion, his master was so exasperated as to strike him.

A young attorney's apprentice, of proud and sullen temper, discontented with his situation, ambitious, conscious of genius, yet treated as a boy and menial servant, such was Chatterton during the two years that followed his removal from the Bluecoat School. To this add the want of pocket-money; for, busy as he was with his master's work, and his own secret exercises in the way of literature, it is still authentically known, that he found time of an evening not only to drop in pretty regularly at his mother's house, but also to do as other attorneys' apprentices did, and prosecute little flirtations, such as all apprentices, literary or otherwise, like to find practicable. Altogether, the best glimpse we have of Chatterton in his commoner aspect as an attorney's apprentice in Bristol, is that which we get from a letter written by him, during his first year with Mr. Lambert, to a youth named Baker, who had been his chum at Colston's school, and had emigrated to America. Baker had written to him from South Carolina, informing him, amongst other things, that he had fallen in love with an American belle, of the name of Hoyland, whose charms had obscured his memory of the Bristol fair ones; and begging him, it would also appear, to woo the Muses in his favour, and transmit him across the Atlantic a poem or two, to be presented to Miss Hoyland. Chatterton complies, and sends a long letter, beginning with a few amatory effusions to Miss Hoyland,

such as Baker wanted, and concluded thus :—

“ March 6th, 1768.

“DEAR FRIEND,—I must now close my poetical labours, my master being returned from London. You write in a very entertaining style; though I am afraid mine will be to the contrary. Your celebrated Miss Rumsey is going to be married to Mr. Fowler, as he himself informs me. Pretty children! about to enter into the comfortable yoke of matrimony, to be at their liberty; just *apropos* to the old law, but out of the frying-pan into the fire. For a lover, heavens mend him! but, for a husband, oh, excellent! What a female Machiavel this Miss Rumsey is! A very good mistress of nature, to discover a *demon* in the habit of a parson; to find a spirit so well adapted to the humour of an English wife; that is, one who takes off his hat to every person he chances to meet, to show his staring horns, and very politely stands at the door of his wife's chamber whilst her gallant is entertaining her within! *O mirabile*, what will human nature degenerate into? Fowler aforesaid declares he makes a scruple of conscience of being too free with Miss Rumsey before marriage. There's a gallant for you! Why, a girl with anything of the woman would despise him for it. But no more of it. I am glad you approve of the ladies in Charlestown; and am obliged to you for the compliment of including me in your happiness. My friendship is as firm as the white rock when the black waves war around it, and the waters burst on its hoary top; when the driving wind ploughs the sable sea, and the rising waves aspire to the clouds, turning with the rattling hail. So much for heroics; to speak plain English, I am, and ever will be, your unalterable friend. I did not give your love to Miss Rumsey, having not seen her in private; and in public she will not speak to me, because of her great love to Fowler, and on another occasion. I have been violently in love these three-and-twenty times since your departure, and not a few times came off victorious. I am obliged to you for your curiosity, and shall esteem it very much, not on account of itself, but as coming from you. The poems, &c., on Miss Hoyland, I wish better for her sake and your's. The 'Tournament,' I have only one canto of, which I send herewith; the remainder is entirely lost. I am, with the greatest regret, going to subscribe myself, your faithful and constant friend till death do us part,

“ THOMAS CHATTERTON.

“ Mr. Baker, Charlestown,
“ South Carolina.”

When Chatterton wrote this letter he was fifteen years and four months old. To its tone as illustrative of certain parts of his character we shall have yet to allude; meanwhile let us attend to the reference made in it to the *Tournament*, one canto of which is said to be sent along with it. The poem here meant is doubtless the antique dramatic fragment published among Chatterton's writings in the assumed guise of an original poem of the fifteenth century, descriptive of a tournament held at Bristol in the reign of Edward I. From the manner of the allusion it is clear that as early as this period of Chatterton's life, that is, before the close of the first year of his apprenticeship, he was in the habit of showing about to some of his private friends poems in an antique style, which he represented as genuine antiques, copied from old parchments in his possession. It was not, however, till about six months after the date of the foregoing epistle that he made his *début* in the professed character of an antiquarian and proprietor of ancient manuscripts, before the good folks of Bristol generally.

In September, 1768, a new bridge was opened at Bristol with much civic pomp and ceremony. While the excitement was still fresh, the antiquaries of the town were startled by the appearance, in *Felix Farley's Journal*, of a very interesting account of the ceremonies that had attended the similar opening, several centuries before, of the old bridge, which had just been superseded. This account, communicated by an anonymous correspondent signing himself “Dunhelmus Bristolensis,” purported to be taken from an old manuscript, contemporary with the occurrence. It described how the opening of the old bridge had taken place on a “Fridaie;” how, on that “Fridaie,” the ceremonies had begun by one “Master Greggorie Dalbenye” going, “aboute the tollynge of the tenth clock,” to inform “Master Mayor all thyngs were prepared;” how the procession to the bridge had consisted, first, of “two Beadils streying fresh stre,” then of a man dressed as “a Saxon Elderman,” then of “a mickle strong manne in armour carrying a huge anlacc (i. e. sword)” then of “six claryons and minstrels,” then of “Master Mayor” on a white horse, then of “the Eldermen and Cittie

Brothers" on sable horses; and, finally, of "the preests, parish, mendicant, and secular, some synging Saincte Warburgh's song, others sounding claryons thereto, and others some citrialles;" how, when the procession had reached the bridge, the "manne with the anlace" took his station on a mound reared in the middle of it; how the rest gathered round him, "the preestes and freers, all in white albs making a most goodlie shewe," and singing "the song of Saincte Baldwyn;" how, when this was done, "the manne on the top threwe with greet mycht his anlace into the see, and the claryons sounded an auntiant charge and forloyn;" how then there was more singing, and, at the town-cross, a Latin sermon "preeched by Ralph de Blundeville;" and how the day was ended by festivities, the performance of the play of "The Knyghtes of Bristow" by the friars of St. Augustine, and the lighting of a great bonfire on Kynwulph Hill.

The antiquaries of the town were eager to know the anonymous "Dunhelmus Bristoliensis" who had contributed this perfectly novel document to the archives of Bristol; and they succeeded in identifying him with Mr. Lambert's singular apprentice,—the discoverer, as they would now learn, of a similar piece of antiquity in the shape of a pedigree for Mr. Burgum, the pewterer. Examined, coaxed, and threatened on the subject of his authority, Chatterton prevaricated, but at last adhered to the assertion that the manuscript in question was one of a collection which had belonged to his father, who had obtained them from the large chest or coffer in the muniment-room of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe. And here, whether owing to his obstinacy or to the stupidity of the inquisitors, the matter was allowed to rest.

The general impresssion that followed the discovery of the author of the communication relative to the opening of the old bridge, was that Mr. Lambert's apprentice was really a very extraordinary lad, who, besides being a poet in a small way, was also a dabbler in antiquities, and had somehow or other become possessed, as he said himself, of valuable materials respecting the history of Bristol. Accordingly he became, in some sense, a local celebrity. Among the persons that took

him by the hand were one or two of some name and importance in Bristol—Mr. George Catcott, the partner of Mr. Burgum; his brother, the Rev. Alexander Catcott; and Mr. Barrett, a surgeon in good practice. Two of these had a reputation as literary men. The Rev. Mr. Catcott had written a book in support of the Noachian view of the Deluge, and was, besides, according to Chatterton's delineations of him, a kind of oracle on scientific points at Bristol tea-parties, where, "shewing wondering cits his fossil store," he would expound his orthodox theory of springs, rocks, mountains, and strata. What the reverend Catcott was at refined tea-parties, his coarser brother, the pewterer, was at taverns. Chatterton thus hits him off:—

"So at Llewellyn's your great brother sits,
The laughter of his tributary wits,
Ruling the noisy multitude with ease,—
Empties his pint, and sputters his decrees."

Mr. Barrett, the surgeon, on the other hand, was a sedate professional man, of repute as an antiquarian, and known to be engaged in writing a history of Bristol.

The two Catcotts, Barrett, and Burgum, with some others, known either through their means or independently of them; Mr. Matthew Mease, a vintner; Messrs. Allen and Broderip, two musicians and church organists; the Rev. Mr. Broughton; Mr. Clayfield, a distiller, "a worthy, generous man;" Mr. Alcock, a miniature painter; together with certain nondescripts, designated as Mr. Cary, Mr. Kator, Mr. Smith, Mr. Rudhall, Mr. Williams, &c., chiefly, as we imagine, young men of mercantile pursuits and literary aspirations,—such, so far as we can collect their names, were the principal acquaintances and associates of Chatterton during his apprenticeship with Mr. Lambert. There are references also to some acquaintances of the other sex,—Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Carty, Miss Webb, Miss Sandford, Miss Bush, Miss Thatcher, Miss Hill, &c., not to omit the most conspicuous of all, and the only one between whom and Chatterton one is able to surmise a sentimental relation, that "female Machiavel, Miss Rumsey," so spitefully alluded to in the letter to the transatlantic Mr. Baker. The Catcotts, Barrett, and Burgum, however, come most into notice. On the Rev. Mr. Catcott, Chatterton, we are to suppose, drops in

occasionally, to listen to a prelection on fossils and the deluge; Burgum and the other Catcott he may sometimes meet at Matthew Mease's, where Catcott acts the chairman; and from Barrett, calling on him at his surgery once a week or so, he receives sensible advice as to the propriety of making poetry subordinate to his profession, as well as (what he greatly prefers) the loan of medical and uncommon books.

It is to this little public of heterogeneous individuals—clergymen, surgeons, tradesmen, vintners, and young apprentices like himself, that Chatterton produces his Rowley poems, and other antique writings. As early as the date of the Burgum pedigree, we have seen, he had ventured to bring out one antique piece, the "Romaunt of the Cnychte," by the so-called John de Bergham. To this had been added, as early as the commencement of 1768, the "Tournament," the poem alluded to in the letter to Baker, as well as, perhaps, other pieces. Further, in the account of the opening of the old bridge (September, 1768), references are introduced to the "Songe of Sainte Warburghe," and the "Songe of Sainte Baldwyne," showing that these antiques must have been then extant. In short, there is evidence that, before the conclusion of his sixteenth year, Chatterton had produced at least a portion of his alleged antiques. But the year that followed, or from the close of 1768 to the close of 1769, seems to have been his most prolific period in this respect. In or about the winter of 1768-9, that is, when he had just completed his sixteenth year, he produced, in the circle of his friends above mentioned, his ballad of "The Bristowe

Tragedie;" his "tragical interlude" of "Ella," in itself a large poem; his "Elinoure and Juga," a fine pastoral poem of the wars of the Roses; and numerous other pieces of all forms and lengths, in the same antique spelling. Then, also, did he first distinctly give the account of those pieces to which he ever afterwards adhered—to wit, that they were, for the greater part, the compositions of Thomas Rowley, a priest of Bristol of the fifteenth century, many of whose manuscripts, preserved in the muniment room of the church of St. Mary, had come into his hands.

The Catcotts were the parties most interested in the recovered manuscripts; and whenever Chatterton had a new poem of Rowley's on his hands, it was usually to Mr. George Catcott that he first gave a copy of it. To Mr. Barrett, on the other hand, he usually imparted such scraps of ancient prose records, deeds, accounts of old churches, &c., as were likely to be of use to that gentleman in preparing his history of Bristol. So extensive, in fact, were the surgeon's obligations to the young man, that he seems to have thought it impossible to requite them otherwise than by a pecuniary recompense. Accordingly, there is evidence of an occasional guinea or half-guinea having been transferred from the pocket of Mr. Barrett to that of Chatterton on the score of literary assistance rendered him in the progress of his work. From the Catcotts, too, Chatterton seems, on similar grounds, to have now and then obtained something. That they were not so liberal as they might have been, however, the following bill in Chatterton's handwriting will show:—

" Mr. G. Catcott,		" To the Executors of T. Rowley.	
" To pleasure recd. in readg. his Historic works		£5	5 0
<hr/> his Poetic works		£5	5 0
		<hr/> £10 10 0"	

Whether the above was splenetically sent to Catcott, or whether it was only drawn up by Chatterton in a cashless moment by way of frolic, is not certain; the probability, however, is, that if it was sent, the pewterer did not think it necessary to discharge it. Yet he was not such a hard subject as his partner, Burgum, whom Chatterton (no doubt after sufficient trial) represents as stinginess itself.

But it was not only as a young man of extensive antiquarian knowledge and of decided literary talent that Chatterton was known in Bristol. As the transcriber of the Rowley poems, and the editor of curious pieces of information, derived from ancient manuscripts which he was understood to have in his possession, the Catcotts, Barrett, and the rest, had no fault to find with him: but there were other phases in which he

appeared, by no means so likely to recommend him to their favour, or to the favour of such other influential persons in the community as might have been disposed to patronise modesty in combination with youth and literature.

In a town of 70,000 inhabitants (which was about the population of Bristol eighty years ago) it must be remembered that all the public characters are marked men—the mayor, the various aldermen and common-councilmen, the city clergymen, the chief grocers, bankers, and tradesmen, the teachers of the public schools, &c., are all recognised as they pass along the streets; and their peculiarities, physical and moral, such as the red nose of Alderman Such-an-one, the wheezy voice of the Rev. Such-another, and the blustering self-importance of citizen Such-a-third, are perfectly familiar to the collective civic imagination. Now, it is the most natural of all things for a young man in such a town, just arrived at a tolerable conceit of himself, and determined to have a place some day in Mr. Craik's "*Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*," to be seized with a tremendous disrespect for everything locally sacred, and to delight in promulgating it. What nonsense they do talk in the town-council; what a miserable set of mercantile rogues are the wealthy citizens; what an absence of liberality and high general intelligence there is in the whole procedure of the community—these are the common-places (often, it must be confessed, true enough) through which the high-spirited young native of a middle-class British town must almost necessarily pass, on his way to a broader appreciation of men and things. Through the sorrows of Lichfield, the Lichfield youth realises how it is that all creation groaneth and travaileth; and, pinched by the inconveniences of Dundee, the aspirant who is there nursed into manhood turns down his shirt-collar at all things, and takes a Byronic view of the entire universe.

Chatterton was specially liable to this discontent with everything around him. Of a dogged, sullen, and passionate disposition, not without a considerable spice of malice; treated as a boy, yet with a brain consciously the most powerful in Bristol; sadly in want of pocket-money for purposes more or less questionable, and having hardly any means of procuring it—he took his

revenge out in satire against all that was respectable in Bristol. If Mr. Thomas Harris, then the Right Worshipful Mayor of the city, passed him on the pavement, either ignorant what a youth of genius he was pushing aside, or looking down somewhat askance, as a Mayor will do at an attorney's apprentice that will not take off his hat when he is expected, the thought that probably arose in his breast was, "You are a purse-proud fool, Mr. Mayor, and I have more sense in my little finger than you have in your whole body." If there was a civic dinner, and Chatterton was told of it, the remark would be, what feeding there would be among the aldermen and city brothers; what guzzling of claret; and what after-dinner speeches by fellows that could not pronounce their H's, and hardly knew how to read. If he chanced to sit in church, hearing the Rev. Dr. Cutts Barton, then Dean of Bristol, preach, what would pass in his mind would be, "you are a drowsy old rogue, Cutts, and have no more religion in you than a sausage." And even when Newton, the Bishop of the diocese, distinguished prelate as he was, made his appearance in the pulpit, he would not be safe from the excoriations of this young critic in the distant pew. Chatterton's own friends and acquaintances, too, came in for their share of his sarcasms. Lambert, we believe, he hated; and we have seen how he could wreak a personal grudge on an old teacher. The Rev. Mr. Catcott, not a bad fellow in the main, he soon set down, in his own private opinion, as a narrow-minded parson, with no force or philosophy, conceited with his reputation at tea-parties, and a dreadful bore with his fossils and his theory of the deluge. His brother, the unclerical Catcott, again, had probably more wit and vigour, but dogmatised insufferably over his beer; Burgum was a vain, stingy, ungrammatical goose; and Mr. Barrett, with all his good intentions, was too fond of giving common-place advices. In short, Bristol was a vile place, where originality or genius, or even ordinary culture and intelligence had no chance of being appreciated; and to spend one's existence there would be but a life-long attempt to teach a certain class of animals the value and the beauty of pearls.

Poor, unhappy youth! how, through the mist and din of eighty years past

and gone since then, I recognise thee walking in the winter evenings of 1769–70, through the dark streets of Bristol, or out into its dark environs, ruminating such evil thoughts as these! And what, constituting myself for the moment the mouthpiece of all that society has since pronounced on thy case, should I, leaping back over long years to place myself at thy side, whisper thee by way of counsel or reproach?—

“Persist; be content; be more modest; think less of forbidden indulgences; give up telling lies; attend to your master’s business; and, if you *will* cherish the fire of genius and become a poet and a man of name, like the Johnsons, the Goldsmiths, the Churchills, and others whom you think yourself born to equal or surpass, at least study patience, have faith in honourable courses, and realise, above all, that wealth and fame are vanity, and that, whether you succeed or fail, it will be all the same a hundred years after this.” “Easily said,” thou wouldst answer; “cheaply advised!—I also could speak as you do; if your soul were in my soul’s stead I could heap up words against you, and shake mine head at you. That the present will pass, and that a hundred years hence all the tragedy or all the farce will have been done and over—true; I know it. Nevertheless I know also that, minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day, the present must be moved through and exhausted! ‘A hundred years after this!’—did not Manlius the Roman know it; and yet was there not a moment in the history of the world, a moment to be fully felt and gone through by Manlius, when, flung from the Tarpeian Rock, he, yet living, hung halfway between his gaping executioners above and his ruddy death among the stones below? ‘A hundred years after this!’—Pompeius the Roman knew it; and yet was there not a moment in the history of the world, a moment fully to be endured by Pompeius, when, reading in the treacherous boat, he sat halfway between the ship that bore his destinies, and his funeral pile on the Libyan shore? Centuries back in the past these moments now lie engulfed, but what is that to me? It is my turn now: here I am, wretched in this beastly Bristol, where Savage was allowed to starve in prison; and by the very fact that I live, I have a right to my solicitude!”

Obstinate boy! is there then aught that can still with some show of sense, be advised you? Yes, there is! Seek a friend. Leave the Catcotts, lay and clerical, the Burgums, the Barretts, the Matthew Meases, and the rest of them, and seek some one true friend, such as surely even Bristol can supply, of about the same age as yourself, or, what were better, somewhat older; see him daily, walk with him, smoke with him, laugh with him, discuss religion with him, hear his experiences, show your poetry to him, and, above all, make a clean breast to him of your delinquencies in the Rowley business. Or, more efficient perhaps still, fall really in love. Eschew the Miss Rumseys and other such questionable fair ones, and find out some beauty of a better kind, to whom, with or without hope, you can vow the future of your noblest heart. Find her; walk beneath her window; catch glimpses of her; dream of her; if fortune favours, woo her, and (true you are but seventeen!) win her. Bristol will then be a paradise; its sky will be lightsome, its streets beautiful, its mayor tolerable, its clergy respectable, and all its warehouses palaces! Is this nonsense? Well, then, I will give up the Mentor with you and act the Mephistopheles. My acquaintance with general biography enables me to tell you of one particular family at this moment living in Bristol, that it might be well for you to get acquainted with. Mr. Barrett might be able to introduce you. The family I mean is that of the Mores—five sisters—who keep a boarding-school for young ladies in Park-street, “the most flourishing establishment of its kind in the west of England.” The Miss Mores, as you know, are praised by all the mammas in Bristol as extremely clever and accomplished young women—almost blue-stockings in fact—and one of them, Miss Hannah, is, like yourself, a writer of verses, and, like yourself, destined to literary celebrity. Now I do not wish to be mischievous, but seeing that posterity will wish that you two, living as you did in the same town, should at least have met and spoken with each other, might I suggest a notion to you? Could you not elope with Hannah More? True, she is seven years your senior, extremely sedate, and the very last person in the world to be guilty of any nonsense with an attorney’s apprentice

Nevertheless try. Just think of the train of consequences: the whole boarding-school in a flutter—all Bristol scandalised—paragraphs in *Felix Farley's Journal*—and posterity effectually cheated of two things, the tragic termination of your own life, and the admirable old maidenhood of her's!

Chatterton did not conceal his contempt from the very persons it was most likely to offend. Known not only as a transcriber of ancient English poetry, but also as a poet in his own person, he began to support his reputation in the latter character by producing from time to time, along with his Rowley poems, certain lengthy compositions of his own in a modern satirical vein. In these compositions, which were written after the manner of Churchill, there was the strangest possible jumble of crude Whig politics and personal scurrility against local notabilities. What effect they were likely to have on Chatterton's position in his native town, may be inferred from a specimen or two. How would Broderip the organist like this?—

* While Broderip's humdrum symphonies of flats
Rival the harmony of midnight cats."

Or the lay Catcott this allusion to a professional feat of his in laying the topstone of a spire?—

"Catcott is very fond of talk and fame—
His wish a perpetuity of name;
Which to procure, a pewter altar's made
To bear his name and signify his trade;
In pomp burlesqued the rising spire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead."

And how could the clerical Catcott like this reference to his orthodoxy?—

"Might we not, Catcott, then infer from hence,
Your zeal for Scripture hath devoured your sense?"

Or what would the Mayor say to this?—

"Let Harris wear his self-sufficient air,
Nor dare remark, for Harris is a mayor."

Or the civic dignity of Bristol to this?—

"'Tis doubtful if her aldermen can read;
This of a certainty the muse may tell,
None of her common-councilmen can spell."

Clearly enough an attorney's apprentice that was in the habit of showing about such verses, was not in the way to procure patronage and good will. If, however, any of his friends remonstrated with him, his answer was ready:—

"Damned narrow notions, tending to disgrace
The boasted reason of the human race!
Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still;
But know, my saving friends, I never will.
The composition of my soul is made
Too great for servile avaricious trade;
When, raving in the lunacy of ink,
I catch the pen and publish what I think."

Accordingly Chatterton continued to support, in the eyes of the portion of the community of Bristol that knew him, a two-fold character: that, on the one hand, of an enthusiastic youth of antiquarian knowledge, the possessor of many antique manuscripts, chiefly poetry of the fifteenth century; and that, on the other, of an ill-conditioned boy of spiteful temper, the writer of somewhat clever but very scurrilous verses. Nay, more, it was observable that the latter character was growing upon him, apparently at the expense of the former; for while, up to his seventeenth year (1768–9), his chief recreation seemed to be in his antiques and Rowley MSS., after that date he seemed to throw his antiques aside, and devote all his time to imitations of the satires of Churchill, under such names as *The Consuliad*, *Kew Gardens*, &c. And here the reader must permit me a little *essay or disquisitional interleaf on the character and writings of Chatterton*.

INTERLEAF.

ON THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF CHATTERTON.

ALL thinking persons have now agreed to abandon that summary method of dealing with human character, according to which unusual and eccentric courses of action are attributed to mere caprices on the part of the individuals concerned—mere obstinate determinations to go out of the common route.

* The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man,"

is a maxim less in repute than it once was. In such cases as that of Chatterton, it is now believed, deeper causes are always operating than the mere wish to deceive people and make a figure.

Now, in the case of Chatterton, it appears to us, we must first of all take for granted an extraordinary natural precocity or prematurity of the facul-

ties. We are aware that there is a prejudice against the use of this hypothesis. But why should it be so? How otherwise can we represent to ourselves the cause of that diversity which we see in men, than by going deeper than all that we know of pedigree, and conceiving the birth of every new soul to be, as it were, a distinct creative act of the Unseen Spirit? That now, in some Warwickshire village, the birth should be a Shakspeare; and that again, in the poor posthumous child of a dissipated Bristol choir-singer, the tiny body should be shaken by the surcharge of soul within it, are not miracles in themselves, but only variations in the great standing miracle of birth at all. Nor, with the idea of precocity, is it necessary to associate that either of disease or of insanity. There was nothing in Chatterton to argue disease in the ordinary sense, or to indicate that, had he lived, he might not, like Pope or Tasso, who were also precocious, have gone on steadily increasing in ability till the attainment of a sound old age. And, though it seems probable that there was a tendency to madness in the Chatterton blood, Chatterton's sister, Mrs. Newton, having afterwards had an attack of insanity, we think that the use of this fact by Southey and others to explain the tenor of Chatterton's life, has been by far too hasty and inconsiderate. We never yet knew a man of genius who had not some female relative that died, or was said to have died, in a lunatic asylum; and, so long as we can account for Chatterton's singularities in any other way, we see no reason, any more than in the similar instance of Charles Lamb, why we should attribute them to what was at the utmost only a probably dormant, or possibly about to be developed, taint of madness in his constitution.

Assuming, then, that Chatterton, without being either a mere *lusus naturæ*, or insane, was simply a child of very extraordinary endowments, we would point out, as the predominant feature in his character, his remarkable veneration for the antique. In the boyhood even of Sir Walter Scott, born as he was in the very midst of ballads and traditions, we see no manifestation of a love of the past and the historic nearly so strong as that which possessed Chatterton from his infancy. The liest form in which this consti-

tutional peculiarity appeared in him, seems to have been a fondness for the ecclesiastical antiquities of his native city, and, above all, an attachment to the old Gothic Church of St. Mary Redcliffe.

Some time ago we saw in a provincial Scottish newspaper an obituary notice of a poor idiot named John M'Bey, who had been for about sixty years a prominent character in the village of Huntly, Aberdeenshire. Where the poor creature had been born no one knew; he had been found, when apparently about ten years old, wandering among the Gartly Hills, and had been brought by some country people into the village. Here, "supported by the kindness of several families, at whose kitchen-tables he regularly took his place at one or other of the meals of the day," he continued to reside ever after, a conspicuous figure in the schoolboy recollections of all the inhabitants for more than half a century. The "shaggy carrotty head, the vacant stare, the idle trots and aimless walks of 'Jock,' could yet," said the notice, "be recalled in a moment" by all that knew him. "At an early period of his history," proceeded the notice, "he had formed a strong affection for the bell in the old ruined church of Ruthven, in the parish of Cairnie; and many were the visits he paid to that object of, to him, surpassing interest. Having dubbed it with the name of "*Wow*," he embraced every opportunity at funerals to get a pull of the rope, interpreting the double peals, in his own significant language, to mean, "Come hame, come hame." Every funeral going to that church-yard was known to him; and, till his old age, he was generally the first person that appeared on the ground. The emblems of his favourite bell, in bright yellow, were sewed on his garments, and woe to the schoolboy that would utter a word in depreciation of his favourite. When near his end, he was asked how he felt. He said "he was ga'in awa' to the *wow*, nae to come back again." After his death, he was laid in his favourite burying-place, within sound of his cherished bell."

Do not despise this little story, reader. To our mind it illustrates much. As this poor idiot, debarred from all the general concerns of life, and untaught in other people's tenets, had in-

vented a religion for himself, setting up as a central object in his own narrow circle of images and fancies, an old ruined belfry, which had somehow (who knows through what horror of maternity?) caught his sense of mystery, clinging to this object with the whole tenacity of his affections, and even devising symbols by which it might be ever present to him; so, with more complex and less rude accompaniments, does the precocious Boy of Bristol seem to have related himself to the Gothic fabric near which he first saw the light. This church was his fetich, his "wow." It was through it, as through a metaphorical gateway, that his imagination worked itself back into the great field of the Past, so as to expatiate on the ancient condition of his native "Brystowe" and the whole olden time of England.

This is no fancy of ours. "Chatterton," says one of his earliest acquaintances, a Mr. Wm. Smith, "was particularly fond of walking in the fields, particularly in Redcliffe meadows, and of talking of his manuscripts, and sometimes reading them there. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, in which he seemed to take peculiar delight. He would frequently lay himself down, fix his eyes upon the church, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance; then, on a sudden, he would tell me, 'that steeple was burnt down by lightning; that was the place where they formerly acted plays.'" To the same effect, also, many allusions in the Rowley poems; thus—

"Thou seest this maestrie of a human hand,
The pride of Brystowe and the western land."

And here we may remind the reader of a circumstance—namely, that the ancestors of Chatterton had, for at least a hundred and fifty years, been sextons of this same Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and that the office had only passed out of the family on the death of his father's elder brother, John. Chatterton's father, too, it should be remembered, was a choir-singer in the church; and Chatterton himself, while a child, had, in virtue of old family right and proximity of residence, had the run of its aisles and galleries. Can it be, we would ask the physiological philosophers, that a veneration for the edifice of St. Mary Redcliffe, and for all connected with it, had thus come down in the Chat-

terton blood; that, as it were, the defunct old Chattertons, Johns and Thomases in their series, who had, in times gone by, paced along the interior of the church, jangling its ponderous keys, brushing away its cobwebs, and talking with its stony effigies of knights and saints buried below, had thus laid in, in gradually increasing mass, a store of antique associations, to be transmitted, as a fatal heritage, to the unhappy youth in whom their line was to become extinct and immortal? Partly so, we may suppose!

But Chatterton's disposition towards the antique did not remain a mere fetichistic instinct of veneration for the relic his ancestors had guarded. From his very boyhood he entered with all the zeal of a reader and intelligent inquirer into the service of his hereditary feeling. It would not be long, for example, before passing from the edifice to its history, as recorded in the annals of Bristol, he would learn to pronounce, with indefinable reverence, the name of its founder—William Canynge, the Bristol merchant of the fifteenth century. Whatever particulars were to be gleaned from books regarding the life of this notable personage, must have been familiar to Chatterton long before he ceased to be a blue-coat scholar. How Canynge had been such a wealthy man, that, according to William of Worcester, he was owner of ten vessels, and gave employment to one hundred mariners, as well as to one hundred artificers on shore; how he had been as munificent as he was wealthy; how he had been mayor of Bristol in 1431, and four separate times afterwards; how he and the town had become involved in the Wars of the Roses, and how, on the accession of Edward IV., he had made the peace of the town by paying a fine to that monarch; and how, finally, he had become a priest in his old age, and devoted a large part of his fortune to the erection, or rather reconstruction, of the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe—all this knowledge, easily accessible to an inquiring Bristol boy, Chatterton would collect and ponder.

Chatterton, however, was not merely an inquisitive lad; he was a young poet, full of enthusiasm and constructive talent. Hence, not satisfied with a meagre outline of the story of Canynge, as it could be derived from the chronicles of Bristol, he set himself to

fill up the outline by conjectures and synchronisms, so as to clear out for himself, so to speak, "Canynge's Life and Times," as a luminous little spot in the general darkness of the English past. And here comes in the story of the old parchments.

Over the north porch of St. Mary's Redcliffe was a room known as "the muniment-room." Here, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, there lay six or seven locked chests, which were understood to contain old deeds and other writings. One of the chests was traditionally known as "Mr. Canynge's coffer." The keys of this chest had been long lost, and when, in the year 1727, it was deemed expedient to secure some title-deeds that were believed to be contained in it, a locksmith was employed to break it open. Such documents as were thought of importance were then removed, and the rest were left in the open chest as of no value. The other chests were similarly treated. Accordingly, parcels of the remaining contents were subsequently, from time to time, carried off by various parties; and, in particular, it was remembered that, when John Chatterton was sexton, his brother, the choir-singer and teacher of Pyle-street school, had carried off a quantity of them to be used as book-covers and for other such-like purposes. A bundle of these parchments remained in the possession of Mrs. Chatterton after her husband's death, and such of them as had not been previously snipped into thread-papers came into Chatterton's hands.

What these old documents really contained we have no means of knowing. That some of them may have been papers of historical value is not improbable. It is certain, at least, that they interested Chatterton, that the possession of them nourished his sense of the antique, and that he learnt to decipher parts of them, catching out old bits of Latin phraseology, and such like, which he mis-wrote in copying. We may even go farther, and surmise that, out of those papers, he may have derived hints that were of use to him in his attempt to represent the circumstances of Canynge's life. They may have helped him, for example, to appropriate names for some of those fictitious or semi-fictitious personages whom he thought proper to group around Canynge in that tableau or his-

torical romance of "Bristol in the Fifteenth Century," with the construction of which he regaled himself.

Of these secondary *dramatis personæ*, grouped in his imagination around Canynge, the most important was a supposed priest called Thomas Rowley, or more fully, "Thomas Rowlie, parish-preeste of St. John's, in the city of Bristol." The relations between Canynge and Rowley, as bodied forth in Chatterton's conception, were as follows:—Rowley, who had been at school in Bristol along with Canynge, became chaplain to Canynge's father; on that old gentleman's death, Canynge, then a rising young merchant, continued the family patronage to his school-mate, and employed him, amongst other things, in collecting manuscripts and drawings for him. About the time of Canynge's first mayoralty, in 1431, Rowley was settled as parish priest of St. John's, and from that time forward, for a period of thirty or forty years, the two men continued on terms of the most friendly and cordial intimacy—Canynge, the wealthiest man in the west of England, and the civic soul of Bristol, living as a liberal merchant prince in a noble residence; Rowley, a man of books and literature, in a modest priest's habitation, made comfortable by his patron's munificence. These two men, with a few others of minor activity—as Carpenter, Bishop of Bristol; Sir Tibbot Gorges, a country gentleman of the neighbourhood; Sir Charles Baldwin, a brave knight of the Lancastrian faction; Iscam, another priest of Bristol; Ladgate, a monk of London, &c., &c., constituted, in fact, an enlightened coterie in Chatterton's ideal Bristol of 1430–60, enlivening that city by their amateur theatricals and other literary relaxations from more severe business, and rendering it more distinguished for culture than any other town in England, excepting Oxford and London. The fine old merchant himself occasionally uses his pen to some purpose, as in his epigram on the imaginary John à Dalbenie, a hot politician of the town—

"John makes a jar 'bout Lancaster and York—
Be still, good manne, and learn to mind thy work."

Generally, however, he abstains from literature himself, and prefers reading or hearing the productions of his friends

Iscom and Rowley; especially those of Rowley, who is his poet-laureate.

Had Chatterton put forth this coinage of his brain in the shape of a professed historical romance, all would have been well. But from working so lovingly in the *matter* of antiquity, he contracted also a preference for the antique in *form*. As Scott, in the very process of realising to himself the Quentin Durwards, the Mause Headriggs, and the Jedediah Cleishbothams of his inimitable fictions, acquired in his own person an antique way of thinking, and a mastery over the antique glossary, if not a positive affection for it, so it became natural to Chatterton, revelling as he did in conceptions of the antique, to draw on, as it were, an ancient-fashioned suit of thought, and make use of antique forms of language. Hence, when, prompted by his literary impulse, he sought to embody in verse any of those traditions or fictions relative to the past time of England which his enthusiasm for the antique had led him to fix upon—as, for example, the story of the Danish invasions of England, the story of the Battle of Hastings, or the story of a Tournament in the reign of Edward I.—he found himself obliged by a kind of artistic necessity to impart a quaintness to his style by the use of old vocables and idioms. Persisted in thereafter for the mere pleasure of the exercise, the habit would become exaggerated, till at last it would amount to an ungovernable disposition to riot in the obsolete.

Even so far, however, there was nothing blameworthy. In thus selecting a style artificially antique for the conveyance of his historic fancies, Chatterton, it might be affirmed, had but obeyed the proper instinct of his genius, and chosen that element in which he found he could work best. Every man has his mode, or set of intellectual conditions most favourable for the production and development of what is best in him; and in Chatterton's case this mode, this set of conditions, consisted in an affectation of the antique. For let any one compare the Rowley Poems of Chatterton with his own acknowledged productions, and the conclusion will be inevitable, that his *forte* was the antique, and that here alone lay any preternatural power he was endowed with. There are, indeed, in his acknowledged poems, felicities of

expression and gleams of genius, showing that even as a modern poet he would certainly in time have taken a high rank; but to do justice to his astonishing abilities we must read his antique compositions. In the element of the antique Chatterton rules like a master; in his modern effusions he is but a clever boy beginning to handle with some effect the language of Pope and Dryden. Moreover, there is a perceptible moral difference between the two classes of his performances. In his antique poems there is freshness, enthusiasm, and a fine earnest sense of the becoming; throughout the modern ones we are offended by irreverence, malevolence, and a kind of vicious, boyish pruriency. And conscious as Chatterton must have been of this difference; aware as he must have been that it was when he wrote in his artificially-antique style that his invention worked most powerfully, that his heart beat most nobly, and the poetic shiver ran most keenly through his veins, we cannot wonder that he should have given himself up to this kind of literary recreation rather than to any other.

Unfortunately, however, meaner causes were all this while at work—maliciousness towards individuals, craving for notoriety, delight in misleading people, and, above all, want of money. Moreover, for this unhappy combination of moral states and dispositions, it so happened that the Grandfather of Lies had a very suitable temptation ready, in the shape of that most successful literary imposture, the Ossian Poems, then in the first blush of their contested celebrity. Yielding to the temptation, Chatterton resolved to turn what was best and most original in his genius, *i. e.*, the enthusiasm for the antique, into the service of his worst propensities; in other words, he resolved to adopt, with certain variations and adaptations to his own case, the trick of Macpherson. That this was the act of one express and distinct determination of his will—a solemn and secret compact with himself, made at a very early period indeed, probably before the conclusion of his fifteenth year—there can be no manner of doubt. The elaboration of his scheme of imposture, however, was gradual. The first exhibition of it, and probably that which suggested much that followed, was the Burgum Hoax, with its afterthought of the old English poet, John

de Bergham. Of this original trick the Rowley device was but a gigantic expansion. To invent a poet of the past, on whom to father all his own compositions in the antique style, and to give this poet a probable and fixed footing in history, was the essential form of the scheme. That the poet thus invented should be a Bristolian, and that his date should be in the times of the merchant Canynge, were special accidents determined by Chatterton's position and peculiar capabilities. And thus the two processes of invention, the legitimate and the illegitimate, worked into each other's hands,—Chatterton's previous conceptions of the life and times of Canynge providing him with a proper chronological and topographical environment for his required poet; and his device of the poet giving richness and interest to his romance of Canynge. And once begun, there were powerful reasons why the deceit should be persevered in—the pleasure of the jest itself; the secret sense of superiority it gave him; its advantage as a means of hooking half-crowns out of people's pockets; and last, though not least, the impossibility of retracting without being knocked down by Barrett for damaging his history, or kicked by the Catcotts for having made fools of them. Hence, by little and little, the whole organisation of the imposture, from the first rumour of old manuscripts, up to the use of ochre, black lead, and smoke, in preparing specimens of them.

But Chatterton, as we have already hinted, was not a literary monomaniac, a creature of one faculty. His enthusiasm for the antique, although the most remarkable part of him, was not the whole of him; the Rowley habit of thought and expression, though he liked to put it on, was also a thing that he could at pleasure throw off. Though an antiquarian, and a midnight reader of Speght's Chaucer and other black-letter volumes, he was also an attorney's apprentice, accustomed to viatic flirtations; accustomed to debate and have brawls with other attorneys' apprentices, to read the newspapers and magazines, to be present at street mobs and public meetings, and in every other way to take an apprentice's interest in the current ongoings of the day. In short, besides being an antiquarian, and a great creative genius in the element of the English antique, Chatterton

was also, in the year 1769–70, a complete and very characteristic specimen of that long-extinct phenomenon, a thinking young Englishman of the early part of the reign of George III. In other words, reader, besides being, by the special charter of his genius, a poet in the Rowley vein, he was also, by the more general right of his life eighty years ago, very much such a young fellow as your own unmarried great grandfather was.

And what was that? Why, reader, your unmarried great grandfather, besides wearing a wig (which Chatterton did not), a coat with broad lapels and flaps, knee-breeches, buckles, and a cocked hat, was also, ten to one, a wild young dog of a free-thinker, fond of Churchill and Wilkes's "Essay on Woman," addicted to horrible slang against Bute and the whole Scottish nation, and raving mad about a thing he called Liberty. He read and repeated Junius, made jokes against parsons, and (only until he married, remember) talked Deism and very improper moral doctrine with respect to the sexes. Now Chatterton, up to his capacities as a youth of seventeen, was all this. He repudiated orthodoxy, refused to be called a Christian, and held the whole clerical profession in unbounded contempt. He drew up articles of faith on a slip of paper (still to be seen in the British Museum) which he carried in his pocket; which articles of faith were very much what Pope believed before him, and what Burns, Byron, and hundreds of others have believed since. In short, he was recognised in Bristol circles as an avowed freethinker; and his politics were to correspond. He sneered at Samuel Johnson, and thought him an old Tory bigot who had got a pension for political partizanship; he delighted in the scandal about Bute and the King's mother; he thought the King himself an obstinate dolt; he denounced Grafton and the ministry to small Bristol audiences; and he desired the nation to rally round Wilkes.

One remark more, and we end our *Interleaf*. As Chatterton was this dual phenomenon that we have described, as he was composed of two parts, a mania for the antique, and that general assemblage of more ordinary qualities and prejudices which constituted the able young Englishman of his era; so, it appears to us, the latter part of his

character began, about his seventeenth year, to gain upon him; and, abandoning the antique vein, wherein he had, as it were, a native gift ready fashioned from the first, and all but independent of culture, he began to court his more general faculties of thought and observation, and to give himself more willingly up to that species of literature in which, equally with other able young men, he could only hope to attain ease and perfection by the ordinary pro-

cesses of assiduity and culture. Had he lived, we believe there was an amount of general vigour and acquisition in him that would have secured him eminence even in this field, and have made him one of the conspicuous writers of the eighteenth century; but dying as he did so early, the only bequest of real value he has left to the world is that more specific and unaccountable deposit of his genius, the Rowley antiques.

WEEDS, WILD FLOWERS, AND WASTE PAPER.

“Oh! could we do with this world of ours,
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it?”—MOORE.

If books were plants, oh! how easy the reading them,
Simple and sure the process of weeding them,
Roses and lilies are known but by viewing them,
Viewing them fondly, but never *re-viewing* them;
Flowers for our nosegays we gather, not nettles,
Simply by taking a peep at their petals;
Never a falsehood is written by nature
On the leaf of a plant, or the face of a creature.
Faces we know can deceive when they're tinted on,
Leaves only lie when they're written or printed on;
Oh! for the language that nature discloses
On the cheeks of the tulips, the lips of the roses;
The bright revelations, the spirit-world's histories,
The truths that are deeper and stranger than mysteries;
The worship that beams from the blue-eyed narcissus,
Graceful as that from the muse-loved Ilissus.
Nature, when seemingly glad, never grieveth,
Fableth never, and never deceiveth,
Never pretends, or affectedly dreameth,
Everything *is*, what everything seemeth,
Roses are roses, and grasses are grasses,
Men are *but* men, and asses *are* asses!

Would it were so with the books on our table,
That “fictions” were true, and “fables” *no* fable;
That “poems” *were* poems, or had e'en a trace of them,
And that books were, indeed, what they're called on the face of them.
Poems! why that is the name that is given
To the few broken words of the language of heaven,
Sweetly uttered at times on some fortunate shore
By a Shakspeare, or Milton, a Shelley, or Moore.
And now, every butterfly-book that comes flickering
Out of the chrysalis presses of Pickering,
Has the same for its title; and this evil follows,
Joseph Addeys abound in the place of Apollos,
Who promise (kind souls) for a trifling per centage,
To tell “something” in rhyme, to the public's “advantage.”

Whose eyes scan the present, the past, and can suit your
 Taste if you will, by a peep at the future ;
 And who for their versified vaticination
 Only ask of the public some con-si-de-ration,
 Pretending they've some revelation to make to it,
 Till, so often deceived, it is now wide awake to it.
 And here we have "plays" too, and "dramas"—why Brahma
 As seldom appears on the earth as A DRAMA,
 Æschylus, Sophocles, he who wrote Phædo,*
 The sweet swan of Avon, the priest of Toledo,†
 And the twin-stars of poesy,‡ they who arose
 When the sun of the theatre sunk to repose
 In the waters of Avon. These, with some dozen more,
 Wrote plays "which oblivion hath not deluged o'er ;"
 So the name on the title-page leaves us perplexed,
 We turn from the "drama" and see what is next :
 "Songs" by—Brown, Jones, and Robinson ; ah ! 'tis all one
 Whether written by Burns, Beranger, or—Bunn !—
 A song is a song, though there's no music in it,
 As a bird is a bird, whether sparrow or linnet ;
 What are critics to do, since 'tis vain then to classify—
 How properly praise them, puff, punish, or pacify ?
 Since the titles of books were but meant to mislead them,
 Ah ! their duty and punishment both are *to read them !*

And so, dear reader, with a heavy heart we proceed to that often neglected, but somewhat necessary, preliminary to the practice of our "ungentle craft." Let not the rythmical induction to our article be objected to. Few critics are found so generous as to give such an advantage to their victims as we have done in those lines. From the judicial bench, arrayed in all the awful paraphernalia of a literary Rhadamanthus, we descend and take our place by the side of those shivering spectres who stand tremblingly awaiting their doom before our august tribunal. We adopt their crime, become abettors in their treason, repeat their plea.—Abandoning the safe commonplaces and prosaic formulas prescribed by the General Orders in the High Court of Criticism, we have introduced a phraseology, a form of pleading which we fear will leave us open to many serious demurrers. Well, we cannot help it ; it is an act of common justice, however opposed to common law and to common sense. "Oh ! that mine enemy would write a book," says Job, in the midst of his undeserved trials and calamities. "Oh ! that my reviewer would write a poem," must have been the revenge-

ful wish of many an unpraised and sorely punished poetaster. Critics have too long mingled in the literary fight, surrounded by a cloud, like the gods of Homer, dealing unmerciful blows around them, but never leaving themselves open to the slightest wound. We rather imitate Achilles, the bravest of the well-booted Greeks. Our prose is invulnerable, our criticism impregnable ; but our verse, like the heel of the son of Pelcus, leaves us open to

"The slings and arrows of outrageous"—rhymers.

Well, gentlemen, *aux armes !* While we apply the critical toe, you may amuse yourselves by taking aim at the exposed heel.

In the title to this article we have attempted a classification which would have puzzled Linnæus himself. We have divided the specimens before us into "weeds, wild flowers, and waste paper." No other arrangement would give us such ample scope for honest praise, or well-earned censure, as the one we have made. No single division of the three but has in its epithet a complimentary, as well as a condemnatory meaning. There are

"Weeds of glorious feature,"

* The Dialogues of Plato may be considered distinct scenes in the great and beautiful philosophical drama of his entire works.

† Calderon.

‡ Beaumont and Fletcher.

as well as that revolting catalogue which Shelley describes with more power than correct taste in "The Sensitive Plant :"—

" Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with
many a speck,
Like the water snake's belly and the toad's
back.

" And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock
dank,
Stretch'd out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind
stank.

" And plants at whose names the verse feels
loath,
Filled the place with a monstrous under-
growth,
Prickly, and pulpos, and blistering, and
blue,
Livid and starred with a lurid dew.

" And agarics and fungi, with mildew and
mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground
cold ;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead,
With a spirit of growth had been ani-
mated !"

A ghastly description, that reminds one of Milton's terrific enumeration of diseases in the "Paradise Lost." "Wild flowers" is a name altogether expressive of natural and unforced perfection ; none of our poets will object to figure in this interesting class, if they share in the certain immortality which Nature and Wordsworth promise their namesakes.

" Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story."

"Waste paper," indeed, seems the severest cut of all ; but even this has its uses and its triumphs. Has not Tennyson, in the seventy-fifth elegy of his "In Memoriam," immortalised some of them ? rather prosaically, it must be confessed, but perhaps designedly so, the better to harmonise with the ideas.

"These mental lullabies of pain," he says, speaking of his own elegiacs—

" May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks."

There is comfort for you, oh ! un-read rhymers, and be content. We do not profess to give our specimens in the order of our classification ; *that*, and the proper place and destiny of each, we leave to the intelligence and mercy of the reader.

To begin our lecture, we beg to present to the reader a little volume* from the press of the English disciple of Aldus.

The first poem in the collection, "The Diamond Rock," possesses, we fear, but little of the brilliancy of the one material or the durability of the other. It is a ballad, written, evidently, with a notion that it would take its place beside, if it did not supersede, "The Ancient Mariner," or "The Old Woman of Berkeley ;" but with an unconscious comicality, which Coleridge never aimed at, and which Southey, with all his forced efforts at juvenile jocularly, never reached. In fact, reader, we have laughed more over this little volume of downright serious versification, than over the most brilliant sallies of the greatest wits. Had Philip the Second beheld us, as we burst into thunderous cackinnations, he would have attributed our hilarity either to insanity or Cervantes. Had *La Foret* (Moliere's domestic critic and housekeeper) been present, she would be satisfied that nothing but the *Malade Imaginaire* of her hen-pecked and illustrious master could have produced such merriment. It has been our fate, like Swift,

" To laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,"

and like "the million" with *Lorrequer* and *Sam Weller*, in their several uneasy positions ; but nothing can express *how* we laughed, except the lines which Shelley puts into the idealised mouth of Mother Earth, in the last act of the "Prometheus Unbound :"—

" Ha ! ha ! the caverns of my hollow mountains,
My cloven fire crags, sound-exulting fountains,
Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter !"

A true hero is unknown to his *valet de chambre* ; a true genius to himself ;

and the most solemn and lugubrious perpetrator of platitudes is unconscious of the inexhaustible fund of comicality within him; and if not funny himself, how successfully he can be the cause of fun in others.

To return to "The Diamond Rock."

"This poem," says the author, "is founded on one of the most singular exploits in the naval history of Britain. I allude to the defence of the 'Diamond Rock,' by Captain Maurice and his gallant comrades, on the 31st May, and 1st and 2nd June, 1805, an exploit alike remarkable for the extraordinary force employed in the attack, and the intrepidity with which the posts was defended by the British. It was, moreover, the sole achievement of the memorable expedition under Admiral Villeneuve, by whom the proceedings were witnessed from the contiguous shore of Martinique."

The poem commences abruptly with the following extraordinary gymnastic feat of the French captain:—

"'Twas a morn in May, *when across the bay
The captain his spy-glass he threw;*
The sun was steeping the Diamond Rock
In streams of purple and blue."

Why the captain should have thrown away his glass at all, and how he could have thrown it so far as across the wide bay of Port Royal, we are equally at a loss to imagine. It must, we suppose, have been the excess of military ardour which so fired him, that he was enabled to do, in that moment of excitement, what, on ordinary occasions, would have been impossible and injudicious. After throwing away his glass in this very extraordinary manner, he informs his men of what he was about.

"Up! up! my lads! your anchors weigh,
We steer for the Diamond Rock;
A bolt, a bar, a shell, a spar—
We'll take her by twelve of the clock.
"A voice in the ship then spoke aloud,
'Beware of the spectre, beware—'"

A storm was evidently rising, for

"The captain scowl'd, the wind it howl'd,"
and worse than all,

"The commodore 'gan to swear.

"The commodore—Oh, he did lustily swear,
A thundering oath swore he;
I'll take the Rock by twelve of the clock,
Or the devil he may take me!"

Neither event, however desirable, happened for three days, for owing, we suppose, to the inconsiderate loss of the captain's glass, the "Diamond Peak," which was described as a very conspicuous object in the first stanza, could not be discovered: then, though

"Some pull'd long, and some row'd strong,"
It was all the same, for they all pull'd wrong,

if we may be allowed to complete the couplet by a line of our own.

At length being at sea (in every sense of the word) for some time, quite unexpectedly

"The Diamond Rock, without shiver or
shock,
Stood gallantly forth to view."

We cannot linger on the observations of the crew on the wonderful fact of discovering a place within a mile of shore, for which they were looking three days; not even the exclamation of that brave mariner,

"Who stoutly averr'd
The Rock it was surely haunted—"

but come at once to the grand attack:—

"In France's name we come to claim
This Diamond for her crown;
*If you don't yield the fortress up,
We'll pull the fortress down.*"

Now we think, in the annals of military or naval strategy, there never was an *ultimatum* that could rival in directness, perspicuity, and terseness, that contained in the two lines we have italicised. They express, without any possibility of misconception, the entire object of the expedition, the determination of the besiegers, the danger of resistance, and the penalty of defeat. Cæsar had but to come, see, and conquer. Cromwell was famous for the pithy and uncomfortable brevity with which he dictated terms to his enemies. Napoleon was somewhat more rhetorical, but equally forcible. The famous ultimatum of the Volunteers, "or else"—was highly suggestive, though slightly vague. But the language of the French captain, or commodore (for as we shall presently find it was the latter), surpasses them all.

Neither are the English behind the French in the directness of their reply;

in fact many of our readers will give them the preference. With the honest bluntness of bold Britons they simply rely upon their right of possession, which they are determined to retain.

"By Ocean's Powers the gem is ours,
And ours it still shall be."

There is a weakness in the phrase "Ocean's Powers," which would never have been used if it were an Irish regiment that was on the rock. How energetically then would the reply have been given, and that with a very slight change of expression—

"No! *by the Powers!* the gem is ours,
And ours it still shall be."

But whatever doubt there may be as to the directness of the language used, there can be none about the action that followed. Had James II.'s gunner acted with the same promptness beside "the Boyne's ill-fated river," how different the destiny of these kingdoms.

"*A shot with that, laid the commodore flat,
Flat on the deck lay he;
The sailors raised the bleeding corpse,
And cast it into the sea.*"

The battle now begins in right earnest.

"And every man that falls in the van,
Is pitch'd overboard stiff and stark:
And *every* corpse in the wave that drops
Is swallowed by a shark.

"And up at the fort, as if in sport,
The foeman his cannon discharges;
The splinters of stone come down with a groan,
And shiver his fragile barges.

"And every man that falls in the fort
Is cast away to the rear;
*The vultures o'erhead pounce down on the dead,
And bear them off to their lair.*"

"Truth is stranger than fiction." Here we have a fact stated that far surpasses the wonders of Sinbad's narratives, if indeed it be not an important testimony to their veracity. Our readers will recollect (at least such of them as are young in years and heart), that in the second voyage of that indefatigable traveller, he, being left behind by his companions on a desert island,

crouched down beside an enormous egg, and tying himself to the claw of the gigantic bird (the *Roc*), to which it belonged, was carried away to the valley of *Diamonds*. Strange now if we have, most unexpectedly, stumbled on the exact spot to which the dear old friend and companion of our childhood was borne. The reasoning, to our mind, is conclusive. "The Diamond Rock" is either a mere fanciful appellation, to which any other similar cluster would have an equal claim, or it was given designedly from some sufficient cause hitherto unexplained or forgotten. We have it on the respectable authority of Sinbad, that he was carried by a bird called a *Roc* into a valley of *Diamonds*. We have it on the equally respectable authority of Mr. Breen, that on the island called by the French *Roche*, or *Roc du Diamant*, the vultures are so exceedingly strong as to be able to carry the corpses of the slain "off to their lair." Is it not conclusive, notwithstanding some ornithological confusion on either side, that this was the identical spot where the singular story related by Sinbad occurred, and that it preserves the memory of the bird and of the valley in the very name it bears? At any rate, the coincidence is very striking, and we beg to offer the discovery to Mr. Lane, who, no doubt, will follow up the idea in the notes to his next edition of the *Thousand and one Nights*.

To return to the poem; after three or four days of desperate fighting, the combatants, both French and English, disappeared with almost the entire completeness of the Kilkenny cats, leaving nothing but the *tale* of their heroism behind them. On both sides, to use the strong image of the poet—

"They dropp'd away, *like blasted hay,*
Before the tempest's scourge."

Three sailors, and our first acquaintance, the captain, were

"The only remnant left."

These at length emerge from a cleft in the rock, where they had concealed themselves; and, climbing to the walls of the fort, remove the rifled Union Jack, and in its place they "hoist the tricolour;" and then, as quickly as possible, endeavoured to reach the

mainland. But the rest must be given in the words of the poet:—

“ And lo! from the wave, as if from his grave,
A gallant tar arose;
The flag Tricolór in shreds he tore,
And flung it to the foes.

“ The captain and his comrades three
Turn'd up their dazzled eye,
And there, instead of blue, white, red,
The English cross they spie.

“ ‘ A ghost! a ghost!’ the captain cried,
And bent his trembling knee.
‘ A ghost! a ghost! O Christ! we're lost!’
Exclaimed the seamen three.

“ *But ere they could run, the ghost with his gun*
He slew the seamen three.
The captain alone sent forth a deep groan,
Which show'd unslain was he.

“ *Then seizing a spar, he rushed at the tar,*
And fell'd him to the earth.
The tar with a bound sprang up from the ground,
And grasped him by the girth.

“ With clash and din around they spin
The Diamond's edge they near,
And over the steep, down into the deep,
They plunge, and disappear.”

And so with this catastrophe we shall take our leave of the “Diamond Rock.”

We must cull a few scattered flowers before we present to our readers two perfect gems, of “purest ray serene.” In a poem called “The Island Home,” dedicated especially to the honour of St. Lucia, of which our poet is the historian, he describes it as being thus comfortably situated:—

“ My loved tropic land
Pillowed round on volcano,
By hurricane fanned.”

Notwithstanding these slight drawbacks, it is better off than one would imagine:—

“ On the ocean thou sleepest,
In halcyon repose,
And the earthquake that rocks there
But calms thy heart-throes.”

The useful invention of “gas” is a great favourite with our author, and frequently supplies him with a brilliant illustration. Thus in the present

poem, he says, still speaking of his island home:—

“ Where the humming-bird's sheen
And the firefly's green light
Are the *gas* that illume thee,
My homestead so bright.”

And in the ode “To a Firefly,” p. 32, written in the same measure as Shelley's “Ode to a Skylark,” we have the following:—

“ *Shell of ancient Tara, (?)*
Tamed Aladdin's gas (!)
Hummingbird's tiara,
Glowworm in the grass,
These, and all else of earth, thy lustrous powers surpass.”

We think Shelley's personal representative should take an action against Mr. Breen, for unlawfully using that poet's *meter* in his manufacture of illustrations from gas. In “The Earthquake,” p. 22, we have this new and striking image:—

“ *As bearded with brimstone,* the pent thunders roll,
And boils the broad caldron from centre to pole.”

We can now understand what the poets mean by “the *barbed*” lightning. In “A last Dirge for Erin” his phraseology becomes more Irish than the Irish itself:—

“ Erin! thy summer is flown;
Shed its delight:
Ochone! Ochone! Ochone!
Thy misery's doleful moan
Would move a heart of stone,
Nature despite.”

“The Iron Age” is a poem in praise of that useful metal; and everything, even to the “Iron Duke,” that really or metaphorically bears on the subject is introduced. We can only give two uses to which it is put:—

“ With iron the husbandman turns the sod,
With iron the fisherman hooks his cod!”

In “The Song of the Slave,” p. 43, he enters the lists with Burns, as he had previously done with Coleridge, Southey, and Shelley; and, as usual, comes off victorious. What is there in “Scots wha ha'e” equal to this?—

“ Midnight, midnight; mark the hour;
Darkness shrouds the beacon tower:
Coastguards yield to slumber's power.
Forward, let us flee.”

Or this, with which the reader must be content:—

“Hark! the booming at our back!
Slavery's bloodhound's on our track;
Up, and scare them, Union Jack!
Badge of victory.”

This personification of the Union Jack is very fine, and in the highest order of imaginative poetry.

The two poems with which we shall conclude our notice of this unique volume, must be given in their entirety. No analysis, however dexterous—no criticism, however acute, could do them justice. The first is principally remarkable for the astonishing effect which so simple an artifice as mere alliteration can produce. “Apt alliteration's artful aid” was never more effectively used:—

“THE INDIAN VOYAGER.

“I've wander'd in distant regions,
The homes of the fair and free—
Of wealth and poverty;
I've counted the hostile legions,
Prince, pauper and priest,
Groans, galleys, and glee:
Oh! let me feast with the savage beast,
In the wilds of my native sea.

“I've traversed the fields of the stranger,
By river, road and rail;
Alas! e'en those who quail
But little imagine the danger—
Train, tunnel, and track,
Bounce, boiler, and break.
Oh! bear me back to my mountain hack
And my boat on the glassy lake.

“I've dwelt in the city of wonders,
The haunt of the worldly-wise;
Their sullen, clouded skies
No sunshine of heaven e'er sunders:
Fog, funnel, and fume,
Cold, catarrh, and cramp.

Oh! let me roam to my tropic home,
Illumin'd by nature's lamp.

“I've loiter'd in *grove and in garret,*
Long sacred to lyre and lute;
But now, unpaid, all mute
Hangs the harp of a *Byron or Barrett (!)*
Hate, hunger, and hire!
Drudge, drivel, and drone!
Oh! let me fire my rustic lyre
In the flash of the torrid zone!

“I've worship'd in church and in chapel,
The type of each Christian scheme;
Here Bigotry raves supreme:
There Discord has thrown her apple!—
Cowl, cloister, and cant;
Glebe, gospel and gall:
Oh! let me chant in the desert haunt
A hymn to the Lord of all!

“I've tarried with Dives, the miser,
And smiled in his daughter's train!—
Who would her hand obtain
For her wealth, not her worth, must prize
her!—

Pelf, pander, and pride:
Sin, sorrow, and shock: (!)

Oh! let me glide to my homely bride—
The bride of my native rock.

“I've stood in the peasant's cottage:
The heart-drop hung in his eye—
His children heaved a sigh
For a mess of poor-house pottage:—
Tithe, treason, and test:
Guilt, gallows, and gore:
Oh! let me rest my harrowed breast
On the far Atlantic shore!”

Notwithstanding the strong desire for repose expressed by our Transatlantic bard in the last two lines, we cannot, in justice to him and ourselves, allow him to rest for a little while longer. In those days of “Papal Aggression,” and collegiate inquiry, when in the twinkling of an eye our Protestant University may become a “College of Cardinals,” or revert to its ancient monastic condition, it is just as well that we should have a clear idea of at least one of the possible religious orders that may take up their pleasant abode in College-green. Here, without note or comment, is our author's account of

“THE MONKS OF LATRAPPE.

“The Monks, the Monks of Latrappe!
Penitent, patient, discreet,
Yonder they come in their winding sheet
Fresh from the midnight nap.

Loud tolls the lone nocturnal bell,
Quick runs the Warder's rap:
And straight from each cell
They move along, as by magic spell,
The matutine Monks of Latrappe!

“The Monks, the Monks of Latrappe,
Marshall'd in double file,
Stand waiting adown the sacred aisle,
To catch the chorister's slap:
Hark, how the heart-bolt, shot upright,
Breaks forth in a thunder-clap:
And a column of light
Ascends to the throne of the Lord of
might,
From the musical Monks of Latrappe!

“The Monks—the Monks of Latrappe,
Hush'd now the choral peal—
Silent and slow from their orisons steal,
Like ghosts without sinew, or sap,
Lured by the roseate blush of dawn,
Gladly, through gateway and gap,
O'er forest and lawn,
They stroll abroad with their cowls close
drawn,
The mystical Monks of Latrappe!

"The Monks, the Monks of Latrappe!
 'Tis the hour for out-door work—
*Some poke with a spade, some pitch
 with a fork,*
And some, with sleeves for a flap,
 Stand scaring away the mountain crows;
 And some, like mice in a trap,
Are led by the nose!
*And some are scooping their graves
 with their toes!*
 The *machinal* Monks of Latrappe!

"The Monks, the Monks of Latrappe!
 'Tis noon, and a call to prayer
 From "Angelus Domini" sweeps through
 the air.
 Now prostrate on earth's cold lap
 Mist-like they lie, sans motion or sound;
 And yet with nought of mishap:
 When, lo! with a bound,
 All spring to life, as from 'neath the
 ground:
 The *mimical* Monks of Latrappe!

"The Monks, the Monks of Latrappe!
 Around the frugal board,
 They chant a hymn of laud to the Lord,
And then their girdles unstrap;
 One meal per day is spread for a feed;
Of meat, or fish, not a scrap,
 But water and weed,
 That sin or scurvy never may breed
 In the *marrowless* Monks of Latrappe!

"The Monks, the Monks of Latrappe!
 Weary and worn, lean and lank,
 They lay them down on a *pallet of
 plank,*
 With hair-shirts their limbs to wrap.
 One dreams of storms, another of calms,
 A third of the Warder's tap;
 And some of their psalms,
 And some of a world of bliss and balms,
 The martyred Monks of Latrappe!"

We do not know a more appropriate way of taking leave of our present author and introducing the next, than by quoting the invocation with which Mr. Breen concludes his volume. Whether the last line contains a pun, a prophecy, or a panegyric on the illustrious individual addressed, we leave to the intelligence of the reader, confessing our own extreme uncertainty on the subject.

"Friend of the free, the bright, the brave,
 Patriot of high emprise!
 Great beacon-light o'er Freedom's wave,
 Lamartine! rise!

Bard, Statesman, Orator, and Sage:
 First Prophet of thy land and age;
 'Tis thine Opinion's war to wage,
 To knoll Oppression's knell:
 And the halo of fame,
 That encircles thy name,
 Through the vista of ages in lustre shall
 swell—
 A Washington, Chatham, and Fell!"

p. 84.

Happy were the days in Lamartine's life when the poem (a translation of which is now under notice)* was written. Happy were those days of love and dreams of liberty and glory, ere reality came with its rude, material shock to destroy the beautiful creation of enthusiasm and imagination.

Happy is the unhappiness of a young poet, that vague feeling of indefinite yearnings after beauty and truth, that magnificent epoch of gorgeous dreamings never to be realised; that fantastic mausoleum, built by the genius of the lamp for the reception of imaginary sorrows as yet unborn, and which, in most cases, advancing life and healthier feelings convert into a smiling home-stand of living joys. As in eastern cemeteries, houseless and benighted men find shelter and security in the tombs from which their young imaginations would have recoiled with horror, so is it that in the decline of life we re-enter gladly those "antres vast," which a fantastic and unfounded melancholy had once invested with such gloom, and which now appear to be the brightest memories of our existence. How sunny and cheerful must be the recollection of that time to Lamartine, when "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," he paid the homage of his imitation to Byron. When, with love and faith, with rank and wealth, with youth and hope, his every thought

"Was of the Muse, and of the poet's fame,
 How fair it flourisheth and fadeth not."

How different his present experiences, when, after being the virtual sovereign of France for three of the most extraordinary months the world has ever seen, when the peace of Europe hung upon his lips, and his words of inspiration and power falling on the charmed ears of the

* The last Canto of Harold's Pilgrimage, from the French of Lamartine, rendered into English by the Author of "The Poetry of Earth," and other pieces. Dublin: P. Dixon Hardy and Sons.

fierce democracy of Paris, realized the fabled miracles of Orpheus, he is compelled to extricate himself from difficulties brought on, we believe, by public services, by the hasty and imperfect production of unworthy *no-velettes*.

"The last canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*" adds but little to the adventures of that celebrated wanderer. He can, however, roam no more, as his last speech and dying declaration are chronicled by M. Lamartine. If Byron were living, we suppose he would have been as angry with the French continuator, as Cervantes was with Avellaneda, but though destitute of novelty in its construction, and deficient in adventures, except a few which are too romantic even for "a romaunt," and which might have been better omitted, the poem is full of noble images, expressed with the exquisite felicity of modern French versification, where the frozen antitheses of Boileau melt into the murmuring water-drops of balanced but sweetly modulated melody.

The translator has acquitted himself of his task very creditably, and has contended with difficulties of no common order. The Spenserian stanza being unknown to French poetry, the original is composed of stanzas of unequal length, all consisting of the ordinary couplets of French heroic verse. The translator, we doubt wisely, preferred that his poem should resemble, in metre and external form, the English poem of Byron, rather than the French original. Thus he has often to pause, when there is no corresponding cessation in the ideas, and to wind up every stanza with a "needless Alexandrine," which is often necessarily weak, from his having no strong figure or thought in that place on which—

"To build the lofty rhyme."

He is, however, often poetical and melodious, and brings out his author's meaning clearly and with effect. There are, however, defects of rhythm and language which we can hardly attribute altogether to carelessness. Frequently the flow of the ten-syllable metre is interrupted by a glaringly defective line, sometimes consisting only of eight feet, and sometimes reaching to twelve; while inelegant elisions such as—

"How oft thy claim's dishonoured mid the strife;"

or—

"With admiration earth's almost replete;"

and the mixing up of different tenses of verbs in the same stanza, when the time of action is the same, occur too frequently. The following verses will, however, give a fair and favourable idea of our translator's manner. They are descriptive of Harold's residence near Genoa:—

"There summer's gentle breath is softly felt,
Where hill 'neath hill descends from
heights sublime,
The north wind blows from realms where
snows ne'er melt,
Revelling in fragrance of a sunny clime,
Until embalmed with odours in their
prime,
A mansion here is seen where cypress trees
As types of sadness and of deathless
time,
Are mute and motionless as if no breeze
Would dare upon those dark prophetic ones
to seize.

"And oft upon that pile they cast their
gloom,
'Mid intervals of heaven's reflected light,
Looking like dark forebodings of the tomb,
Whose glare falls ghastly on the trou-
bled sight,
Yet clustering myrtles here were glad
and bright,
Tracing the outline both of hill and glade,
And nature's carpet which had felt no
blight,
With mazy walks that in their wildness
strayed,
Where climbed the fond clematis o'er the
colonnade.

"There gardens fragrant with rich orange
trees,
Above the flattened roofs exotics fling,
And with their golden fruit perfume the
breeze,
While whispering waters seem at eve to
bring
The coolness of the zephyr's gentle wing,
Beyond this scene, from hallowed domes
on high,
Sad bells are heard, the knell of time to
ring,
Then bursts Genoa on the ravished eye,
Fair daughter of the deep emerging towards
the sky."—pp. 10, 11.

We now come upon a group of flowers, which, though "wild" enough in many respects, have too foreign an aspect to be classed with the simple indigenous plants which we had in contemplation at the beginning of this

article. Exotics they unquestionably are, but still possessed of a hardy and vigorous constitution, which enables them to strike their roots deep and firm in the not ungenial soil of English poetry. They, however, perpetually remind one—and not unpleasingly—of the great German original from whose prolific seed they have grown. 'That parent tree, a wonderful tree of good and evil, like unto that which grew in the midst of Paradise, which the creative hand of Goethe planted in the midst of the smiling garden of modern poetry. Of its tempting fruits, the most inquiring and the most philosophical spirits have been the foremost to taste. The false promise of the ancient tempter, that those who would eat of that fruit would not die, seems to be fulfilled by the modern Mephistophiles, if we are to judge of that fact by the increasing vitality and probable immortality of the author of *Festus*, the greatest English devourer of the forbidden fruit of Faust that has yet appeared. Another promise, that of becoming like unto gods, seems also to have attained its fulfilment. To the poets of this school nothing is hidden, nothing is unknown; they dart through space with the rapidity of a comet, are present at the accouchment of Chaos, see the infant worlds wrapped in "the trailing garments of the night" as in swaddling-clothes, and handed over to 'Time, the wet-nurse of creation. They look on while the spirit of development or change closes up the lids of some decrepid old planet, whose euthanasia they sing, or stand trembling before the Angel of Destruction, who, like Saturn, devours the baby worlds as they are born. Of this school of poets the latest, the most healthy, and the most comprehensible, is Mr. Scott, the author of "*Lelio*,"* a poem full to overflowing of the tenderest teaching, possessing much grace and power, and favourably distinguished from many of its class by a pure morality and an enlightened but undoubting Christianity.

The object of the poem seems to be to show what misery and sin may be avoided or atoned for, and what virtue and happiness attained, by the constant conviction and recollection that the ever-waking eye of God himself is fixed

steadily upon us in our every action. This feeling is not brought home to the hearts of the characters in the drama, through the agency of that internal monitor which lies in the depths of every one's breast, and which *will* speak if we but give it time and opportunity to make itself heard. With striking originality this is effected in some of the scenes between Lelio and the Angel, by what may be called an external conscience. When the vague feelings which but too often "come, like shadows, so depart," instead of passing thus unproductively over the heart, take bodily shape before the eye, and thus really move and influence the possessor, who then becomes a spectator.

"Some years since," says Mr. Scott, in his preface, "I amused myself with contemplating the probable result in the case of a man about to commit what he felt to be a crime, were he suddenly to behold the animated eye-ball, as it were, of the Phidian Jupiter fixed on him, and flashing with divine indignation. He could scarcely move, I thought, toward the commission of the meditated act, under the influence of that forbidding gaze.

"The question then naturally arose, whether there may not already exist something analogous to that fabled glance for all who would not willingly exclude it from their vision—something which, unlike the beaming of a material eye, would not, as long as it was duly regarded, grow familiar from sameness or weak by repetition."

Perhaps the best illustration of this idea, and certainly the most effective scene in this dramatic poem is the one we are about to quote. It must be premised that Lelio is invisible, being carried about through space for the purposes of instruction, by an Angel. The machinery of this portion of the poem differs slightly, if at all, from that used in "*Queen Mab*," "*Cain*," "*Festus*," and their imitations. LEONE is the representative of that too common class of men whom thoughtlessness and passion carry to the commission of crimes, bitterly, though unavailingly, to be repented of ever after. He is well contrasted by Lelio with another of the characters in the poem, Ridolfo, whose colder and duller nature

* *Lelio*, a Vision of Reality; *Hervor* and other Poems. By Patrick Scott. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

"Owns no salient sin
To carve into a virtue; but the other
Is undersown with good, which the hot soil
Hath ripen'd into evil."—p. 7.

ILYA has been already seen by LELIO
in a vision, but never before in living,
breathing life. With these explana-
tions, we shall let the scene speak for
itself:—

"SCENE VII.—*A Grove, opening on a level
country at the foot of mountains.*

LELIO, ANGEL, LEONE, ILYA.

"ANGEL.

'What seest thou, Lelio?'

"LELIO.

'I see two beings—

My friend Leone, and—may God uphold me!
It is the same—it is the same—'tis she,
The maiden that I saw in heavenly vision,
Now clothed in radiant earth, what does she
here?

Mercy of Heaven! what does she here with
him?

Thou too—dost thou not see them? then—

"ANGEL.

What, Lelio?

"LELIO.

Protect her, save her, dash him into nothing
With instant thunder!

"ANGEL.

Thou didst wish to view
Things such as these, and now—thou hast
thy wish.

"LELIO.

Look! look! behind them rise two mighty
shapes,
Like those of angels; both are beautiful!
The face of one beams as the evening star,
Magnificently mild; the other's brow
Is like a thunder-cloud when torn by light-
ning.

"ANGEL.

Thy friend—he cannot see thee—hark! he
speaks.

"LEONE.

Dear Ilya! how I blame these leaden lips
That lack such glowing utterance as befits
The man who dares love thee—oh! hopeless
task,
An angel's beauty asks an angel's tongue,
Thou dost not love me, Ilya?

"ILYA.

Nay, Leone,
But I like not thy love: whene'er thy
image,

Too often, and too dear, before me rises,
I hear a voice, a little voice, though sound-
ing

Above the fluttering of this foolish heart,
Which cries, 'Beware of an unrighteous idol,
By fancy forged, whose feet of clay would
soil

The temple of a maiden's mind.'

"LEONE.

'Tis right!

Nor would I stain thy purity! but say
Impurity, what is it? It invites
The forward coarseness of a gross desire,
And words of a free import; it is based
On the mere hunger of an animal passion,
Which feeds and is appeas'd; but oh! not
such

The love I feel; 'tis not self-satiate,
It lives but in the life it draws from thee!
Yes! if the fire that burns within me finds
Its natural outbreak in a warm regard,
Tempering its strength behind the veil which
o'er it

Thy bashful beauty throws—is *this* impurity?
Then be it mine! this noble ardour, not
The flickering of a ceremonial flame!
We can but love, we cannot love more dearly,
If some weak words, which the heart does
not hear,
Were mutter'd o'er our union—dear, dear
Ilya!

"LELIO.

Look! how that better spirit droops the
shelter
Of his refulgent wings in sad submission;
The other angel's haughty lips are lifted
Into a smile which victory wins from scorn.

"LEONE.

Turn, turn my Ilya; in the faithful clasp
Of these fond arms thou'lt find a magic
circle,
Where joy alone can force an entrance—Ilya!

"ANGEL.

Back, Lelio, thy mission is not here!

"LELIO.

But see, but see, that heavenly guardian
turns

His parting step—Oh! go not, go not! now,
The demon-angel spreads his pinions o'er
The panting maid; his fearful countenance
Breathes into hers! All-seeing God! how
chang'd

The freshness of that beauty—she is fallen;
Fall'n from the height of her commanding
charms

To slave for a low passion! o'er her cheek
Creeps the pollution of consenting thought;
The vestal shrine of her deep eye is lit
With an unholy longing. Hell hath painted
Each feature in hot colours! Pitiless spirit,
Why didst thou bring me here? I did not
seek

This hideous sight—so pure—so beautiful—
Foul, foul—Oh! God that I might die, might
die!

“LEONE.

Come, Ilya come, love calls, can *we* be deaf
Unto that wise enchantment? see his lips
Pout with the promis'd pleasure! come,
delay

Is waste of joy when time intensifies
The feeling of delight; instead of plain
And country garb, thou shalt have queenly
vesture,

And change the dulness of thy rustic fellows
For braver spirits, who have open eyes
For such as thee; and for thy mother's
cottage—

“LELIO.

See! the returning step of that bright angel;
Oh! aid her, aid her, in the name of Him
Who made creation, on—

“ILYA.

My mother's cottage!
Who spake of that? Methought amid the
whirl
Of passion sounding in my ears, there came
A voice which spake about my mother's
cottage;
And then, the hand of some mysterious
power
Stamped it in ice upon this burning heart!
'Tis small and humble, but the air around it
Is very pure! Am I awake?

“LELIO.

Lo, how
A moon-like radiance from that angel's
wings
Silters upon the face of the rapt maiden
The hues that burnt there blushfully—and
thou—
Back, back, thou thing of evil!

“ILYA.

It is real!
Real—yet how strangely in this beating
breast,
There stirs an unreality of life,
That lifts me from myself and whispers,
'Think,'
Who is it lives, forgotten not forgetting,
Within that lowly dwelling? What will she,
Who hath so often felt for thee, feel when
She misses her on whom her aged eyes
Fell, as their daily treasure, her too, fled
From the dear fold of those expecting arms,
To this dark pleasure. 'Tis enough—I thank
thee,
Merciful Heaven, and thee, Leone, too,
For that one word—Oh! say it but again,
And I could bless thee—ha! defy thee, too!
Away! thou canst not touch me. Heaven's
high hand
Is o'er me, on me—thine, Leone, thine,
Falls from me nerveless, as did his who laid
it
On God's own prophet, thus—

“LELIO.

Oh! let me not
Faint ere I fill my gaze! Before me springs,
Expanding visibly the fresh growth of beauty;
An exhalation of divinity
Clings to her like an atmosphere, each limb
Seems moulded by the Deity anew,
While the blue veins swell proudly, as if
crying,
It were a damning shame on him who tried
To soil that glorious temple! 'Tis a shrine
Where saints might worship!

“ANGEL.

She was formed from dust.

“LELIO.

Dust! ay, a most brilliant dust, of which
Each atom was a star! I may speak madly,
But to be madden'd by a cause like this
O'erweighs a world of reason. I dare tell
thee,
All angel as thou art, thou hast not seen,
In Heaven's own courts, a thing more
beautiful
Than that I gaze on; mind and matter there
Are so consummately fused by the Great
Artist
Into a strange and most divine communion!
Life were too short to look; I do, I do
Look on the master-effort of a God,
The point at which Omnipotence arriv'd,
And stopp'd when it made woman! She is
gone,
Moving along in stately beauty, like
The chariot of a king; and yet not gone;
Space seems made up of mirrors, multiplying
Her magic presence, as if viewless spirits
Cloth'd their immortal essence in the form
She wore, as next to Heaven's; whose
musical lips
Draw the rich air she breath'd, and then ex-
hale it
In one enchanting measure—listen! listen!”

A “Song of the Angels” follows, which is a long and elaborate ode in praise of woman, which, however interesting from its subject and mode of treatment, we must omit. A song which runs to the length of six or seven mortal pages would be rather formidable, even though proceeding from the lips of an angel. The enthusiastic admiration expressed by Lelio for Ilya prepares the reader for their future union. Their next meeting (at which the poem abruptly terminates) is after her final extrication from the unworthy suit of Leone, who himself is converted to repentance and virtue by beholding the wreck of Nina, one whom he had seduced by the same arts and flatteries that were, fortunately, unsuccessful in the case of

Ilya. RIDOLFO also meets with his deserts, in an effective but rather melodramatic scene. Of course, in a fantastic drama like this, probability can be outraged with impunity; but it does tax our indulgence to the utmost to listen to such unlikely language as this, addressed by a rude wooer to a countrywoman in an Alpine valley:—

"Nay, fair one, fly not, *for thou canst not be
A Daphne if I follow*; better, too,
Live like a woman, warm with living blood,
*Than a cold tree beneath the un pitying
sky.*

'Tis vain, I tell thee—*then, Apollo-like,
But more successful than the god*—I chase
Thy fruitless flight!"—p. 66.

This may be "the art of love," but, if so, it certainly must be Ovid's and not Nature's. Passing over defects of this kind, which, probably, the author did not consider incumbent on him to attend to or omit, we have many passages to praise for their felicity or power. There are a number of single lines or sentences which please one for their sententious clearness or novelty, of which the following may serve as examples:—

LOVE.

"The child of madness, and the sire of pain."
p. 3.

A striking figure:—

"Horrible animation, like a corpse,
Awakening in its grave." p. 17.

FLOWERS.

"Sprinkling harmonious incense on the scene."
p. 22.

Shelley, in the "Sensitive Plant," has nearly the same idea:—

"And hyacinths purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from their bells a sweet peal
anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense."

HEALTH AND DEATH.

"The limits of red health, and pale-brow'd
death." p. 19.

In the notes to this poem, Mr. Scott introduces two translations from the

Persian, by his friend, George Maxwell Batten, which, we regret, we have not space to introduce. They are both very beautiful, and make us join with Mr. Scott in lamenting the premature death of one who had evidently such taste and capacity for the illustration and translation of oriental poetry.

We regret that the author of "Lelio" has thought proper to publish "HERVOR," the second poem in his volume. Jokes which have neither wit nor originality to recommend them, about "Chisholm Anstey's Speeches," and Joseph Hume's head, and illustrations drawn from the Duke of York's column in Regent-street, and the "Jack Robinson" of school-boys (vide p. 104), seem very much out of place after the dignity, elevation, and pathos of "LELIO." If Mr. Scott had sent us "HERVOR" in MS. we, perhaps, might have relished it as an unpretending squib; but, why publish it? You are capable of better things, Mr. Scott, so "no more of that, an' thou lovest us."

"Poems, Legendary and Historical,"* form the next group in our Summer garland. They are remarkable, at least, for the sort of literary partnership to which they owe their birth—an arrangement which is less common and much less successful in our time than in "the brave days of old," when Beaumont and Fletcher, those "two noble kinsmen" (by the consanguinity of kindred genius), merely carried to a greater and more successful issue a practice common among their contemporaries, and which the greatest of them all did not think it beneath him to adopt. It is wonderful to think how these old but glorious poets—we mean the entire constellation of dramatists, from the morning-star of Marlow, flashing and glittering in the unoccupied sky, a portent and a prophecy, to the mild vesper light with which it faded away with Shirley—it is a wonder, we say, what a uniformity of richness and vigour characterised all those writers. With the exception of one great luminary, in whose supreme effulgence they were for a time entirely lost, and by whose light they are now only descried by many—with that ex-

* "Poems, Legendary and Historical." By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., late Fellow, and the Rev. George W. Cox, S.C.L., Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Longman and Co.

ception, it would be difficult, supposing many of their plays to have been published anonymously, to assign them to their proper authors. How separate Dekkar from Webster, Peele from Greene, Marlow from Chapman? How, in the plays which several of these writers wrote conjointly, give each his peculiar share? Even with Shakspeare himself this difficulty has been felt. Critics have fought, as only rival critics *can* fight, as to what portions of "Pericles," "Titus Andronicus," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," were written by the great master, and what by an inferior hand. It is not easy satisfactorily to account for the decadence of this practice, once so rich in glorious and immortal results. Perhaps it was owing to the want of mere personal vanity or literary lionism that characterised these old giants; or, perhaps, they looked on dramatic authorship as a mere profession, and troubled their heads no more about getting credit for their separate contributions to whatever work was required in the market, than Messrs. Barnwell and Cresswell, or Adolphus and Ellis, do for their distinct shares in their useful reports. But, whatever the cause, the gentlemen of the long robe are the only persons who successfully and profitably keep alive this friendly coalition abandoned by the gentlemen of the sock and buskin—the tragic drama of the law superseding the legitimate drama of the stage.

With the modern poets, the joint production of any elaborate work has been seldom attempted. In shorter poems, and humorous squibs, more instances occur. Southey and Coleridge united their rythmical forces to effect "The Fall of Robespierre," and more successfully, to extend "The Devil's Walk," while James and Horace Smith will go down together to posterity with their "rejected addresses," addresses which posterity will not reject. As it is with kindred genius, so is it with kindred dulness or mediocrity. Sternhold and Hopkins may be the representatives of the one class, Messrs. Freeman and Cox of the other. Their large and elegant volume, so well printed, so correctly written, so instructive as a graceful commentary on the classical and historical works which seem to have suggested the *materials* of their ballads, in the same way that Lockhart or Macaulay seem to have supplied the

former, is a positive embarrassment to us. As skilfully versified narratives, founded on picturesque or striking incident, Grecian, Hispano-Moorish, or Saxon history, they will be welcome to the more cultivated class of students in those several departments; but as BALLADS, we fear it will be a long time before they stir the heart of any Sir Philip Sidney of our time, "as with the sound of a trumpet." What recalled to our mind the ancient dramatic partnerships, was the level uniformity, and somewhat prosaic similarity, to which both the writers have reached. The poems of each certainly require the initial letters that are appended to their contributions, without which it would be impossible for those who feel an interest in the subject, to be satisfied of their identity. The reason seems to be that neither of the gentleman are POETS, in any high sense of the term; they are men of learning and taste, with a talent for correct and harmonious, if somewhat monotonous versification, acquirements and faculties sufficient to ensure enjoyment, obtain respect, but not to win immortality.

It is difficult to find any passage sufficiently brief or striking for quotation; but in justice to our authors, we must give one. Perhaps the commencement of the following Saxon ballad is as good a choice as we could make; it is by Mr. Freeman:—

"WALTHEOF AT YORK.

" Good news, good news for England,
The promised help is nigh;
I saw this day, o'er Humber's flood,
The Danish raven fly.
King Sweyn hath sent to rescue us,
A goodly host and brave,
And northern Jarls have bridled well
The horses of the wave.
The tall masts waved full gallantly,
Like a forest on the sea,
And the decks were thick with mighty
men,
All armed to set us free.
So near the land I saw them,
That while the tale I tell,
I ween the host, on England's coast,
Hath landed safe and well.
Haste to the shore, King Edgar,
Earl Waltheof, haste amain,
To welcome Denmark's brother kings,
With all their warrior train.
King Sweyne hath sent his brother dear
To battle for the right,
And he hath sent his princely sons
To follow him to fight.

Our men are flocking to the strand,
 From hamlet and from tower,
 And England's voice is raised on high,
 To greet the northman's power.
 Haste to the shore, King Edgar,
 And send thy bodes amain,
 To bid the faithful men of York
 Await thy royal train.
 The citizens are up in arms,
 And round the castle wall,
 They cry aloud for England's king,
 To rend the stranger's thrall.
 Sir William in the castle hears,
 And trembles every hour,
 As the shout of freedom louder swells
 Around his leaguered tower.
 Let Danish jarl and Saxon thane
 To battle follow thee ;
 March straight upon the city,
 And Northumberland is free.
 The Bastard still in Winchester
 A little space may reign,
 But York hath owned her lawful lord,
 Of the old and kingly strain," &c., &c.

This is open and advised speaking, beyond all question, which, if historically true, ought certainly to have attracted the notice of the Norman attorney-general of that day. When we state, however, that there are about five hundred lines following those we have quoted, it may account for that eminent functionary not having filed a criminal information.

"Poems, by W. C. Bennett,"* are entitled to a very honourable place in our cluster of wild flowers ; indeed if this were not a monster bouquet (to suit the prevailing diseased taste for monsters of all sorts, there being monster exhibitions, monster houses, of glass as well as otherwise, monster balloons, monster telescopes, monster microscopes, and last of all, monster table-cloths), this book would supply a sufficient quantity of these "earliest offerings of the spring." The return of that beautiful season, so full of present delight and future hope, that time when

"After the slumber of the year,
 The woodland violets re-appear,"

is its perpetually recurring theme and inspiration. That a genuinely poetic nature and temperament break out in these utterances, must be freely granted to Mr. Bennett. No affectation would lead a writer to those perpe-

tual repetitions—those ever-recurring praises of the common sights and sounds of nature, things which, to ordinary minds, are seen without wonder, and felt without enjoyment, but which are beautifully-enfolded mysteries and never-dying ravishment to the poet's senses. The poet praises, because he loves ; and if he have "the faculty divine," he sings, because he would make other hearts feel the beauty that so delights his own. We speak of Mr. Bennett's poetical nature, not of his poetical works. As there are poets

"Who have never penned
 Their inspiration——"

so there are poets who have penned their semi-inspirations too frequently, and of this latter class is Mr. Bennett. His poetry is the reverse of Tennyson's line—

"You cannot see the grass for flowers"—

as the latter are choked and hid beneath the rank vegetation of verbiage that surrounds them. Diffuseness is the curse of modern literature ; bad enough when met in the awful shape of a three-volumed novel, or a tale in twenty monthly parts ; but even far worse, in what should be the concentrated essence of thought, feeling, and harmony—a lyric. In our modern songs the "linked sweetness" is, alas ! too "long drawn out." Instead of the rich, valuable, imperishable ore of an earlier day, we have the gossamer, attenuated gold leaf, which shines for a moment and is seen no more. Hear what a true critic says of a true lyrist, Walter Savage Landor of Percy Bysshe Shelley. "I would rather," he says, "have written his

" ' Music, when soft voices die,'

than all Beaumont and Fletcher ever wrote, together with all their cotemporaries, excepting Shakspeare."† This may be exaggeration, but the poem referred to contains just *eight lines* ! Into how many would most of our living versifiers have diluted them ? Into what innumerable, small, pretentious, shining trinkets would they have broken up this poetical *Kooh-i-noor*, this unrivalled mountain of light ?

* Poems. By W. C. Bennett. London : Chapman and Hall.

† The works of Walter Savage Landor, vol. ii. p. 157.

Mr. Bennett's poems, beside the defect of diffuseness, have others that may not be so obvious to the general reader. He too often seems to sing, not from the direct inspiration of his theme, but from the treatment of the same subject by other writers. This is apparent in many of the poems. "The Dressmaker's Thrush," is but a weak paraphrase of Hood's ghastly "Song of the Shirt," the very keynote being the same in both. In his lines "To the Skylark," he not only has the temerity to recall to mind Shelley's immortal "Ode," but absolutely to adopt, without acknowledgment, some of its most striking figures. Thus, for Shelley's "Scorner of the ground," we have "Spurner of the earth's annoy," and for his "Singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest," the refrain of every verse of Mr. Bennett, "Soar and sing." In "An Autumn Conceit in Greenwich Park," Keats is laid under contribution. What is

"Sad sobber through September,
Perchance thou dost remember
The bursting of the rustling leaf in April's
tearful time,"

but a different reading or echo of Keats'—

"In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree;
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity," &c.

When Mr. Bennett speaks for himself he speaks well, and perhaps best of all in the sonnet form. To poets of his discursive nature, it is all the better

"To be bound,
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground."

Here is one to the memory of Adonais:—

"SONNET TO KEATS.

"O NIGHTINGALE, thou wert for golden
Junes,
Not for the gusts of March! Oh, not for
strife
With wind and tempest was thy summer
life,
Mate of the sultry grasshopper, whose tunes
Of ecstasy leap faint up steaming noons,
Keen in their gladness as the shrilling fife;
With smiles not sighs thy days should have
been rife
With quiet, calm as sleep's 'neath harvest
moons;

Thee, nature fashioned like the belted bee,
Roamer of sunshine, fellow of the flowers,
Hiving up honied sweets for man, to see
No touch of tears in all thy radiant hours;
Alas, sweet singer, that thou might'st not
live
Sunned in the gladness that thou camest to
give!"—p. 98.

Or this well-deserved tribute to Leigh Hunt, marred though it be by ungraceful elisions:—

"SONNET TO LEIGH HUNT.

'Spring flowers—spring flowers'—all April's
in the cry;
Not the dim April of the dull grey street,
But she of showers and sunbursts whom we
meet
On dewy field-paths, ere the daisy's dry,
And breezy hill-sides when the morning's
high.
'Spring flowers—spring flowers'—the very
cry is sweet
With violets and the airs that stay the feet,
The showery fragrance of the sweet-briar nigh;
Yet all and more than in that cry is found,
Rises before us with thy pleasant name,
LEIGH HUNT; with the dear gladness of the
sound,
Into my close room all the country came;
Deep lanes and meadow-streams rose with
the word,
And through the hush of woods, the cuckoo's
call I heard."—p. 156.

Mr. Bennett is fond of the *refrain* or burden line, but is singularly unfortunate in the selection. Who on earth could read a number of Stanzas each concluding with—

"My box of mignonette"—p. 51,

or this, of which the following is a specimen:—

"Wan brightener of the fading year,
Chrysanthemum;
Rough teller of the winter near,
Chrysanthemum," &c.—p. 115,

without laughing? On the whole, the two little poems we are about quoting please us better than anything else in the volume; and next to these some of the graceful little "Epitaphs for Infants."

"THE SEASONS.

A BLUE-EYED child that sits amid the noon,
O'erhung with a laburnum's drooping
sprays;
Singing her little songs, while softly round
Along the grass the chequered sunshine
plays.

" All beauty that is throned in womanhood,
Pacing a summer garden's fountained
walks ;
That stoops to smooth a glossy spaniel down,
To hide her flushing cheek from one who
talks.

" A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,
In whose sweet spring again her youth she
sees,
With shout, and dance, and laugh, and bound,
and song,
Stripping an autumn orchard's laden trees.

" An aged woman in a wintry room ;
Frost on the pane—without, the whirling
snow ;
*Reading old letters of her far off youth,
Of pleasures past and griefs of long
ago.*"—p. 15.

The lime is a favourite tree of Mr. Bennett's, as it deserves to be. He has several poems to its praise. One of them in this metre, the last line being kept up all through as a refrain:—

" Pleasant is its sight to me,
Pleasant will it ever be ;
Often shall I long to see,
That lime before my window."—p. 202.

We do not know how it is, but we never can read this poem without humming it to the air of "The Rakes of Mallow," a combination rather injurious to its serious effect. The following is fortunately not so suggestive. With it we shall take leave of Mr. Bennett, hoping and certain of meeting him soon again.

" AN AUTUMN SONG.

" Lime—golden lime !
Bright burst thy greenness forth to April's
tearful wooing,
Thronged of the booming bee in verdurous
summer's prime ;
Ah, sere and shrivelling now the miry way
'tis strewing :
Lime—golden lime !

" Lime—golden lime !
What though thy parting leaves, the wailing
winds are calling !
What though to sereness all hath changed
thy vernal prime !
Why should we mourn that fast thy golden
splendour's falling :
Lime—golden lime !

" Lime—golden lime !

Yes—thou in thought shalt come when
gloomy gusts are shrilling
Along the wan white snows in winter's hue-
less time,
The chill and pallid day with autumn glory
filling :

Lime—golden lime."—p. 103.

"The Children of Nature: a Poem," is a small, but interesting publication ; unpretending and modest in its external appearance, and published anonymously. It is a modern Idyl, with much of the pastoral beauty of older specimens, but having allusions to philosophical and religious questions specially appertaining to the passing century. In both respects it reminds us occasionally of "Rosalind and Helen;" a resemblance which seems more than accidental, from the names of two of the characters, "Rosina" and "Helen" being almost identically the same ; while the frank avowals of Ernest sound very like the free sentiments of "Lionel" in Shelley's poem. The scene is laid principally in the county of Wicklow, and some very pleasing, if not accurate, descriptions of its romantic scenery are given, which contrast well with the author's reminiscences of Switzerland and Germany. In the following lines several scenes, well known to many of our readers, are introduced ; but the pronunciation given to the name of the most famous locality mentioned, not being "racy of the soil," betrays the secret, that the author is not a genuine native.

" See how yon yellow moonbeams play
On Douce's summits worn and grey,
Making the mountain passes drear,
Like gates of Death's dark realms appear !
There, winding, goes the rocky way
That leads to gloomy, lone Loch Bray ;
While, further south, lies *Glendalough*,
No ghastlier spot the isle can *shew* ;
The silent city of the dead," &c.—p. 33.

Without stopping to object to the adjective "ghastlier," which is quite inappropriate to the place, what, we venture to ask, would King O'Toole or St. Kevin say to this modern mispronunciation of the name of their city of the Seven Churches. It would, we

think, nearly drive them out of their seven senses. To prevent further mistakes, we beg to suggest this correction of the couplet—

“While, further south, lies *Glendalough*,”
(A shocking word, that rhymes with *shock*!)

The following lines are pretty, but are too general and vague for the scene described. Those at the end are too glaringly inaccurate.

“ACT III.—SCENE II.

(*Summit of Sugar Loaf*).

EMILY, CHARLES MORTON.

Morton.—The mists are rising thick and fast,
And shrilly whistling comes the blast;
Hark! how 'tis sighing down below,
Where hight the purple heathers glow,
Where distant feed the mountain sheep,
Beneath yon grey and moss-clad steep;
The glorious sun, that but awhile
Made all around a happy smile,
Until the gloomiest dullest spot
Seemed clothed in dress it owneth not,
No longer knows through mist to trace
The way to this our resting-place.
Lo! now awhile the dense cloud fled,
The landscape glimmers wide outspread,
And merry voices from the vale
Come borne upon the fresh'ning gale;
We sit secure, while showers of rain
Pour fresh beneath, o'er hill and plain.
How dreary 'tis to hear below
The childish laugh, the cattle's low;
The dash of waves along the shore,
And far the cataract's surging roar,
The bleat of mountain yearling flocks,
The wild bird's call among the rocks,
The cock's hoarse challenge, loud and shrill,
The geese that seek the mountain rill.”

p. 49.

One must have very long ears, indeed, to hear all those different sounds from the summit of the Sugar Loaf Mountain.

Some of the most pleasing passages are those descriptive of plants, of which the author shows the good taste of being exceedingly fond. The effect is somewhat marred by the rather ostentatious display of botanical knowledge, of which, perhaps, the most flagrant instance is that where Helen,

describing the scenery of the Tyrol, speaks of the “*resin-flowing* pines.”—p. 39. Heaven preserve us from so exact a young lady! Here is a cluster of blossoms and flowers for our garland. The lines are descriptive of a garden:—

“When woodbine, twined with passion-flower,
Weigh down the jasmin-cover'd bower,
With helianth, and fragrant pea,
In bloom, beneath the broad gean-tree;
Snap-dragon, snake-convolvuli,
Carnations of most various dye;
Blue prickly borage, and the tall
Gaunt hollyhock, supreme o'er all.”

p. 22.

We think it very likely we shall meet with the author of “*The Children of Nature*” in some more matured and elaborate performance. Will he permit us to suggest, in all kindness, the omission from his future writings of a false rhyme, which, in the present poem, becomes absolutely ludicrous from its repetition. It is the rhyming of such words as “day,” “may,” say,” &c., with words terminating simply with the letter *y*, preceded by a consonant. Such as “poesy,” “novelty,” &c., which must be pronounced “poesay,” “noveltay,” &c., if they are meant to rhyme. An occasional word or two of this kind is of course allowable; but with our author it seems done by design. We have marked more than thirty instances of it, and, as we said, it produces a fatally ludicrous effect.

As the benevolent intention of the author of our next poem, “*The Ocean Monarch*,”* must have been long since carried out, we do not fear that we shall greatly diminish “the proceeds of the sale” by two quotations, one of which he intends for “prose,” and the other for “verse.” We greatly fear the “frail barque” to which he alludes in his preface met with a speedier shipwreck than even the ill-fated vessel of which he writes. Fortunately, the cargo was not very valuable, and no *ballast* even was thus wantonly

“In the deep bosom of the ocean (monarch) buried.”

* *The Ocean Monarch*; a poetic narrative, with an original account, in prose, of the loss of this ill-fated vessel. The proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the benefit of the surviving sufferers. By James Henry Legg. Liverpool: Deighton and Laughton. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

"This is my first venture," says Mr. Legg (although the 'first step' would be more in keeping with his name); "like a frail barque which is newly launched, alone I leave the shores of Retirement that have sheltered me, and, abroad on the waters that have no path, I sail to the deep ocean of——public opinion! [We thought Mr. Legg saw his inevitable destiny, and was about making a candid confession, but we are disappointed.]

"My boldness had not so far tempted me," continues Mr. Legg, touchingly, "had I not found a guide. My pilot is the hand of charity; my haven the good feeling of the world; the wind that may impel this to success or doom it to destruction, are the kindly welcome or the bitter censure, with the as fatal calm of neglect, and my freight is consigned to those who have been the sufferers by the dreadful visitation which I have made the subject of my narrative.

"Thus, then, on the broad stream I glide—away to the unknown and unfathomable depths of that ocean I steer. Asking for a welcome, thus I pass, and to the judgment of the growing world commit my offering and my shallop's fate."

What a mistake Mr. Legg has made! The above extract he has the modesty to print as mere prose, while to the following all the honours of verse are given. But charity, we know, is proverbially blind:—

"Now turn we to the beings who have known
And felt this tenderness. Some I have said
Remained in the Affonso, *others were*
Received on board the steamer "Prince of
Wales,"

Before unnamed, though in the work of love
And of humanity she bore her part
Right nobly with her crew: these she bears
now

With her upon her route—the yacht we called
The "Ocean Queen," before whose owner's
hand,

And all on board her had saved many an one,
Having arrived so early on the spot,
Now bears her freight back to the port again
With the Affonso. Gallantly they sail,
Each one containing many a noble heart
Swelling with pride (that we might well for-
give),

While the poor sufferers they bear are fed
And cloth'd with all spare garments, every
thing

That kindest hands could tend and warm
hearts give

On board them both were yielded unto them."
p. 68.

"Prose run mad" would be a dignified appellation for this. It is the very drivelling idiotcy of scribbling.

"Buds and Leaves"* is the name of a little emanation from "the Manchester School" of poets. It is a modest but correct title, as it candidly lays no claim to those productions of the poetical tree which are alone valuable—namely, blossoms and fruit. As with most books of this class, it contains passages which are provokingly quizzible, as this one, for instance, addressed to an "old watch":—

"Thou dusty dummy!
There's value in thee, though as dingy brown
As any mummy."—p. 13.

But we (Anthony Poplar, to wit) shall be merciful to our half namesake, Mr. Anthony, jun., on that account, as well as for the nationality of the following imitation of the Rhine Song:—

"SONG OF THE WYE.

"They'll ne'er surpass thee, never,
Our own enchanting Wye,
Whilst Nature's works shall charm the soul,
And beauty please the eye,
There's not a stream in all the world,
Not e'en the worshipped Rhine,
Where shores reveal the beautiful
More beautiful than thine.

"They'll ne'er surpass thee, never,
Our own enchanting Wye,
Though thousand streams are glittering
Beneath the glittering sky.
What is the blue Garonne to thee,
Or yet the Alp-born Rhone?
Thy blended grace and witchery
Are thine, and thine alone.

"They'll ne'er surpass thee, never,
Whilst thou shalt take thy way
By Coldwell's rocky battlements,
And Tintern's ruin grey;
Whilst o'er thy tide old Chepstow's towers
Their shadows proudly cast,
Whilst Clifford's hoary wreck shall bid
Defiance to the blast."—p. 97.

"Imagination," † as the subject of a didactic and descriptive poem, seems to have been pretty well exhausted by Akenside. The astonishing discoveries of modern science, the mastery which man has already gained over some of the most powerful and subtle agencies

* "Buds and Leaves." By Joseph Anthony, jun. Manchester: Burge and Perrin. 1851.

† Imagination; an original Poem. By Spero. London: David Bogue.

of Nature, since the appearance of "The Pleasures of the Imagination," where truth has literally become stranger than fiction, present almost insuperable difficulties to an adequate treatment of this theme. Poetry, to obtain any successful results at present, must imitate the direction of material science; and as that has abandoned ballooning, and the clouds, for geology and the electric wire, so must the former abandon its "airy nothings," and send the electric current of its inspiration through the hidden recesses of the human heart. Our present author is, at any rate, inadequate to the task; and even in the humble flight that he essays, his wing too often fails him. His sentiments are generous; his versification tolerably correct; but his fatal facility of sinking destroys even what little these two qualities, unassisted by something higher, might achieve. For instance, speaking of liberty, he says:—

"From heart to heart her sacred spirit flies
From eye to eye, till despotism dies.
When Brutus rose he *levell'd* Tarquin's race;
The strong-nerv'd Tell removed his land's
disgrace;
Our Hampden gain'd the cause for which he
fell—
Stern Cromwell rose upon a monarch's knell."
p. 41.

Our author, we suppose, would insist that this description of Cromwell's rise was not only poetry, but *sound* sense. The poem is dedicated to Charles Dickens, who, it appears, read it in manuscript.

"University Prize Poems"* should find their appropriate immortality in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. As we read the title-page, we felt our heart beginning to expand at the gratifying fact of adding another native national bard to the list of illustrious Irishmen. We were also not a little proud that the same *alma mater* which had given birth to Thomas Browne the younger, had now produced Frank Browne the elder (we should hope). It was only when we read the last page of the volume we discovered our mistake. Mr. Browne, after returning his thanks "to the Senior and Junior Fellows," for their

kindness and impartiality to the author during his examination, addresses his fellow-townsmen, of whom we innocently believed ourselves one, in the following terms:—

"And to you, my fellow-townsmen, who have so often rallied round the rustic harp of a young minstrel; you who have so often breathed the voice of praise in my ear, what can I say? When the heart is full, the lips, sometimes, refuse to speak; but you will find its feelings expressed in a little song, entitled 'The hearts that beat behind me.' May prosperity in every way attend the town of Nottingham (!) from its greatest manufacturer to the humblest minstrel that may tune his harp to its praise, is my best and farewell wish."

After this crushing of our patriotic hopes, we really cannot be over indulgent to our author. We shall only say of his "Prize Poems," that were they the best that were ever written, the praise would not be very great, and *his* "Prize Poems" are *not* the best, notwithstanding that he informs us, in his preface, that "their subjects were chosen by great men," so that Bishop Heber's "Palestine" may still be regarded as the first of the class. If our poet, ere his departure for India, feels disposed to "get savage" with us for our verdict, we cannot help it. We shall address him, in the concluding lines of his own "Rajah of Sarawak," which will serve for a valediction as well as quotation:—

"Farewell, young savage, we can feel
Thy wound, although we cannot heal."
p. 94.

Our present garland has now almost approached that size and completeness that we had pre-arranged, in our wisdom, it should reach and attain. We have, however, reserved a small space for the introduction of a few wild Indian plants, whose names and peculiarities we take some pride in being the first to make publicly known at this side of the Atlantic ferry. Let not the reader start aghast at the formidable appearance those names make on paper. We can assure him that, like Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's play, they are "not so bad as they seem." The volume which contains those choice treasures,

* "University Prize Poems." By Frank Browne, author of "Lyra Rudis," and other Poems. Dublin: Edward J. Milliken, 15, College-green.

so dear to euphony and orthography, is a large, well-printed book, of 327 pages; its name is "Frontenac." It is written by a gentleman who glories in the name of STREET, and who, on that account alone, cannot object to be "walked into." In sober seriousness, a more curious book than this we never opened; curious for the hallucination of mind under which it must have been written; since, from the gravity of the author's preface, it is plain, that he expected his most extraordinary vocabulary of names would have produced a serious effect upon the reader, instead of the convulsions of laughter they assuredly will bring on any person who attempts their pronunciation. We shall presently give abundant instances of this peculiarity, even at that risk to our readers and ourselves.

The subject of the poem is the invasion of the Iroquois territory, by the French Canadians, under Count Frontenac, in the year 1696, with all the horrors and atrocities that produced that invasion and accompanied it. There is very considerable power in parts, but there is far too much *scalping*, even for Indian warfare, and disgust, consequently, takes the place of terror. The redeeming portions of the book are occasional descriptions of the strange animal and vegetable life, and the sudden revival of nature in the Canadian forests, a few of which are really beautiful; some of these, at least, we shall extract. But his enthusiasm for Indian nomenclature, indulged in the way he has indulged it, would have destroyed the work even of a true poet, if we can imagine any one so constituted giving way to such absurdity. What can we say to a man who calls the vine "sa-ha-we," and a wolf "ta-yo-nee;" a crow, "kah-kah;" and a kettle, "kun-a-tah?" Is it to make us shun the evil spirit the more that we are obliged to speak of him as "Hah-no-gah-ate-gah, a word to make his brother imp, the printer's devil, go mad? Has "Yu-we-lon-doh" the swiftness of the wind; or "Tah-wonne-whus," the rapid flash of the lightning, both of which objects he informs us they express. Would we recognise our old cunning friend the fox, under the appellation of "ska-nux-heh," or

aurora under the disguise of "thuren-se-rah?" And yet, these names, and many more, glare on us from every page, like the fiery glances of his own Indians from the thick jungle of his lines. It is really the most uncomfortable book that in all our critical explorings we have ever met with, often as we have attempted to penetrate the boundless wilderness of verse, in the hope of meeting with the faint trail of the true poetical moccasin somewhere on its surface. What critic, however courageous, would venture to express an unfavourable opinion of this book, if his fancy pictures to itself, the offended poet brandishing a remorseless goose quill over his head, and singing the following "war song," which he fears is addressed to himself:—

"Hoo! hoo! how the panther springs,
As flies the deer on affrighted wings!"

(We have winged bulls and lions from Nineveh. Why not winged deer from Canada?)—

"Hoo! hoo! how he rends his prey!
So will the On-on-dah-gahs slay!
Hoo! whoop! how he rends his prey!
So will the On-on-dah-gahs slay!"

"Hoo! hoo! how the eagle screams,
As the blood of the fawn from his talons
streams!
Hoo! hoo! how the woods ring out!
So will the On-on-dah-gahs shout!
Hoo! hoo! how the woods ring out!
So will the On-on-dah-gahs shout!"

p. 61.

Lord save us! we feel a cold shudder run through us, the light leaves our eyes, and it is only by applying our finger to the "ambrosial curls" with which we "nod" (too often, we fear), that we satisfy ourselves that our "dome of thought" does not bear a close but disagreeable resemblance to "the scalp."

We have said, that our author gives occasionally a pleasing description of the sights and sounds that gladden "the emerald woods" of Canada, in early summer. Here is one:—

"With plumes were tipped the beechen
sprays ;
The birch long dangling tassels showed ;
The oak still bare ; but in a blaze
Of gorgeous red the maple glowed ;
With clusters of the purest white
Cherry and shadbush charmed the sight,
Like spots of snow the boughs among ;
And showers of strawberry blossoms made
Rich carpets in each field and glade,
Where day its kindest glances flung,
And air, too, hailed spring's joyous sway ;
The bluebird warbled clear and sweet.
Then came the wren, with carols gay,
The 'customed roof and porch to greet ;
The mock-bird showed its varied skill ;
At evening moaned the whippoor will,
Type of the spring, from winter's gloom !
The butterfly new being found ;
Whilst round the pink May-apple's bloom
Gave myriad drinking bees their sound.
Great fleeting clouds the pigeons made,
When near her brood the hunter strayed.
Her limping lure the partridge tried ;
Whilst in a glittering speck, that shot
Rapid as thought, from spot to spot,
Was the rich hummingbird descried."

p. 27.

But his descriptions are not always
so successful, as in the following in-
stance :—

"So still the scene, the river's lapse
Along its course gave hollow sound,
With some raised wavelet's *lazy slaps*
On log and stone around."—p. 65.

Or the important incident which is
gravely chronicled in those lines :—

"A duck, beside an isle of wood,
Within a watery streak was steering,
Dipping his green head in the flood,
When, quick his bill of yellow rearing,
With a loud whiz he flew away."—p. 72.

We have not yet introduced our In-
dian warriors, of whose names we are
tempted to make a litany, after the
manner Southey availed himself of the
Russian generals' patronymics, in his
"March to Moscow." The achieve-
ment, however, is not worth the trou-
ble, slight and easy though it would
be. For we have—

——"Sa-ha-wee" and "To-yo-nee,"
And "Non-yon-de-yoh," and "Hah-wen-ne
yo,"
And "On-on-dah-gah" and "Co-ha-ta-te-
yah,
And "At-o-tar-ho" and "Icar-jis-ta-yo,"

And "Hah-yah-do-yah" and "To-ne-sah-
ha,"
And "Oawah-nah-dah-gah" and "Hah-
yah-do-yah,"
And "Nu-sill-i-mak-i-nak"
(With which we haven't the knack
To rhyme. Pooh! look back,
And there we will find "Ad-in-on-dack,"
Good enough, we suppose,
For that, and for this we have "Ho-nont-
kohs."

That our readers may not imagine
we are attempting to impose on them
by fictitious names, we beg to present
them with the following exact quota-
tions, with which we shall conclude:—

"Brave Skan-an-do-ah, at a stride,
Stood by the Atotarho's side ;
'Ho-nont-kohs! Brothers!' shouted he,
'Peal out your whoops!' And loud and free
The brothers swelled the piercing sound,
Crowding the Atotarho round.
Ye-an-te-kah-noh sent his cry ;
Shrill echoed Yu-we-lon-doh's by,
And Ka-i-na-tra pealed his high,
All, save Ska-nux-hah."—p. 210.

Or this, which we find a few pages
farther on :—

"Shame, warriors of the Long House! Shame!
Scorn Yon-non-de-yoh's thunder flame.
Have you forgot that here is burning
The pure Ho-de-no-sonne fire?
Rather than, from its splendour turning,
Leave it to Yon-non-de-yoh's spurning,
Around it glad should all expire."

p. 208.

We could multiply examples, but
they are unnecessary. The only slight
glimmering conception the author
seems to have had of the terrible effect
of his *proper* (?) names steals out in
the last line of the following quotation.
It is the only true and honest confes-
sion in the whole book :—

"Then towards the earth, and then around in
air,
The first imploring Ha-wen-ne-yo's care,
The next to soothe dark Ha-ne-go-ate-geh,
The last to make all evil Genii flee!"

p. 200.

AND ALL GOOD GENII, TOO, IF SUCH THERE BE,
SAY WE.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER.—NO. VII.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES DURING THE REHEARSAL OF A PANTOMIME.

GENTLE reader, I take it for granted you are theatrical. That you love Shakspeare, Otway, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Knowles, and Bulwer; and that you repudiate Collier, Bedford, Styles* *et id genus omne*. That you consider a comic pantomime as the first of human inventions, and the humours of the Clown and Pantaloon as the climax of earthly ingenuity. That you invariably accompany your thirteen children on the juvenile night, and that until the recurring anniversary, your ears are tingling, and your heart glowing with the recollection of the unsophisticated shouts of ecstasy, proceeding from the thousand and one urchins congregated together on that memorable occasion. That you look back on it as a green oasis in your pilgrimage through life's desert, and that you compassionate, with gentle benignity, those mistaken ascetics who hold it for a sin and a shame to laugh or be amused. These postulata being duly required and accorded, we shall understand each other perfectly, and travel merrily together through this article. Without them, all that follows will be unto you a sealed book, even as an original chapter from the "Shah-Nameh of the illustrious Ferdusi."

"Have you ever witnessed the rehearsal of a pantomime?" You answer, "No." "Would you like to be present (or in Anglo-Gallic, to assist) at this operation?" Undoubtedly you would. Well then, make interest with the manager (I will impart to you privately how this is to be effected), and the next time a full rehearsal occurs, having possessed yourself of an "open sesame," enter by the mysterious portal called the stage-door, which, being opened, discloses a dingy, darksome, cavernous-looking aperture, unconscious of paint or whitewash within the memory of that still more mysterious

personage, the oldest living inhabitant.

You will find this passage guarded by an official janitor or Cerberus, whose orders are to admit none but the duly qualified, and to reject all intruders firmly, but with the most perfect politeness. The last clause in his instructions he interprets much after the fashion of soldiers, when told to be *particularly civil* to suspicious looking gentlemen in red waistcoats, faded leathers, and shabby tops,† who are sometimes observed prowling about the barrack square. Look well before you as you ascend a flight of time-worn, discoloured stairs, long innocent of soap or scrubbing brush. There are generally loose pieces of timber, with ragged ends and many protruding nails, scaffold poles, trestles, and stage boxes, with a barrel or two of whiting blocking up the way. They were placed there by nobody, but came of their own accord, or by *vis inertiae*, or in the lapse of ages, or by some geological phenomenon, similar to that which transports boulders of granite from the fells of Cumberland to the alluvial flats of Yorkshire; or perhaps by magic, as (according to Geoffrey of Monmouth) Merlin whisked over the huge blocks of Stonehenge from Ireland to Salisbury plain.

But no matter through what agency, there are these gentle impediments to your onward progress, glowing with *malice prepense*, and ready to break your shins or your neck, for aught they know or care to the contrary. You will pass through several cross doors, constructed to exclude killing draughts, and peremptorily ordered to be kept shut under dismal penalties, for which reason they are always left open, more particularly in winter. If any of the self-acting springs should happen not to be broken, these doors

* Three well-known anti-dramatists, of whom more on a future opportunity.

† This used to be the distinguishing uniform of the sons of Agrippa, but in imitation of their betters, and following the march of improvement, they are beginning to abolish peculiarity of costume.

are held forcibly back by large stones, or the hinges are taken off, or some other diabolical contrivance is hit upon to save the carpenters time and trouble in bringing up heavy pieces of machinery from the lower tier or hold of the vessel. In passing up this perilous defile, you may chance to hear strange noises and see unwonted sights. Two or three savage looking dogs who bite nobody, a harmless cat or so, and some sleek, plumpish rats who creep lazily away. Your safest course is to follow the example of the Princess Parizade—stuff your ears with cotton, look neither to the right nor the left, but go steadily on till you have gained the top.

So far all is well, but now your difficulties and dangers seriously increase. In crossing the stage, be cautious lest you should disappear into the cellar, through a *vampire*, a *scruto*, a *counterpoise*, or an *unclosing slider*; or through the large *grave-trap*, which is wide open, and yawning for its prey. Beware of passing under heavy weights suspended by imperceptible wires. Tread not on platforms, and other deceptions made of treacherous hollow canvass, but painted to resemble solid rocks, substantial bridges, green banks, garden seats, and other seductive resting-places, with such unprincipled fidelity, that even Zeuxis himself would have been tempted to lay down on one of these back-breaking unsubstantialities. Every thing around, above, below, before, behind, and on each side of you, is as completely an optical delusion, as the mirage in the Arabian Wilderness, or the *Fata Morgana*, which Swinburne, Brydone, and others have described, but which no traveller ever saw, in the Straits of Messina. Take care not to tread on the tail of a dragon, the belly of a boa constrictor, or the legs of a bull. Each contains an experienced human artist, engaged expressly for the occasion, and who has been long celebrated for *interpreting his rôle* with singular ability. If you lame either of them inadvertently, the pantomime will halt along with the injured individual, and the authorities will bless your awkwardness in complimentary exclamations.

To escape safely from these and many other similar perils, you require the clue of Ariadne, which you cannot borrow; but you may remember and avail yourself of the injunction de-

livered to Fitzjames in the *Lady of the Lake* :—

“ On Heaven and on your lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall.”

Then pass on boldly, and when by good luck or dexterity you have steered through these quicksands without collision or casualty, ensconce yourself snugly in the corner of a private box, and watch the proceedings. You are as completely in a new world as Columbus and his companions were when they first set foot on the shore of Guanahani. In half an hour you will say to yourself, as Macbeth does :—

“ Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder !”

You shall see greater marvels than were seen by Astolfo, when, mounted on his Hippogriff, he fled up to the moon to search for the wits of Orlando, and came back again to tell of what he saw, with no one to contradict him. You shall behold a host of people dressed in the most fantastic habits, and performing the most unaccountable evolutions. You shall hear your own language so smothered up under incomprehensible technicalities, that you try in vain to recognise it. You shall listen to many jokes, good and bad, old and new, conventional and traditionary, studied and extemporaneous. You shall witness feats of activity, which cause your own eyes to turn round and look at you, and acts of stupidity which would have rendered the great patriarch impatient. You shall see twelve supernumeraries with thirteen steps, a thing supposed hitherto to be physically impossible. You shall perceive much time lost in waiting for effects which are never produced, a vast expenditure of lungs which might have been spared, with some fearful explosions of passion, which do no good. Your ears may be occasionally shocked by an objurgatory expletive, and now and then relieved by a general burst of merriment, when the manager has said something which all are obliged to consider funny. Woe be to the subordinate, whether actor, musician, chorus-singer, supernumerary, or scene-shifter, who laughs not, as in duty bound, at the smart sayings of his employer. Finally, you will go away in a state of bewildered excitement, perhaps, as the poet says, “ in-

spir'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd," but certainly convinced that a pantomime is the most impossible of all impossible undertakings; that it never was, is, or can be ready, and that its arriving on the first night at the last scene, can only be brought about by a monster miracle.

And now, having played away the overture, "up with the curtain," as Mr. Puff says in the *Critic*, "and let us see what the scene painters have done for us." The prompter rings the bell, the curtain rises, and discovers the front of the stage entirely covered with huge heads, grotesque helmets and turbans, nondescript weapons of every shape and size, wings large and small, vases of flowers, wedges of precious metals, trophies, banners, clusters of rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, each twenty times larger than the Koh-i-noor, with monstrous images of Fo, Buddha, Vishnoo, Brahma, Arimanes, Ashtaroth, Thabeck, Izrafil, and many other imaginary eastern deities or dæmons, in solid gold, with twenty legs, four faces, a dozen arms, and eighteen pair of eyes. Behind, are standing, in an irregular mass, the "ladies and gentlemen," waiting to receive their *properties*, as they are called, and then to be marshalled into an interminable procession, winding out of the back scene room, with slow, majestic movement; in number, splendour, and novelty of arrangement, far excelling any thing of the same kind ever before attempted in any theatre. The manager stands in the front, and looks and feels as important as Napoleon on the eve of Austerlitz, or Wellington on the morning of Waterloo. "Let all take their properties and go to their places!" In a few moments the stage is cleared, and nothing remains but a stray head or so, belonging to a careless supernumerary, who, after much shouting of "Whose head is this?" comes forward and acknowledges it for his own. Now all appears ready for a start. The rehearsal was called at ten for half past, and we have got on to half past twelve. The manager evinces symptoms of impatience. "If we don't begin," says he, "we shall never end." This being joke the first, and also a self-evident truism, the gentlemen of the orchestra laugh immoderately, which puts every body in spirits.

"Well, but where's the scene? The

first scene, on which so much depends? Where's the haunt of the fairies, the magician's cave, the transparent lake, and the fountain of despair? Where's the floating island, drawn by dolphins, to change into the car with flying dragons?" "Not ready yet, sir," says the prompter, who has been bustling about to expedite matters. "Mr. Sloman says you must give him ten minutes more, and he'll have all right." "Ten minutes! I know what his ten minutes are; he promised to be ready by eleven, and it's now close on one. But we must give him the time, because he'll take it, which comes to the same end by a different road." Joke the second, which goes off rather flatly. "In the meanwhile we can go through the procession, the double combats, and the dances. Are all your dancers here?" "No, sir, Mademoiselle Pirouette has sent an apology." "What's the matter with her?" "She has got a bad thumb." "A bad thumb! Humbug! She doesn't dance with her thumb; send and tell her she must come here directly." Joke the third, on the thumb, makes a decided hit, and produces a general roar.

All that has been proposed, to fill up time, is gone through with indifferent success. In the combats, three swords are shivered, and two heads are cut open; but as stage swords are blunt, and theatrical craniums are tolerably hard, the wounded are still fit for duty. The dancers are packed off to the saloon, to leave room for the procession, which is repeated seven times, each repetition being so much worse than the former one, that at last the manager is worn out; he gives up in utter hopelessness, and says, "it must take its chance." It is now two o'clock, and neither scene nor mechanist have yet made their appearance. "Where is Mr. Sloman?" roars the manager. "Mr. Sloman! Mr. Sloman!" echoes the prompter, and the name is reiterated all round the theatre, for several minutes. At last, a voice from the cellar, in faintish accents, responds—"Coming, sir, in a moment." "What are you doing there, when we want you here?" "I am fixing the sloats and counterweights, for the *last* scene." "Hang the last scene!" "That's exactly what I am doing, sir!" This apopposite reply produces a general laugh. "How shall we ever get to the last, if

you won't give us the first?" 'This managerial joke also fails, from its close proximity to the more brilliant one of the master-carpenter, and from a damaging resemblance to joke number one. At last the long invisible functionary emerges on the stage, not "bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste," as the Lords of Ross and Wilmoughby present themselves in Act 2, Scene 3, of *Richard the Second*, but begrimed with black lead, pale with perspiration, and dead hoarse with bawling for the last ten days.

"Well! is there any fear of your getting ready at last?" inquires the tolerably patient manager, who knows his man, and that the safest plan is to humour him a little. "In one minute more, sir; they are setting the first scene, and then we shall go on without any stoppages." "Are all your men here?" "No, not all." "Bad, bad, very bad, very bad, indeed! as King George the Third said of Claremont's acting. How many are deficient?" "Four cellar-men so drunk that they can do nothing; two fly-men half drunk, and very mutinous, so I was obliged to kick them out; one flat-man absent, no cause assigned; and two wing-men, who fell through a slider without injury, but refuse to work because they think they have broken their ribs." "The deuce! with such a formidable list of killed, maimed, and missing, no good will be done at this rehearsal after all, and it's the last but one!" "Oh, never fear, sir, you'll see it will be all smooth to-morrow night." "Ah, that's what bad, lazy, actors say, who won't take the trouble to rehearse in the morning. 'I'll do it at night!'" Here the manager indulges in an imitation. This joke being pointed exclusively at the actors, the fiddlers, dancers, and supernumeraries lead off the laugh this time, with much *gusto*, and the actors follow reluctantly, not because they participate, but to prevent its being supposed that any one takes it to himself.

"Well, it's too late now to lose any more time; we must get on as we may. Who flies the magician on the dragon? 'Gilmore.' Who raises the fountain? 'Gilmore.' Who sends on the queen of the fairies, with the floating island? 'Gilmore.' Who manages the large centre trap? 'Gilmore.' Who looks after the dissolving cavern, and the sink and fly at the back? 'Gilmore.'

And the four small traps in the front? 'Gilmore.' And the two vampires at the third? 'Gilmore.' Bravo! He's as ubiquitous as a pair of boots in a bed-room; go where you will, you stumble on him. He beats Briareus himself with his hundred arms and fifty heads. I see we shall do."

Gilmore is in truth a wonderful unit. He has been twenty-five years in the theatre, and combines an entire staff in his own person. He can lay his hand on any given piece of machinery in the dark. He knows every scene in the building, not only by head mark, as Archy, the Duke of Roxburghe's man, knew the books, but he can call for them by name, as Hannibal boasted he could do for every Carthaginian in his army. He can drag out flats, drops, castles, cottages, bridges, and all sorts of nameless set pieces from remote corners, and distant repositories, whence they have not emerged these ten years. If the manager, the stage manager, and the prompter, were all at the Kingstown regatta, and couldn't come; if the two principal actors, the leader, and half the orchestra were at the races of Kilcock, and missed the train; let Gilmore be at his post, and the business of the evening would be carried through, somehow or other, and the public would not be disappointed. He is an artist, too, among his other qualifications. Unrivalled as an ostrich, a bear, a bull, a lion, or a tiger, and not even Daw himself, immortalized by Colman, could have held a candle to him in the fore or hind legs of an elephant. He and the theatre are Siamese brethren, joined together. He is as indispensable to it as Barry or Stapleton, and must inevitably be let or sold with the rest of the standing furniture.

The mechanist, or master-carpenter, has nearly all the responsibility of the pantomime on his shoulders, with this disadvantage, that with his utmost zeal and ingenuity, he cannot depend on himself, but lies at the mercy of others. The painters paint their scenes, see that they finished, and have no more anxiety. The wardrobe people make the dresses, according to order, and then have only to look at and admire them. The property man finishes his banners, trophies, animals, and banquet decorations, and there they are, requiring little more than to be refreshed occasionally, from the nightly wear and tear. But the master-car-

penter must trust to his assistants (and he requires nearly fifty to work a pantomime), from the first night to the last. If on any given occasion, they are either tipsy, careless, stupid, or malevolent, the strings become entangled, the tricks fail, the traps work not, the changes change not, Harlequin's magic bat ceases to transform a cottage to a castle, or a prison to a bower of roses; the manager storms, while all and sundry are momentarily in danger of breaking necks, legs, and arms through untended leaps,* and unshored traps. Yet with all this, it is equally strange and true, that accidents seldom occur, and after a few nights' practice, all goes as smoothly as glass, and as mechanically as clock-work. In the scale of merit, and considering the difficulties he has to encounter, the Sloman of the establishment is entitled to take precedence.

At length comes the long looked-for announcement, that all is ready. For the nineteenth time the prompter makes proclamation through his official organ, the call-boy, "everybody in their places to begin." But now, fresh causes of delay have sprung up. Many places are vacant. The King, the Prime Minister, the four Judges, and six Bishops, the Magician, and his two familiars, are *non inventi*. Some are lounging at the stage door, or warming themselves at the hall fire; some have strolled round to the box-office to chat with the box-keeper, who has no customers and feels solitary; some are in the wardrobe, interrupting the master tailor, who lets them in because he is told to keep them out; and others have gone to take a walk, calculating on the usual length of Sloman's ten minutes. The fairies have locked themselves into their dressing-rooms, to have a little quiet gossip among themselves, are very busy doing nothing with *crochet* needles, and pretend to be totally absorbed in Berlin work. The Columbine is afraid she has sprained her ankle, while making endless gyrations in the saloon, to get into practice. She has gone home to nurse herself for to-morrow. The large snake has been taken out of his skin, nearly smothered, and won't be

fit to go in again for an hour. The two flying Cupids, who have been suspended by wires ever since eleven o'clock, have turned deadly sick. Their mothers wept, implored to have them let down, and have carried them into the ladies' wardrobe to be cleansed, and then soothed with a promise of sugar-plums. The legs of the bull have gone to get their dinners, and the dragon is whetting his whistle over the way, in company with the eagle, the giant of the Hartz Mountains, and the two principal dæmons. Two-thirds of the supernumeraries have taken their heads off to get a mouthful of fresh air, and are running about in dismay, not remembering where they left them.

But in spite of every impediment, all this chaos and confusion is at last, reduced to order, a full muster is made, and a fair start is accomplished, about three o'clock. "Keep a correct list of all deficiencies and mistakes," says the manager to the prompter, "that we may rectify them to-morrow." "I will try, sir," replies the obedient deputy; well knowing it would be more easy for him to discover the longitude, or calculate exactly the perihelion of the next comet. The scenes of the opening are now blundered through very satisfactorily, except that the traps never, by accident, work at the right time; the clouds, when they descend, refuse to disperse and discover the golden lake, the dragon keeps bobbing his head up long before his cue, and when he gets it, becomes invisible; the floating island sinks, and rises no more; the wires are entangled and the fairies can't fly; and the revolving temple, with transparent pillars, which was to change into everything at once, sticks fast at the third revolution, plants itself as obstinately as the coffin of St. Cuthbert did at Durham, and declines changing into anything. "Never mind, sir," says the dauntless master-carpenter to the despairing manager; "leave all to me, and depend on it, we shall go smooth to-morrow night." With this comforting assurance, the wearied potentate must rest satisfied, for he cannot help himself. During the entire rehearsal, he has been acting, dancing,

* Whenever the Harlequin or Clown leaps through a scene, there are persons posted on the other side to catch him in their arms. Should they not be there at the precise moment, as he goes head foremost, the chances are considerably in favour of his breaking his neck.

kicking, gesticulating, flying, tumbling, swimming, and leaping, for every character in turn, with the hope of imparting a faint shadow of his own animated conceptions; whether to male or female, mortal or deity, man or animal, biped or quadruped, bird, reptile, or fish. All this has produced infinite amusement, as well as infinite instruction; a judicious mingling of the *utile cum dulci*, which prevents the whole community from feeling either hungry or tired. There have been no accidents, but once there was a serious alarm. The ropes by which the cloud palace is suspended from the flies cracked, and two sliders looked as if they were going to open. The women screamed, the little children squalled, and all scudded out of the way. But nobody was hurt, though many were frightened, and much profitable terror was thrown away for nothing.

It is now six o'clock, the doors open at half-past six for the performance of the evening, and all concerned therein must run home to swallow a hasty morsel of refreshment, and look out their dresses. The stage has to be swept, the scenes for to-night got in, and the army of properties cleared away. All this must be effected within an hour. The last rehearsal is called for ten to-morrow, to begin with the comic scenes. Everybody is warned to be punctual in attendance, and in five minutes more the theatre is a solitude. During this long morning, the only person who has never evinced impatience, or lost his temper, is the clown. He is not concerned in the opening, and has been told the comic scenes will come on about one o'clock. He knows better than that; his fifteen years' experience have taught him to measure theatrical time by a very different standard from the post-office clock. He looks in at three, sees there is no chance for at least two hours more, and amuses himself till five. He is then told the opening is now quite smooth, and he will have the whole of to-morrow to himself. He does not believe much of this, and says to the prompter, "You may tell that to the marines." But he is a philosopher withal. It is not the first time he has had to put up with one or two mutilated rehearsals. If the worst comes to the worst, and he is cut short at the end of his third scene, to trust to chance and impromptu fun for the remainder, he knows that a

lobster clinging to his nether garments, a pair of stilts, a hot poker, and a pound of butter will carry him through.

I have always thought it a great mistake to put the pantomimists into the introduction. They are obliged to wear an additional dress which half suffocates them. They get jaded before their real work begins, and the reeking perspiration produced by a mask carries away the paint, which (in the Clown and Pantaloon especially) comprises half the humour and expression of the countenance. I speak of course with reference to pantomimes of the present day, in which the opening is aggravated into a gorgeous melo-dramatic spectacle, while the comic part or actual pantomime is curtailed of its fair proportion, and thrust back into secondary importance. The causes which have led to this are both curious and metaphysical, but it would be travelling too much into minutiae to dwell on them at present. We must bring our rehearsal to a close.

Pantomimes and Clowns are entirely changed since the days of Grimaldi. The modern Clown no longer eats and pockets everything that comes in his way. Stealing and devouring were among the leading characteristics of the clowns of the old school. Vast was the mirth occasioned by the interminable strings of black-puddings, sausages, and pounds of candles, which disappeared down their throats; and the never-ending succession of quartern loaves, hams, rounds of beef, legs of mutton, live pigs, ducks, geese, and puppy dogs, which were deposited in the countless folds of their Batavian inexpressibles; and, yet they never appeared to be full, no matter what was stuffed into them. Instead of these feats, which are now pronounced vulgar and obsolete, they give us extraordinary gymnastic exhibitions, indescribable *tours de force* with the aid of Harlequin, Pantaloon, and juvenile sprites, polkas on stilts, minuets on single poles, and quadrilles on the tops of chairs and ladders; while they talk more than Hamlet does, whose part is the longest on the stage, amounting to thirty theatrical lengths; a length, rendered into ordinary English, meaning forty-two lines, including cues.

Whether these changes are for better or worse, is entirely a question of taste on which opinions may be equally numerous and opposed. But this much

may be relied on, a pantomime is a great event whenever it comes off; its production is a most scientific undertaking, requiring long experience and profound erudition. In the magnitude of its conception, it laughs at the unities of Aristotle, despises all the self-instituted trammels of the schools, defies chronology, confounds geography, distances time and place, and reconciles impossibilities. When Puck says, "he'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," he conveys a tolerable idea of rapid movement, but his high pressure speed sinks into a snail's pace when compared to the rate at which Harlequin and Columbine traverse the realms of space, and pass over distances which baffle calculation.

Getting up a pantomime is a physical effort, exceeding the ten labours of Hercules amalgamated into one. To draw water in a sieve, to weave a rope out of sand, or to produce an exact quadrature of the circle, are achievements which have hitherto defeated mortal ingenuity; but either of these will be accomplished before a pantomime is carried through on the first night without a single mistake. I once witnessed a case in which everything went wrong, and not a solitary effect succeeded. I gave it up as a lamentable failure, and yet that very pantomime righted itself on the third evening, and proved to be the most successful I had ever produced. It had the longest run, was the most generally approved of, and realised the largest profit. On St. Stephen's night, as if by prescriptive understanding, no one listens to a word of the play. It is treated as a necessary evil, a thing to be endured, and got rid of as rapidly as possible. The adventures of George Barnwell, the starving agonies of Jane Shore, even with the episode of the baker and the two-penny loaf, the sublime mysteries of

the *Castle Spectre*; none of these interesting novelties can command either silence or attention. The audience are not disposed to listen, and the clamorous note of preparation behind the scenes, would prevent their hearing if they were so inclined. In these days of sobriety, the gods still claim free indulgence on that particular festival. They endure the most tantalising delays with imperturbable good humour, filling up the long intervals with jokes upon each other. They are there to be amused, to see the pantomime, and not to criticise; they find out no mistakes, but sit in a perfect delirium of enjoyment, while the manager is tearing his hair, and practising a voluntary on the tread-mill which he has set up himself for his own especial recreation.

The leading performers are seldom or never employed in the pantomime. They consider it *infra dig.*, and secure exemption by a clause in their letters of engagement. The business is discharged by the second rates and utility men. The latter are worked like galley slaves; I have often marvelled how they get through the duties which belong to their position. They represent, on the average, four characters in the opening, with treble that number in the comic sequel, and a change of dress for each. Young aspirants for honours histrionic, who are tired of their indentures, and have souls for poetry, figure to themselves the stage as a nice, jolly, easy, idle kind of life. I would advise them to begin at the beginning, and enlist as utilitarians for the run of a pantomime. There is nothing like experience for cooling down enthusiasm. Long before their term of service has expired they will petition for dismissal, or use interest for an immediate exchange into the comparative comfort and indulgence of the House of Correction.

THE BOX-OFFICE.

AND now, *Lector Benevole!* having inducted you into the penetralia of our temple, and disclosed the Eleusinian mysteries of a rehearsal, let me recommend you, for your additional amusement and instruction, to become acquainted with the box-office, and examine closely another interesting scene of our theatrical cosmorama. You have often been there before to take

places, but you never thought of remaining when your business was concluded. If you are speculative or curious in human character, and desire to read man ("ay, and woman, too") in a Polyglot copy, here is the place for your observations. Here you will find a greater variety of subjects, with more original ones, than in any other school or college, in which you may

have gone through classes, or taken degree. I dare say you are acquainted with Mr. Richard Barry, who will, perhaps, introduce you (the more readily if you happen to be a Cork man) into a corner of the darkish recess, within which he entrenches himself, and whence, through a barred railing of flimsy construction, he administers, with inflexible impartiality, tickets and security for seats to the nobility, gentry, and public in general, who are disposed to pay for the same.

Idiosyncracies are powerfully developed in the box-office, and all the different phases of temper and disposition exhibited in full detail. You will meet many strange beings, and hear much variegated conversation. But you must take care to time your coming happily. Let it be on a crowded, busy morning—one of those rare exceptions, “like angel visits, few and far between,” which once or twice astonish us during a season—such, for instance, as the resurrection of a *Command Night*, or the appearance of a *Jenny Lind*, a *Grisi*, a *Catherine Hayes*, or an *Elssler*. One of those engagements which the enterprising manager has effected with the utmost difficulty, at an unprecedented expense, for six nights only; a term not to be prolonged or renewed, even though earthquakes and inundations should announce that a sequel was expected. When such an episode as this occurs, you will perceive a continuous stream of humanity, either pedestrian, equestrian, or vehicular, pouring along in the direction of the box-office, from eleven to four. The tide is generally at the full during the two last hours. On all ordinary occasions, the place and circumjacent avenues are a dreary solitude. The box-keeper sits at the receipt of no custom, dozing over the memory of departed shillings. Ever and anon, he starts up, and perambulates the arcade to keep his blood in circulation, listening to the echo of his own steps. This monotony is now and then relieved by the shouts and execrations of his yard porter, chasing out whole battalions of misbegotten, mischief-making young invaders, who as fast as he expels them by one gate, rush in again at the other, with an agility that defies capture, and would baffle the tactics of the entire *B.* division. When all these resources are exhausted, he wanders up stairs,

round the lobbies and back again, not searching like the surly philosopher of *Sinope* for a *respectable* individual, but too happy could he stumble on a customer of *any* description. This idea is not original, but plagiarised from a practical joke of *Sowerby*, a very mad actor, who once had a benefit in *Birmingham*, which was miserably attended. He was acting *Rolla*, and when called for the last scene, nowhere to be found. The play came to a stand still. “*Mr. Sowerby! Mr. Sowerby!*” screamed out the call boy, with many iterations. At last, the voice of *Rolla*, emanating from the back of the gallery, replied in hollow tones, “I am here, like *Diogenes*, lantern in hand, but with this distinction; he was looking for an honest man, but I for a man of any kind at all!” When a rush to the box-office does occur, it comes all at once, when you least expect it, without notice or warning; like an avalanche, a tropical hurricane, a tornado, an eastern typhoon, or a legacy. The official is taken by surprise, beset, bewildered, bothered; but patience, perspiration, and constitutional good humour carry him through. He is several times tempted to give up in despair, and desert, as *Frederick the Great* intended to do if he had lost the battle of *Torgau*; but his good genius stands by and extricates him. His great difficulty is the unlimited demand for front rows near the stage, of which there are not above ten, with several hundred candidates. These are sometimes pertinaciously insisted on, after a star of the first magnitude has been advertised and placarded for more than a fortnight, and the sheet is entirely full for every evening. We once heard a dogged *John Bull* demand front seats as a right, and threaten legal proceedings when told it was impossible to indulge him, as he was too late in his application. “I could not accommodate you, sir, with the places you want,” said the passive box-keeper, “if you paid me ten pounds a ticket, I have nothing better than a fourth row left.” “It’s a *hinfamous* swindle,” retorted the angry *Saxon*, “no wonder *Hireland* doesn’t prosper, when such *himpositions* are practised; but I’ll *hexpose* it all in *Saunders* to-morrow.” In a minute after, a gentle native, better tempered than the exotic *John*, jumped eagerly at the rejected seats,

exclaiming, 'I am delighted to hear you are so full; I wish, for the manager's sake, it was so all the year round.' On such occasions as these, a theatre entirely consisting of front rows would be an invaluable invention. As we live in an age of almost daily miracles, and astounding discoveries in mechanical science, perhaps some method may be hit on before long of constructing the audience part of the house, of caoutchouc, gutta-percha, flexible tube, or some other elastic substance, capable of expanding or contracting according to the exigencies of the moment.

I may here take the opportunity of stating, as a sort of parenthetical advertisement, and for the information of distant citizens, who are not much in the habit of visiting our neighbourhood, that the arcade of the Theatre Royal, Hawkins-street, has peculiar local advantages, disconnected from its being the high road to the box-office. The architecture is light and elegant, and would be more so if the original plan had been carried out. We have heard it whispered that want of funds was the obstacle, but this appears to be a mere conjecture, founded in malice and unsupported by proof. There are commodious apartments to let, and entire houses, with modern improvements. Also, in summer, the arcade is the coolest, and in winter the driest promenade in the city. As the immortal George Robins would have said, "the air is salubrious, the situation central, the neighbourhood unexceptionable, and the prospects diversified."

A box-keeper, although gifted with rare endowments, has weak points, in common with the rest of his species, and sometimes makes mistakes. He delivers the tickets without the docket, or the docket minus the tickets. If people pronounce their names indistinctly (a very reprehensible practice), he is apt to err in spelling them. Indeed his orthography is at all times considerably influenced by the state of his pen. He has been known to give a five pound note in change for one, but this happens rarely, as he is seldom conscious of the circulating medium to so large an extent. He is most likely to become confused when twenty or thirty applicants, in close column, are speaking at the same time, and each vociferously demanding to be attended to and served first. He entreats their forbearance, reminds them of the great

Cornelius de Witt, who only got through his prodigious doings by doing one thing at a time; and of Sir Boyle Roche, who said a man could not be in two places at once, barring he was a bird. But the greater portions of his audience are neither historical, philosophical, nor humorous. They want front seats, they are determined to have them if possible, and are in a hurry to go away. In the midst of the confusion the porter runs in, roaring out, "Here's my Lady O'Flanagan at the gate in her carriage, sir; she won't get out, but you must come to her directly." "Let me pass, boys, if you love me, let me pass," cries the box-keeper, in an agony of despair, and pushing his way through, regardless of the quality, quantity, or impatience of the expectant crowd. "I must attend her ladyship; *place aux dames* you know; besides she's one of my best customers, and always takes three boxes at my benefit. I'll be among you again in a minute." And so saying he tears out, leaving the unceremoniously treated public to grumble, wait, and wonder. By the time he returns the number is trebled, the impatience at fever heat, and threatenings of impeachment in every mouth. But he applies the soothing system, and between good tact and good temper, with some whimsical apologies, he contrives ultimately to assuage the furious, to please the moderate, and to satisfy all.

Sometimes, but not often, a sensible, experienced play-goer, prefers the back row of No. 8 or 9, to any situation in the house. "More power to you, sir," says Barry, "you are the man for my money, I wish all the world was of the same way of thinking." The eccentric is a philosopher, and gives his reasons for his preference. "I wouldn't sit in a front row," says he, "on a crowded night, for five guineas a minute. The back is cooler, you can get in or out when you like without trouble, and you've a more comfortable place to lean against. Then, as to seeing and hearing, the theatre is so well built it matters not where you sit." This is a fact which reflects great credit on the skill of my worthy friend Beazley, the accomplished architect who planned the edifice.

Occasionally a party goes away, after balancing for twenty minutes, when they find there are no front seats to be had. They will not come on any other

conditions. It is clear they are not enthusiasts; they have no curiosity to see the performance, whatever it may be, and wish principally to show themselves. Idlers saunter in, merely to ask questions, to get rid of time, and appear important. This genus is numerous. The box-keeper knows them by instinct, and groans inwardly when he sees one coming. "What do you give us to-night?" "No performance to-night, sir." "Well, to-morrow?" "To-morrow is Sunday, sir." "So it is, I declare; I forgot that. Well, what's for Monday?" "Lucrezia Borgia." "And Tuesday?" "Norma." "Ah! Any places taken?" "A great many, sir." "Any good seats to be had?" "Plenty, sir!" "Oh!" "Which night do you prefer?" "I don't know." "Can I do anything for you?" "No." And so he saunters out again. The tormenting, irrelevant questions sometimes asked are highly amusing to the by-stander, while they agonise the box-keeper. He must reply courteously to all, impatience on his part being solemnly interdicted. These querists have no intention of transacting business, and exclude profitable customers who must wait till they are disposed of. Next comes a wholesale dealer, a stranger, who wants eighteen places each night, but is perfectly thunderstruck when told he is expected to take and pay for the tickets at the same time. He has left his purse at home, but will return in a quarter of an hour. "He parts, like Ajut, never to return."* A party has come in from Kingstown by the rail-road, and when told they can get the exact places on the particular night they wish, appear quite taken by surprise, and say they must go home again and consult. An individual rushes in as if he scarcely expected to live till he arrived, and then stands speechless. He is a ghost, and must be spoken to first. "What can I do for you, sir?" No reply. "It will not answer; speak again, Horatio." The box-keeper repeats his question; the individual still remains silent, and in a minute or two rushes out again, and is beheld no more. I once saw this actually occur, and just as I have related it. Elderly ladies commonly consume a great deal of time, repeat many questions, and vibrate long between the centre and the

side of the house before they finally invest their money. Professional men, particularly lawyers and doctors, are easily satisfied and despatched in a moment. They are in earnest, delight in the theatre, care little where they sit, take the best places they can get, and have no time to waste in superfluous conversation. Officers, who have less to do, lounge and gossip a little, ask if there's any admission behind the scenes, or in the front to listen to a rehearsal; if that is Grisi who is singing now; and generally end by taking private boxes. The country contingent are soon convinced, by the blandishments of Barry, that they should have come sooner to have had a better choice, that he is really most anxious to make them comfortable, and that fourth and fifth rows are far preferable to front ones. Children of a ripe age and comely stature are often represented as under ten, to bring them within the clause which admits juveniles of that maturity at half price. This enactment is loosely enforced, and is allowed a very wide construction, especially during the run of a pantomime. Vast confusion arises when a particular performance or night announced is changed or postponed from illness, not being ready, caprice of a leading artist, or some other casualty, which the luckless authorities of the theatre cannot control. Then the box-office becomes a Babel of uproar and discontent, followed by changing, shifting, apologising, explaining, retaining, and winding up with that most painful of all commercial operations, refunding. Some are satisfied from easiness of temper, some because they are used to it, and some because it cannot be helped; others submit with a kind of half conviction, while the angry section proclaims the whole to be a preconcerted imposition, contrived on purpose to annoy the public. This is clearly unreasonable. Let ample latitude be allowed for the obliquity, the iniquity, and the insincerity, of man or manager; but who ever heard of any one voluntarily placing himself under the necessity of returning money once paid, if, by any effort of his own will or intellect, he could lawfully retain the possession?

It has long been a time-sanctioned custom of the office to levy a fee of one shilling, as a sort of capitation, or poll-

* Campbell. Pleasures of Hope.

tax, from every party securing places. This is almost universally understood and accorded, but now and then a sturdy repudiator rejects the practice as an incomprehensible mystery; a puzzle as perplexing as the enigma of the Sphinx, or the knot on the chariot of Gordius.

In all disputes, no matter from what cause they arise, the box-keeper must give in, and acknowledge himself in the wrong, although he feels, knows, and can prove, he is beyond all question in the right. His employer is compelled to yield him up to public clamour, even as Strafford and Laud were sacrificed by Charles the First, and Brandon, of Covent Garden, was immolated to appease the O P rioters in 1809. From this slight sketch, it will readily appear that the post of box-keeper is one of enormous importance, honour, and diffi-

culty, demanding first-rate abilities and multiplied acquirements. It is not easy to make a good actor, musician, poet, painter, sculptor, soldier, physician, lawyer, statesman, or prime-minister, but far more difficult than any or all of these is the production of an accomplished box-keeper. He stands forth as a "paragon of animals," a phoenix, a black swan, a re-embodiment of the admirable Crichton; to discharge his duties competently, he requires to unite, in his own person, the polished manners of Chesterfield, the smooth tongue of Belial, the impassioned eloquence of Demosthenes, the firmness of the elder Brutus, the integrity of Aristides, the inflexibility of Regulus, the self-devotion of Curtius, the wisdom of Newton, the clear reasoning of Locke, and the profound philosophy of Bacon.

FIVE MONTHS IN AN ANCIENT IRISH CITY.

It was early in May, when a troop of the ——— Dragoons arrived in the ancient city of C——, to relieve the old detachment which had lingered there for nine months, amid the desolation and horrors of one of the dullest and wildest spots of our pretty green isle. It was with no very pleasant feelings that Arnold Hall, the junior officer of the said troop of Dragoons, contemplated the probability of remaining for an indefinite period at C——. He had already been knocked about from one stupid quarter to another, throughout the southern districts of Ireland, ever since he first joined his regiment, and to a young man, fresh from his father's comfortable estate, in one of the loveliest counties of England, the condition of these districts appeared extremely barbarous. He had now arrived in the heart of a county where shooting landlords, and non-payment of rents, prevailed among the lower orders, while fox-hunting, ejectment of tenants, and horse-racing, were the chief employments of the gentry. Arnold would have preferred a regular campaign life, or a residence in India, or, in short, anything at all, to fighting with time and dulness in the remote country towns of the rebellious South.

He yawned, and chafed, and ran his fingers through his dark curls, and thought himself very ill-used. His companions in arms, Major Wingfield and Captain Elrington, did not sympathise much with him on the score of the dulness of C——, for the one was married, and the other engaged to a pretty girl, with a good fortune; and both were contented to remain in a place where there were no parties or balls, and very few young ladies, if the wine were tolerable, and the trout-streams prolific. They were sporting characters, and could find plenty of amusements to suit them; but Arnold was a rather romantic, dreamy youth, fond of reading, and of flirting. There was no library in C——, but a religious one, and no pretty young ladies that he could meet anywhere. It was nearly intolerable, and for the first three weeks of his stay in the town he felt very weary.

"Any news to-day, Miss Rooney?" he asked, one morning, as he sauntered into the establishment of an elderly lady, who supplied the military of C—— with articles for their messing, as well as with all the gossip of the surrounding neighbourhood; "anybody shot or hung?"

"Oh no, sir, but a new family have come to the town; you have heard of that, of course?"

"Why, no; who are they?" he asked, twisting his moustache carelessly.

"The family of the resident magistrate, Mr. Sydenham. Lots of nice young ladies, Mr. Hall."

"Indeed! do you know them?"

"No, sir; I have never seen them myself yet, but a friend of mine, Charlotte Fogarty, has been hired to attend on the young ladies, and she says they are the loveliest creatures in the world. Mr. Sydenham himself has been here a month, and now his daughters have come. They have taken Dean Perrot's large house in Mary-street, just near the church. There will be fine doings there, I'm sure, all the summer, Mr. Hall, and you'll have great amusement; for, of course, Mr. Sydenham will call on the officers."

Arnold's spirits rose two degrees at the intelligence Miss Rooney gave him; he tapped his boot with his cane, and sauntered out of the shop. There was something now for him to think of. Among the "lots" of Miss Sydenham's mentioned by the worthy Ellen Rooney, there might be *one*, at least, pretty; one for whom it might be worth while to dress properly, and keep up his looks.

He mused awhile, and thought of strolling up Mary-street, but then he was not carefully attired; the brown shooting-coat did not sufficiently show off to advantage his really elegant figure, and he turned towards the dilapidated cavalry barracks. On his way there he met a pale, dark man, with grizzled hair and thoughtful countenance, carrying a bundle of official papers, and as he passed he heard the people about whisper, "That's Mither Sydenham the magistrate." Arnold turned to look at him, and saw that he steadily pursued his way with a grave and stately air. The young man was preoccupied again—something peculiar struck him in the appearance of Mr. Sydenham, he knew not why or wherefore, yet he did not withdraw his eyes from the retreating figure that arrested them, till it was hid by a turning in the street.

The condition of a young man leading an idle life, with plenty of money in his pocket, is often as deplorable as that of the meanest beggar. Arnold felt all the miseries that beset an active,

sensitive mind, when unoccupied, and not fortified by rational cares and studies. Some odd fancies struck him, and he seized a looking-glass on entering his barrack-room, to perceive whether his face began to show signs of advancing age. Yes, he was nearly twenty-two, and it was natural to expect that wrinkles, and, mayhap, grey hairs, would make themselves visible; yet, strange fact, not a single blemish could his imagination detect that announced the departure of youth, and he put aside the mirror, with the mental assurance, that he was a "deuced well-looking fellow." He then laid hold of the last number of a well-known periodical, and whiled away the time with the aid of it, and a cigar, till dinner. So passed this day, Friday. The next was a deplorably rainy Saturday, and then came a brilliant Sunday.

The sun shone dazzlingly over the ancient city of C——, as, loud and solemn, the deep-toned cathedral bell rang for morning prayers, and, with a light heart, Arnold Hall dressed himself with peculiar precision for church. Major Wingfield did not feel inclined to attend prayers, but Captain Elrington accompanied Arnold to the cathedral. They had been there only once before, so that the chaunting and organ, which were generally considered fine, possessed still the charms of novelty for them.

"Upon my word, Hall, you look very spruce, to-day," remarked the Captain, as he and his young companion marched at the head of the troop to church. Arnold smiled to himself; he was bent on conquest.

Alas! reader, the vanities of the world clung round him, as they cling round us all, far firmer than thoughts of death and a future state!

How few of us contemplate the motive that *should*, at least, bring us to a place of worship on Sundays. How seldom do we consider, while gazing around the sacred edifice, or lounging in the recesses of a well-cushioned pew, that all we see and hear is intended to prepare us for the solemn change that must soon occur—that we are alone listening there, because death claims us all. Arnold had but a very vague idea, in his mind, of what he ought chiefly to have gone to church for, though a strong conviction forced itself on him, that he went because he was the junior officer of his troop, and could

not well absent himself, even if he wished to do so. We fear there were not many thoughts of divinity in his head, as he unbuckled his sword, and passed his handkerchief over his face, or while raising the rich dark curls that clustered together over his forehead, from the recent pressure of his helmet.

The cathedral bell was still pealing forth its solemn invitation, and one by one the congregation dropped in. As the pew generally allotted to the military officers at C—— commanded a view of the vestibule, Mr. Hall was fortunate enough to perceive the preparations each individual made before entering the body of the church, and he was a good deal amused by them. First came the herculean form of Doctor Reynolds, the principal physician, and one of the aristocracy of the city of C——, followed by his little thin wife, who was rather unhappy because she had no children. After them arrived Mr. Timothy Black, the very tyrannical agent of a wealthy land owner, whom everybody expected would be shot for his cruelty to the tenantry under his surveillance, and whom very few would have dared to accompany in his drives through the country, for fear of being sacrificed in mistake. Mrs. Black, a very fair, light-eyed young woman, who always wore a white veil and blue ribbons in summer, and two equally fair, light-eyed little girls, accompanied him, and all four entered their pew with an easy air of importance. The next family that appeared in the vestibule amused Arnold particularly. It consisted of Mr. Attorney Phipps, his wife, and a little daughter of some six years' standing, and a young lady relative, whose intensely dark eyes burned very black and wildly under very dark eyebrows, and were rather more startling than lovely. They were more particular in adjusting their form of entrance than the others. Mr. Phipps first waited to arrange his hair and tighten his waist before he offered his arm to his wife, who had been previously occupied in pulling down, with sudden jerks, the very short, rotund skirt of her little daughter's dress, and in ascertaining that her own brooch-pin was securely fastened, while Miss Locket waited patiently to bring up the rear in due form. This was what Mr. Hall described with spirit to his friends as the "Phipps get up." The rest of

the congregation amused him more or less by the affectation of importance which almost all assumed. Arnold, Arnold! why were you not thinking of your prayers, rather than commenting on the manners and appearances of the people who assembled within the church? Verily, a reward for your wickedness arrived even in this world. A punishment little dreamed of was yet to fall with heavy force. His doom was impending, and he knew it not.

The bell had ceased to ring, and now the organ pealed forth a solemn strain, as the clergyman and choristers advanced to their accustomed places; a hush prevailed, and prayer-books were opened; the service commenced, and Arnold tried to fix his attention on the introductory prayers, yet his eyes moved still, involuntarily, towards the vestibule, and in their frequent wanderings there, at length fell on the figures of three youthful females, who, without hesitation or preparation, entered the body of the cathedral.

"The Miss Sydenhams, of course," thought the young dragoon, as he beheld the ladies following the sexton to a pew, with almost as few airs of conceit or affectation as the conceited Arnold himself could tolerate.

They were, indeed, the Miss Sydenhams, and nearly as pretty as a fastidious taste could require. In novels, generally, elder sisters are nearly always taller than the younger ones; yet we are adhering strictly to truth when we say that Miss Sydenham was many inches taller than either of her sisters. She was a very interesting girl, fair and slender, with rich, dark curls clustering beneath her bonnet, and shading a neck white and rounded as an ivory pillar. The expression of her full black eyes was often sad and thoughtful, and yet at times they lighted up with a brilliancy quite charming; small Grecian features, almost perfectly chiselled, and an air of quiet reserve, rendered her appearance very charming. Arnold admired her very much, but thought her rather too tall, and, perhaps, too melancholy looking.

Her two sisters were both small in stature and of fairy-like forms, and so like in appearance, that it might have been difficult to have pointed out a difference between them, had not the very fair hair of the younger one pre-

sented a striking contrast to the darker auburn tresses of the other.

The second Miss Sydenham was very pretty and piquant, with bright hazel eyes that flashed and sparkled with remarkable brilliancy, and in the pauses that ensued during the performance of divine service, they more than once caught an admiring gaze from the handsome young dragoon in the officers' seat. The youngest girl was a quiet-looking little blonde, whose soft blue eyes possessed a rather inanimate expression. She seemed delicate, and overpowered with continual ennui. Arnold looked from one sister to another, and admired all; but the more brilliant charms of the second one struck his fancy peculiarly, and he was almost in love for the sixth time since his military career began.

When the cathedral service was over, he managed to leave his pew just as the Miss Sydenhams were passing it on their way out, and he felt some pleasure in being pretty near the principal object of his admiration, even for so short a time. He was in high spirits, and commented with animation on the appearance of the strange young ladies to his companion, Captain Elrington, who agreed that they were all nice girls, and the eldest girl a lovely creature.

"But her sister with the auburn curls—is she not much prettier?" asked Arnold, quickly.

"No, she is too small," replied Elrington, who having only risen to the confines of five feet seven himself, was an admirer of lofty stature in others, though at the same time perfectly well satisfied with his own size and appearance.

Nothing, however, could destroy the illusion that Miss Caroline Sydenham's bright eyes had conjured up over Arnold's mind. Every day it grew stronger and stronger, strengthened alone by the heat of his own imagination, for it was in vain that he sought to behold the fairy form of his enchantress during a whole week that elapsed since the first time of her appearance in the cathedral. He began to grow weary again, and was observed to walk very frequently up Mary-street, in the hopeless endeavour to obtain even a glimpse of his lady love in some of the windows of her own residence. Again he looked forward more anxiously than ever to Sunday, and again the Miss Syden-

hams' appeared in church as before, unaccompanied by their father, and just looking the same as they did last Sunday, only that the second sister wore a very exquisite pink bonnet of Parisian manufacture, which heightened her beauty considerably, and served to bewilder Mr. Hall's head in a fearful manner.

The young man's patience was nearly worn out in looking vainly for a call from Mr. Sydenham. According to orders, Major Wingfield had been obliged to consult with the magistrate on business relating to his troop, but had only been admitted to his study, where they had conversed alone on the affair in question, and it was soon well known that Mr. Sydenham had no intentions whatever of visiting the military, or, indeed, of returning many of the visits of the neighbouring gentry who had called on himself. The principal ladies of C—— had already paid their respects to the Miss Sydenhams, and made their remarks on them. The eldest was generally considered to be very proud, because she said little and was reserved, while the two younger girls were pronounced extremely conceited, because they were pretty, and held themselves very straight. They accepted no invitations to dinner or tea parties, and kept completely to themselves, seldom leaving the house even to take a walk. The brilliant doings predicted by Miss Rooney, as likely to take place at the new magistrate's, turned out fabulous. There was not one entertainment given at his house during the whole summer. The reason of such complete seclusion as his family maintained, could not be clearly ascertained; but, from the distant, proud manners of Mr. Sydenham himself, it was generally considered to arise from pride.

"Well, Mr. Hall, what do you think of the Miss Sydenhams?" asked Ellen Rooney, one evening, as the young dragoon stepped into her shop. There was a quizzical expression in the spinster's eye as she spoke, and Arnold coloured slightly.

"Oh, very pretty, of course," he replied, with affected carelessness. "All young ladies are pretty."

"Some more so than others," continued Miss Rooney, and then, turning to a damsel who had entered for groceries, "How are your young ladies, to-day, Charlotte? What

makes them stay so much at home? Everybody complains that they are not to be seen out anywhere;" and a merry glance was directed towards Mr. Hall, who became all attention.

"Ah! what would they go out for here, ma'am?" observed the girl rather sharply. "Sure there's nothing at all worth seeing in this place?"

"But, for health's sake they ought to take a walk now and then," urged Miss Rooney.

"Well, that's their own affair—I'm sure they just look as well as them that's continually lollin' through the streets."

"Do they ever go anywhere, but to church?" asked Arnold, tapping his boot with his cane. The girl stared at him, with an expression that seemed to say, "What is it to you whether they do or not?" but she answered, with wonderful civility, that "The young ladies drove out frequently with the master in the carriage."

"They are all very pretty, indeed," remarked Miss Rooney, good-naturedly, anxious to continue a conversation with Charlotte Fogarty, more for Mr. Hall's sake than her own.

"They are, God bless them, and what's better than that, they're good."

"Is their mamma alive?" asked Miss Rooney.

"Oh, I believe she is; but give me the sugar quick, ma'am, or I'll be killed for staying away so long."

"And who is so cross that you are afraid of being 'killed?'" asked Arnold, laughing; "your master, I suppose."

The girl did not deign a reply this time; but, colouring slightly, withdrew from the shop; and Arnold sauntered out, too glad to have heard even thus little of the Miss Sydenhams.

"Am I *ever* to be introduced to them!" he exclaimed bitterly to himself, giving his cane an impatient jerk, and whisking a small stone that lay on the pavement several yards off. There was no use in going up Mary-street any more; so he whistled to his dog, Juan, and turned up a solitary road, that led towards the well-known ruin of an ancient religious building in the vicinity of C——. He stepped over a few styles, and struck into a wild, rocky field, where a solitary black pig, with two goats, and a calf, were feeding.

It was a very lovely evening, in the commencement of July, and as the

young man ascended the rugged height that conducted him to the ruined edifice, he felt a dreamy pleasure in occasionally stopping to view the wild but beautiful scenery around him. There were long lines of mountains stretching afar off on all sides, among which he could distinguish the bold Galtees, and the Commeragh Hills, with Slieve-namuck, and the Keeper Range, whose names he had learned long since, melting away in the evening haze.

For the first time since his arrival in the South, he began to think that he should not like to leave it, and he mused, half pleased, and half melancholy, while wandering round the ruin. He was buried in sleepy meditation when the sounds of voices roused him. The words, "Agnes, if we had a telescope, we might look at the mountains this evening," fell upon his ear, spoken in a lively English accent, and immediately after two light, girlish figures met the half-startled gaze of the young officer. He was face to face with Caroline Sydenham and her younger sister, Agnes, in a moment. The girls returned his stare without apparent embarrassment, though the elder one had her head uncovered, and a pretty pink sun bonnet dangling from her hand. She seemed perfectly at ease, and did not blush or change colour, much to Arnold's surprise. Her auburn curls shone brightly in the summer sun, and betrayed no signs of disorder.

She looked really beautiful, all gaiety and animation. She had expressed a wish for a spy-glass to view the surrounding scenery, and Arnold held a small pocket telescope in his hand. He longed to offer it, but knew it was impossible, under the circumstances, and the young ladies passed on, tripping lightly over the lumps of clay and stones that lay scattered around. He watched their figures as long as he could, and the longer he looked, the more he admired. He was still gazing after them, when he perceived that Caroline turned to look back; her bright eye caught his, and he thought there was a smile in it, a pleasant, knowing smile, that somehow or other had a curious effect on him.

"Why did she look back?" he asked himself more than once, and his vanity always answered the question.

The evening waxed cooler and cooler, and the first rays of the setting sun fell on the blackened walls of the ruin,

while a mellow haze seemed enveloping the surrounding landscape, as Arnold called his dog and returned, still thoughtful, to the barracks.

That short rencontre with the Miss Sydenhams had added fresh fuel to the flame that was beginning rather to scorch than warm his imagination, and he awoke next morning more in love than ever.

He was at breakfast when his servant handed him a note which had just arrived. He tore it open hastily, and found it was from a friend in the regiment.

"DEAR HALL,—How on earth do you manage to get over time at C——. We are vegetating here in a manner quite awful to think of; but there is a likelihood of the detachments being called in, and we are all to proceed to * * * very soon, which will be a pleasing variety. Captain Devenish and his wife and myself intend going over to C—— to behold that wonderful ruin in your vicinity, and I believe Mrs. Devenish wishes also to see some people of the name of Sydenham, whom I dare say you know. Till then adieu, and believe me,

"Ever yours sincerely,
"GODFREY MABERLY."

Arnold read the note with a mixture of pain and pleasure. The probability of leaving C—— gave him more annoyance than satisfaction, and the prospect of seeing his friend pleased him. The Sydenhams, too, were mentioned, and without well knowing why, his drooping spirit hoped again.

It was fortunate for Arnold that he had no greater affliction to contend with than the misery of his hapless love affair, yet some how or other he was beginning to look as woe-begone and downcast as if his heart was really breaking. Continually absorbed in the contemplation of one subject, and in vain anxieties, which kept him frequently wide awake throughout whole nights, it was not surprising that he became abstracted and melancholy, and that his face lost much of its former healthy hue.

Some of our readers will, no doubt, be too wise to credit the fact of a young man pining away thus suddenly for the sake of a girl whom he had scarcely seen anywhere but in church, and never exchanged a word with; yet there are as strange circumstances occurring every day of a like description, and Arnold

Hall was by no means a singular character. He had often been in love, or, at least, fancied himself so; but he felt now something which appeared to himself far deeper than he ever felt before, and with all the delusion of a youthful passion, he imagined his ladylove gifted with every attribute of mind that could render her perfectly amiable and charming.

The three days which elapsed previous to the arrival of his friend, seemed very, very long, but at last came to an end, and he was really glad when Maberly made his appearance.

"Well, old fellow, you find staying here slow work enough, I fancy," were the first words of his friend, after the customary greeting was over; "you look like a ghost, positively."

"To tell the truth," I have never been more miserable in my life than I have been since we were sent to C——," replied Arnold with a little heat.

"What on earth sort of a place is it? Any fun, such as balls or parties, going on?"

"Not a bit. Scarcely a soul has even thought it proper to visit us, except the clergymen of the town, and Doctor Reynolds. None of the country gentry have called at all."

"What a set of ruffians they must be!"

"Positive savages, leaving a set of fellows in such a place to amuse themselves as they best can. Even if they did not entertain, they might at least pay us the respect of a morning call." Arnold was chiefly thinking with bitterness of Mr. Sydenhams extraordinary neglect of himself and his companions.

"Any pretty girls in the vicinity?" inquired Maberly.

"Why, yes, there are the daughters of the resident magistrate, well enough looking; but they keep very much to themselves, and are not to be seen out anywhere."

"Locked up, probably, by their papa, Mr. Sydenham, is it not? Mrs. Devenish is a bosom friend of one of them, and says she is a species of angel. It is the eldest, I believe."

"She is nice looking enough," replied Arnold, "and I wish to heavens that I was as fortunate in being acquainted with her as Mrs. Devenish is."

"Why, are you in love, old boy?" demanded Maberly, in surprise.

"No, not exactly with the eldest Miss Sydenham, but I think one of her sisters has taken rather a fancy to myself, and to confess a secret, I would give a good deal to be introduced to her."

"The deuce you would! and what has become of your penchant for Ellen Cooke; at Fethard?"

"Oh, that is all over now; she was not to be compared to Miss Sydenham."

"And so you want to get acquainted with her. Perhaps Mrs. Devenish might manage the business for you. She is a cute hand at that sort of thing."

"And will you make interest for me with her, like a good fellow?" asked Arnold, cheering up, and losing all pride in the hopes of becoming introduced to his lady-love under any circumstance.

"I shall do what I can. Mrs. Devenish is very good natured; but if you let her into your secret, of course she will reveal it to the girls, and do you wish that?"

"Why, no; I should as soon they would not know it at once. Tell her I am anxious to become acquainted with the Miss Sydenhams, as they are pretty, and she will not trouble her head much about the matter. For heaven's sake, Maberly, arrange the affair in some sort of a way, for I really am most miserable."

"I am very sorry for you, but don't quite believe it, though you *do* look a little used up. We must not delay the business, then, for Devenish won't remain here after to-morrow, so there is no time to spare."

The conversation of the two young men continued for some time longer, but nothing was said of importance, and they separated to dress for dinner, Maberly having given a last assurance of doing what he could for Arnold with Mrs. Devenish, whose obliging disposition made it easy for him to ask a favour from her; she was, moreover, a rather clever young woman, and likely to settle an affair, such as the one in question, admirably. Her friendship for Miss Sydenham had sprung up about a year ago, when they accidentally met, for the first time, at the house of a mutual acquaintance, where they were both on a visit of a three weeks' duration. She knew very little of the young lady's family concerns, as the gentle reserve of Miss Sydenham's manners rendered it impossible for any

well-bred person to obtrude herself on her confidence, so that Mrs. Devenish was unable to give Arnold very much satisfaction relative to Mr. Sydenham's circumstances and connexions.

She merely described his eldest daughter as a very sweet, lovely girl, and did not know much about her sisters.

It was arranged, that she should ask the young ladies, on the following day, to accompany her to the remarkable ruin of C——, and she should make a party of the officers to attend also.

"They surely cannot refuse being introduced to your friend," she said to Maberly; "and I may recommend him to their notice and pity."

Maberly mentioned the scheme to Arnold, who agreed that it was a magnificent one, and determined on being most agreeable next day. He felt joyous and hopeful again, and looked almost as handsome as ever when the morrow came; and a brilliant sunshiny day it was, with small fleecy clouds sailing over the deep blue sky, and a pleasant breeze that relieved the influence of the July sun.

For more than two months had Arnold lingered in C——, much of which time had been spent in vain hopes of becoming introduced to Miss Caroline Sydenham, and now, when a prospect opened before him of having his wishes gratified, it was not surprising that he felt supremely happy. Yet, a horrible dread crossed his mind, occasionally, that she might not accept Mrs. Devenish's proposal of accompanying her to the ruin; that even if her sister came, *she* might not. These doubts and fears banished some peace from his mind, and his heart did not beat quite regularly yet, though he was dressing with peculiar care for the hour appointed by Mrs. Devenish. He had already set aside two different scarfs, and was adjusting the tie of a third, when Maberly sprung in to say, that Mrs. Devenish and two Miss Sydenhams were coming down Mary-street.

"Two Miss Sydenhams!" repeated Arnold, frowning slightly, as he thrust his arm into the sleeve of his paletot; "why the deuce didn't they all come? What are they like?"

"Oh, like a confusion of gaudy ribbons and frippery, and uncommonly small," replied Maberly.

Arnold was in too good humour to

be angry with his friend's impertinence, and after adjusting his hat with due precision, hastily sallied forth, anxious that he and Maberly might be sauntering, as if accidentally, about the ruin, when Mrs. Devenish and her party should come up. They strolled along, making sundry evolutions with their canes, from the barracks down the main street, and on towards the wilder parts of the town which led to the ruin, and had already reached the summit of the remarkable eminence on which it stood, when Captain and Mrs. Devenish, accompanied by Major Wingfield and Elrington, and the two younger Miss Sydenhams, appeared slowly ascending the rocky height. Arnold began to feel frightfully confused, and half wished himself at the barracks again. Maberly suggested the propriety of going to meet Mrs. Devenish, but his friend implored him to do no such thing, and they maintained their position on the summit till the party arrived near them.

They exchanged the usual salutations, and then Mrs. Devenish, turning to her companions, said—

“Young ladies, permit me to introduce to you my friends, Mr. Hall and Mr. Maberly.”

Arnold scarcely knew what he was about, but he instinctively raised his hat, without looking at either of the girls; and Maberly was nearly as confused from amusement, yet he had sufficient coolness to observe, that the young ladies were extremely pretty. The elder Miss Sydenham looked a little paler than usual; yet it might have been observed, that her colour changed very faintly, as she returned Arnold's slight salutation with downcast eyes. She appeared somewhat confused, and yet, her embarrassment did not seem to be the result of ill-breeding, or *mauvaise honte*, for she endeavoured to overcome it with a charming grace, while her sister gazed around her with the same *distract* air as nearly always characterised her. She did not seem to think it necessary, that either of the gentlemen just introduced should consider it worth while to address herself; and as Maberly was a good deal amused at the utter indifference she manifested to any attention being paid her, perhaps it was through a spirit of contradiction that he commenced a conversation with her, while Arnold, taking courage from his

example, addressed a few words to Caroline. His own embarrassment gave way considerably as he perceived that she scarcely ever raised her eyes to look at him, and answered his remarks about C——, and whether the ruin of the old Cathedral was not very wonderful and interesting, in a way that evinced a little abstraction of mind. She was certainly not quite at ease, and Arnold fancied, more than once, that the embarrassment of her manner was, in some way, connected with himself. And so it was.

He augured well from it, and his spirits rose to an amazing point at the idea that he was now making, or had before made, some impression on her. She rarely permitted him to catch the brilliancy of her wondrous eyes; but he had a good view of the long dark lashes that shaded them, and of the finely pencilled brows, that were only just sufficiently arched for beauty, so as not to destroy the intellectual expression of her face; and he was contented enough to talk himself, even though she might only answer his observations by a few words, or a pleasant laugh. Perhaps, like most men, he thought the less a woman talked the better; and did not object to monopolising all the conversation with ladies to himself. At all events he was very well pleased; and, as the party entered the interior of the ruin, he felt much delight in pointing out to her different styles of architecture, which could still be detected in it, and in accompanying her up the long winding stairs that appeared to have led formerly to an abbey or castle attached to the cathedral. There was also a remarkable round tower, with two small apertures at the top, through which a dim light fell with a very peculiar effect, and which could only be viewed by leaning forward over a fearful chasm; and Arnold was anxious that Caroline might see it, as by doing so she would be under the necessity of securing herself from falling beneath by taking hold of his hand. The young lady apparently was by no means cowardly or prudish, and she surrendered her hand to him without hesitation, in a way that jarred slightly on Arnold. He would have preferred more charming embarrassment, but was still very well satisfied to hold for a little while the small fairy fingers that lay as cool and motionless as a tiny

piece of marble in his keeping. She declared the view up the tower was very curious and pretty; and then suddenly gazing down the chasm beneath said, laughingly, that a suicide could easily be committed down there without any one finding it out. This was the first observation she had as yet volunteered, and Arnold was a little surprised at the extreme brightness of her expression as she spoke. The remark, too, was an odd one for a young lady to make, and he looked at her for a moment before he replied, gaily—

“And are you in search of an eligible spot for such a purpose as you think the tower suitable? You surely seem too happy, Miss Sydenham, to be under the necessity of contemplating suicide?”

She returned the smiling look of Arnold with a glance of her large hazel eyes that half startled him.

“And do you think that any one in this life *can* be really happy?” she asked, laughing slightly.

“Why not exactly always; but there are some people on whom the ills of existence fall lightly. I should imagine for instance that you, Miss Sydenham, could easily bear a good burden of miseries.”

“Yes; I laugh off wretchedness very often. It is well to be able to do so.” And she gave another of her peculiar smiles that had an odd, puzzling effect on Arnold. She looked pale, too, and a little ghastly, in the light that fell through the apertures of the roofless ruin. Her embarrassment had nearly all vanished, and she began to converse with a charming grace, now and then coming out with strange ideas, that caused her companion to smile very often. He had never talked to any one like her before. Of course he thought so, as he was in love. But really and truly she *was* very peculiar, and he began to doubt whether he had made any impression on her at all. She reminded him of a wicked little elf that might delight in teasing him when he would least expect it, or might vanish suddenly through the apertures of the ruin.

Either by accident or design they had long since been removed from the rest of the party. Arnold never forgot the circumstance, though his companion did not seem to take notice of it, and he endeavoured to delay joining

Mrs. Devenish as long as possible. He whiled away a good deal of time in settling his pocket telescope, which he had not forgotten to bring with him, and in pointing out to her the best places for taking views of the surrounding mountains and valleys, till at length her sister came running for her.

“Caroline, we must go home now, I think. It is almost four o'clock.”

“Well, I suppose we must.” And Caroline gave a sigh as if she were very tired or melancholy, and Arnold would have sighed, perhaps, too, if he had dared; but still he felt very happy, though he knew a temporary parting was at hand. Mrs. Devenish and the rest joined them then, and Major Wingfield rallied Arnold on the *tête-à-tête* he had been enjoying, while Maberly was a little anxious to know whether his friend had found Miss Caroline Sydenham more charming and animated than he had thought her sister, who had piqued him considerably by running away from him while he was carrying on a very edifying conversation relative to ruins and burying-grounds.

Arnold accompanied the ladies to their own door, and when they were about to part, Mrs. Devenish said, in her own peculiar, off-hand way—

“Miss Sydenham, I know your papa is always busy, and has no time for visiting; but, perhaps, you would take pity on the forlorn condition of my friend here, Mr. Hall, and permit him to call at your house now and then. He is not a sportsman, and complains bitterly of the loneliness of C——.”

Arnold half wished the words unsaid. He watched Caroline's countenance, and could not fail to observe the very deep blush that overspread it. She collected herself, however, and quickly and gracefully replied, that she and her sisters would be happy to see Mr. Hall if he should think it worth while to visit them.

“We have not much amusement to offer, but there are some books in the house which are at your service,” she added, turning to him with a bright smile. He thanked her sincerely, and she gave him a very bewitching glance, though she did not offer her hand when the final “good evening” was wished.

The ponderous hall-door of Mr. Sydenham's house yawned slowly to admit the fairy forms of the two sisters,

who entered the large hall, as it closed on them.

"Agnes, what are we to do *now*?" exclaimed the elder one, in real agony, as she threw her arm round her sister's waist. "How very, very miserable we must always be!" Agnes said nothing, but two large tears fell from her eyes, and they ascended the wide staircase together.

Arnold returned to the barracks happier in his mind than he had felt for many months before. He considered the day as a triumphant one for him, and recalled all Caroline's embarrassment and blushes with much satisfaction. Yes, why should she have changed colour so often unless conscious of feeling more interest in him than she could conceal. There were many reasons to convince him that she was already quite in love.

"A fellow like me does not often find it very hard to win a girl's heart," he thought, getting impudent as he reflected on his success, and contemplating his face and figure for ten minutes in a looking-glass before he removed his hat. Reader, we are wrong, perhaps, in thus exposing the vanity and self-conceit of our hero; but he was really not a bad sort of young man. He was only very vain, like the generality of the unemployed, good-looking young people of both sexes.

Some days elapsed before the next Sunday came, and Arnold was a good deal disappointed in not seeing any of the Miss Sydenhams out during that time. He walked up Mary-street two or three times a day, unconscious that the eyes of several servant-maids and butlers were viewing him out of upper windows and *portes cochères* in the enchanted neighbourhood; and many a guess was hit upon that one of the three very pretty young ladies, incarcerated in the large sombre mansion of the resident magistrate, was the attraction in Mary-street. When Sunday came, he was still more disappointed in not seeing Miss Caroline Sydenham at church. Her younger sister was the only member of her family who appeared there; and he merely had the satisfaction of obtaining a very slight salutation from her, as she passed him on her way out, after the service was over. The next day, and the next, were equally unfortunate, and Arnold lost much of his self-conceit again, and looked quite despairing. There was a complete re-

lapse to his former hopelessness. He now and then met Mr. Sydenham himself, always looking very grave, and often very careworn, but Mr. Sydenham never seemed to notice him. There was a certain air of good breeding in the appearance of the magistrate that forcibly struck Arnold; and he could not help feeling a strong interest in him, notwithstanding the bitter regret that his non-visiting propensities caused himself.

How dull and heavily the hours dragged by. It was worse than ever. August made its approach, and Arnold's spirit sank to an abyss of misery in fearing he might be ordered from C—— at any moment, for the south was a good deal disturbed, and detachments of regiments were moving from one place to another continually. He was not, in general, a particularly modest or bashful youth, but he did not like the idea of calling on the Miss Sydenhams, though permitted to do so, until he should meet them out somewhere again; and he looked so ill and woe-begone that he was fain to pretend he had got rheumatism, for which complaint he knew a good deal of exercise was often ordered. When a regimental surgeon was not detached at C——, Doctor Reynolds was the physician who attended the barracks there; and Arnold actually shrank from his rough but good-natured inquiries as to the state of his health, which were repeated whenever he saw him latterly, till at length he admitted that rheumatic toothache kept him awake very much at night, and then he was ordered divers remedies which he never took. This was the state of things, when one fine evening Arnold, as usual, took a saunter towards the ruin of C——. He had been wandering about for some time looking at the tombs and headstones that marked the graves of persons long since buried in the vicinity of the old cathedral, till, becoming a little weary, he flung himself on a rude stone among the ruins. Chance often does strange things for us; and it so happened that Arnold had placed himself exactly near a spot where two young ladies were talking together, and without being able to see them, he heard some of their conversation. For some time, however, he was too much pre-occupied and abstracted to know or care what they were saying, till one of them, whose voice he recol-

lected to have heard before, roused him suddenly, and he heard these words spoken in Miss Caroline Sydenham's well-known tones—

“I am nearly sure that papa never will consent to it, even if he knew it would cost me a great deal of pain to refuse. You know how determined he always is—how hard to move.”

“Yes; but are you not foolish to care so very much whether he consents or not. Mr. Hall (Arnold positively started, but could not move from his position) probably will never oblige you to ask papa. Do not commence fretting already.”

“But recollect the state of my own feelings, Agnes. I feel as if involved in great misery; and the thoughts that Mr. Hall himself may have observed my extreme confusion at different times distract me. *You*, of course, cannot know what I suffer.”

“Ah, you must get over this misery. Suppose Mr. Hall is ordered off without ever pushing the matter further—” Arnold waited to hear no more, but hurried away with a strange mixture of ideas crowding through his mind.

To what did this misery and suffering of Caroline allude? why should he be coupled with it? what on earth was it all about? Her father's consent—the state of her own feelings, all talked about with such evident pain. He mused, and mused, and at length brought himself to the belief that she was very much in love with himself. What else could the vain youth imagine from such a conversation? Yes, it was a settled thing, and Arnold smiled to himself, and thought, though so very much charmed by the fair Caroline, that she was over-quick in leaping from the slight attentions he had paid her to asking her “papa's consent.”

“How horribly cute these girls are at finding out the state of a fellow's heart,” he thought, congratulating himself on his good luck; and he was considering whether he should appear before the young ladies “accidentally,” or return home at once, when they suddenly turned a corner of the ruin, and stood face to face with him.

Caroline, on whom his eye first lit, appeared to have been weeping, and looked very melancholy. A perceptible blush, however, suffused her face, as she returned his salutation, and she was evidently a good deal confused at meeting him thus unexpectedly. Ar-

nold was in high good humour, and conversed with singular animation, throwing more expression into his eyes than he had before dared to venture on. He even went so far as to say he should beg permission to call for a book from Miss Sydenham, as she had been kind enough to say she would lend him one or two, and he was really wearied to death in C——. Caroline coloured violently at this, and then became pale as possible. Arnold fancied he could detect a smile in her sister's blue eyes. She certainly was amused, and he thought her a little bit savage for being so, while Caroline was so evidently embarrassed. Nevertheless, he talked and laughed a good deal himself, but could not rouse his fair little companion into anything like good spirits. The brilliant sparkle that had formerly charmed him so much, seemed to have forsaken her eyes. She was languid and *distracte* almost as her sister; yet he admired her present soft smile, and pensive silence, even more than he had before admired her brilliancy. They all three walked for some time about the ruin, stopping occasionally to look at graves and tombstones in the burying-ground, and at last Caroline seated herself on a marble monument with an air of ennui.

“I am very tired,” she said, looking up at Arnold with her large hazel eyes, as he stood before her. “What a lovely resting-place this is, I should just like to be buried here;” and she glanced around her with a melancholy smile.

Arnold smiled, too, but not in a melancholy way, and Agnes seated herself beside her sister, without speaking. There was a short silence, and Arnold, not knowing well what to say next, amused himself by rattling his cane absently through a large empty skull that happened to have been thrown up near him.

Caroline observed his occupation with a little horror, but made no remark. At last she got up again, and said it was time to go home. The words had hardly been spoken, when a tall dark figure approached her. It was Mr. Sydenham himself, grave and stately as usual, who had slowly advanced upon the youthful party before they were aware of his presence.

“Are you not afraid of catching cold, while out so late?” he asked, in a bland voice, throwing a careless

glance at Arnold, as he drew Caroline's hand within his arm in a slow, quiet way. Caroline said nothing, but the fairy hand, thus imprisoned, trembled nervously. Agnes sprang forward herself to take possession of her father's disengaged arm, and both the sisters wished Arnold good evening. Mr. Sydenham looked again at him with the same grave, benevolent expression as his face usually wore. There was certainly nothing in it to frighten or discourage Arnold, and he watched the retreating figures of the two girls as they walked away, leaning on their father, till they were no longer visible.

In deep silence Mr. Sydenham conducted his daughters home. They entered their sombre dwelling, all three pre-occupied with unpleasant thoughts, and the two girls were requested gravely to go in their father in his study. They did so in no very comfortable frame of mind, and Mr. Sydenham flung himself into an easy chair, with an air of extreme weariness and dejection.

"I see plainly," he commenced, addressing Caroline in a sad tone, "that you and your sister here are bent on embittering the few remaining sources of happiness I have. You are wicked, disobedient girls, likely to bring me to disgrace and ruin; you cannot expect luck or grace, while thus running constantly in exact opposition to a parent's commands."

There was a pause; neither of the offending girls spoke, nor did they seem at all surprised at the severe words of their father. A sigh, deep, but resigned, was Caroline's sole reply.

"Here I find you," continued Mr. Sydenham, sitting up very erect, "in company with a young fellow, whom, without doubt, you have gone out to meet, and of whom you can possibly know nothing! What conduct! Once for all, young ladies, I forbid you leaving the house to take a walk, unless under my protection, in future."

"You are mistaken, papa," urged Caroline, colouring with indignation, "in supposing that either of us were aware we should meet any one this evening at the ruin; our seeing Mr. Hall there was a mere accident."

"No excuse, no excuse," hurriedly observed Mr. Sydenham, with impatience, "I know very well how the matter stands. I have no faith in your sex, none whatever; your mother has

put nice notions in your head; oh! the folly and irrationality of women!"

Caroline's face became flushed painfully.

"I fear, papa, there is no use in trying to explain this affair. I have been led into a sort of dilemma by Julia's friend, Mrs. Devenish, who introduced us to this Mr. Hall, and I promised to lend him books as ——"

"You promised to lend him books!" exclaimed Mr. Sydenham, in horror and surprise. "And you tell me this so coolly! You will neither lend him books, nor shall he ever enter this house, and I have told you so before. Never shall I consent to his being admitted here!"

"Then what am I to do? Can you feel no pity for *me*?" asked Caroline, pale and aghast with misery. "I am involved in perplexity, and know not how to extricate myself."

"I forbid further communication with this young man, under any pretext whatever. When I consented to your accompanying me to C——, it was, as of course you recollect, under strict injunctions that you would not seek society; but you are trying to slip through my rules and guidance now. False-hearted girls, you wish to ruin me with your extravagance and misconduct." And Mr. Sydenham leaned back again in his chair, as if exhausted by anguish of mind. Caroline's firmness gave way, and she burst into tears—tears wrung from a wounded, miserable soul. Mr. Sydenham coughed unrelentingly.

"This is the way you always try to get the better of me. I am really grieved to find that *my* daughters are just as mean and silly as the rest of their sex," he said, sarcastically. "You surely must have fallen in love with this moustached hero, or it would not cost you such pain to have him refused admittance here, in obedience to your father's commands."

"*In love*," repeated Caroline, with an almost sorrowful smile. "My experience of matrimonial life has not been likely to put thoughts of love or marriage in my head. You know the opinions my sisters and myself hold with regard to matrimony. I had far rather earn my bread as an humble menial, than become a slave to the caprice and tyranny of any man; and in almost every case of married life, the wife is a poor beaten down slave."

Mr. Sydenham smiled contemptuously.

"In spite of all you say, my dear, I consider you would be glad to get an offer of marriage. It is because I wish to keep you in proper order, that you are all so miserable and discontented, but I warn you that you will not succeed in getting husbands by running after young men against your father's wishes."

Caroline did not reply, emotions long pent up, were gradually bursting forth, a sudden faintness seized her, and she sank back senseless. Agnes flew to her support in an agony of terror, and Mr. Sydenham watched her anxiously, though he did not move from his chair.

At this moment Miss Sydenham glided in, so noiselessly and so pale, that she seemed quite spectral. In a glance she comprehended how matters stood, for, unhappily, scenes like the present one were no rare occurrence in Mr. Sydenham's house.

"Father, you will kill her, you are killing us all!" she exclaimed in an excited manner, as she chafed her sister's cold hands.

"You are all disobedient, misguided young females," slowly observed Mr. Sydenham, "and you may all go where you please. I see you wish to revolt against me; even you, Julia, have turned rebel."

"If we were three young men, we should not be treated as we are," returned Miss Sydenham calmly. "But it is ever thus with women, and I am thankful that we have all had warning in time to eschew voluntary connexion with an unreasonable, tyrannical sex."

"And if such be your cause of thankfulness, young lady, how is it that your sister there faints off, because I forbid further intercourse with a young officer of dragoons, for whom she has evidently imbibed a sudden friendship?"

"She does not care a *straw* for poor Mr. Hall." (Oh, Arnold had you heard this!) "It is through a sense of decency, that she wishes him to be admitted here, to conceal the extraordinary state of seclusion and restraint we have hitherto been obliged to maintain."

"You wish to make friends, that you may abuse your father to them, and call him a tyrant."

"Far from it, we have done all we can to hide what I fear must soon become known. What must our servants

think? That we, without doubt, are three very eccentric characters."

"Well, I am a very happy man; blessed with a wife who refuses to live with me, and three dutiful girls who call me a tyrant for preserving order in my own house."

He arose, repeated a fiat that Mr. Hall should not receive his sanction to enter his dwelling, and that the young ladies in future should confine themselves within doors, unless he chose to accompany them himself for a short drive or walk.

Mr. Sydenham had a bad temper and a tyrannical disposition. During twenty-two years, he had well nigh succeeded in breaking the heart of a gentle wife, who was at last obliged, through delicacy of health, to seek peace in the dwelling of her youth, and once more she became an inmate of her father's house. One child had been permitted to remain with her, but her three eldest daughters volunteered to join their father, when he accepted the appointment of resident magistrate at C——, and they were all now pinning victims of harsh orders and unreasonable demands. They were all talented, proud spirited girls; but society excludes women from making use of abilities further than in the arrangements of kitchen and nursery affairs, which very common minds are capable of conducting; and in spite of genius and singular discernment, these three young women were forced to suffer a mean, obscure existence, dependent on a father who regarded them as belonging to a weak, unreasonable sex, and they had too much reflection to think of doing as some women, who, when similarly situated, endeavour to exchange parental tyranny for the frequently far more galling bondage of marriage. They were gentle, amiable creatures, patient and long-suffering as human beings could well be. They had always endeavoured to conceal from their domestics that any ill-feeling ever existed towards them on the part of their father; yet Charlotte Fogarty, the lately hired waiting-maid, had vague suspicions that all was not right between Mr. Sydenham and his daughters. There were tearful eyes and pale countenances too often observed among the young ladies, and Miss Sydenham's head-aches were too frequently coupled with grave, displeased looks from the master, not to awaken doubts and sur-

mises. Mr. Sydenham, however, was always too gentlemanly to raise his voice, or resort to clapping doors with violence, even when he was most angry, so that high words and rude uproar were never heard in the house.

And now we return to our friend Arnold Hall; he who was buoying himself up with false hopes and false conjectures in his dingy barrack-room. Being an only son, with a good property to inherit from his father, in the south of England, he did not see why Mr. Sydenham could have much objection to consenting to his obtaining his daughter's hand in marriage. He was getting perfectly serious, and, of course, romantically indifferent, as to whether Caroline possessed a fortune. Her father's consent was all he deemed it necessary now to seek for, and he summoned up a courage quite surprising. He wrote several outlines of a regular proposal for the young lady, intending to send it to her papa, stating his present means and future prospects very clearly and satisfactorily.

As to his own parents, he did not fear opposition to his wishes on their part, for he was a spoiled pet with both father and mother, and quite free to act as he pleased, without running the risk of being cut off with a shilling in his father's will, and, besides this, he had already informed his family, by letters from C——, of the state of his mind with regard to the very charming young lady, who, he had no doubt, was in love with himself, so that they were in some measure prepared for such a step as he contemplated taking.

Well, he wrote a letter to Mr. Sydenham, very carefully spelt and quite properly worded, which is more than some very elegant young dragoon officers, with ample incomes, can do; and when it was sealed up, he put it in the bottom of his portmanteau instead of the post-office, for his heart failed again. He let another week slip by, and then he, one day, dressed himself scrupulously, and went to call for the book Miss Caroline Sydenham had promised him. As he approached the large dwelling of the resident magistrate, by an upward glance he perceived a very pretty head in one of the drawing-room windows, which disappeared, however, as quickly as he had observed it, and he rapped at the massive hall-door, satisfied that *one* of the young ladies, at least, was at home. The

knock sounded very hollow and sepulchral through the wide hall, and it was some time ere it was answered by the faithful Charlotte Fogarty herself, who looked impenetrably grave.

"Are the young ladies at home?" asked Arnold, carelessly.

"They are sir; but one of them is ill, and they have not seen any one these two or three days."

Arnold turned a little pale, and longed to inquire which of the three was indisposed, but did not like to do so, and he merely said he was very sorry, and handed in his card. He returned home very much downcast and dejected, and in the barrack-yard met Major Wingfield, who told him he had just received intimation that the regiment was under immediate orders for Athlone, and that all the out detachments were to proceed there at once.

Arnold was distracted; he made no remark on the major's information, but hurried to his room, there to ponder on his misery. He tore open the letter he had intended sending Mr. Sydenham, and re-read it in despair. There was no time to lose, he sealed it again, and actually despatched it to the post-office.

The die was cast. His fate was soon to be decided.

Mr. Sydenham sat in his study, surrounded with official documents, pale and bilious, with dark forebodings clouding his brow, as Arnold's letter reached him. He read it in some surprise, and not without pleasure, and smiled with much gratification as he refolded it.

"This will rouse and please her, I have no doubt," he mentally observed, as he repaired to the chamber of his daughter, Caroline, who, since some days had been confined to her room from illness, brought on by his own ill-humour. She was lying on a sofa, languid and listless, with her eyes closed, as he entered, her bright hair all taken off her face, and a deep-bordered cap veiling the contour of her pale cheeks.

Agnes had been reading to her, and looked nearly as ill as herself.

"I have brought you something, which I know will cure you," he said, taking her hand gaily. "Read this, and then tell me what you think—you can consult with your sisters." Mr. Sydenham was in a very condescending

humour; he felt so gratified that Arnold had preferred addressing himself, on the subject of his letter, to writing to Caroline herself, that he immediately concluded him to be a young man of sense and discernment. He often wished his daughters were married, but did not trouble himself in thinking how husbands could be procured for them.

That Caroline should refuse a suitable offer of marriage never occurred to him, for, like most men, and many women, he imagined all girls were anxious to enter the matrimonial state; so he felt no doubt that his daughter would be delighted to accept the proposal of Mr. Hall, a fine-looking young fellow with plenty of money. Caroline was elevated in his estimation considerably by being thus honoured by one of his own sex, and with a caprice, alone worthy of a female, he forgot entirely how strongly he had a few days previously objected to Mr. Hall receiving even admittance to his house.

His daughter read the letter thus handed her, with undisguised surprise; a flush of pleasure suffused her pale cheek, for, alas! be it known, that in spite of her otherwise excellent disposition, Caroline Sydenham was the least atom in the world of a coquette. Under happier auspices, and had she moved in society, probably her wicked feelings might have been given full scope to; but at present they only existed without having attained a growth worth mentioning.

"What a silly young man," she observed, smiling, as she handed the letter to her sister, for whom she had read it out previously; "he wishes to marry me without knowing what sort of disposition, temper, or principles, I may have."

"Do not condemn him for that, Caroline; an intimate acquaintanceship of a year's standing might never discover to him your disposition or temper, unless you were married," replied Agnes. "What will you say to him?"

"I should like to punish him well for his presumption," laughingly returned Caroline.

"A refusal of his offer will punish him sufficiently, poor fellow," observed Miss Sydenham, who had joined her sisters. She was imbued with a horror of coquetry, and considered that Caroline should decline the proposal of Mr. Hall in a way least likely to wound

and mortify him; and Caroline followed her advice. A letter to him was planned, couched in very amiable language, and not at all expressive of the extreme surprise, and even amusement, his offer had excited in her mind, before Mr. Sydenham saw his daughters again, and when he next entered Caroline's apartment, her decision was made known to his astonishment, and a little displeasure. The light way in which the young ladies all regarded the matter perfectly overcame him. He said little, but perused the letter intended for Mr. Hall very gravely.

"And these are your true sentiments, Caroline?" he asked, in a disappointed tone.

"Yes, papa; most assuredly I have no wish to become the wife of Mr. Arnold Hall. I have got one proposal now, at least, and this will preserve me from disgrace in your and my sisters' eyes when I am an old maid."

"Pshaw! do not talk like a fool. Of course you may do as you like in this case." In school-boy language, Mr. Sydenham felt "snubbed," and he looked so dejected, that Caroline's heart relented. He began to believe that his daughters would *not* marry, even if they had opportunities of doing so, and he retired from the room a good deal disappointed. Caroline leaned back on the sofa, weak and pale again, as before, and closed her eyes. But, alas! no pen can describe the sensations of Arnold Hall when the fatal letter reached *him*. Mortification, vexation, and wounded pride, all combined to crush the grief of disappointed love. The feelings of vanity overcame the anguish of his heart, and for a few hours he writhed under a load of pitiable mental agony. This excitement, however, at last cooled down, and was succeeded by a state of fixed melancholy which depressed him sadly. The hurry of departure from C—— did not rouse him in the least. He mechanically ordered his servant to pack up his clothes, and prepared for the route to Athlone in a frame of mind little to be envied. He paid no farewell visit to the ruin where he had wandered so often during the summer evenings, hoping and anxious. He banished Mary-street from his recollection, and gave no parting glance to the tall cathedral spire, ere he left the old city. Ellen Rooney, however, received a last visit from him, and in

terms of bitter sarcasm he expressed to her how sincerely he and his brother officers thanked the gentry in the neighbourhood of C—— for their kindness and hospitality to them during the space of five months. The remembrance of it would long live in their recollection. She smiled at him benevolently.

“Well, I hope you may be pleasanter in your new quarters, sir.”

But Arnold felt as if there was no happiness for him any more. His spirit was crushed, if not altogether broken, and he left C—— as altered as he could have been in so short a space of time since his arrival there.

On remaining for some time at Athlone, he applied for leave of absence, on the plea of ill health, and repaired to England, where he spent a few months of wretchedness. In vain he endeavoured to forget the girl, who, he felt convinced, had done what she could to make him believe she loved him. He condemned Caroline unjustly. If she had betrayed emotion in his presence, likely to lead to the belief that he was not regarded with indifference by her, it was only because circumstances forbade her treating him with the civility and attention which she considered due to a person introduced to her as he was. Her father's harsh commands, coupled with her own sense of how inhospitable and unkind both he and his family must appear, always rendered her abashed and ill at ease while in company with him, and her consequent embarrassment on such occasions had been the fatal cause of deceiving Arnold. She had never intended to practise the slightest coquetry on him. But he felt it was otherwise, and his mind had received a shock it could not easily recover from.

One morning, while still with his family in ——shire, he read a paragraph in the *Limrick Chronicle* which struck him. It was this:—

“We understand that Mr. Sydenham, the resident magistrate at C——, has relinquished his appointment there, owing to a family affliction.”

A month after he was *en route* for Athlone again, to join his regiment, and he determined to pass through C—— on his way there, though by doing so he would diverge considerably from the direct route to the place of his destination. He was now sure

that the Sydenhams had left the old city, and he had no fears of encountering any of them. The autumn and winter had passed away, and it was rather late on a fine evening in spring when he entered C—— once more.

The city looked as dingy as ever in the fast falling twilight, and Arnold was glad that the gathering obscurity would preserve him from being recognised or noticed generally in the town. Strangers were no rare sights in C——. New faces were continually passing and repassing through it, and military-looking gentry were frequently casual visitors, so he was fortunate enough to escape attention or scrutiny, as he quickly bent his steps through different portions of the town, closely enveloped in a military cloak, and with his hat pressed over his forehead. He passed the stately domicile of the late resident magistrate, and saw that it looked as dismal as ever, and was evidently untenanted. He next proceeded to the ruin of the old cathedral, and ascended the rugged height on which it stood, with melancholy feelings.

The evening air was still sharp, but the grass looked fresh and green. Far away the surrounding mountains rose dimly upwards in majestic wildness, and round about the ruin were new graves telling of recent deaths. Arnold stopped to read a few inscriptions on the tombs, when two particularly neat monuments arrested his attention. Side by side they were placed together, of pure white marble, and exactly alike in form. On the first that caught his eye, Arnold read these words:—

“To the Memory of Caroline Sydenham,
Who departed this life
on
26th December, 18—.
Aged 19 years.”

His head seemed spinning round. Was he dreaming, or under the influence of a crazed imagination? No; the monument was there in good earnest, and without knowing what he did, he glanced to the corresponding one, erected to the memory of Agnes Sydenham, who had expired exactly two months after her sister's death.

How long he stood there, shocked and doubting the sanity of his own mind, we cannot exactly say, but the clear moonlight night found him still

wandering among the old and new graves, round the ruined cathedral, with feelings of melancholy rarely equalled.

The "family affliction" alluded to in the paragraph of the *Limerick Chronicle*, announcing Mr. Sydenham's resignation of his appointment at C——, no doubt was caused by the deaths of his two younger daughters, and all Arnold's bitter feelings against Caroline abated. She was now gone from the world, interred in a spot where he recollected to have heard her say, the very last evening he had seen her, she would "just like to be buried." The words had fallen lightly on him then; but, alas! how soon the wish was fulfilled. Her sister, too, the gentle, quiet little Agnes, lying now side by side with her in death! Arnold felt, indeed, that life was uncertain. He was taught a lesson not easily forgotten.

A few years have elapsed since the last hapless love affair of our young dragoon, and he is now a captain, of grave, steady demeanour. He attends church regularly every Sunday, in the morning and evening, and is observed to pay undeviating attention to his prayer-book during the period

of Divine service. His brother officers have ceased to wonder why, on earth, Hall has become so strange and altered; yet there are vague suspicions entertained that he has been jilted by ~~some~~ fair one, as he eschews the society of ladies, and rides thirty miles off when the regiment gives a ball, that he may not be expected to attend it.

We understand that Miss Sydenham is still unmarried, and her faithful attendant, Charlotte Fogarty, remains with her. Some young ladies, verging on old maidism themselves, begin to wonder that a "handsome girl like Miss Sydenham does not get married;" but she adheres to a determination made long since, and resolves on living in single blessedness all her days. Since the death of her sisters, her father and mother have become reconciled to each other's society, and they all now live together in a lonely mansion, some miles distant from a quiet watering place in the south-west of England, where they maintain a strict seclusion seldom interrupted.

And now, reader, our tale is ended, and it has, at least, the merit of being, for the most part, truthful, if it fails in brilliancy of incident or description.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—LXIV.

MICHAEL W. BALFE.

It is half-past seven o'clock, and the first bell has rung! What a Babel of sounds issues from the music-room. Hark, above the loud blast of the trumpet, and the deep tones of ophicleide and bassoon, the "shrill treble" of the piccolo; while clarionets and oboes, cornepeans and drums, are contending in discordance with scraping, and ~~scripping~~, and twisting into tune of the whole stringed tribe. What a chaos of dissonance it is now; but ere long we shall have a concord of sweet sounds.

The second bell has rung, and see from two doors which lead from beneath the stage, emerge a crowd of musicians, who soon fill the orchestra, and await the coming of their leader and conductor. Who is this just entered? It is Tolbecque; a minute more, and another appears. What intelligent features! What a searching and intellectual eye! How assured is his manner; how faultless his dress! How admirably gloved his hands! With what an air he carries his baton! He has mounted the rostrum, and now he turns over the music of the opera he is about to conduct. The bell has rung from the stage; he taps his desk in reply. A comprehensive look from left to right; another bell; the baton is raised, and you hear the first movement of the band responding to his expressive action. This is Michael W. Balfe, conductor of music to her Majesty's Theatre, one of the most popular composers of the day; an Irishman, too; and the subject of our memoir.

Born in Dublin in 1808, he spent the first four years of his life in the metropolis, and then accompanied his father to Wexford. It was there he began to evince the love of music with which nature seems to have endowed him. One day he heard the band of an infantry regiment, quartered in the town, playing through the streets, which so delighted his young fancy, that from that moment he became "all ears to hear," and never lost an opportunity of being present whenever and wherever they played, many a time slipping out of school and away from home to gratify his youthful passion. The master, a Mr. Meadows, soon remarked the little boy who was such a regular attendant at the performances of the band, and having made his acquaintance, invited him to his house, where young Balfe became a great favourite and constant visiter. Mr. Meadows led with the clarionet, but he also played a little on the violin, to which instrument his young friend made love, and very much to the astonishment of its owner, actually learned the scale without assistance. This piece of precocious development so surprised Meadows that he called on the child's father, and offered to teach him gratuitously, which offer was gratefully accepted; and just as he had entered his *fifth year*, he received his first lesson in music from his kind friend, the band-master. Three months produced such wonderful results that Meadows began to think he could do very little more for his pupil, and therefore resolved to visit his father again, and inform him that it was high time to put his son under a more experienced master.

"See, sir," said he, "he has just composed a polacca* for our band; and what do you think, he scored every note of it himself. We practised it to-day, and I had a great deal of difficulty to persuade the men that it was written by the little fiddle-player, as they call him."

This piece of gratifying intelligence soon determined Balfe's father as to the course he should pursue; and shortly afterwards the family removed to Dublin, where arrangements were speedily made to place our young musician under the care of Mr. O'Rourke,† then one of the best violinists resident in Ireland.

* The score is now in the possession of a Mr. Hickie, in Wexford, from whom Balfe got lessons in music before he left that town.

† Now Mr. Rooke, the talented composer of *Amilie*, &c.

With him he studied up to his eighth year, when he made his first appearance in public, at a concert, in the Royal Exchange, in May, 1816, playing on that occasion a concerto composed by his master. Mr. James Barton subsequently became his instructor; and from that excellent musician he acquired increased proficiency in style and execution, while under the experienced guidance of Mr. Alexander Lee he was obtaining a sound knowledge of thoroughbass and composition. At nine years of age he wrote the ballad called "The Lover's Mistake," which Mr. Willis, of Westmorland-street, published, remunerating the composer by presenting him with twenty copies of the song. The ballad became very popular in both countries; many of our readers, no doubt, recollect what a hit Vestris made in it, and how heartily she was encored when she used to sing it in Phœbe, in *Paul Pry*.

The next six years of Balfe's life were devoted to study. He played occasionally at the public concerts in Dublin, and acquired considerable reputation and character as a violinist. A circumstance, however, soon occurred which altered the current of his fortunes, and, as will be seen, had a great influence on his subsequent career. His father died in 1823; about a week after his burial, Balfe found himself, one evening, strolling by the theatre, low-spirited and unhappy at the loss which he had so recently sustained. A playbill attracting his attention, he saw that Mr. Charles Horn was to appear on that night, for the "last time" previous to his departure for England; whereupon the thought struck him, that Horn, who had heard him play, and had frequently complimented him on his performance, might possibly be induced to take him over to London. So "screwing his courage to the sticking place," he made up his mind to seek an interview with him that night, and boldly ask the favour. Applying at the stage door, he sent up his name, and had soon the satisfaction of being shown into the vocalist's dressing-room.

"I have been long desirous, sir," said he, "of getting to London; and hearing that you are about to leave town to-morrow morning, I came to ask you whether you will take me with you. My mother is too poor to pay the expenses of the journey, and I hope you will kindly assist me."

"Short notice enough, my boy," said Horn, "but, however, you are a clever lad; go home, make yourself happy, call on me at eight o'clock to-morrow morning; be sure to bring your mother with you, and I'll see what I can do."

With a light heart he ran to communicate the intelligence to his mother, and at the appointed hour next morning they presented themselves at Mr. Horn's lodgings, where, in a very short time, matters were brought to a satisfactory conclusion, by his agreeing to have Balfe articulated to him for seven years, to which his mother joyfully agreed, and before two hours had elapsed her son was on his way to London. Ten days had scarcely passed after his arrival in the metropolis, before he became acquainted with the leading members of the musical profession, and in a very short time obtained an engagement as a principal violin-player for the oratorios at Drury Lane, Mori and he playing solos on alternate nights for that season, which lasted for about a month. This series of oratorios having concluded, Mr. Horn's interest got him into the orchestra at Drury Lane, which was then presided over by Mr. Thomas Cooke, who soon found out Balfe's qualifications as a musician, and formed so high an opinion of his merit, that upon several occasions, when he was unable to be present himself, he confided the orchestra to his care, which he led with skill and efficiency. One would suppose that great jealousy was likely to have arisen among the members of the band, from the fact of a youth of sixteen being placed in such a position; but, strange as it may appear, no such feeling was evidenced, for, independent of the respect which his acknowledged talents had gained him, he managed to make himself very popular among his brother musicians, and when he led they followed without a murmur. The facility which he possessed, even at this early period of his career, of scoring musical ideas with rapidity, became well known to those with whom his professional duties brought him in contact. This talent was taken advantage of by a foreigner, who had just at that time arrived in London, and was beginning to acquire a sort of reputation for the possession of a tolerable voice and good ear, upon which stock-in-trade, coupled with unlimited assurance, he set up as a composer. Being, however, very ignorant of the theory of music, it became necessary, in order to carry out his views practi-

cally, to get some hard-working drudge to do what he used to call the mere mechanical part of the profession; accordingly Balfe, of whose acquirements he had heard so much, was singled out for the purpose, his acquaintance cultivated, and in him he found just the person he wanted. Invitation followed invitation to sundry breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, which were not more liberally bestowed than heartily partaken of, and in return for this munificent hospitality, melodies and accompaniments for songs were written, which this distinguished foreigner sold, of course, as his own, and thereby acquired considerable reputation. But the crowning part of the imposture has yet to be told. The management of one of the theatres sent for him, and requested his services to score an old opera from the piano-forte arrangement, stipulating, however, that the work should be done in one week. Here was a bold undertaking, but he was not a man to shrink from a difficulty, and so off he went to Balfe.

"Now you young rascal," said he, "if you can manage to score this opera, work night and day, and finish it in one week, you shall have ten pounds."

"Ten pounds! a fortune; make your mind easy; it shall be done."

And so it was, for within six days he handed the score to his conscientious employer, who paid him the promised remuneration.

"Hurrah, then, for a lark," said Balfe, and calling on a chum of his, "My dear fellow," cried he, "I have earned a lot of money last week, so you must come along with me and I'll frank you to Gravesend and back."

The invitation was gladly accepted, and the next morning found them both in a steamer on their way down the river. Arrived at Gravesend they did not much fancy the look of the place, so, having made some inquiries about Rochester, they hired a pair of Rosinantes and had a delightful ride to that town, where they put up at the best hotel.

"What would you like for dinner, gentlemen?"

"Everything you can give us," said the happy pair, who soon sat down to a splendid spread, attended by three or four servants. Balfe dubbed his friend Sir George, who called him Lord William in return; and the waiters, taking the hint, *Sir Georged* and *Lord Williamed* them to their hearts' content. At last the two noblemen, what with sherry, champagne, and claret, became so *very* drunk, that it was deemed desirable to remove them to their respective chambers, a measure which was very carefully undertaken by the servants, under the immediate superintendence of "mine host." Balfe was the first to wake next morning, and sitting up in his bed, began to rub his eyes and "cudgel his brains" to find out exactly where he was, when the waiter entered the room with a message from Sir George to his lordship, to know when he would be pleased to breakfast, and when he intended to start for London? These questions brought him at once to sober recollection, and keeping up the joke about the nobility, Lord William and Sir George breakfasted like princes, and shortly afterwards started on the road back to Gravesend, with the blessings of the landlord and his obsequious servants. A financial investigation took place shortly after their arrival in London, when it was very clearly ascertained that of the ten pounds there remained but one, which soon followed in the same path as the other nine.

Balfe's voice had now formed into a barytone. Being much encouraged by his friends, he was induced to apply himself to its cultivation, and studied very attentively for a year, at the expiration of which (1825) he gave up his position in the orchestra of Drury-lane, with the intention of going on the stage. The manager of the Norwich Theatre, a Mr. Crooke, having come up to town to make engagements, heard him sing, and was so pleased that he at once offered him a *debut* in the part of Caspar in *Der Freischutz*. The eventful night arrived, but Balfe got such an attack of "stage fright" that the manager deemed it expedient to send for a bottle of champagne to get "the steam up;" and having given the debutant a couple of glasses of wine at the wing, he forced him on the stage. The first scene was got through tolerably well; but by the time the "incantation" scene was set, previous to which Balfe had been supplied with a little more champagne, he began to feel certain queer symptoms about the head, which were quickly communicated to his feet, so much so that in walking down the stage he overturned the iron pot which contained the combustibles for red and blue fire. In a moment the whole place was in a blaze.

The horrible smell overpowering poor Caspar, he fainted; the ladies in the boxes screamed with terror; the alarm of fire was given; and Balfe lay insensible in the midst of sulphurous smoke, and magic bullets. The curtain dropped, and he was taken off to the green room more dead than alive. Crooke rushing out into the street, made a most pathetic appeal to the audience, who were leaving the house, and succeeded in getting a few people to come back, on the assurance that the fire was completely extinguished, and that he would read the part. The next morning's papers announced that a young gentleman named Balfe had made a *most brilliant debut* in the part of Caspar; and having commented very severely on the performance, prophesied that he would never do any good either as an actor or a singer. How far the prophecy has been fulfilled will be found in the fact of his having visited Norwich some years afterwards with a lucrative engagement for the Festivals; and more recently in the same city as conductor of her Majesty's Theatre, when he accompanied Jenny Lind on a provincial tour. After this "blaze of triumph," as Bunn would call it, Balfe returned to London, mortified and disappointed at his failure in Norwich. In Drury Lane orchestra, however, he again found employment, but a circumstance soon occurred which set his fortunes in another current, and took him to new scenes and occupations. Dining one day with a friend, he met a wealthy Roman Count named Mazzara, who was then travelling in England. After dinner the Count had an opportunity of hearing him play the violin, and sing two songs of his own composition, which so pleased him that he made inquiries that evening in reference to the young musician's position and means. Upon learning how he was circumstanced, he at once invited him to accompany him to Rome, where he assured him he might remain his guest, as long as it suited his purpose, adding, at the same time, that he could promise him a hearty welcome from the Countess, inasmuch as he bore a most extraordinary resemblance in face and figure to a dear son whom they had lost during the previous year. It is almost needless to say how eagerly this liberal offer was embraced, and a few days found the Count and his *protégé* in Paris *en route* to Italy. While in the French capital Mazzara introduced Balfe to Cherubini, to whom he showed what he had been doing up to that time in the way of composition. From this distinguished master he received not only great encouragement to study, but an offer of instruction should he have felt disposed to remain in Paris. His engagement with the Count rendering this impossible, they proceeded on their journey to Rome, stopping at all the principal towns, and hearing the operas at Turin and Milan. It was late in the evening when they reached the palace. The Count leading his young friend into the room where the Countess was sitting with her daughter, said, "I bring you a son." The likeness to her own child struck her so forcibly that she burst into tears, kissed him over and over again, and nothing was talked of that night but the wonderful resemblance which he bore to the lost son of the house of Mazzara.

In this hospitable mansion he remained for about a year, during which time he studied under the best masters that Rome could afford. About the beginning of 1826 Count Mazzara having occasion to return to England, Balfe accompanied him as far as Milan, where his kind patron, shortly after their arrival in that city, made arrangements with Federici, the *Director en chef* of the *Conservatoire*, to superintend his studies. He also introduced him to M. Glossop, then *Impressario* of San Carlo, at Naples and La Scala at Milan, and before leaving the city informed him that he had lodged to his credit a considerable sum of money at a banker's. From Glossop he received the greatest kindness, being for some time a guest in his house; and during his residence there composed several chorusses and overtures, which were subsequently performed at La Scala.

After three months' study, Federici informed M. Glossop that his pupil might be safely entrusted with a libretto, but this was at first objected to in consequence of his youth, as well as from the apprehension that the production of an Englishman's work might lead to unpleasant jealousies at the theatre. M. Glossop's scruples, however, were soon overcome, and ere long he confided to him the libretto of a ballet entitled *La Perousé*, which was produced at Milan with great success; the overture and a storm descriptive of shipwreck being highly praised by the *habitués* of the theatre.

About this time Filipo Galli, the celebrated basso, for whom Rossini composed

the part of Assur, in *Semiramide*, “the father,” in *La Gazza Ladra*, and several other parts of equal importance, gave Balfe lessons, with the view of his making an appearance at La Scala, where his friend Glossop had promised to bring him out. In this, however, he was disappointed, for the affairs of the manager taking an unfortunate turn, he was obliged to leave Milan, the two theatres proving too much for him.

We must now follow Balfe to Paris, where he was staying a few days, with the intention of returning to London; but having called on Cherubini, for whom he sang, he was advised by him to remain in Paris; his friend adding, that if he consented he would next day at dinner introduce him to Rossini, who was then at the height of his popularity, and Director of the Italian Opera. The invitation was accepted, and at Cherubini's apartments at the Conservatoire he first met Rossini, and his wife Madame Colbrund, with whom he sang duets after dinner, Rossini accompanying. An offer was that night made to Balfe to be engaged at the Italian Opera, provided he studied with Bordogni for eight or ten months; and the characters of Pelligrini's range (who was then getting old) were those selected in which he was to appear. Some difficulty was suggested as to his ability to pay for the proposed instruction, but Rossini settled this matter by giving him a letter to Bordogni, with whom a satisfactory arrangement was made. Besides, Fortune made him acquainted with a rich banker named Gallois, who had heard him sing at Cherubini's, and liberally agreed to advance him 10,000 francs, which was paid at a rate of 1000 francs per month. With this generous aid (where can such friends as Count Mazzara and M. Gallois be found in these days?) he pursued his studies up to the time of his making his *debut* in 1828, in the part of Figaro, in the *Barber of Seville*. Sontag was the “Rosina,” and the opera, with a powerful cast, was repeated for nine nights in succession. After this Rossini brought him an engagement signed by M. Laurent, the Impresario of the Italian Opera, for three seasons; the first, 15,000, the second, 20,000, and the third, 25,000 francs, during which he performed Dandini, in *Cenerentola*, Malibran being the heroine; Don Giovanni, in Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, Podesta in *La Gazza Ladra*, Baltona in *L'inganno Felice*. About this period Laurent determined to bring out Zingarelli's *Romeo et Guiletta*, to introduce Malibran as “Romeo;” but when put into rehearsal it was found that some of the concerted music was weak and ineffective. Rossini was asked to write new music, which he declined; but recommended Laurent to employ Balfe, who at once set to work and wrote the overture, two choruses, a scena for Malibran, and the cavatina and aria for Mademoiselle Blasis, who was the “Guiletta.” He was subsequently introduced to the direction of the Grand Opera, who sent him an accepted poem in two acts entitled *Atala*, the subject founded on Chateaubriand's tale of that name. Being thus encouraged, he applied himself to composition with such zeal, and laboured so hard, that his health became seriously impaired from excessive study, and his physicians ordered him to Italy to recruit his strength. Previous to his leaving Paris his friend M. Gallois invited the *élite* of Parisian society to a *matinée* to hear the pieces which had already been composed for the opera of *Atala*. Malibran, poor Adolphe Nourrit, who some years afterwards committed suicide at Naples, Alexis Dupont, Levasseur, and several other artists of the Académie Royale, together with the leading performers of the Italian Opera, being engaged to sing the music. The journals next day were loud in praise of the young composer and his new opera, which he was going to Italy to complete. As he was leaving Paris, a gentleman with whom he was but very slightly acquainted drove up to the diligence and put a letter into his hand, requesting that he would not read it until he was five leagues from the capital. Impatient, however, to know its contents, he soon broke the seal, and found that the letter contained a bank-note for 1,000 francs, accompanied by a few lines thanking him for the pleasure the rehearsal of his opera had given him, he being one of the *invités* to M. Gallois' *matinée*, and expressing a hope that the small token of his gratification might be of use to him in the prosecution of his studies. Supplied with several letters of introduction, he proceeded to Milan, and, through the recommendation of Rossini to the Count St. Antonio, afterwards Duke of Calizzara, he was engaged as principal baritone for the theatre at Palermo, then under the direction of the Count of Sommatino. Having three months' leisure, previous to the commencement of the season at Palermo, he

went to Bologna, with the intention of visiting his friends the Mazzaras at Rome, on his way to Sicily. In Bologna he was fortunate in making an acquaintance with a celebrated amateur musician and composer, the Marquis of San Pieri, whom he had met in Paris. The marquis insisted upon his residing with him while he remained in Bologna, and on the night of his arrival at the Palazzo de San Pieri took him to a brilliant party given by the Prince Bacchiochi (Napoleon Buonaparte's brother-in-law). It was on that occasion that he met the now celebrated Guilia Grisi, then a girl of about seventeen years of age, and of surpassing loveliness. She was dressed, as he has told us, in a simple black velvet, with a white rose in her hair; and while she listened to him, standing by his side at the piano forte, "he felt as if he never sang so well before." She was introduced to him after he had finished the cavatina in the "*Barbiere*," by her uncle, M. Rogani, formerly an aid-de-camp of Napoleon, but who then filled the post of private secretary to the Marquis of San Pieri. While at the Palazzo he composed a cantata in honour of the Marquis's birth-day, the principal part of which was executed by Grisi, Tadolini, Pedrazzi, and a host of amateurs. It was so successful, that the composer was presented by the Philharmonic Society of Bologna with a diploma of honorary membership, and was also elected a life member of the Casini dei Nobili. While thus honoured, and passing, as one can easily imagine, a very pleasant life, he entirely forgot his engagement with the Sicilian Count. Hurrying, therefore, to Palermo, with the certainty of having an action brought against him, and of being thrust into prison, he proceeded at once to the Princess San Cataldo, to whom he had a letter of introduction from her brother the Duke Calizzara. Through her kindness he was invited to meet the Count Sommatino, the director of the opera, the next day, and being placed designedly alongside of him at dinner, he frankly told his story, apologised for his absence, and succeeded in obtaining the Count's promise to settle the affair for him. It was fortunate that he had obtained the Princess's interest, for as he was subsequently informed, the police authorities were watching his movements. In a few days after his arrival at Palermo, he made his *debut* in the part of Valdeburgho in Bellini's Opera of *La Straniera*. It was the first day of the year,* and the first time the Sicilians heard their countryman's new work—a circumstance which was very favourable to Balfe, for the house was densely crowded, with an audience determined to be pleased with Bellini's new opera; his *Il Pirata*, which preceded it, having created great enthusiasm on its representation in Palermo. The Viceroy went in state to hear *La Straniera*, it being the King of Naples' birthday. The theatre was illuminated in every part; *a giorno*, with thousands of wax-lights. The etiquette which prevails, that no applause shall be given after the reception of the Court on its *entrée* was rather unfavourable to a *debut*; but the exquisite beauty of Valdeburgho's air, in the second act, "*Meco tu vieni o misera*," excited a burst of admiration; the Viceroy, putting his hand out of the box, and giving the signal to applaud, which was answered by a deafening shout demanding its repetition. The opera was performed seventy nights, and the part of Valdeburgho nearly carried Balfe through his year's engagement.

While at Palermo, an *emeute* took place which led to the Chorus striking for more pay, and the manager, the Count Sommatino, being anxious to resist the combination, exclaimed in Balfe's presence, "Oh, if I had but one more opera without a chorus, I'd punish them severely. I could go on for a while with the *Matrimonio Segreto* and *L'Inganno Felice*, but they would only carry me on for a few nights."

"If, then," replied Balfe, "you can give me twenty days, you shall have one to suit your purpose."

The Count at once took him at his word. The poet of the theatre was sent for, the subject chosen, and an opera called *I Rivali di se Stessi*, founded on the French vaudeville, *Les Rivaux de soi meme*, written within the promised time, was produced with great success, Mdlle. Lipparini, Signor Boccacini, and Scalesi, taking the principal parts.

After fulfilling his year's engagement at Palermo, he went to Piacenza, where he sang for some time; then to Bergamo, where he met Mdlle. Lina Roser,

prima donna of the troupe, and married her shortly afterwards. We find him next at Pavia, having been engaged to bring out Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*. At the first rehearsal of this opera, an incident occurred which led to an unfortunate result. Signor Rolla, brother to the celebrated Alessandro Rolla, the leader of the orchestra of La Scala at Milan, was leader of the orchestra at Pavia, and having perceived that Balfe was taking upon himself to give directions not only to the chorus, but to the musicians, became annoyed and disconcerted at his interference. At a passage for the violin, which occurs in the first act, Rolla said "it was not written for the instrument," and being so difficult, was almost impossible to play; to which Balfe exclaimed, "Rossini was a violin-player, and knew what he wrote. The passage is easy enough. Shift your hand higher up and you will do it." On hearing this, poor Rolla could contain himself no longer, and bursting into a torrent of passion, looked up at Balfe and exclaimed, "*Signor, Dottore venite quà suonate per me, ed io andero cantare per voi.*"

The challenge was at once accepted, down Balfe jumped into the orchestra, took up a violin, and played the disputed passage in such a masterly manner that he was applauded by every one present. This triumph had such an effect on Signor Rolla, that he left the theatre at once, returned home, took to his bed, and died in a few months afterwards from the effect of wounded pride. No one felt this more than Balfe, who, while he resided in Pavia, never failed to visit Rolla, and had the satisfaction of making his peace with him before he died. It was here his opera, *Un avvertimento ai gelosi*, was first performed. He wrote it for his benefit, and on that and subsequent occasions, it met with favourable reception. His next and third opera was brought out at Milan, *Enrico Quarto al passo de la Murno*, which became an established favourite all through Italy. It was at this period that he first became acquainted with Malibran. She came to Milan to fulfil an engagement, for which she was to receive 3,000 francs a night. Balfe having called on her, she told him that she had heard his opera of *Enrico*, and would insist on his being engaged at La Scala. To this the management at once acceded, fixing his salary at 1,000 francs a night. During the engagement he performed Iago in *Otello*; Dandini in the *Cenerentola*, and Figaro in *Il Barbiere*, with the great *prima donna*. He then accompanied her to Vienna, where he obtained an engagement at the Fenici on similar terms. While there, he wrote the greater part of an opera (the subject from Hamlet) which he took up at the request of his friend Donzelli, who, as well as Malibran, was to have sustained a principal part; but the death of the Emperor of Austria having taken place, the engagements of all the artists were dissolved. This circumstance had well nigh ruined a manager named Gallo, who had just completed the building of a theatre roofed with glass, which he called "Il Teatro Emenonitio." In his despair, he waited upon Mdlle. Malibran, told her how he was circumstanced, and entreated that she would sing one night for him, for which he offered her 200 Napoleons. The terms were accepted, and *Sonnambula* was performed to a house crammed to suffocation, Donzelli playing Elvino, and Balfe, Rodolpho. An incident occurred just before she began to sing the *finale*, "Ah, non guinge," which produced a scene of excitement almost unparalleled in the history of the stage. Happening to tread upon some of the flowers of her bouquet, which she had been using in the previous moment, she slipped, and would have fallen had not Balfe caught her in his arms. In her endeavour to save herself, she kicked off one of her slippers, which fell into the pit, and a scramble at once took place among the occupants of that part of the house to possess such a precious memento of the great artist. In the struggle, they were soon joined by several persons from the front circle of boxes, upon perceiving which, Malibran took off the other slipper and threw it among the combatants, who soon tore it and its fellow into a thousand fragmentary relics. The performance was, after a considerable time, resumed, and she proceeded with the *finale*. During the last bars of the rondo, the poor old manager, Gallo, walked upon the stage, took her by the hand, and in a feeling speech told the public that that night's representation had saved him from ruin, adding, at the same time, that the theatre should henceforward be called "Teatro Malibran."

Malibran left Vienna, promising Balfe to get him an engagement in England to write an opera. Shortly afterwards he returned to Milan, and being advised by his friend, Puzzi, proceeded to London, where an engagement

was at once made to him to sing at the Antient and Philharmonic Concerts. At this time Drury-Lane was closed, the leading English vocalists being employed at the Lyceum Theatre, then under Mr. Arnold's direction, upon whom he called and offered his services. Mr. Arnold knew nothing about Balfe, but being referred to Malibran and Grisi, he very soon ascertained who he was, and arrangements were at once entered into for the production of an opera, which was to be completed in six weeks. The treasury of the theatre beginning to fail, and Mr. Arnold being unable to afford to bring out the work in the way which the composer considered it deserved to be, the opera was withdrawn, and the house soon after closed. It happened then that Mr. Bunn had just returned to town, and having sent for Mr. Mapleson, the librarian and copyist of the Lyceum, who had all the parts of the opera copied, asked him, "What's that rubbish they have been rehearsing at the English Opera; and who is this Signor Balfe?" Upon which Mapleson gave his opinion on the merits of the music which he had heard, and strongly advised Bunn to send for the new composer. He at once acted upon the advice, and speedily arranged terms with Balfe for the production of the *Siege of Rochelle*, which was first represented at Drury-lane on the 29th October, 1835. But here is Mr. Bunn's account of it in his interesting book, "The Stage before and behind the Curtain":—

"I had this season the pleasure of introducing to the English public a young man of great musical attainments, which I conceived were not destined 'to blush unseen, and waste their sweets upon the desert air;' and I was determined, at all events, to test my own opinion by that of the public. Mr. Balfe, when I was stage manager of Drury Lane, in 1823, was an humble member of the orchestra—'in coarse and homely phraseology,' a fiddler; and, when introduced to me in the summer of 1835, his name and his fame (then become entirely continental) were new to me. The beauties of the first work he was desirous of bringing out were admitted by many able judges of music, and strenuously impressed upon me by the recommendation of Mr. Cooke (*Tom*, for fear of mistake). The *Siege of Rochelle* was accordingly produced, and its success verified every judgment that had been delivered upon its merits. Though not calculated in itself to prove highly attractive, it had the good fortune to be linked in representation with the *Jewess*, and thus ran seventy nights the first season. It became the fashion, as it invariably does in this country, to abuse a man the moment his abilities begin to denote a mental superiority over those he is surrounded by. In France, Italy, and Germany, every species of encouragement is held out to a rising genius—in England, he is subject to every possible detraction; and the moment Balfe's talent burst out upon the town, it was assailed by the most unwarrantable attacks. Persons calling themselves musical judges were loud in their assertions that every note of the *Siege of Rochelle* was stolen from Ricci's opera of *Chiara de Rosenberg*; and it was not until this last-named composition was produced by the Italian Buffo Company, under the spirited direction of Mr. Mitchell, that these self-constituted judges tardily and reluctantly admitted, that there were not half-a-dozen bars in the two operas that bore the slightest resemblance to each other."

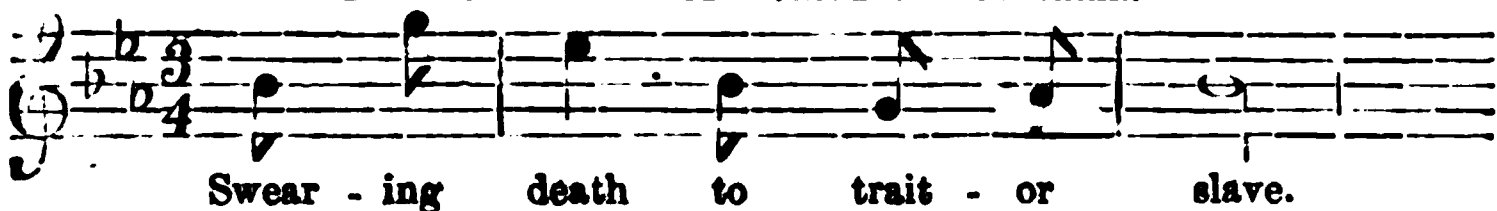
Bearing out Mr. Bunn's observations as to the injustice of this species of criticism, we ourselves recollect how that charming chorus, *Vive le Roi*, which terminates the first act, was assailed as being a glaring copy of Weber's glee, *Enjoy thyself where'er thou art*. Our readers, however, shall judge how far this accusation was well founded—

"Look upon this picture and on this."

GLEE BY C. M. VON WEBER.

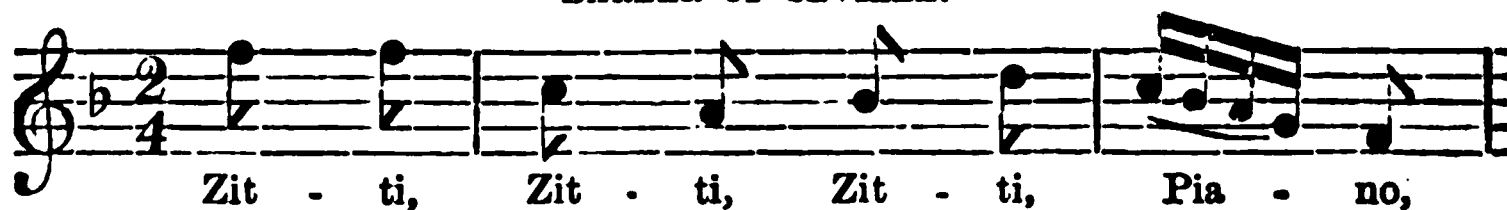


BALFE'S VIVE LE ROI "SIEGE OF ROCHELLE."



But even supposing that there was similarity in the design, Mr. Balfe may console himself with the happy reflection, that he has many bright examples of plagiarism in the best works of some of the standard composers. Here, for instance, is an air every one knows :—

BARBER OF SEVILLE.



Is not this plainly expressed in Haydn's *Seasons* ?—



And again in Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, *Don Giovanni* :—



Almost note for note the same in Haydn's *Creation*, “Most beautiful appear :”—



But one by Mendelssohn, in his *Christmas Present*, and we have done :—



Why, here is our countryman, Sampson Carter's* song, *Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me ?*—



which we would almost hazard asserting as a certainty Mendelssohn never heard ; but still none can deny the unmistakeable likeness.

But to return. Balfe's next opera was *The Maid of Artois*, in which poor Malibran took the town by storm with her matchless performance of Isoline. It produced to the management, by sixteen nights' representation, the sum of £5,690 11s., being a nightly average of £355. Mr. Bunn tells a very amusing anecdote of Malibran, the circumstance connected with which took place on the first night of the performance of the opera. “She had (as he writes) borne along the two first acts on the first night of performance in such a flood of triumph, that she was bent, by some almost superhuman effort, to continue its glory to the final fall of the curtain. I went into her dressing-room previous to the commencement of the third act, to ask how she felt, and she replied, ‘Very

* Formerly organist to St. Werburgh's, Dublin.

tired; but' (and here her eye of fire suddenly lighted up), 'you angry devil, if you will contrive to get me a pint of porter in the desert scene, you shall have an *encore* to your finale.' Had I been dealing with any other performer, I should, perhaps, have hesitated in complying with a request that might have been dangerous in its application at the moment, but to check her powers was to annihilate them. I therefore arranged that, behind the pillar of drifted sand, on which she falls in a state of exhaustion towards the close of the desert scene, a small aperture should be made in the stage; and it is a fact that, from underneath the stage, through that aperture, a pewter pint of porter was conveyed to the parched lips of this rare child of song, which so revived her after the terrible exertion the scene led to, that she electrified the audience, and had strength to repeat the charm with the finale to *The Maid of Artois*. The novelty of the circumstance so tickled her fancy, and the draught itself was so extremely refreshing, that it was arranged, during the subsequent run of the opera, for the negro slave at the head of the governor's procession to have in the gourd suspended to his neck, the same quantity of the same beverage, to be applied to her lips on his first beholding the apparently dying Isoline."

The next opera written by Balfe was *Catherine Grey*, which was followed by *Falstaff*, *Joan of Arc*, *Keolanthe*, *Puits d'Amour*, *Quatre Fils Aymon*, which all enjoyed various degrees of success. In 1839 he became lessee of the English Opera House, but the speculation was by no means profitable. *The Bohemian Girl*, which was his next opera in order of writing, was performed at Drury-lane, and has proved one of the most successful operas ever produced on the English stage. *The Daughter of St. Mark* was his next composition, which, in our judgment, is equal, if not superior, to *The Bohemian Girl*. The latter however, had a much longer run, and to celebrate its hundredth representation, a magnificent breakfast service of plate was presented to him on the stage of Drury-lane, on the occasion of his taking his benefit. The inscription on the salver denoted that the plate had been subscribed for by a few friends, as a small testimony of their admiration of the talents of the composer of eleven successful operas, and to commemorate the hundredth performance of *The Bohemian Girl*.

The Enchantress, *The Bondman*, *L'Etoile de Seville*, *The Maid of Honour*, *Elfrida* (not yet produced), will, we believe, complete our list of his leading compositions. In Vienna, Frankfort, and Berlin, several of his works have been done into German, and thus he has the notoriety of having had his operas pass the test of some of the most critical continental audiences. "During his stay in Berlin," writes the correspondent of the *Musical World*, "it has been one unceasing fête; received in the first society, courted by every body, he has not had an instant's repose. The King and the Royal Family have been untiring in their attention to Mr. Balfe; and besides a present from his Majesty of a magnificent emerald brooch set in diamonds of great value, the Queen and Princes are most liberal in kindness and presents to the family of the popular composer."

In Dublin his operas have been performed with great success; and on one of his professional visits to his native city he was presented with a valuable gold snuff-box, on the cover of which there is a raised harp, in which the letter "B." is entwined—a graceful indication of his connexion with the country that gave him birth. His sister, Miss Balfe, who possesses talent of no mean order, has long resided in Dublin. Her name is almost always to be found in the programmes of the concerts of some of our leading musical societies; while, as a teacher, she enjoys considerable reputation for imparting purity of style.

Balfe's subsequent career is familiar to most of our readers. He now deservedly occupies the high position of Conductor of Music to Her Majesty's Theatre; but whether his orchestra, or that conducted at the rival establishment, is the more perfect, we shall leave to the opinions of those who are better enabled to discuss the point. For ourselves we shall only say, that we hear both with intense gratification. Of his compositions a great deal might be critically said, and if we thought our readers at all disposed, we might enter into a learned disquisition as to their merits and demerits. We shall content ourselves, however, by expressing an opinion, that what he has written is more or less open to the charge of having been too rapidly done; and that the general design, as well as the details of his works, have suffered, not from want of knowledge of his art, but from the necessity of his completing his operas

within a given time. The million, however, he has pleased beyond all question, and we doubt very much, nay, we almost say with certainty, that there is no *English* composer who can write so good melody as this *Irishman* Balfe. In a very well-written sketch of him which we find in Ellis's Record of the Musical Union (a publication, by the way, containing most valuable essays on musical subjects), the writer says, "We recollect hearing Balfe reply to a friend who had quoted him an ill-natured criticism, 'Let others try to write better than I.' There are hundreds in Paris capable of making a good scene, and if they could produce effective melodies, they would not permit an Irishman to compose for their National Theatres." This is all true, but we cannot help agreeing with the passage which follows. "He has yet to produce a work that shall occupy a worthy place in the archives of the French National Theatre, by the sides of the *chef d'œuvres* of Mehul, Gluck, Spontini, Rossini, Meyerber, and Auber."

It has been proposed by the writer of an admirable article which recently appeared in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, that one Italian opera is quite sufficient in London, "and that both companies might join in one effective and lucrative establishment, leaving the other open for English operas, that is to say, for not only classical foreign operas translated into English, but as an arena for the employment of English singers, and of the rapidly rising school of English composers. An essential feature of the plan should be a scale of prices for the English opera, such as would render good music more acceptable to the middle classes. For the direction of such a theatre Mr. Balfe has been unanimously designated by the whole musical public as, beyond all comparison, the most fitting individual." And so he is; but we fear that before he resigns his baton at her Majesty's, and undertakes the responsibility of management, he must have very clear and satisfactory evidence that the public will support an English in preference to an Italian opera. It has been stated that he has written a work to an English libretto, which is to be performed in London during the present season. We hope so; for while we are taking our stand along side of foreigners in that wondrous display which is at present occupying the attention of the world, we should endeavour to show them, ere they return to their own countries, that we can compete in music as successfully as we have been enabled to do in other departments of arts and industry. There are other excellent musicians beside Mr. Balfe who could bear their part in showing that England and Ireland are making advances in a knowledge of the science of music; and we repeat, that the opportunity should not be lost to prove the fact.

In Ireland we have already the nucleus of a musical school, which, if liberally supported, and steadily conducted may yet be an academy, and, we hope with a royal charter, sending forth well-educated musicians to earn fame and honour by the instruction which they shall receive in their native country. It has been placed under the able guidance of Mr. Levey, the eminent violinist; and we have every confidence that much good can be done, if those who have founded the institution will only persevere. Balfe, having heard of its establishment, has most generously contributed to its support, by presenting the directors with a song of his own composition, the profits of the sale of which will be applied to the purposes for which the academy was founded. When we say that Jonathan Freke Slingsby has written the poetry, may we not hope that, united to such a flowing melody as the composer of the "Light of other Days" can write, we shall, ere long, see the song on the piano-fortes of all our musical friends.

We have now told you all we know, dear reader, about Michael Balfe. Fortune has followed and favoured him. We think he deserves her gifts; and feeling that, as a distinguished composer and accomplished musician, he has done credit to Ireland, we have given him a niche in our gallery. Do, then, look at his portrait once more, and say whether you ever saw a better likeness.

WORDSWORTH'S LIFE.

It was our pleasant task, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, in an early number of this journal, to give an account of Wordsworth's "Yarrow Revisited," and his poem then published.* The reverential feeling which we then had an opportunity of expressing, was one that had grown up with us from what we may call our childhood, for accidental circumstances of early life had made us familiar with the "Lyrical Ballads" long before the name of Wordsworth was everywhere held in honour. His poems, and the poems of Coleridge, in that collection, we were as perfectly acquainted with as it was possible for us to be with works which it requires thoughtful manhood perfectly to appreciate. Coleridge's poems we had known long before we knew his name, which was not communicated in the edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," in which we first read his "ANCIENT MARINER," and "LOVE;" and we think we cannot err in saying, that at that very early period, whether it is that the wonderful has for childhood charms that nothing else possesses, and that we are then living in a state that is for ever engaged in anticipation, and therefore will not be satisfied with anything that does not speak of more than earth, these poems of Coleridge's were to us what gave the great interest to the book. Of Wordsworth's part of it the portion which now gives us most delight was then held by us as of lower account. They were the days, in which, of the Bible, the Apocalypse was our favourite book, and this for its wonders, which were realities to our imagination; and the Song of Solomon, than which language has nothing more beautiful. The time of life had not arrived in which men find more pleasure in "Proverbs," and in "Ecclesiastes." Our first knowledge of the name of Coleridge was some years after, when the first verses which we saw, knowing them to be his, were passages which he had contributed to Southey's "Joan of Arc." These, though, we believe, written at an ear-

lier period than the poems published by Wordsworth, did not fall into our hands till somewhat a later date. Why do we mention all this?—partly, because it is pleasanter to write without any reserve—partly, because it may be worth while to state that, in our estimate of Wordsworth, we are not in the circumstances of those with whom it is likely to be varied, either for praise or blame, by ever having had prejudices to overcome. If he has triumphed over the views of style which rendered it almost impossible to express any sentiment in verse, without disfiguring it by artificial diction, we can scarcely be perfect judges of what he has done in this way, as we happen to have been acquainted with his works before we met any of those written in the style of which he complains, and of which we learn more from his own prefaces than from any other source of information. In judging of his own style, we compare him with the living, and not with the dead—with Spenser, with Cowley, with Milton, not with the Rosa Matildas, and Merricks, of whom really nothing whatever would be known by any one, but for Gifford's verse and Wordsworth's prose; and of whom, in their days of the flesh, a good deal less was thought than the satirist and the poet persuaded themselves.

That Wordsworth, however, has exercised greater influence on English poetical literature than any man of our days, may be safely affirmed. Without seeking to determine the place which he shall ultimately be regarded as holding, when considered relatively to Byron and to Scott, we cannot but assign to him greater influence on the writers, if not on the readers, of poetry, than either of those great masters possessed; and in the case of Byron, if we were to divide his poems, as the German critics do those of their Schiller, into periods corresponding with his progress in the art, the poems of some three or four years commencing with "Manfred," and the third canto of

* See Dublin University Magazine (for June, 1835), Vol. V., p. 680.

"Childe Harold" speak in every line of his successful study of Wordsworth. It was we think, however, but a stage in his progress; for with what are, properly speaking, his dramatic works, "Manfred" cannot be classed. In "Sardanapalus," and the "'Two Foscari," for instance, he has passed into a wholly new style; and in the passages of "Don Juan," in which he is true to himself and his better genius—for in truth, some of the latter cantos are not merely unworthy of him, but absolutely worthless, and little better than mere gin-and-water—the style is absolutely his own, never suggesting any other writer.

Of Wordsworth, however, it is our business now to speak. His works cannot but be for many years a study with all persons who cultivate poetry as an art; and the formation and education of a mind producing such effects on so many, is a subject of interest to all men.

The volumes before us can scarcely be called his biography.* Of incident in a life so uneventful as his, there was little to relate. The circumstances in which his poems were created, and the history, which it may be possible now to recover, and only now, that accompanied each, and that cannot but be, if recovered, useful for the purpose of perfectly understanding it, it would be desirable for us to have recorded. This could only be done by a person possessing such opportunities as his nephew, who has drawn up this memoir, appears to have possessed; and even, with such opportunities, in order that the work should be at all satisfactorily accomplished, it would be absolutely necessary that the biographer should have some knowledge of the art which was Wordsworth's great distinction. No biographer could have been selected, in this particular case, combining almost all the qualifications desirable, in so high a degree, as Hartley Coleridge; but death removed him a few months before Wordsworth. The volumes before us are valuable—not as valuable as they might have been—but are certainly valuable, as often giving us passages from the journals of Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister, and some dictated to the author by

the poet himself, who was aware of his intention of publishing this memoir, and approved of the design. The book may be regarded rather as a comment on the poems, than a formal biography.

Wordsworth's grandfather was the first of the name of Wordsworth who settled in the border country. The name, however, existed in Yorkshire, and from the Yorkshire family that of the poet traces its descent. An almshouse, or oak-press, of the date of 1525, was given to Wordsworth by Colonel Beaumont, an inscription on which describes it as made for a William Wordsworth of that time. Wordsworth's mother died in the year 1778, and his father when the poet was in his fourteenth year, and just returned from school at Hawkeshead, where he had been from his ninth year. Wordsworth's school-days were happy ones, for he could read whatever books he liked; and he read all Fielding's works, "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Gulliver's Travels," and the "Tale of a Tub." His first verses, which are given here, were what we may describe as a finished poem, in which the more familiar cadences of Pope's versification are skilfully imitated; a poem in which there is nothing to remember, and nothing likely to offend the ear, and which we do not feel surprised at hearing was regarded as something wonderful by his schoolmaster and schoolfellows. These verses were followed by other school exercises, and their success led him to write a long poem, running over his own adventures, and the scenery of the country in which he had been brought up.

In 1787, he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, of which College his maternal uncle, Dr. Cookson, had been a Fellow. The master, Dr. Chevallier, died soon after; but we must give this part of his life from the poet's own account:—

"In the month of October, 1787, I was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, of which my uncle, Dr. Cookson, had been a Fellow. The Master, Dr. Chevallier, died very soon after; and, according to the custom of that time, his body, after being placed in the coffin, was removed to the hall of the college, and the pall,

* "Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, D.C.L." By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Moxon, 1851.

spread over the coffin, was stuck over by copies of verses, English or Latin, the composition of the students of St. John's. My uncle seemed mortified when upon inquiry he learnt that none of those verses were from my pen, 'because,' said he, 'it would have been a fair opportunity for distinguishing yourself.' I did not, however, regret that I had been silent on this occasion, as I felt no interest in the deceased person, with whom I had had no intercourse, and whom I had never seen but during his walks in the college grounds.

"When at school, I, with the other boys of the same standing, was put upon reading the first six books of Euclid, with the exception of the fifth; and also in algebra I learnt simple and quadratic equations; and this was for me unlucky, because I had a full twelvemonth's start of the freshmen of my year, and accordingly got into rather an idle way; reading nothing but classic authors according to my fancy, and Italian poetry. My Italian master was named Isola, and had been well acquainted with Gray the poet. As I took to these studies with much interest, he was proud of the progress I made. Under his correction I translated the Vision of Mirza, and two or three other papers of the 'Spectator' into Italian. In the month of August, 1790, I set off for the Continent, in companionship with Robert Jones, a Welshman, a fellow-collegian. We went staff in hand, without knapsacks, and carrying each his needments tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, with about £20 a-piece in our pockets. We crossed from Dover and landed at Calais on the eve of the day when the king was to swear fidelity to the new constitution: an event which was solemnised with due pomp at Calais. On the afternoon of that day we started and slept at Ardres. For what seemed best to me worth recording in this tour, see the 'Poem of my own Life.'

"After taking my degree in January, 1791, I went to London, stayed there some time; and then visited my friend Jones, who resided in the Vale of Clwydd, North Wales. Along with him I made a pedestrian tour through North Wales, for which also see the Poem.

"In the autumn of 1791 I went to Paris, where I stayed some little time, and then went to Orleans, with a view of being out of the way of my own countrymen, that I might learn to speak the language fluently. At Orleans, and Blois, and Paris, on my return, I passed fifteen or sixteen months. It was a stirring time. The king was dethroned when I was at Blois, and the massacres of September took place when I was at Orleans. But for these matters see also the poem. I came home before the exe-

cution of the king, and passed the subsequent time among friends in London and elsewhere, till I settled with my only sister at Racedown in Dorsetshire, in the year 1796.

"Here we were visited by Mr. Coleridge, then residing at Bristol; and for the sake of being near him when he had removed to Nether-Stowey, in Somersetshire, we removed to Alfoxden, three miles from that place. This was a very pleasant and productive time of my life. Coleridge, my sister, and I, set off on a tour to Linton and other places in Devonshire; and in order to defray his part of the expense, Coleridge on the same afternoon commenced his poem of the 'Ancient Mariner,' in which I was to have borne my part, and a few verses were written by me, and some assistance given in planning the poem; but our styles agreed so little, that I withdrew from the concern, and he finished it himself.

"In the course of that spring I composed many poems, most of which were printed at Bristol, in one volume, by my friend, Joseph Cottle, along with Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' and two or three other of his pieces.

"In the autumn of 1798, Mr. Coleridge, a friend of his, Mr. Chester, my sister, and I, crossed from Yarmouth to Hamburgh, where we remained a few days, and saw, several times, Klopstock the poet. Mr. Coleridge and his friend went to Ratzburg, in the north of Germany, and my sister and I preferred going southward; and for the sake of cheapness, and the neighbourhood of the Hartz Mountains, we spent the winter at the old imperial city of Goslar. The winter was perishing cold—the coldest of this century; and the good people with whom we lodged told me one morning that they expected to find me frozen to death, my little sleeping room being immediately over an archway. However, neither my sister nor I took any harm.

"We returned to England in the following spring, and went to visit our friends the Hutchinsons, at Sockburn-on-Tees, in the county of Durham, with whom we remained till the 19th of December. We then came, on St. Thomas's Day, the 21st, to a small cottage at Town-end, Grasmere, which, in the course of a tour some months previously with Mr. Coleridge, I had been pleased with, and had hired. This we furnished for about a hundred pounds, which sum had come to my sister by a legacy from her uncle Crackanthorp.

"I fell to composition immediately, and published, in 1800, the second volume of the 'Lyrical Ballads.'

"In the year 1802, I married Mary

friend from Italy. But the privacy of the interior shall not be invaded. Suffice to say that in the old hall or dining-room stands the ancestral almy brought from Penistone; and here are engravings of poets—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Ben Johnson, and Milton—and also of the royal children,—a gift from her most gracious Majesty the Queen to the Poet Laureate.”

In the library are pictures by Sir George Beaumont, illustrating Wordsworth's poems of “The Thorn,” and “The White Doe of Rylstone.” In the adjoining room is the portrait which suggested the poem, which commences with the line, “Beguiled into forgetfulness of care,” and which, in his edition of the poems before us, is numbered 48, of the class entitled, “Poems of Sentiment and Reflection.” On the staircase is a picture, brought from Italy by his son, and which is mentioned in a sonnet of Wordsworth's, beginning with the lines—

“Giordino, verily thy pencil's skill
Hath here pourtrayed, with Nature's happiest grace,
The fair Endymion, couched on Latmos' hill.”

Opposite is an engraving from Haydon's picture of “The Duke of Wellington upon the field of Waterloo;” and further on is the cuckoo clock, still “warbling its *wood*-notes wild” as when, in sleepless nights, it cheered the poet.

We have said that the poet's family derive their descent from the Wordsworths of Penniston, in Yorkshire. Pedigrees and heraldic information of one kind or other on the subject is given, from letters to the poet by Mr. Joseph Hunter, together with extracts from his history of Doncaster. The connexion between the Yorkshire family and that of the poet is, we think, sufficiently established by the existence of the same Christian names; but there is nothing which could be regarded as absolute evidence on the subject, or which would give much aid were a question of title or property depending. The name is given from the middle of the fourteenth century, with different variations of spelling:—Wadsworth, Wardesworth, Wurdysworth, are some of the forms; but Wordesworth, or Wordsworth, seems the original, of which the others are

varieties. On an old oak chest, of Henry the Eighth's day, which was found at Penniston, and given to the poet, the spelling is Wordesworth. In Percy's “Reliques,” in his notes to the “Dragon of Wantley,” we have a Wordesworth described as cousin to the dragon. The old ballad is an amusing one. Under the guise of an encounter with the dragon, is told the story of a lawsuit, in which the question of the right to tithes was tried and determined. We do not think that any one reading the poem without the notes, could ever conjecture its subject; and even with all the assistance that the notes give, there is much which remains doubtful.

Wharncliffe Lodge and Wharncliffe Wood are in the parish of Penniston. Wharncliffe is also called Wantley. The rectory of Penniston was part of the dissolved monastery of St. Stephen's, and was granted to the Duke of Norfolk's family. He endowed therewith an hospital at Sheffield. The trustees of the hospital let the impropriate tithes to the Wortley family. Nicholas Wortley, under this grant, sought to take the tithes in kind; but the parishioners established a modus. The vicarage of Penniston did not go with the rectory. It was purchased from Queen Elizabeth by the Bosville family; and, under some conveyance from them, was, at the time of the ballad, in the possession of a family of the name of Rowlestowne.

The Dragon of Wantley was the great tithe-devouring Wortley:—

“This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon his shoulder,
With a sting in his tail as long as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws; and in his jaws
Four-and-forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.
“All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat;
Some say he ate of trees,
And that the forests here he would
Devour up by degrees;
For houses and churches were to him geese
and turkeys;
He ate all, and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, which he couldn't
crack,
Which on the hills you will find.”

The omnivorous dragon, having disposed of houses and churches as if they were titheable articles, left some stones

behind. This, it is conjectured, alludes to the *Rollstones*, whose claims interfered with his. *More*, of *More-Hall*, is described as the conqueror of the dragon. *More*, of *More-Hall*, at the time when the note in Percy's ballad was written, still attended at the Manor Court of Oxspring, and paid a rose a-year. It is not improbable that the custom is still continued. In Mr. Hunter's letter he mentions that he had seen the document by which the parishioners pledged themselves to each other as to resisting Wortley's claim to tithes, and that it contains the names of several Wordsworths. "The Dragon," however, it would appear, "persuaded his cousin Wordesworth not to join the refractory parishioners, under a promise that he would let him have his tithes cheap; and now the estates of Wortley and Wordesworth are the only lands that pay tithes in the parish."*

Wordsworth's relationship to the Dragon has carried us farther than we could have wished, but a reference to Percy's "Reliques" will be forgiven by every one that cares about Wordsworth.

These cousins of the Dragon of Wantley were land-proprietors in Yorkshire, and were in all probability regarded themselves as having in them something of dragon blood, and might be not unnaturally typified and described under some such mystical character. Mortal men called them tax-gatherers and special attorneys, dreaded and feared more than any other of the old dragon brood. Little of the sentimental, we even, is recorded of this iron-hearted tribe. There were farmers, too, in this line of probable ancestors; but on the whole we think the record might have been spared. The poet was himself the first of the family that can be described as bearing a name of any public interest. If there was any evidence leading to the inference that the family was of Saxon descent, and that it was settled, as the poet wished to believe, in a particular part of the country before the Saxon conquest, we think such fact worth recording; but, in reality, there is little to support this notion. In the notes to the passage we have quoted from Percy, Wordsworth is a name of

place as well as of person; in such case the probability is, that the place gives its name to the family who may occupy it; and we think there is no reasonable ground for much inference of any kind. On such a subject, before the time when surnames were fixed, John of the Hill and Thomas of the Dale might, in such days, have been brothers, though Hill and Dale would in a generation or two, become distinguishing words; and at such a period, the man who farmed the lands of Oakville would have been called by the name of the lands, as also would, his successor of a different family, if they had passed into other hands. The relation indicated by such names in these earlier days is not that of birth or blood; and except that, in the poorer parts of the country, there is little means or little motive to leave the locality in which a family finds itself placed, the evidence of identity of name would be far from conclusive of identity of blood. The Wordsworths of Cumberland and Westmorland seem, however, to have been derived from those of Yorkshire, and in spite of our heretical doubts as to the importance of such minute records as the Canon of Westminster has printed of the Wordsworths of the last century, or two, we should be glad he had given us an engraving of the old alms-house which was sent from Yorkshire to the poet.

We have said that this biography is chiefly valuable as illustrative of the poems of Wordsworth, and it is probable that it will be read very much as connected with "The Prelude," a poem published since the author's death, but written in his thirty-fifth or thirty-sixth year. In that poem, rather than in his nephew's work, will the reader look for descriptions of Wordsworth's earlier life, as the professed object of the work was to record the results of a self-examination into his own mind, as effected by outward incidents. The purpose of this examination is to enable him to determine whether he has, from nature and from education, such powers and such accomplishments as may justify him in devoting his life to poetry, as his proper vocation. He tells of many interesting purposes—plans of epic, and ly-

rical, and philosophical narrative, and —disquisition—all broken off from either some fault in the subject chosen,

or from a distrust in his own powers, till there seemed to him danger that life would pass away in mere listlessness.

“ Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
And from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams? For this, didst thou,
O, Derwent! winding among grassy holms,
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music, that composed my thoughts
To more than infant softness, giving me,
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind,
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves,
When he had left the mountains, and received
On his smooth breast, the shadow of those towers
That yet survive, a shattered monument
Of feudal sway; the bright blue river passed
Along the margin of our terrace walk;
A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved.
Oh! many a time have I, a five years' child,
In a small mill-race, severed from his stream,
Made one long bathing of a summer's day;
Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked again
Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured
The sunny fields, leaping through flowering groves
Of yellow ragwort; or when rock and hill,
The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty height
Were bronzed with deepest radiance, stood alone
Beneath the sky, as if I had been born
On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut
Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport
A naked savage, in a thunder shower.”

Prelude, Book I.

The scenery of the neighbourhood in which he was born, and that of the part of the country where his childhood and youth were passed, is faithfully described by him in the biographical poem, and with an effect which could not be attained in prose. Prose, however, has also its proper province, and it is able to tell some things which verse, cast even in the humblest and most familiar mould, refuses to relate. Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770. He was the second son of John Wordsworth, an attorney—law agent of the then Lord Lonsdale—and of Anne his wife. Anne Cookson was descended through the maternal line from a family which numbered among its members Richard Crackanthorpe, D.D., a learned divine of the days of James the First, whose books still are found in the lower shelves of public libraries, and some of which will probably reappear, if the study of the civil law should ever resume in these

countries its proper place, as a necessary part of a gentleman's education. He was born in a large mansion (the property of Lord Lonsdale) on the left hand side of the road as you enter Cockermouth from Workington. His birth-place is mentioned by him in two poems, composed in 1833, which assume the form of the sonnet, a form in which he was fond of casting his thoughts, and in which, where he expresses habitual feeling, his language is, to our minds, far more happy than in his blank verse, which, like Chalmers's prose, is apt to run into diffuseness.

Of Wordsworth's father we remember but one mention in his works, and that tells us nothing distinctive. He died in the year 1783, while the poet was still a schoolboy. He had supported his family by his professional income, and, except an unsettled account with Lord Lonsdale, he left his family little or nothing. His demand, amounting to several thousand pounds,

was resisted, and remained unpaid during the life of the Earl, whose debt it was. It was paid, some nineteen years after the death of Wordsworth's father, by the late Lord Lonsdale. The early years of Wordsworth and his brother were years of anxiety, arising from straitened income. The traces of the first eight or nine years of his life are imperfect. His maternal grandparents lived at Penrith, and on his visits to them he was under the care of the "Dame" of Penrith. We have Wordsworth's own reference to her modes of teaching:—

"The old *dame* did not affect to make theologians or *logicians*, but she taught to read, and she practised the *memory* often, no doubt, by *rote*, but still the penalty was imposed. Something, perhaps, she explained, and left the rest to parents, to masters, and to the parson of the parish."

Among the old dame's pupils, for, like Shenston's schoolmistress, she imprisoned within the same room, girls and boys, was Mary Hutchinson, the poet's future wife. At Cockermouth he was taught by the Rev. Mr. Gilbanks; and it is said that from early childhood his father accustomed him to repeat passages from Shakspeare, Milton, and Spenser. In the "Pieces relating to Childhood," we have records of what he calls "a solemn image—his father's family." The language of these poems is often of a highly imaginative cast. It is of a man thinking for himself, speaking to himself, scarce conscious that he has an audience. The rainbow which he beholds in manhood is the same exulting, exhilarating image that it was in infancy—"the heart leaps up" as of old. In this poem it is that we have the expression, so often repeated, of "the boy is father of the man"—and the feelings in which he wishes his days to be united to each other, as if they were one; nothing to make one period of life discrepant from that which has gone before or that which is to follow.

"The boy is father of the *man*,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each in natural piety."

The poem, "to a Butterfly," is still more beautiful; not more truthful, but is expressive of a truth more deli-

cate, less appreciated, but not less true:—

"Stay near me, do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me! do not yet depart,
Dead times revive in thee,
Thou bring'st—gay creature as thou art!
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family!"

"Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time when, in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey; with leaps and springs,
I followed on from brake to brush,
But she, God love her, feared to brush
The dust from off its wings."

There is another poem written in the same year with this last, which, in the editions of Wordsworth before us, is arranged with the poems founded on the affections. As this classification is Wordsworth's own, references to it ought to be preserved, but when a new edition of the poems is called for, we trust that they may be given to us, as far as possible, in chronological order, and without reference to a system which could not have been thought of when the poems were written, and which is certainly illogical, and, we think, for any purpose, useless. This other poem, to the Butterfly, is also one of great beauty. It began in the old editions—

"I've watched you now a *full* half hour"—

language which seems to us truer to the thought intended to be expressed than that substituted in the edition of 1836:—

"I've watched you now a short half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!"

"This plot of orchard-ground is ours;
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now."

The sister Emmeline of these poems was the poet's sister Dorothy. The death of Wordsworth's mother disconnected this brother and sister for a few years.

"Dorothy Wordsworth was removed from Cockermouth to Penrith, the residence of her maternal grandfather; and eventually she was educated mainly at Halifax, under the care of her mother's cousin, Miss Threlkeld, afterwards married to W. Rawson, Esq., of Millhouse, near Halifax. She also resided occasionally with Dr. Cookson, Canon of Windsor, her maternal uncle, at Fornett, and at Windsor."

On his mother's death the poet was sent to school at Hawkeshead, in Lancashire. Hawkeshead is a market-town in the vale of Esthwaite; its immediate vicinity is Windermere. This school was founded by Archbishop Sandys, in the year 1585. It consists of a school-room on the ground-floor, some chambers on the first floor, in one of which is a library and a tablet recording the masters' names in succession. To this school Wordsworth was sent before he was ten years old. The poem on Matthew the Village Schoolmaster had reference to one of these masters:—

"And can it be,
That these two lines of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee?"

Wordsworth's school-time must have been a time of great happiness. He appears to have enjoyed exuberant health and spirits, and the arrangements of the school secured happiness as far as it can be secured by any arrangements. The boys were boarded in the village and neighbouring hamlets at the houses of *dames*. During Wordsworth's time the Rev. William Taylor was one of the masters. He died while Wordsworth was at the school, and he is the subject of many of Wordsworth's most beautiful poems, "The Fountain," "Matthew," "The Two April Meetings." These have been long familiar to Wordsworth's readers, and the later editions of his works have added to the poems of this class, which relate to Taylor, or "Matthew," as he is called in these verses. Taylor seems to have loved poetry;

over his tomb was inscribed, by his command, a stanza from Gray's "Elegy."

The *dame* with whom Wordsworth lodged was Anne Tyson. Anne Tyson is also the subject of affectionate verse. He describes his return to Esthwaite from Cambridge in summer vacation—the delight with which he again beheld all that he had left some half year before, and the new aspect they assumed to him when seen in contrast to what had met his eye in the interval:—

"With another eye
I saw the quiet woodman in the woods,
The shepherd roam the hills. With new delight
This chiefly did I note, my gray-haired dame;
Saw her go forth to church or other work
Of state, equipped in monumental trim;
Short velvet cloak (her bonnet of the like),
A mantle such as Spanish cavaliers
Wore in old time. Her smooth, domestic life,
Affectionate, without disquietude,
Her talk, her business pleased me; and no less
Her clear though shallow stream of piety,
That run on Sabbath days a fresher course;
With thoughts unfelt till now, I saw her read
Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,
And loved the book, when she had dropped
asleep,
And made of it a pillow for her head."*

In 1787, Wordsworth entered St. John's College, Cambridge. He came but ill-prepared by previous study for the place. It is not possible to think of Wordsworth as at any time an idler, but he was impatient of studies which were disregarded by all but a few. The attendance on college chapel exacted from the students was neglected by the fellows, and their disregard of the statutes made the devotional exercises seem to him but forms of hollow and profane hypocrisy—"he resented it as an affront to himself and to his fellow-students, as members of the academic body." His nephew tells us that his then feeling was a wish to suspend the daily service in these chapels, but that, in after years, his views changed on this subject. His own intellectual course was one entirely devious from that which his college would direct. His last college vacation was passed among the Alps, and the week before he took his degree was spent in reading "Clarissa

Harlowe." That there is some wisdom in regulated studies was, however, the result to which his mind came in its latter years. To one of his nephews, an undergraduate, he gave the advice, "Don't trouble yourself with reading modern authors at present, confine your attention to ancient classical writers; make yourself master of them, and then you will come down to us." To another he expressed anxiety that his son should seek university honours.

In his biographical poem Wordsworth had told of the sort of companionship which he had created for himself, after the tumultuous time of boyish sports had passed, with mountains and streams, and all that in nature appears to assume something of personality. These enduring things aided him in apprehending a something permanent to which he sought to mould his character, and by which, as it seemed to him, his animal being was sobered down and subdued. When he first went to the university, his total distaste for the studies there pursued fostered in him the habit of solitary musing; but society and its demands grew on him. This can only be told in his own language, and, while we are on the subject, though nothing can be happier than occasional forms of expression, and though we are led on through the poem with a feeling of interest throughout, we cannot but feel that the style wants condensation; that parenthesis crowded on parenthesis, always in the thought, often in the expression, leaves the mind loaded and oppressed; that in short the poem ought to have been abridged by the omission of fully one-half of the verbiage of almost every passage in it. The fatal facility of the octosyllabic has been spoken of by a poet as a dangerous temptation. The never-ending continuity of blank verse

"That flows, and, as it flows, for ever would flow on,"

is infinitely worse. Clarendon's prose, with its periods of half-a-mile, has strength and vigour in comparison; and your chance of a fact keeps attention watchful and engaged, whereas, with mere sentiments, there is fear of falling asleep. It is, we think, a thing, in its ultimate result, unfortunate for Wordsworth's fame that he has written so much in blank verse.

His rhymed poetry, and particularly in such poems as required him to pack up what he had in small parcels, is much more successful than when we have him in the character of the pedlar displaying his goods in full sunlight, and with unmeasured length of time and space before him. Still what we have let us enjoy, instead of fancying how it might be improved. On his passing to Cambridge, the poet tells us:—

"I had made a change
In climate, and my nature's outward coat
Changed also slowly and insensibly.
Full oft the quiet and exalted thoughts
Of loneliness gave way to empty noise
And superficial pastimes; now and then
Forced labour, and more frequently forced
hopes;
And, worst of all, a treasonable growth
Of indecisive judgments, that impaired
And shook the mind's simplicity. And yet
This was a gladsome time. Could I behold—
Who, less insensible than sodden clay
In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,
Could have beheld—with undelighted heart,
So many happy youths, so wide and fair
A congregation in its budding-time
Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at once
So many divers samples from the growth
Of life's sweet season—could have seen un-
moved
That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers
Decking the matron samples of a place
So famous through the world? To me, at
least,
It was a goodly prospect: for, in sooth,
Though I had learnt betimes to stand un-
propped,
And independent musings pleased me so
That spells seemed on me when I was alone,
Yet could I only cleave to solitude
In lonely places; if a throng was near
That way I leaned by nature; for my heart
Was social, and loved idleness and joy.

"Not seeking those who might participate
My deeper pleasures (nay, I had not once,
Though not unused to mutter lonesome songs,
Even with myself divided such delight,
Or looked that way for aught that might be
clothed

In human language), easily I passed
From the remembrances of better things,
And slipped into the ordinary works
Of careless youth, unburthened, unalarmed.
Caverns there were within my mind which
sun

Could never penetrate, yet did there not
Want store of leafy *arbours* where the light
Might enter in at will. Companionships,
Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome all.
We sauntered, played, or rioted; we talked
Unprofitable talk at morning hours;
Drifted about along the streets and walls,

Read lazily in trivial books, went forth
To gallop through the country in blind zeal
Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast
Of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the stars
Come forth, perhaps without one quiet
thought."

The feeling that he was in a scene hallowed by great names, was, however, one that pressed strongly on his mind. His mind, like theirs, whatever its individual power and range, was subdued by the spirit of the place.

"I could not always lightly pass
Through the same gateways, sleep where
they had slept,
Wake when they waked, range that inclosure old,
That garden of great intellects undisturbed.
Place also by the side of this dark sense
A noble feeling, that those spiritual men,
Even the great Newton's own ethereal self,
Seemed humbled in these precincts, thence
to be
The more endeared. Their several memories here
(Even like their persons in their portraits
clothed
With the accustomed garb of daily life)
Put on a lowly and a touching grace
Of more distinct humanity, had left
All genuine admiration unimpaired."

Chaucer, and Spenser, and Milton, are among the great names which are connected with Cambridge, giving and receiving honour. Wordsworth tells, in touching language, of his veneration for the two first. Of Milton he informs us that one of his acquaintances occupied the chambers which had been Milton's; and that he, William Wordsworth, the sage, the temperate, the water-drinker, was, on some occasion, at his friend's rooms, where he drank to Milton's memory,

"Till pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before or since"—

and that he ran off to chapel in a state of intoxication, to the surprise of the townsfolk, and the scandal of porters and beadles. The poem, in which this is recorded, is addressed to Coleridge, and he expresses a strong belief that the spirit of Milton will forgive him, and that Coleridge will not be very angry.

Whatever Wordsworth may have done, or left undone, at college, there can be little doubt that he learned

a good deal more in the vacations than in term time, and that of his academic years, the months passed furthest from his academy were the most fruitful. They were spent, during the first two years, in rambling through some of the most beautiful parts of England, or visiting the scenes of his boyhood. At Penrith, on the southern frontier of Cumberland, his mother's relatives lived, and here he again had the society of that sister mentioned in the poems descriptive of childhood, and of his future wife. In the immediate neighbourhood was Brougham Castle.

No reader of Wordsworth can have forgotten *The Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, which gives to Emont its name in song:—

"High in the breathless hall the minstrel
sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the
song."

His last College vacation was passed in rambling through France and Switzerland.

Wordsworth had written verses of no ordinary merit at school. The time passed at Cambridge appears to have been a period in which, if the mind was acquiring stores of thought, it yet did not exhibit any fruits. He did nothing in College studies; and there is no evidence of any fixed occupation of his own. In the year 1793, however, appeared two poems which showed power of a high kind; the one, "An Evening Walk," in England, addressed to his sister; the other, "Descriptive Sketches" of foreign scenery, addressed to the companion of his last vacation's rambles. Both are pleasing poems; the style in both elaborately wrought out. We are reminded, when reading it, of other poets, by something of a manner between that of Goldsmith and Johnson—more apparently artificial than Goldsmith, and with truer delicacy of touch than Johnson. The style is, we think, a more perfect one, though of less compass and variety than that of his after poems.

These poems had but small sale. Among the few into whose hands they fell was Coleridge:—

"During the last year of my residence at Cambridge I became acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's 'Descriptive Sketches,' and seldom, if ever, was the

emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced.”*

The early part of the year 1791 Wordsworth passed in London. The summer months were occupied in rambling through Wales in company with Mr. Jones, the companion of his last year's tour. In September we find him at Cambridge, thinking of taking holy orders. He is not, however, of age for ordination, and in November of that year he visited France.

“He set out on this journey without any companion; and at that time he had a very imperfect acquaintance with the French language. France was then in a state of revolution. In November, 1791, the month when he landed in France, the National Assembly met; the party of Madame Roland and the Brissotins were in the ascendant; the war of La Vendée was raging; the army was in favour of a constitutional monarchy; Dumourier was Minister of the Exterior; a German army was hovering on the French frontier; popular sedition was fomented by the Girondists in order to intimidate the government and overawe the crown. In the following year, 1792, the sanguinary epoch of the revolution commenced; committees of public safety struck terror into the hearts of thousands; the king was thrown into the prison of the Temple; the massacres of September, perpetrated by Danton and his associates to daunt the invading army and its adherents, deluged Paris with blood; the convention was constituted; monarchy was abolished; a rupture ensued between the Gironde and the Montagne; Robespierre arose; Deism was dominant; the influence of Brissot and of the Girondists was on the decline; and in a short time they were about to fall victims to the power which they themselves had created.”

In the “Excursion,” in the “Prelude,” and in several of the occasional poems, we have descriptions of the state of exulting feeling which possessed him in common with all generous natures, whose hopes had not been damped as to good being effected on earth through any pervading change in the spirit which governs mankind, by that experience which old men are pretty sure to attain.

“Before him shone a glorious world
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
To music suddenly.
He looked upon the hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.”

After a few days passed in Paris he went to Orleans, from Orleans to Blois, and in the autumn of 1792 returned to Paris, which he reached after the September massacres: the King was now in prison, and the tragedy was deepening. Wordsworth wished to remain in Paris, but domestic circumstances recalled him to England, to which country he returned at the close of 1792.

Wordsworth returned to England with political feelings that rendered it difficult, if not impossible, for him to pursue his purpose of taking orders. In politics he was a republican; a decided enemy to an hereditary monarchy and to an hereditary peerage, and to all social distinctions except what the elective voice of a free people was disposed to give. What his theological opinions were is not communicated, still it is no harsh inference to imagine that his mind was not in the state in which a conscientious man would wish to sign articles of religion. From violence and from revolution, however, he recoiled, and he was shocked by the strange excesses of France. The King however, had not yet been murdered, and England was as yet neuter, but on the King's death the case became altered. This state of things, and their effect on the poet's mind, is described in the “Prelude.” His spirit is

“Overcast by dark
Imaginations, sense of woes to come,
Sorrow for human kind and pain of heart.”

Others had anticipated immediate and perfect success to the irresistible arms of England and the allies united against the regicide republic. Wordsworth, who had known the state of feeling in France by personal observation, had little doubt of a long and perhaps inglorious conflict. The state of feeling is which he was is described by him in the poem called “Guilt and Sorrow.”

He decided against taking orders, and “as for the law,” he says, “I had

* Coleridge, “*Biographia Literar*,”

neither strength of mind, purse, or a constitution for that pursuit." He passed his time in what seemed to be idle and unfixed pursuits, with little object of any kind before him, till his pecuniary means were on the eve of exhaustion, and he was looking for employment from a London newspaper, when a dying friend, not connected with him by birth or by common intellectual pursuits, but who saw reason to believe that, in ministering to his wants, he would probably be serving society, left him £900. This saved Wordsworth from being compelled to look round for bread to the precarious chances of literature, from which, if a man once engages in them, it is difficult ever to become disentangled, and, in some short time after, the debt due from the Lonsdales to his father's estate was discharged. At no time, then, does Wordsworth appear to have been under such pressure of circumstances as weighed down the spirit of Coleridge, and as kept Southey a day-labourer through the whole of his honoured life.

We are compelled to feel that, in these countries, literature is without its due honours and its due rewards, and yet every now and then there are revelations of generosity of conduct in individuals which satisfy us that more is done than would appear. Here is this case of Wordsworth. A young man, on whom he can be scarcely said to have a claim, is quick-eyed enough to perceive the man of genius in the boy who is moving about without settled aim or object, and to the provident care of Mr. Calvert he owes

"Many years of early liberty."

"This care was thine when sickness did condemn

Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem,
That I, if frugal and severe, might stray
Where'er I liked, and finally array
My temples with the Muses' diadem."

We learn from Mr. De Quincey that this young man's brother, a farmer, who might have disputed the legacy, felt it fitting to confirm his brother's bounty. Coleridge was given by the Wedgewoods an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and Southey had an annuity as large or larger from a schoolfellow, till a pension from the crown enabled him to decline receiving it. Southey's own generosity, like

Scott's, was only limited by his very moderate means, and both, when they could not otherwise assist their less fortunate brethren, were in the habit of assisting them by devoting a portion of time, taken from what would seem very fully occupied days, to purchasing for them comforts which their own writings were unable to procure.

Mr. Calvert's bequest came in good time—a year later and Wordsworth would have been bird-limed by inextricable engagements with newspapers and reviews; would, instead of creating the glorious things he did, have been employed in analysing and comparing the good-for-nothing things of others, being "nothing if not critical;" would have been a Godwin, or a Hazlitt, more probably a Thelwall, narrowly escaping being hanged, instead of living to write sonnets in support of capital punishment.

In the autumn of 1795, we find Wordsworth and his sister residing together at Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne, in Dorsetshire. His sister speaks in her letters with delight of the scenery, and writing at another period says, "it is the place dearest to my recollection on the whole surface of the island—it was the first home I had."

Their studies were in common. She seems to have had the truer perception of the beauties of nature, and in the extracts from her journals we find the first germ of much that is most peculiar in Wordsworth. We are told of her reading half Davila and beginning Ariosto. Wordsworth corresponded with Wrangham, and appears to have been deeply engaged with "Imitations of Juvenal," which Wrangham wished to have printed, but Wordsworth repented having had anything to do with satire. In the same year he wrote the tragedy of "The Borderers," which was not published till nearly fifty years afterwards.

In June, 1797, Coleridge and Wordsworth first met. Coleridge was two and a half years younger than Wordsworth. Coleridge had already published some political harangues and essays, and had printed a volume of poems.

Miss Wordsworth's description of him at that period of his life will not be without interest:—

"You had a great loss in not seeing Coleridge. He is a wonderful man.

His conversation teems with mind, soul, and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good-tempered and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle. At first I thought him very plain, that is, for about three minutes: he is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth; longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair" (in both these respects a striking contrast to his friend Wordsworth, who in his youth had beautiful teeth and light brown hair). "But, if you hear him speak for five minutes you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but gray, such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind; it has more of 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead.

"The first thing that was read after he came was William's new poem, 'Ruined Cottage,' with which he was much delighted; and after tea he repeated to us two acts and a half of his tragedy, 'Osorio.' The next morning William read his tragedy, 'The Borderers.'"

Coleridge, in the course of the same year, writing from Stowey to Cottle, describes Dorothy Wordsworth:—

"Wordsworth and his exquisite sister are with me. She is a woman indeed, in mind I mean, and in heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman you would think her ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman you would think her pretty, but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her innocent soul out-beams so brightly, that who saw her would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her.' Her information various; her eye watchful in minutest observation of Nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer."

In August of the same year the Wordsworths moved to Alfoxden, to be near Coleridge:—

"'Here we are,' says Miss Wordsworth, in a letter to a friend, bearing the above date, 'in a large mansion, in a large park, with seventy head of deer around us. But I must begin with the day of leaving Racedown to pay Coleridge a visit. You know how much we were delighted with the neighbourhood of Stowey.' 'There is every thing there,' she says in a previous letter, 4th July, 1797, 'sea, woods wild as fancy ever painted, brooks clear and pebbly

as in Cumberland, villages so romantic; and William and I, in a wander by ourselves, found out a sequestered waterfall in a dell formed by steep hills covered with full-grown timber trees. The woods are as fine as those of Lowther, and the country more romantic; it has the character of the less grand parts of the neighbourhood of the lakes.' In her next letter (of August 14) Miss Wordsworth continues: 'The evening that I wrote to you, William and I had rambled as far as this house, and pryed into the recesses of our little brook, but without any more fixed thoughts upon it than some dreams of happiness in a little cottage, and passing wishes that such a place might be found out. We spent a fortnight at Coleridge's: in the course of that time we heard that this house was to let, applied for it, and took it. Our principal inducement was Coleridge's society. It was a month yesterday since we came to Alfoxden.

"The house is a large mansion, with furniture enough for a dozen families like ours. There is a very excellent garden, well stocked with vegetables and fruit. The garden is at the end of the house, and our favourite parlour, as at Racedown, looks that way. In front is a little court, with grass plot, gravel walk, and shrubs; the moss roses were in full beauty a month ago. The front of the house is to the south, but it is screened from the sun by a high hill which rises immediately from it. This hill is beautiful, scattered irregularly and abundantly with trees and topped with fern, which spreads a considerable way down it. The deer dwell here, and sheep, so that we have a living prospect. From the end of the house we have a view of the sea, over a woody meadow-country; and exactly opposite the window where I now sit is an immense wood, whose round top from this point has exactly the appearance of a mighty dome. In some parts of this wood there is an under grove of hollies which are now very beautiful. In a glen at the bottom of the wood is the waterfall of which I spoke, a quarter of a mile from the house. We are three miles from Stowey, and not two miles from the sea. Wherever we turn we have woods, smooth downs, and valleys with small brooks running down them, through green meadows, hardly ever intersected with hedgerows, but scattered over with trees. The hills that cradle these valleys are either covered with fern and bilberries, or oak woods, which are cut for charcoal. . . . Walks extend for miles over the hill-tops, the great beauty of which is their wild simplicity; they are perfectly smooth, without rocks.

"The Tor of Glastonbury is before

our eyes during more than half of our walk to Stowey; and in the park wherever we go, keeping about fifteen yards above the house, it makes a part of our prospect."

In this neighbourhood the "Lyrical Ballads" were projected by Wordsworth and Coleridge, each bearing somewhat a larger share in the different poems than is generally known. Of the "Ancient Mariner," some of the incidents were suggested, and a few of the stanzas were contributed, by Wordsworth; and Coleridge has a right to claim some lines in "We are seven." This kind of assistance could not but exist, where persons were living so entirely together, and so apart from others, as the two poets were now doing; and we are only surprised, that the respective parts are at all times distinguishable. Thelwall visited Coleridge here, and to this visit is to be ascribed the circumstance, that Coleridge believed his steps and Wordsworth's to have been dogged for months by a government spy, whom he has immortalised by the very worst pun on record. "They were speaking of me," said the red-nosed spy, "for I heard them speaking of spy-nosey." This was, probably, Coleridge's worst pun, and that is a great word.

It is probable the "Lyrical Ballads" would never have been published, but for Coleridge's connexion with Cottle, then a bookseller at Bristol, who still survives, and whose distinction it was to have published the early works of Southey, of Coleridge, and of Wordsworth. Thirty guineas seems to have been his price for a volume of poems. This was what he gave Wordsworth; and if we remember right, this was what Southey and Coleridge each got from him.

It is wholly impossible for us to compress the account, which Mr. Wordsworth gives from his uncle's dictation, of the circumstances in which each poem of the "Lyrical Ballads" originated; but this is the most interesting part of the book, and we think it will add very much to the interest of Wordsworth's poems, to study them with the assistance of this commentary. In fact, the poems cannot be studied as they deserve, without it; and, though we are not idolaters to the same extent as many of our friends, we think it impossible that any one

anxious to study our literature in its fulness, can omit to avail himself of every illustration he can find of poetry, that for the last fifty years has been the subject of continued discussion.

In September, 1798, Wordsworth, Wordsworth's sister, and Coleridge, left England for Germany. After passing a few days at Hamburg together, they parted company—Coleridge going for four months to Ratzeburgh; and after that, for five to Göttingen—Wordsworth and his sister to Brunswick, and from that to Goslar. While in Germany, Wordsworth appears to have unwisely occupied the time in writing poems, which ought to have been given to learning the language. Among other poems, written in Germany, was *Ruth*. The poems about "Matthew," to which we have before adverted, were written at this time.

"There was a boy: ye knew him well, ye
cliffs
And islands of Winonder"—

was also written at this period.

In the beginning of 1799, the Wordsworths returned to England. Before his return he had already commenced the biographical poem, which was published since his death, under the title of the "Prelude." Six books of it were written before 1805, and the rest in that year; that poem and these volumes of biography should be read together.

In the year 1799, the poet and his sister settled at Grasmere, where they resided for the next eight years.

The first edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" was exhausted, and early in 1800 a second edition of the first volume appeared, together with a new volume, consisting chiefly of the poems written in Germany. It is probable the editions were not very large. Their sale was slow, but still the volumes gradually disappeared, and they were reprinted in 1802 and 1805; and if little was gained by the publication, still there was no actual loss. Adverse criticism—provoked by a preface, which vindicated some peculiarities of the poet's style, which quarrelled with the traditionary poetical diction, and which illustrated its faults by extracts, selected from some of the most admired passages of Gray—was directed against a theory, not very distinctly stated, and even, where it was right, not very

well supported. Through the poems themselves there were, now and then, expressions of what seemed affected simplicity, which, to say the truth, in almost every instance, injured the poem in which they occurred, and which, though Wordsworth seemed very angry with the critics who exhibited them to the public gaze, were, for the most part, removed in each succeeding impression. The battle was about such things; the extracts presented to the public from his poems were, for the most part, of something containing verses emphatically feeble, and the most elaborate of our poets, whose diction, if not richer, is yet more loaded with foreign ornament than that of Akenside, or Cowper, or Thompson, or almost any other of the poets of his own rank, was represented as a puling egotist, babbling of green fields, in language of puerile imbecility, or infantine simplicity.

The interval from the time Wordsworth settled at Grasmere, to that of his marriage, finds a pleasing record in a journal of his sister's. His marriage took place on the 4th of October, 1802, and appears to have been as happy as is consistent with human life on earth. Such interruptions as arise from illnesses and deaths of children, this family, like every other, had occasionally to suffer; but it is scarce possible to imagine a family more united in love, and the perfect and entire belief which his sister and his wife had in the truth of Wordsworth's poetry, at a time that they had little evidence from the world beyond their own circle to confirm their faith, was of the utmost moment in assisting in the creation and the preservation of almost all that exists of his works. His sister, he is fond of recording, "gave him eyes, gave him ears," for much that he otherwise would not have seen or heard. And of the mere manual operation of writing he was so impatient, that had there not been the anxiety of his sister and his wife to write down from his dictation, what he had composed while walking or riding, it seems certain that most of what we now have must have utterly perished. Of future fame, never, probably, did poet think so little. The truth of his inspirations seems to have been the only object of his thought; and it is almost like a man composing for himself alone, that he casts his meditations into such shape

as to fall within what at first view would seem such formal divisions as poems of the Imagination, of the Fancy, of Sentiment, and Reflection; as if in the absence of any other audience, he regarded the separate faculties of his own mind as so many individual selves, each with its own distinct utterance, each embodied, apart, as it were, from the rest. If we may quote words in which something of what we would present to our readers has been expressed, the poet has

"watched each stirring of the heart
Till Sorrow, self-amused, smiles playfully,
Till Fancies vague seem gifted with strange
life,

Surprise the ear with voices of their own,
And shine distinct, and fair, and shadowless,
Self-radiant, on a self-illuminated stage,
Pure Forms, whose Being is the magic light
In which they move, all beauty! How it
hangs

Enamoured round them! In what tender
folds

The thin veil flowing in the sportive breeze
Of dallying thought returns and fondly stirs
The amber ringlets o'er each little brow,
Fans softly the blue veins, and lingering lies
Trembling and happy on the kindred cheek!"

It is probable that there are no domestic poems in our language of the same beauty as those in which Wordsworth refers to his married life. Spenser's Epithalamium, of which they sometimes remind us, soar to a higher heaven of imagination, and we are often removed from earth into a world of allegory, and wonder, and mystic love. Wordsworth's are human feelings. We have in his poems of this class individual features transfigured and idealized, but human affections, in which the heart rather than the imagination is occupied, are everywhere present. His thoughts are engaged by

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
In transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of angelic light."

In August, 1803, Wordsworth and his sister, with Coleridge, visited Scotland. Coleridge was in feeble health and dejected spirits, and soon separated from the party. Of that tour there are

several records in Wordsworth's poems, and to them his biographer has now added the exceedingly interesting journal of his sister. That journal adds much to the interest of the poems. Our contracting limits render it impossible for us to do more than say that Scott did the honours of Melrose; and it is a delightful thing to us to find, in all the letters and journals that each day brings to view, evidence of the great admiration and affection with which our great poets regarded each other. Whenever Coleridge is incidentally mentioned by either Wordsworth or his sister, it is in such a manner as to show with what real love he was regarded. Southey's correspondence is filled with similar proofs of regard for Coleridge and for Wordsworth; and Scott appears to have thought of all and each with admiration, while Southey would seem to us to have been more intimately and in a truer sense of the word his friend than any of the rest. Still the affection that each felt for the other is a delightful and a cordial thing to think of, as it shows a good chance of the proverbial jealousies of men of letters being soon utterly got rid of, and as little marring the peace of families as the accidents of professional success or employment disturb the fraternity of lawyers. After recording the incidents of the Scottish tour, our biographer devotes a chapter to the friendship of Wordsworth and Sir George Beaumont. This chapter is of great interest as containing some of Wordsworth's letters; one, of very great value, to Lady Beaumont, illustrative of some of the principles on which his poetry was written; and another to Sir George, in both of which he comments more freely, and more as if they were the words of another on passages of his own. This can seldom be gracefully done, but in letters to a friend it may, if anywhere; and we think the thorough understanding of the poems is greatly aided by such disquisition.

Wordsworth's head quarters continued at Grasmere, till 1813, with, however, some occasional changes of residence. Two of his children died at Grasmere; and this, conspiring with

other causes, made him remove from the neighbourhood. In the spring of 1813 he removed to *Rydalmount*, where he resided till his death in 1850. In that same year he was given the office of distributor of stamps in the county of Westmoreland. This raised his circumstances to easy competency. "He was," says his biographer, "released from anxiety, without forfeiting leisure and liberty; he was also left in his own picturesque county. In whose direct gift the office was we do not happen to know, but it was obtained through the intervention of Lord Lonsdale.

"It were much to be desired, that such situations as these were more numerous than they are, and that those which exist were more carefully conferred. They are better than pensions, as rewards for literary men; for they do not encourage the notion, that literary service of the highest order *can* be compensated by *money*, and they do not exhibit those who hold them as wearing the livery of a political party, or as stipendiaries of the state. It is no objection to say that some of them are almost *sinecures*. Mr. Wordsworth's office was by no means a sinecure, as his coadjutor and successor can attest. But, grant that some of these offices are sinecures: what then? A *sinecure*, which would have relieved Dante or Tasso from the cravings of penury, would have had a function attached to it of the noblest kind. Such sinecures (if such they must be called) are *more useful* to the public than *some laborious offices, the duties of which are discharged with bustling and restless activity.*"

In the course of the same year Wordsworth was enabled, as the immediate effect of this appointment, honourable to every one connected with the gift, to publish the great poem of our times, "THE EXCURSION." Soon after this appointment Wordsworth declined one much more lucrative, the collectorship of the town of Whitehaven. He had enough, and he sought no more.

It would be impossible for us to do justice to the volumes before us in such space as that to which we are necessarily limited. Some subjects* we must

* We had thought of bringing before our readers' notice, in connexion with these memoirs of Wordsworth, an exceedingly interesting review of the poetical literature of England during the last half century, by Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine* in the days of old. If we can at all find time for it, we shall recur to this little volume. Meantime we are anxious to direct attention to it, as a very pleasant and instructive book.

altogether omit; some future opportunity may arise of discussing Wordsworth's poetry; and should such arise, we shall be compelled to make much use of these instructive volumes. They are, in fact, rather a commentary on Wordsworth's works than an account of his life. That life, unvaried by incident, was one singularly happy; one, of which, even on that account, there could be little to record. The dates of his successive publications are the subjects of chief external interest. We wish we had room for a letter of great beauty, of the Rev. Mr. Graves's, describing the effect upon Wordsworth of the account of Coleridge's death. In one of Wordsworth's poems, where he speaks of Coleridge's death, he speaks with distinct anticipation of his own. But he survived for many years; and though to the last he was led to exercise the gift of poetry, his vigour seemed equal to that of his earlier day; while there was in the language, and yet more in the versification, of all his latter pieces, something of an autumnal colouring that added a beauty of its own to what was before beautiful. In this feeling are all the poems written which refer to his tour in Italy in 1837. This, too, remarkably distinguishes those in which the decline and death of Scott are alluded to.

Among the most beautiful of Wordsworth's poems is "The Triad," a poem in which he describes his daughter DORA, afterwards Mrs. Quillinan. Her death was one of his great afflictions.

"On Sunday, the 10th of March, 1850, Mr. Wordsworth attended divine service at Rydal Chapel, for the last time." In the afternoon of that day he set out to walk to Grasmere. "The weather was ungenial, with a keen wind from the north-east." He was lightly clad. On that day and the next, however, he walked out, and visited some friends. On the evening of Tuesday a friend called to drink tea at Rydal; but Wordsworth, feeling himself unwell, went early to bed. On the following Sunday, on which he completed his eightieth year, he was prayed for morning and evening in Rydal Church. On the 20th he received the holy communion; "and on or about that day Mrs. Wordsworth, wishing to communicate to him his approaching death, said, 'William, you are going to

Dora.' He made no reply at the time, and the words were supposed to have been unheard; but in more than twenty-four hours afterwards, one of his nieces came into the room, and was drawing aside the curtain of his chamber, and then, as if awaking from a quiet sleep, he said, 'Is that Dora?'"

We conclude the narrative in the language of his biographer:—

"Tuesday, April 23.—The report this morning was, 'Mr. Wordsworth is much the same.' . . . And so he remained till noon. . . . The entry in Mr. Quillinan's journal for this day is as follows: 'Mr. Wordsworth breathed his last calmly, passing away almost insensibly, exactly at twelve o'clock, while the cuckoo clock was striking the hour.'

"Wordsworth died on the same day as that on which Shakspeare was born, April 23, being also the day of Shakspeare's death.

"On Saturday, the 27th, his mortal remains, followed to the grave by his own family and a very large concourse of persons, of all ranks and ages, were laid in peace, near those of his children, in Grasmere churchyard. His own prophecy, in the lines—

" ' Sweet flower! belike one day to have
A place upon thy Poet's grave,
I welcome thee once more,'

is now fulfilled. He desired no splendid tomb in a public mausoleum. He reposes, according to his own wish, beneath the green turf, among the dalesmen of Grasmere, under the sycamores and yews of a country churchyard, by the side of a beautiful stream, amid the mountains which he loved; and a solemn voice seems to breathe from his grave, which blends its tones in sweet and holy harmony with the accents of his poetry, speaking the language of humility and love, of adoration and faith, and preparing the soul, by a religious exercise of the kindly affections, and by a devout contemplation of natural beauty, for translation to a purer, and nobler, and more glorious state of existence, and for a fruition of heavenly felicity."

We take leave of this book, thanking its author for what we regard as a very valuable commentary on Wordsworth's works—indispensable to any one wishing to form a perfect acquaintance with the most valuable poetry of the last half century.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A ROYALIST "DE LA VIEILLE ROCHE."

ON a hot and sultry day of June, I found myself seated in a country cart, and under the guard of two mounted dragoons, wending my way towards Kuffstein, a Tyrol fortress, to which I was sentenced as a prisoner. A weary journey was it; for in addition to my now sad thoughts, I had to contend against an attack of ague, which I had just caught, and which was then raging like a plague in the Austrian camp. One solitary reminiscence, and that far from a pleasant one, clings to this period. We had halted on the outskirts of a little village called "Brolletto," for the siesta; and there, in a clump of olives, were quietly dozing away the sultry hours, when the clatter of horsemen awoke us; and on looking up, we saw a cavalry escort sweep past at a gallop. The corporal who commanded our party hurried into the village to learn the news, and soon returned with the tidings that "a great victory had been gained over the French, commanded by Bonaparte in person; that the army was in full retreat; and this was the despatch an officer of Melas' staff was now hastening to lay at the feet of the Emperor."

"I thought several times this morning," said the corporal, "that I heard artillery; and so it seems I might, for we are not above twenty miles from where the battle was fought."

"And how is the place called?" asked I, in a tone sceptical enough to be offensive.

"Marengo," replied he; "mayhap the name will not escape your memory."

How true was the surmise, but in how different a sense from what he uttered it! But so it was; even as late as four o'clock the victory was with the Austrians. Three separate envoys had left the field with tidings of success; and it was only late at night that the General, exhausted by a disastrous day, and almost broken-hearted, could write to tell his master that "Italy was lost."

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I have many a temptation here to diverge from a line that I set down or myself in these memoirs, and from which as yet I have not wandered—I mean, not to dwell upon events wherein I was not myself an actor; but I am determined still to adhere to my rule; and leaving that glorious event behind me, plod wearily along my now sad journey.

Day after day we journeyed through a country teeming with abundance; vast plains of corn and maize, olives and vines everywhere: on the mountains, the crags, the rocks, festooned over cliffs, and spreading their tangled networks over cottages, and yet everywhere poverty, misery, and debasement, ruined villages, and a half-naked, starving populace met the eye at every turn. There was the stamp of slavery on all, and still more palpably was there the stamp of despotism in the air of their rulers.

I say this in a sad spirit; for within a year from the day in which I write these lines, I have travelled the self-same road, and with precisely the self-same objects before me. Changed in nothing, save what time changes, in ruin and decay! There was the dreary village as of yore; the unglazed windows closed with some rotten boarding, or occupied by a face gaunt with famine. The listless, unoccupied group still sat or lay on the steps before the church; a knot of nearly naked creatures sat card-playing beside a fountain, their unsheathed knives alongside of them; and lastly, on the wall of the one habitation which had the semblance of decency about it, there stared out the "double-headed eagle," the symbol of their shame and their slavery! It never can be the policy of a government to retard the progress and depress the energies of a people beneath its rule. Why, then, do we find a whole nation, gifted and capable as this, so backward in civilisation? Is the fault with the rulers? or are there, indeed, people, whose very de-

velopment is the obstacle to their improvement; whose impulses of right and wrong will submit to no discipline; and who are incapable of appreciating true liberty? This would be a gloomy theory; and the very thought of it suggests darker fears for a land to which my sympathies attach me more closely!

If any spot can impress the notion of impregnability, it is Kuffstein. Situated on an eminence of rock over the Inn, three sides of the base are washed by that rapid river, a little village occupies the fourth; and from this the supplies are hoisted up to the garrison above, by cranes and pulleys; the only approach being by a path wide enough for a single man, and far too steep and difficult of access to admit of his carrying any burthen, however light. All that science and skill could do is added to the natural strength of the position, and from every surface of the vast rock itself the projecting mouths of guns and mortars show resources of defence it would seem madness to attack.

Three thousand men, under the command of General Urleben, held this fortress at the time I speak of; and by their habits of discipline and vigilance, showed that no over-security would make them neglect the charge of so important a trust. I was the first French prisoner had ever been confined within the walls, and to the accident of my uniform was I indebted for this distinction. I have mentioned that in Genoa they gave me a staff-officer's dress and appointments, and from this casual circumstance it was supposed that I should know a great deal of Massena's movements and intentions, and that by judicious management I might be induced to reveal it.

General Urleben, who had been brought up in France, was admirably calculated to have promoted such an object, were it practicable. He possessed the most winning address, as well as great personal advantages; and although now past the middle of life, was reputed one of the handsomest men in Austria. He at once invited me to his table, and having provided me with a delightful little chamber, from whence the view extended for miles along the Inn, he sent me stores of books, journals, and newspapers, French, English, and German, showing by the very candour of their tidings a most flattering degree of confidence and trust.

If imprisonment could ever be endurable with resignation, mine ought to have been so. My mornings were passed in weeding or gardening a little plot of ground outside my window, giving me ample occupation in that way, and rendering carnations and roses dearer to me, through all my after life, than without such associations they would ever have been. Then I used to sketch for hours, from the walls, bird's-eye views, prisoner's glimpses, of the glorious Tyrol scenery below us. Early in the afternoon came dinner, and then, with the General's pleasant converse, a cigar, and a chess-board, the time wore smoothly on till nightfall.

An occasional thunder-storm, grander and more sublime than anything I have ever seen elsewhere, would now and then vary a life of calm, but not unpleasant monotony; and occasionally, too, some passing escort, on the way to or from Vienna, would give tidings of the war; but except in these, each day was precisely like the other, so that when the almanac told me it was Autumn, I could scarcely believe a single month had glided over. I will not attempt to conceal the fact, that the inglorious idleness of my life, this term of inactivity at an age when hope, and vigour, and energy were highest within me, was a grievous privation; but, except in these regrets, I could almost call this time a happy one. The unfortunate position in which I started in life, gave me little opportunity, or even inclination, for learning. Except the little Père Michel had taught me, I knew nothing. I need not say that this was but a sorry stock of education, even at that period; when I must say, the sabre was more in vogue than the grammar.

I now set steadily about repairing this deficiency. General Urleben lent me all his aid, directing my studies, supplying me with books, and at times affording me the still greater assistance of his counsel and advice. To history generally, but particularly that of France, he made me pay the deepest attention, and seemed never to weary while impressing upon me the grandeur of our former monarchies, and the happiness of France when ruled by her legitimate sovereigns.

I had told him all that I knew myself of my birth and family, and frequently would he allude to the subject

of my reading, by saying, “the son of an old ‘Garde du Corps’ needs no commentary when perusing such details as these. Your own instincts tell you how nobly these servants of a monarchy bore themselves—what chivalry lived at that time in men’s hearts, and how generous and self-denying was their loyalty.”

Such and such like were the expressions which dropped from him from time to time; nor was their impression the less deep, when supported by the testimony of the memoirs with which he supplied me. Even in deeds of military glory, the Monarchy could compete with the Republic, and Urleben took care to insist upon a fact I was never unwilling to concede—that the well-born were ever foremost in danger, no matter whether the banner was a white one or a tricolour.

“*Le bon sang ne peut mentir*” was an adage I never disputed, although certainly I never expected to hear it employed to the disparagement of those to whom it did not apply.

As the winter set in I saw less of the General. He was usually much occupied in the mornings, and at evening he was accustomed to go down to the village, where, of late, some French emigré families had settled—unhappy exiles, who had both peril and poverty to contend against! Many such were scattered through the Tyrol at that period, both for the security and the cheapness it afforded. Of these Urleben rarely spoke; some chance allusion, when borrowing a book or taking away a newspaper, being the extent to which he ever referred to them.

One morning, as I sat sketching on the walls, he came up to me and said, “Strange enough, Tiernay, last night I was looking at a view of this very scene, only taken from another point of sight; both were correct, accurate in every detail, and yet most dissimilar—what a singular illustration of many of our prejudices and opinions. The sketch I speak of was made by a young countrywoman of yours—a highly gifted lady, who little thought that the accomplishments of her education were one day to be the resources of her livelihood. Even so,” said he, sighing, “a Marquise of the best blood of France is reduced to sell her drawings!”

As I expressed a wish to see the sketches in question, he volunteered

to make the request if I would send some of mine in return, and thus accidentally grew up a sort of intercourse between myself and the strangers, which gradually extended to books, and music, and, lastly, to civil messages and inquiries of which the General was ever the bearer.

What a boon was all this to me! What a sun-ray through the bars of a prisoner’s cell was this gleam of kindness and sympathy! The very similarity of our pursuits, too, had something inexpressibly pleasing in it, and I bestowed ten times as much pains upon each sketch, now that I knew to whose eyes it would be submitted.

“Do you know, Tiernay,” said the General to me, one day, “I am about to incur a very heavy penalty in your behalf—I am going to contravene the strict orders of the War Office, and take you along with me this evening down to the village.”

I started with surprise and delight together, and could not utter a word.

“I know perfectly well,” continued he, “that you will not abuse my confidence. I ask, then, for nothing beyond your word, that you will not make any attempt at escape; for this visit may lead to others, and I desire, so far as possible, that you should feel as little constraint as a prisoner well may.”

I readily gave the pledge required, and he went on—

“I have no cautions to give you, nor any counsels. Madame d’Aigreville is a Royalist.

“She is madame, then!” said I, in a voice of some disappointment.

“Yes, she is a widow, but her niece is unmarried,” said he, smiling at my eagerness. I affected to hear the tidings with unconcern, but a burning flush covered my cheek, and I felt as uncomfortable as possible.

I dined that day as usual with the General; adjourning after dinner to the little drawing-room, where we played our chess. Never did he appear to me so tedious in his stories, so intolerably tiresome in his digressions, as that evening. He halted at every move—he had some narrative to recount, or some observation to make, that delayed our game to an enormous time; and at last, on looking out of the window, he fancied there was a thunder-storm brewing, and that we

should do well to put off our visit to a more favourable opportunity.

"It is little short of half a league," said he, "to the village, and in bad weather is worse than double the distance."

I did not dare to controvert his opinion, but, fortunately, a gleam of sunshine shot, the same moment, through the window, and proclaimed a fair evening.

Heaven knows I had suffered little of a prisoner's durance—my life had been one of comparative freedom and ease; and yet, I cannot tell the swelling emotion of my heart with which I emerged from the deep archway of the fortress, and heard the bang of the heavy gate, as it closed behind me. Steep as was the path, I felt as if I could have bounded down it without a fear! The sudden sense of liberty was maddening in its excitement, and I half suspect that had I been on horseback in that moment of wild delight, I should have forgotten all my plighted word and parole, though I sincerely trust that the madness would not have endured beyond a few minutes. If there be among my readers one who has known imprisonment, he will forgive this confession of a weakness, which to others of less experience will seem unworthy, perhaps dishonourable.

Dorf Kuffstein was a fair specimen of the picturesque simplicity of a Tyrol village. There were the usual number of houses, with carved galleries and quaint images in wood, the shrines and altars, the little "platz," for Sunday recreation, and the shady alley for rifle practice.

There were also the trelliced walks of vines, and the orchards, in the midst of one of which we now approached a long, low farm-house, whose galleries projected over the river. This was the abode of Madame d'Aigreville.

A peasant was cleaning a little mountain pony, from which a side-saddle had just been removed as we came up, and he, leaving his work, proceeded to ask us into the house, informing us as he went, that the ladies had just returned from a long ramble, and would be with us presently.

The drawing-room into which we were shown was a perfect picture of cottage elegance; all the furniture was of polished walnut wood, and kept in the very best condition. It opened by

three spacious windows upon the terrace above the river, and afforded a view of mountain and valley for miles on every side. An easel was placed on this gallery, and a small sketch in oils of Kuffstein was already nigh completed on it. There were books, too, in different languages, and, to my inexpressible delight, a piano!

The reader will smile, perhaps, at the degree of pleasure objects so familiar and every-day called forth; but let him remember how removed were all the passages of my life from such civilizing influences—how little of the world had I seen beyond camps and barrack-rooms, and how ignorant I was of the charm which a female presence can diffuse over even the very humblest abode.

Before I had well ceased to wonder, and admire these objects, the Marquise entered.

A tall and stately old lady, with an air at once haughty and gracious, received me with a profound courtesy, while she extended her hand to the salute of the General. She was dressed in deep mourning, and wore her white hair in two braids along her face. The sound of my native language, with its native accent, made me forget the almost profound reserve of her manner, and I was fast recovering from the constraint her coldness imposed, when her niece entered the room. Mademoiselle, who was, at that time, about seventeen, but looked older by a year or two, was the very ideal of "brunette" beauty; she was dark-eyed and black-haired, with a mouth the most beautifully formed; her figure was light, and her foot a model of shape and symmetry. All this I saw in an instant, as she came, half-sliding, half-bounding, to meet the General; and then turning to me, welcomed me with a cordial warmth, very different from the reception of Madame la Marquise.

Whether it was the influence of her presence, whether it was a partial concession of the old lady's own, or whether my own awkwardness was wearing off by time, I cannot say—but gradually the stiffness of the interview began to diminish. From the scenery around us we grew to talk of the Tyrol generally, then of Switzerland, and lastly of France. The Marquise came from Auvergne, and was justly proud of the lovely scenery of her birth-place.

Calmly and tranquilly as the con-

versation had been carried on up to this period, the mention of France seemed to break down the barrier of reserve within the old lady's mind, and she burst out in a wild flood of reminiscences of the last time she had seen her native village. “The Blues,” as the revolutionary soldiers were called, had come down upon the quiet valley, carrying fire and carnage into a once peaceful district. The Chateau of her family was razed to the ground; her husband was shot upon his own terrace; the whole village was put to the sword; her own escape was owing to the compassion of the gardener's wife, who dressed her like a peasant boy, and employed her in a menial station, a condition she was forced to continue so long as the troops remained in the neighbourhood. “Yes,” said she, drawing off her silk mittens, “these hands still witness the hardships I speak of. These are the marks of my servitude.”

It was in vain the General tried at first to sympathise, and then withdraw her from the theme; in vain her niece endeavoured to suggest another topic, or convey a hint that the subject might be displeasing to me. It was the old lady's one absorbing idea, and she could not relinquish it. Whole volumes of the atrocities perpetrated by the revolutionary soldiery came to her recollection; each moment, as she talked, memory would recall this fact or the other, and so she continued rattling on with the fervour of a heated imagination, and the wild impetuosity of a half-crazed intellect. As for myself, I suffered far more from witnessing the pain others felt for me, than from any offence the topic occasioned me directly. These events were all “before my time.” I was neither a Blue by birth nor by adoption; a child during the period of revolution, I had only taken a man's part when the country, emerging from its term of anarchy and blood, stood at bay against the whole of Europe. These consolations were, however, not known to the others, and it was at last, in a moment of unendurable agony, that Mademoiselle rose and left the room.

The General's eyes followed her as she went, and then sought mine with an expression full of deep meaning. If I read his look aright, it spoke patience and submission; and the lesson was an easier one than he thought.

“They talk of heroism,” cried she frantically—“it was massacre! And when they speak of chivalry, they mean the slaughter of women and children!” She looked round, seeing that her niece had left the room, suddenly dropped her voice to a whisper, and said, “Think of her mother's fate, dragged from her home, her widowed, desolate home, and thrown into the Temple, outraged and insulted, condemned on a mock trial, and then carried away to the guillotine! Ay, and even then, on that spot, which coming death might have sanctified, in that moment, when even fiendish vengeance can turn away and leave its victim at liberty to utter a last prayer in peace, even then, these wretches devised an anguish greater than all death could compass. You will scarcely believe me,” said she, drawing in her breath, and talking with an almost convulsive effort, “you will scarcely believe me in what I am now about to tell you, but it is the truth—the simple but horrible truth. When my sister mounted the scaffold there was no priest to administer the last rites. It was a time, indeed, when few were left; their hallowed heads had fallen in thousands before that. She waited for a few minutes, hoping that one would appear; and when the mob learned the meaning of her delay, they set up a cry of fiendish laughter, and with a blasphemy that makes one shudder to think of, they pushed forward a boy, one of those blood-stained ‘gamins’ of the streets, and made him gabble a mock litany! Yes, it is true: a horrible mockery of our service, in the ears and before the eyes of that dying saint.”

“When? in what year? in what place was that?” cried I, in an agony of eagerness.

“I can give you both time and place, sir,” said the Marquise, drawing herself proudly up, for she construed my question into a doubt of her veracity. “It was in the year 1793, in the month of August; and as for the place, it was one well seasoned to blood—the Place de Grève at Paris.”

A fainting sickness came over me as I heard these words; the dreadful truth flashed across me that the victim was the Marquise D'Estelles and the boy, on whose infamy she dwelt so strongly, no other than myself. For the moment, it was nothing to me that she had not identified me with this atro-

city ; I felt no consolation in the thought that I was unknown and unsuspected. The heavy weight of the indignant accusation almost crushed me. Its falsehood I knew, and yet, could I dare to disprove it ? Could I hazard the consequences of an avowal, which all my subsequent pleadings could never obliterate. Even were my innocence established in one point, what a position did it reduce me to in every other.

These struggles must have manifested themselves strongly in my looks, for the Marquise, with all her self-occupation, remarked how ill I seemed. "I see, sir," cried she, "that all the ravages of war have not steeled your heart against true piety ; my tale has moved you strongly." I muttered something in concurrence, and she went on. "Happily for you, you were but a child when such scenes were happening ! Not, indeed, that childhood was always unstained in those days of blood ; but you were, as I understand, the son of a Garde du Corps, one of those loyal men who sealed their devotion with their life. Were you in Paris then ?"

"Yes, madam," said I, briefly.

"With your mother, perhaps ?"

"I was quite alone, madam ; an orphan on both sides."

"What was your mother's family-name ?"

Here was a puzzle ; but at a hazard I resolved to claim her who should sound best to the ears of La Marquise. "La Lasterie, madam," said I.

"La Lasterie de La Vignoble—a most distinguished house, sir. Provençal, and of the purest blood. Auguste de La Lasterie married the daughter of the Duke de Miriancourt, a cousin of my husband's, and there was another of them who went as ambassador to Madrid."

I knew none of them, and I supposed I looked as much.

"Your mother was, probably, of the elder branch, sir ;" asked she.

I had to stammer out a most lamentable confession of my ignorance.

"Not know your own kinsfolk, sir ; not your nearest of blood !" cried she, in amazement. "General, have you heard this strange avowal ? or is it possible that my ears have deceived me ?"

"Please to remember, madam," said I, submissively, "the circumstances in which I passed my infancy. My father fell by the guillotine."

"And his son wears the uniform of those who slew him !"

"Of a French soldier, madam, proud of the service he belongs to ; glorying to be one of the first army in Europe."

"An army without a cause is a banditti, sir. Your soldiers, without loyalty, are without a banner."

"We have a country, madam."

"I must protest against this discussion going further," said the General blandly, while in a lower tone he whispered something in her ear.

"Very true, very true," said she ; "I had forgotten all that. Mons. de Tiernay, you will forgive me this warmth. An old woman, who has lost nearly everything in the world, may have the privilege of bad temper accorded her. We are friends now, I hope," added she, extending her hand, and, with a smile of most gracious meaning, beckoning to me to sit beside her on the sofa.

Once away from the terrible theme of the Revolution, she conversed with much agreeability ; and her niece having reappeared, the conversation became animated and pleasing. Need I say with what interest I now regarded Mademoiselle ; the object of all my boyish devotion ; the same whose pale features I had watched for many an hour in the dim half light of the little chapel ; her whose image was never absent from my thoughts waking or sleeping ; and now again appearing before me in all the grace of coming womanhood !

Perhaps to obliterate any impression of her aunt's severity—perhaps it was mere manner—but I thought there was a degree of anxiety to please in her bearing towards me. She spoke, too, as though our acquaintance was to be continued by frequent meetings, and dropped hints of plans that implied constant intercourse. Even excursions into the neighbourhood she spoke of ; when, suddenly stopping, she said, "But these are for the season of spring, and before that time, Mons. de Tiernay will be far away."

"Who can tell that ?" said I. "I would seem to be forgotten by my comrades."

"Then you must take care to do that which may refresh their memory," said she pointedly ; and, before I could question her more closely as to her meaning, the General had risen to take his leave.

“Madame La Marquise was somewhat more tart than usual,” said he to me, as we ascended the cliff; “but you have passed the ordeal now, and the chances are, she will never offend you in the same way again. Great allowances must be made for those who have suffered as she has. Family—fortune—station—even country—all lost to her; and even hope now dashed by many a disappointment.”

Though puzzled by the last few words, I made no remark on them, and he resumed—

“She has invited you to come and see her as often as you are at liberty; and, for my part, you shall not be restricted in that way. Go and come as you please, only do not infringe the

hours of the fortress; and, if you can, concede a little now and then to the prejudices of the old lady, your intercourse will be all the more agreeable to both parties.”

“I believe, General, that I have little of the Jacobin to recant,” said I, laughing.

“I should go farther, my dear friend, and say, none,” added he. “Your uniform is the only tint of ‘blue’ about you.” And thus chatting, we reached the fortress, and said good night.

I have been particular, perhaps tiresomely so, in retailing these broken phrases and snatches of conversation; but they were the first matches applied to a train that was long and artfully laid.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

“A SORROWFUL PARTING.”

THE General was as good as his word, and I now enjoyed the most unrestricted liberty; in fact the officers of the garrison said truly, that they were far more like prisoners than I was. As regularly as evening came, I descended the path to the village, and, as the bell tolled out the vespers, I was crossing the little grass plot to the cottage. So regularly was I looked for, that the pursuits of each evening were resumed as though only accidentally interrupted. The unfinished game of chess, the half read volume, the newly begun drawing, were taken up where we had left them, and life seemed to have centered itself in those delightful hours between sunset and midnight.

I suppose there are few young men who have not, at some time or other of their lives, enjoyed similar privileges, and known the fascination of intimacy in some household, where the affections became engaged as the intellect expanded; and, while winning another’s heart, have elevated their own. But to know the full charm of such intercourse, one must have been as I was—a prisoner—an orphan—almost friendless in the world—a very “waif” upon the shore of destiny. I cannot express the intense pleasure these evenings afforded me. The cottage was my home, and more than my home. It was a shrine at which my heart worshipped—for I was in love! Easy as the confession is to make now,

tortures would not have wrung it from me then!

In good truth, it was long before I knew it; nor can I guess how much longer the ignorance might have lasted, when General Urleben suddenly dispelled the clouds, by informing me that he had just received from the minister-of-war at Vienna a demand for the name, rank, and regiment of his prisoner, previous to the negotiation for his exchange.

“You will fill up these blanks, Tier-nay,” said he, “and within a month, or less, you will be once more free, and say adieu to Kuffstein.”

Had the paper contained my dismissal from the service, I shame to own it would have been more welcome! The last few months had changed all the character of my life, suggested new hopes and new ambitions. The career I used to glory in had grown distasteful; the comrades I once longed to rejoin were now become almost repulsive to my imagination. The Marquise had spoken much of emigrating to some part of the new world beyond seas, and thither my fancy alike pointed. Perhaps my dreams of a future were not the less rose-coloured, that they received no shadow from anything like a “fact.” The old lady’s geographical knowledge was neither accurate nor extensive, and she contrived to invest this land of promise with old associations of what she once heard of Pondicherry—with certain

features belonging to the United States. A glorious country it would, indeed, have been, which, within a month's voyage, realised all the delights of the tropics, with the healthful vigour of the temperate zone, and where, without an effort beyond the mere will, men amassed enormous fortunes in a year or two. In a calmer mood, I might, indeed must, have been struck with the wild inconsistency of the old lady's imaginings, and looked with somewhat of scepticism on the map for that spot of earth so richly endowed; but now I believed everything, provided it only ministered to my new hopes. Laura, evidently, too, believed in the "Canaan" of which, at last, we used to discourse as freely as though we had been there. Little discussions would, however, now and then vary the uniformity of this creed, and I remember once feeling almost hurt at Laura's not agreeing with me about zebras, which I assured her were just as trainable as horses, but which the Marquise flatly refused ever to use in any of her carriages. These were mere passing clouds; the regular atmosphere of our wishes was bright and transparent. In the midst of these delicious day-dreams, there came one day a number of letters to the Marquise by the hands of a courier on his way to Naples. What their contents I never knew, but the tidings seemed most joyful, for the old lady invited the General and myself to dinner, when the table was decked out with white lillies on all sides; she herself, and Laura also, wearing them in bouquets on their dresses.

The occasion had, I could see, something of a celebration about it. Mysterious hints to circumstances I knew nothing of were constantly interchanged, the whole ending with a solemn toast to the memory of the "Saint and Martyr;" but who he was, or when he lived, I knew not one single fact about.

That evening—I cannot readily forget it—was the first I had ever an opportunity of being alone with Laura! Hitherto the Marquise had always been beside us; now she had all this correspondence to read over with the General, and they both retired into a little boudoir for the purpose, while Laura and myself wandered out upon the terrace, as awkward and constrained as though our situation had been the most provoking thing possible. It was on

that same morning I had received the General's message regarding my situation, and I was burning with anxiety to tell it, and yet knew not exactly how. Laura, too, seemed full of her own thoughts, and leaned pensively over the balustrade and gazed on the stream.

"What are you thinking of so seriously?" asked I, after a long pause.

"Of long, long ago," said she, sighing, "when I was a little child. I remember a little chapel like that yonder, only that it was not on a rock over a river, but stood in a small garden; and though in a great city, it was as lonely and solitary as might be—the Chapelle de St. Blois."

"St. Blois, Laura," cried I; "oh, tell me about that!"

"Why you surely never heard of it before," said she, smiling. "It was in a remote quarter of Paris, nigh the outer Boulevard, and known to but a very few! It had once belonged to our family; for in olden times there were chateaux and country houses within that space, which then was part of Paris, and one of our ancestors was buried there! How well I remember it all! The dim little aisle, supported on wooden pillars; the simple altar, with the oaken crucifix, and the calm, gentle features of the poor Cure."

"Can you remember all this so well, Laura?" asked I, eagerly, for the theme was stirring my very heart of hearts.

"All—everything—the straggling weed-grown garden, through which we passed to our daily devotions—the congregation standing respectfully to let us walk by, for my mother was still the great Marquise D'Estelles, although my father had been executed, and our estates confiscated. They who had known us in our prosperity, were as respectful and devoted as ever; and poor old Richard, the lame Sacristan, that used to take my mother's bouquet from her, and lay it on the altar; how everything stands out clear and distinct before my memory! Nay, Maurice, but I can tell you more, for strangely enough, certain things, merely trifles in themselves, make impressions that even great events fail to do. There was a little boy, a child somewhat older than myself, that used to serve the mass with the Père, and he always came to place a footstool or a cushion for my mother. Poor little fellow, bashful and diffident he was, changing colour at

every minute, and trembling in every limb; and when he had done his duty, and made his little reverence, with his hands crossed on his bosom, he used to fall back into some gloomy corner of the church, and stand watching us with an expression of intense wonder and pleasure! Yes, I think I see his dark eyes glistening through the gloom, ever fixed on me! I am sure, Maurice, that little fellow fancied he was in love with me!"

"And why not, Laura; was the thing so very impossible? was it even so unlikely?"

"Not that," said she archly, "but think of a mere child; we were both mere children; and fancy him, the poor little boy, of some humble house, perhaps; of course he must have been *that*, raising his eyes to the daughter of the great 'Marquise;' what energy of character there must have been to have suggested the feeling; how daring he was, with all his bashfulness!"

"You never saw him afterwards?"

"Never!"

"Never thought of him, perhaps?"

"I'll not say that," said she, smiling. "I have often wondered to myself, if that hardihood I speak of had borne good or evil fruit. Had he been daring or enterprising in the right, or had he, as the sad times favoured, been only bold and impetuous for the wrong!"

"And how have you pictured him to your imagination," said I, as if merely following out a fanciful vein of thought.

"My fancy would like to have conceived him a chivalrous adherent to our ancient royalty, striving nobly in exile to aid the fortunes of some honoured house, or daring, as many brave men have dared, the heroic part of La Vendée. My reason, however, tells me, that he was far more likely to have taken the other part."

"To which you will concede no favour, Laura; not even the love of glory."

"Glory, like honour, should have its fountain in a monarchy," cried she proudly. "The rude voices of a multitude can confer no meed of praise. Their judgments are the impulses of the moment. But why do we speak of these things, Maurice? nor have I, who can but breathe my hopes for a cause, the just pretension to contend with *you*, who shed your blood for its opposite."

As she spoke, she hurried from the

balcony, and quitted the room. It was the first time, as I have said, that we had ever been alone together, and it was also the first time she had ever expressed herself strongly on the subject of party. What a moment to have declared her opinions, and when her reminiscences, too, had recalled our infancy! How often was I tempted to interrupt that confession, by declaring myself, and how strongly was I repelled by the thought that the avowal might sever us for ever. While I was thus deliberating, the Marquise, with the General, entered the room, and Laura followed in a few moments.

The supper that night was a pleasant one to all save me. The rest were gay and high-spirited. Allusions, understood by *them*, but not by *me*, were caught up readily, and as quickly responded to. Toasts were uttered, and wishes breathed in concert, but all was like a dream to me. Indeed my heart grew heavier at every moment. My coming departure, of which I had not yet spoken, lay drearily on my mind, while the bold decision with which Laura declared her faith showed that our destinies were separated by an impassable barrier.

It may be supposed that my depression was not relieved by discovering that the General had already announced my approaching departure, and the news, far from being received with anything like regret, was made the theme of pleasant allusion, and even congratulation. The Marquise repeatedly assured me of the delight the tidings gave her, and Laura smiled happily towards me, as if echoing the sentiment.

Was this the feeling I had counted on? were these the evidences of an affection, for which I had given my whole heart? Oh, how bitterly I reviled the frivolous ingratitude of woman! how heavily I condemned their heartless, unfeeling nature. In a few days, a few hours, perhaps, I shall be as totally forgotten here, as though I had never been, and yet these are the people who parade their devotion to a fallen monarchy, and their affection for an exiled house! I tried to arm myself with every prejudice against royalism. I thought of Santron and his selfish, sarcastic spirit. I thought of all the stories I used to hear of cowardly ingratitude, and noble infamy, and tried to persuade myself that the blan-

dishments of the well-born were but the gloss that covered cruel and unfeeling natures.

For very pride sake, I tried to assume a manner cool and unconcerned as their own. I affected to talk of my departure as a pleasant event, and even hinted at the career that Fortune might hereafter open to me. In this they seemed to take a deeper interest than I anticipated, and I could perceive that more than once the General exchanged looks with the ladies most significantly. I fear I grew very impatient at last. I grieve to think that I fancied a hundred annoyances that were never intended for me, and when we arose to take leave I made my adieux with a cold and stately reserve, intended to be strongly impressive and cut them to the quick.

I heard very little of what the General said as we ascended the cliff. I was out of temper with him, and myself, and all the world; and it was only when he recalled my attention to the fact, for the third or fourth time, that I learned how very kindly he meant by me in the matter of my liberation, for while he had forwarded all my papers to Vienna, he was quite willing to set me at liberty on the following day, in the perfect assurance that my exchange would be confirmed.

"You will thus have a full fortnight at your own disposal, Tiernay," said he, "since the official answer cannot arrive from Vienna before that time, and you need not report yourself in Paris for eight or ten days after."

Here was a boon now thrown away! For my part, I would a thousand times rather have lingered on at Kuffstein than have been free to travel Europe from one end to the other. My outraged pride, however, put this out of the question. La Marquise and her niece had both assumed a manner of sincere gratification, and I was resolved not to be behindhand in my show of joy! I ought to have known it, said I again and again. I ought to have known it. These antiquated notions of birth and blood can never co-exist with any generous sentiment. These remnants of a worn-out monarchy can never forgive the vigorous energy that has dethroned their decrepitude! I did not dare to speculate on what a girl Laura might have been under other auspices; how nobly her ambition would have soared; what high-souled patriot-

ism she could have felt; how gloriously she would have adorned the society of a regenerated nation. I thought of her as she was, and could have hated myself for the devotion with which my heart regarded her!

I never closed my eyes the entire night. I lay down and walked about alternately, my mind in a perfect fever of conflict. Pride, a false pride, but not the less strong for that, alone sustained me. The General had announced to me that I was free. Be it so; I will no longer be a burden on his hospitality. La Marquise hears the tidings with pleasure. Agreed, then—we part without regret! Very valorous resolutions they were, but come to, I must own, with a very sinking heart and a very craven spirit.

Instead of my full uniform, that morning I put on half dress, showing that I was ready for the road; a sign, I had hoped, would have spoken unutterable things to La Marquise and Laura.

Immediately after breakfast, I set out for the cottage. All the way, as I went, I was drilling myself for the interview by assuming a tone of the coolest and easiest indifference. They shall have no triumph over me in this respect, muttered I. Let us see if I cannot be as unconcerned as they are! To such a pitch had I carried my zeal for flippancy that I resolved to ask them whether they had no commission I could execute for them in Paris or elsewhere. The idea struck me as excellent, so indicative of perfect self-possession and command. I am sure I must have rehearsed our interview at least a dozen times, supplying all the stately grandeur of the old lady and all the quiet placitude of Laura.

By the time I reached the village I was quite strong in my part, and as I crossed the Platz I was eager to begin it. This energetic spirit, however, began to waver a little as I entered the lawn before the cottage, and a most uncomfortable throbbing at my side made me stand for a moment in the porch before I entered. I used always to make my appearance unannounced, but now I felt that it would be more dignified and distant were I to summon a servant, and yet I could find none. The household was on a very simple scale, and in all likelihood the labours of the field or the garden were now employing them. I hesitated what to

do, and after looking in vain around the "cour" and the stable-yard, I turned into the garden to seek for some one.

I had not proceeded many paces along a little alley, flanked by two close hedges of yew, when I heard voices, and at the same instant my own name uttered.

"You told him to use caution, Laura, that we know little of this Tiernay beyond his own narrative——"

"I told him the very reverse, aunt. I said that he was the son of a loyal Garde du Corps, left an orphan in infancy, and thrown by force of events into the service of the Republic; but that every sentiment he expressed, every ambition he cherished, and every feeling he displayed was that of a gentleman; nay, farther——" But I did not wait for more, for, striking my sabre heavily on the ground to announce my coming, I walked hurriedly forward towards a small arbour where the ladies were seated at breakfast.

I need not stop to say how completely all my resolves were routed by the few words I had overheard from Laura, nor how thoroughly I recanted all my expressions concerning her. So full was I of joy and gratitude, that I hastened to salute her before ever noticing the Marquise, or being conscious of her presence.

The old lady, usually the most exacting of all beings, took my omission in good part, and most politely made room for me between herself and Laura at the breakfast-table.

"You have come most opportunely, Monsieur de Tiernay," said she, "for not only were we just speaking of you, but discussing whether or not we might ask of you a favour."

"Does the question admit of a discussion, madame?" said I, bowing.

"Perhaps not, in ordinary circumstances, perhaps not; but——" she hesitated, seemed confused, and looked at Laura, who went on——

"My aunt would say, sir, that we may be possibly asking too much—that we may presume too far."

"Not on my will to serve you," broke I in, for her looks said much more than her words.

"The matter is this, sir," said the aunt, "we have a very valued relative——"

"Friend," interposed Laura, "friend, aunt."

"We will say friend, then," resumed she; "a friend in whose welfare we are deeply interested, and whose regard for us is not less powerful, has been for some years back separated from us by the force of those unhappy circumstances which have made so many of us exiles! No means have existed of communicating with each other, nor of interchanging those hopes or fears for our country's welfare which are so near to every French heart! He in Germany, we in the wild Tyrol, one-half the world apart! and dare not trust to a correspondence, the utterance of those sympathies which have brought so many to the scaffold!"

"We would ask of you to see him, Monsieur de Tiernay, to know him," burst out Laura; "to tell him all that you can of France—above all, of the sentiments of the army; he is a soldier himself, and will hear you with pleasure."

"You may speak freely and frankly," continued the Marquise; "the Count is man of the world enough to hear the truth even when it gives pain. Your own career will interest him deeply; heroism has always had a charm for all his house. This letter will introduce you; and, as the General informs us, you have some days at your own disposal, pray give them to our service in this cause."

"Willingly, madame," replied I, "only let me understand a little better——"

"There is no need to know more," interrupted Laura; "the Count de Marsanne will himself suggest everything of which you will talk. He will speak of us, perhaps—of the Tyrol—of Kuffstein; then he will lead the conversation to France—in fact, once acquainted you will follow the dictates of your own fancy."

"Just so, Monsieur de Tiernay, it will be a visit with as little of ceremony as possible——"

"Aunt!" interrupted Laura, as if recalling the Marquise to caution, and the old lady at once acknowledged the hint by a significant look.

I see it all, thought I, De Marsanne is Laura's accepted lover, and I am the person to be employed as a go-between. This was intolerable, and when the thought first struck me I was out of myself with passion.

"Are we asking too great a favour,

Monsieur de Tiernay?" said the Marquise, whose eyes were fixed upon me during this conflict.

"Of course not, Madam," said I, in an accent of almosts arcaistic tone. "If I am not wrong in my impressions the cause might claim a deeper devotion; but this is a theme I would not wish to enter upon.

"We are aware of that," said Laura, quickly, "we are quite prepared for your reserve, which is perfectly proper and becoming."

"Your position being one of unusual delicacy," chimed in the Marquise.

I bowed haughtily and coldly, while the Marquise uttered a thousand expressions of gratitude and regard to me.

"We had hoped to have seen you here a few days longer, Monsieur," said she, "but perhaps, under the circumstances, it is better as it is."

"Under the circumstances, Madam," repeated I, "I am bound to agree with you;" and I turned to say farewell.

"Rather *au revoir*, Monsieur de Tiernay," said the Marquise, "friendship, such as ours, should at least be hopeful; say then '*au revoir*.'"

"Perhaps Monsieur de Tiernay's hopes run not in the same channel as our own, aunt," said Laura, "and perhaps the days of happiness that *we* look forward to would bring far different feelings to *his* heart."

This was too pointed—this was in-

supportably offensive! and I was only able to mutter, "You are right, Mademoiselle;" and then, addressing myself to the Marquise, I made some blundering apologies about haste and soforth; while I promised to fulfil her commission faithfully and promptly.

"Shall we not hear from you?" said the old lady, as she gave me her hand. I was about to say, "under the circumstances," better not, but I hesitated, and Laura, seeing my confusion, said, "It might be unfair, aunt, to expect it; remember how he is placed."

"Mademoiselle is a miracle of forethought and candour too," said I. "Adieu! adieu for ever!" The last word I uttered in a low whisper.

"Adieu, Maurice," said she, equally low, and then turned away towards the window.

From that moment until the instant when, out of breath and exhausted, I halted for a few seconds on the crag below the fortress, I knew nothing; my brain was in a whirl of mad, conflicting thought. Every passion was working within me, and rage, jealousy, love, and revenge were alternately swaying and controlling me. Then, however, as I looked down for the last time on the village and the cottage beside the river, my heart softened, and I burst into a torrent of tears. There, said I, as I arose to resume my way, there! is one illusion dissipated; let me take care that life never shall renew the affliction! Henceforth I will be a soldier, and only a soldier.

THE DAY AFTER THE STORM.

——— “O quid agis? fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus?”—HORACE.

IRELAND is now in a state of transition. The whole frame of society has been shaken to its very centre. A storm has burst over the island; it has now subsided, and has left all the constituent elements necessary to the formation of a great and happy country chaotic and confused. Out of these disjointed materials we have to construct a new nation; and whether it will contain the germ of happiness and prosperity, or hold at sufferance a sickly existence, depends, in a great measure, upon the part we act. There is a tide in the affairs of nations as of men, and upon our own conduct *now* depends our future fortune or misery. It is not enough to pull down, we must also reconstruct. Ireland has often been subjected to changes as violent as the present, and yet its evils were only perpetuated. “The whole of your island,” said Lord Clare, in his celebrated speech at the Union, “has been confiscated, with the exception of the estates of five or six ancient families of English blood; and no inconsiderable portion of the island has been confiscated twice, perhaps thrice.” Satisfied, then, that Ireland, particularly her soil, offers incalculable advantages to the capitalist, and that his presence among us is necessary to revive drooping hopes, and to palliate a vast amount of human suffering that must otherwise ensue, we propose, in the course of the present article, to examine some of the principles of vitality we still possess, and the result to which the course of modern events appears to tend, principally with this object in view. To do this, with even a moderate chance of success, it will be necessary to turn occasionally out of the direct course, in order to expose some of the vulgar errors, or to combat some of the national prejudices entertained of the Irish at the other side of the channel. And this is the more necessary, as we feel well assured that the absence of the English capitalist is produced, *less* by an ignorance of the

great industrial resources of our country than by unwarranted prejudices.

In examining a country with the intention of forming a just estimate of its wealth and prosperity, it is necessary, in the first place, to consider the laws by which it is governed, the security that exists for life and property, and the agency through which justice is administered. Should two states resemble one another very nearly in these respects, and should no great disparity exist between them in climate, in situation, in the intelligence of the people, and generally in civilisation, that one will receive from us a decided preference in which industry has made the greatest progress; in which the fields have been enclosed, drained, and reclaimed; in which the mines are profitably worked, factories erected, and the greatest amount of capital already created and invested. Proceeding upon these facts, we are enabled to arrive, with a great degree of certainty, at a fair conclusion as to its social condition at the time, and the industrial activity already developed. But if, in making this comparison, we are anxious to form an opinion, not upon their then existing states, but upon their future conditions and ultimate destinies, we must proceed upon different facts and different data. We must take into consideration not the past but the future—not what has been done, but what may be done. Those circumstances which induce us, in the first case, to give our award, will, in the second case, make us withhold our preference. In England, where unbroken peace has prevailed for years, and the highest degree of civilisation has existed, and where it is almost impossible to find a single acre of land upon which large sums of capital have not been expended, everything, it is true, “doth make a gleeful boast;” whilst, in Ireland, whole tracts of land exist upon which a shilling has never been expended—unfenced, undrained, wild,

and uncultivated — and still in the same state of nature in which it has remained for centuries past. In England money has done much. Each new application of capital to the soil has brought in a smaller return, until at last the profit has become so small as to offer few temptations for its investment; but in Ireland we possess all the elements of progress. Our's is a country abounding in all the raw materials of wealth, and labour itself is almost a drug. Under the watery wastes that cover a great portion of the soil lie rich lands; valuable mines, never yet worked, exist almost upon the surface of the ground, their rich ore in many cases laid naked by the mountain-torrent; and water power, sufficient to turn the machinery of the world, still rolls on in its ceaseless course, unemployed, unappropriated. These are the elements of progress we possess; these are the things that, notwithstanding the gloom of the past and the present, inspire, in the heart of the nationalist, confidence and hope for the future, and teach us that Ireland is yet destined to be prosperous and happy, if her people will only have it so, under the blessing of Him who "hath caused the wilderness and solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

It would have been no easy thing, a few years ago, to have pointed out any two countries upon the face of the earth, placed in the same juxtaposition as England and Ireland, and yet so totally dissimilar in the habits and feelings of the people; and it would be equally difficult, at the present time, to discover any two nations in which the process of assimilation has advanced with more rapidity or steadiness. To investigate the causes of the social and political antagonism of Ireland to England, of her disaffection and habitual distrust in the laws, and consequently of her physical and intellectual backwardness, it would be necessary to trace down from an early period of history the selfish policy and misrule of England. This task has been frequently undertaken by others, and often executed with ability; although it must be a constant source of regret that the motive for such an investigation was rather to perpetuate discord and dissension, than to learn from the experience of the

past, apt remedies for present misfortunes. These matters, however, are now mere speculative questions. The electric telegraph, the extension of railways, and the wonderful improvements that have been made in steam navigation, have done more to further the amalgamation of England and Ireland, than all the legislative enactments of the last half century.

Where two states are situated in close proximity to one another, everything in their social and commercial condition tends to an equality. A difference in language or religion, or even a different code of laws and government, may for a long time mar this consummation. It may be delayed by natural obstacles, such as a dangerous channel, till man, by his ingenuity, shall have triumphed over such impediments; or it may be postponed by vexatious custom-house regulations, or quarantine laws; but all these things can only oppose, they can never annihilate the natural tendency of events. But where, as with England and Ireland, a narrow piece of water alone separates the two islands, once, indeed, a serious impediment to intercourse, but now the most important means of communication and traffic; and where the same government, laws, and language exist, and where, above all, the efforts of both countries appear to be directed to the removal, and not to the creation of the obstacles that hinder, in the least degree, free and unshackled international communication, this complete amalgamation and merger into each other of political individualities, must be rapidly effected.

But a few years since, party feeling ran high, and political influence was of no mean value to the holder; and in the violent contests for power that ensued, the welfare and happiness of thousands was often postponed to the selfish ends of the ambitious statesman; and, as in modern warfare, Belgium has generally been selected as the battlefield of nations; so, unfortunately for Ireland, it has happened that she has almost always been chosen as the battleground of contending parties. Laws were supported, or measures opposed, by the different rulers of the country, not according to the benefits or evils Ireland was likely to derive from their enactment, but in proportion as such measures were calculated to support or embarrass a friendly or hostile ad-

ministration. We have seen salutary laws for the protection of life and property thrown out by a powerful opposition, on the plea that such laws were opposed to the liberty of the subject; and we have seen the very same party, when in power, a few weeks afterwards, propose the same measure, with many additionally stringent regulations. We have seen the government and patronage of Ireland handed over, in consideration of the mere promise of his support, to a man a short time previously denounced by the same government, and made the object of a criminal prosecution. In short, we have seen crimes tolerated, bad laws (rendered worse by bad administration) suffered to exist, the Established Church assailed, and agitation, we had almost said, rebellion, permitted to spread its desolating influence over the country, blighting Ireland's fairest hopes and prospects, however loved and cherished in their day.

These things, however, have greatly changed. Party feelings of the same intensity and virulence no longer exist; nor do the same means of pandering to the prejudices of the vulgar remain. The failure of the potato has loosened the tie that seemed to bind the Irish peasant like a Helot to the soil. Already he lifts his eyes from the ground, and, whilst thousands, unfortunately despairing of receiving in their own country the fruits of industry, seek in the far West the land of promise; thousands more, determined to raise themselves by their own exertions (abandoning all connexion with land), have already given an impetus to our manufactures unexampled in the history of this country. The spread of education, as well as the possession of freehold estates by persons who not long since despaired of ever becoming "landed proprietors," has already created an independence of feeling, and a habit of thinking for themselves, instead of blindly following a leader, to which the Munster and Connaught men have hitherto been strangers. All these things must conduce to good government; and bad government has hitherto been the only cause of all the crimes and outrages that have hindered the advent of capital, and the only impediment to the prosperity of Ireland.

Although it would be ridiculous to assert that bad government had wholly

ceased, yet it is certainly true that the motive for bad government, a desire to gain temporary popularity with the anti-landlord party, has greatly decreased; and that where it does exist, its effects have been considerably weakened and counteracted by the superior force of the education and intelligence of the people. Apart from political or agrarian outrages there is scarcely any country in the world so free from crime as Ireland. The revolting and awful murders that have so often taken place have all been, more or less, connected with the possession of the soil: for "hunger will cut through stone walls, though the gallows stood in the gate." This great incentive to crime has now ceased. The intense desire of obtaining land upon any terms has altogether disappeared as one of our characteristic features; and at the same time the power of obtaining it, by those possessed of capital, has been greatly facilitated. This fact is placed beyond doubt by the last Report of the Incumbered Estates Commissioners, by which it appears that out of 587 estates sold in that court, nearly one-half of them have been purchased by parties for sums of £1000, and under. Thus a number of small landed proprietors are becoming scattered through the country, possessed of sufficient education and fortune to command the respect of the poorer classes, but not placed so far above them as to excite their envy. These estates, like forts scattered over an unsubdued country, form the advance posts of civilization, and the rallying-points of industry and self-reliance.

Society is in a very unsound state where

"One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade."

The poorer classes then look upon those above them as placed, by some unjust laws, in a position which they can never expect to attain; but a middle class connects the rich and poor, as it were, with a ladder, each step of which the humblest member of the community feels he can climb by good conduct and a little self-denial. The position of the rich man then ceases to be one of envy; and the pomp, pride, and circumstance of wealth is regarded as a splendid prize, open to all; a constant stimulus to

renewed exertion and honest emulation. In another respect, too, the small proprietor confers inestimable benefits upon the locality in which he resides. A natural prejudice always exists in the minds of the people against adopting the improvements suggested by a *wealthy* proprietor. Such persons have generally their "hobbies;" and perhaps the most innocuous, or even the most useful hobby ever cherished, is a praiseworthy desire to advance the state of agriculture in their district. But the people know very well that such hobbies are adopted less as a source of profit than of amusement. They know that the percentage produced by the money sunk in the undertaking is only a secondary consideration, and that the actual amount expended is seldom accurately known: they are, therefore, unwilling to risk their hard-earned savings upon such a venture. The case, however, is very different when the improvements are made by a farmer in the neighbourhood. They then know that every shilling expended is an object of attention to him. They know that the profits he makes are his only means of support; and, judging from the experience of his former success, they feel the highest degree of confidence in his ability and good sense. In such a case, too, they have a greater power of becoming acquainted with, and testing the merits of any innovations upon the established

usages of the district, by examination and conversations with the small proprietor, which their deference for a more wealthy person, however affable and kind, might, perhaps, make less agreeable to them. Their knowledge also of the character of a person placed more nearly on a level with themselves must be much greater, as well as the opportunities of conversing with him, and of consulting him in their private affairs and difficulties.

These things are sufficiently evident; but the real facts of the case, and their practical tendencies, are much stronger. An embarrassed proprietor possessed of an extensive estate, surrounded by debts and difficulties—hopeless and despondent—unable to manage his own crippled affairs, and, of course, less able to advise or assist others, is deprived by the operation of the Incumbered Estates Act of a portion of his unwieldy property. The part he retains, should he be so fortunate as to retain any portion, engrosses all his care and attention; and, freed from debt, he is able for the first time to undertake its management with that amount of capital, without which land can never be worked with profit. So that in a few years' time it will probably bear a very different aspect from the estate which had been handed down in his family from heir to heir, in the same unimproved condition.* The residue passes to perhaps fifteen or twenty

* It must not be presumed from the above that we approve of the very low rate at which estates have been lately sold by the Commissioners. The following is an extract from their Report lately presented to the Lord Lieutenant:—

"The total amount of incumbrances on estates sold to March 31, 1851, as taken from the schedule lodged with the petitions, is £4,086,192 13s. 4d., but several of these incumbrances are returned in duplicate.

"The total amount of purchase-money for estates sold to March 31, 1851, is £1,350,616 0s. 4d. Of this amount £94,404 13s. 4d., or about one-fifteenth part, has been allowed in payment of incumbrancers, who became purchasers.

"The Commissioners have paid out to creditors and claimants up to this date, 3rd day of May inclusive, the sum of £838,356 0s. 1d.

"The 253 estates sold to March 31, 1851, have been disposed of to 587 purchasers, nearly one-half of whom are purchasers of lots that sold respectively for sums not exceeding £1,000."

From this it would appear that on the estates already sold the creditors suffered a total loss of £2,735,576 13s., leaving, of course, no residue for the owners. And after making every allowance for the "duplicate incumbrances," the loss to the creditors will still appear almost incredible. This loss falls upon the middle classes in this country. The wealthy capitalist rejects all but the best security, and is contented to receive even a moderate rate of interest paid with the greatest punctuality. Such creditors, generally English capitalists, have almost invariably the first charges, and must of course be paid. It is upon the puiſne incumbrancer that the heavy blow falls; men who, availing themselves of the fatal facilities af-

new purchasers. Some of these probably the persons who once tilled the lands they now call their own. Instead of one unimproving landlord, in most cases an absentee, the district will possess fifteen or twenty enterprising and energetic proprietors; the friends of industry, the supporters of the laws, the advocates of order, the instructors of the poor.

The wilful misgovernment for party purposes, to which we have already alluded, has enveloped Ireland, and everything connected with her affairs and condition, in a kind of cloud of mystery which it is no easy task to penetrate. Peculiar properties and qualities have been attributed to the Celtic atmosphere, which have been considered amply sufficient to account for every anomalous phase in her social condition. This was long adopted as an axiom by every English statesman. The broad principle that mankind, placed under the influence of the same causes, will always act in the same manner, though forming the leading proposition of every work upon political economy, was never supposed to extend to Ireland. It was found easier to mystify facts than to justify bad government; and instead of comparing England and Ireland together with a view to assimilate the existing state

of laws in both countries, the very differences that existed (to the prejudice of Ireland) were made still greater and more injurious by blind legislation. For instance, it was well known that, in consequence of the frequent confiscations, and grants of forfeited property to English adventurers, absenteeism existed in this country to a deplorable extent; and that, in consequence of the obscurity of Irish titles (partly from these causes), and of the difficulty of selling, Irish estates were irretrievably embarrassed. The remedy for these evils was sufficiently plain—to facilitate the transfer of property. Such would have been the remedy adopted in England; but in the case of Ireland Pigot's Judgment Act was passed, facilitating the embarrassment, but practically restricting the transfer of land. The result that might have been predicted soon followed. The landlord became inextricably embarrassed, the tenant oppressed and discontented, the district disturbed, the capitalist alarmed and driven to a more peaceful land. The evidence taken upon this subject by the Devon Commission is declared to be "at once conclusive, painfully interesting, and most portentous in its character." A measure giving to the Irish Courts of Equity a fifth part of the powers since

fording by the Judgment Acts, advanced all the savings of their lives, amounting to sums of £50, and upwards, to the neighbouring proprietors.

The average rate of purchase for estates is from thirteen to fourteen years for all Ireland, head rents, &c.; and (exclusive of fee-farm or head-rents and rent-charges) from eight to ten years for properties in Munster and Connaught, in many cases, according to the valuation taken under the direction of the Commissioners. Since the Report of the Commissioners, however, a manifest improvement has taken place in the selling price of land.

The severity of compelling every landlord to discharge all his liabilities at a period of unexampled depression, under the constraint of a most arbitrary law, is sufficiently evident, and its policy very questionable. Suppose the same policy had been adopted during the commercial panic of 1847, what would have been the result? If every merchant had been compelled to discharge *all his liabilities*, and if the credit system had been totally abolished, it is probable that the commercial and manufacturing interests of England would have received an amount of damage which, perhaps, scores of years would have been unable to repair. But a contrary course was adopted, and the operation of an Act of Parliament was suspended on the responsibility of a minister, so great was the urgency of the case, and so evident the necessity of supporting commercial credit at a period of unwonted depression. And again, in the commercial panic of 1811, the committee of the House of Commons made their report (May 7th), stating "it to be their decided opinion that the commercial distress was of such a nature as to render Parliamentary relief highly expedient and necessary," and recommending "that Exchequer bills to the amount of *six millions* should be issued for that purpose," which was accordingly done. The landlords assert that they, too, should have been given time to put their houses in order.

All these things, however, operate as so many additional inducements to the future purchaser; for, in proportion as the present proprietor suffers, he will benefit.

given to the Incumbered Estates Commissioners, would have gradually effected what has now called for such violent remedies; and by removing the cause of agrarian outrages, have taken away the only obstacle that has hitherto prevented the investment of capital in the improvement of a country that offers so many and such great inducements.

It has often been said of the Irish, that as long as they remain in their own country it is idle to expect reformation in their habits; but when released from the fetters that bind them in their native land, they seem to breathe a free air, and to develop physical and moral virtues that they scarce seemed before to possess. This is partly true and partly false. It is true so far as it admits that under different circumstances the Irishman will develop more moral virtues; but it is false so far as it appears to insinuate that the same change will not take place at home under similar circumstances. Seventy years ago Arthur Young said of the Irish, "they were grateful to me for speaking civilly to them." And it requires but a very superficial acquaintance with the country to know that there are no people in the world more easily won by kindness, or more willing to place the fullest confidence in him who relies

"On Erin's honour and Erin's pride."

And if the Irish labourer abroad be industrious, faithful, and honest, we may rest assured that, if treated at home with equal kindness and justice, he will be found equally assiduous in his offices, and equally attached to his employer. This trait in the national character is fully proved by the evidence of Mr. Charles Bianconi, himself a foreigner, but at the same time one of our most deservedly popular men. At a meeting of the British Association he said, "I never yet attempted to do an act of generosity, publicly or privately, that I was not met by manifold reciprocity." And this statement will be corroborated by the numbers of foreign and English merchants and traders, who, having overcome the absurd prejudices that exist against Ireland, are now receiving the meet reward of their enterprise. At present the greater pro-

portion of wealthy merchants in Limerick are English or Scotch. In Galway, Cork, and most of the other towns in the south and west, they form no inconsiderable proportion of the monied interest; and we cannot call to mind a single case in which their foreign or English origin has prejudiced their claims to the highest positions, or municipal offices, which they would otherwise have been entitled to fill.

It is impossible to pay too much attention to the great change that has been effected in the social condition of the Irish people by the occurrences of the last two or three years. As long as the potato continued to prosper, the possession of a small plot of ground was all the peasant required. It was his only means of support, and the only barrier that stood between him and inevitable starvation. Now land has become comparatively useless to the cottier. These circumstances have produced a great revolution in the character and feelings of the peasantry. Whilst all their hopes were centred in a few perches of ground, they looked with unmitigated aversion upon any one who appeared, even in the remotest degree, likely to disturb their possession. Hence arose their extreme jealousy of strangers, and all the crimes and outrages connected with land. But these circumstances have completely altered. The cottier now feels that land is no longer of any value to him, and looks to *labour* as his only chance of support. The arrival of any person possessed of the means of employing the population is hailed as a public benefit, and the peasantry contend with one another in their efforts to make the locality agreeable to the new-comer. The pauper landholder feels that he is in the position of a person who has obtained possession of a bale of raw cotton, but who has neither the machinery nor the capital requisite to bring it to a state fit for the market. He must either sell it to a manufacturer from whom he will probably obtain employment, or else starve. This is precisely the case of the cottiers in the south and west of Ireland, and *they know it*. They are now willing to give up those tenements for a few pounds of meal, or a few shillings, to which they would have clung five years ago with the tenacity of despair, and defended at the price of bloodshed and murder.

In the foregoing observations, we

have endeavoured to review, in the spirit of candour, the great and manifold changes effected by the events of the last few years in the social state of this country. Ireland is awaking, as it were, from a long dream, and is now, for the first time, casting off the prejudices and follies under which it has lain oppressed for so many dreary centuries, and is putting on new strength, like a giant ready to run his course. All the dormant materials of wealth, particularly land and labour, are in abundance. Titles to Irish property are now clear and satisfactory, and may be obtained at a trifling cost. Land is, therefore, placed within the reach of every monied man, however small his fortune. It is no longer circumvented by legal technicalities, nor undermined by mystery and doubt; and the sum paid a few years since for the "good-will" of a farm will now, in most cases, purchase the fee.* Agrarian outrages have ceased, and the unemployed labourers receive with a hearty welcome, as their best friends and benefactors, those who may be tempted by the vast capabilities of Ireland to challenge the kindness and hospitality of its people, and avail themselves of its ample resources. In fact, there never was a period in our history when such inducements were offered for the investment of money in land, and when an intelligent person possessed of a moderate sum might turn it to better account. These opinions have received a great deal of confirmation from the perusal of a really excellent book just published, entitled "*The Saxon in Ireland*,"† and which we strongly recommend to the notice of our readers. The design of the work is to direct the attention of persons looking out for either investments or new settlements to the great advantages offered by Ireland, and to induce such parties to visit the country and judge for themselves; and we fully concur with the author in his opinion, that "were the unfortunate prejudices that exist against Ireland, founded as they are, for the most part, in ignorance,

once removed, men would surely pause before they crossed the broad Atlantic in search of a new field for the employment of capital, or the profitable exercise of their intelligence and industry."

In one respect, Ireland appears to be the most unfortunate country in the world. Misrepresented, not understood, with our faults exaggerated, our defects magnified, and our national character a constant theme of ridicule abroad, we have failed to reap even the minimum of advantage that generally flows from that source. The difficulties and dangers that exist in other lands appear only so many inducements to the adventurous traveller to endeavour to triumph over such obstacles. Encounters with brigands, savages, and wild beasts, have all their peculiar charms, but the idiosyncracies and extravagances of the Irish, whether real or imaginary, fail to awake even curiosity, and appear only to deter visitors. Such, however, was not the case with the "Saxon":—

"I became interested (upon the subject of Ireland) beyond my expectation. Its whole history was one sad romance; the impatient struggles of a turbulent but generous people with a series of ignorant and oppressive governments. Its statistics were suggestive of many deep thoughts and curious calculations. The descriptions of its fertility, its pastoral beauty and mountain grandeur, were most attractive; and I deeply lamented that such a country, so near our own shores, so connected with us by every tie, should be alien, if not hostile—a drag upon our prosperity, a perplexity to all governments, a help to none."

Determined to investigate, for himself, the causes of Irish misery, he came to Ireland; and after collecting a great deal of information relating to the condition of the people, and carefully examining a great portion of the country, principally in the counties of Galway and Mayo, he finally made up his mind to become a settler, and to make Erin his adopted land. This work is the more valuable as it shows

* The Report of Lord Devon's Commission contains many examples of twenty, thirty, and even forty years' purchase value having been paid by the tenant for merely the "good-will," or tenant-right of a farm, unsecured by a lease, or by any legal title. Considerably less than this will now give the same parties an indefeasible right and title to the fee-simple of the same lands for ever.

† "*The Saxon in Ireland; or the Rambles of an Englishman in Search of a Settlement in the West of Ireland.*" London: John Murray. 1851.

the process through which, little by little, his national prejudices against us were gradually undermined, and gave way, at last, to the conviction, that both the people and the country possessed, in themselves, the germ of renovation. It appeared self-evident to him, that we could not remain stationary; that a propinquity to the fervent activity of England could not fail to animate Ireland with her own leaven; and that "that spirit of enterprise, which had already converted so many far distant deserts of the earth into smiling and prosperous colonies, could and would not suffer one of the loveliest and most fertile islands of the world, only a few hours' distance from her own shores, to remain a mere waste, inhabited as it was by a hardy, intelligent, but degraded population." The peculiar circumstances, too, under which this resolution was formed will also add much weight to his statements. We can collect from passages scattered through the volume, that after passing the meridian of life he found that his career must be commenced again; that the happy, joyous home of many years must be deserted. Enactments hastily carried into effect, and principles which, under Providence, had created England's power and prosperity, hastily abandoned without sufficient grounds, and merely on the chance of something better, had involved him in the difficulties that have overwhelmed the entire agricultural classes. After bravely contending against inevitable results, he felt it was madness to continue hoping against hope; but he did not despair. He determined *to emigrate*, and to endure, with fortitude, all the discomforts and privations of an emigrant's life. "Were stern realities," he was reminded, "better known, many would pause and consider well ere they thus expatriated themselves. Once embarked, once arrived in the distant settlement, they have but one alternative, to make the best of it. It is not easy to retrace a course of a thousand miles." Fully impressed with the force of this reasoning, he wisely determined not to make his selection till after the fullest consideration of the subject. New Zealand, Australia, icy Canada, and the burning Cape, all engrossed his attention; each in turn appeared to oppose insuperable obstacles. At last, in a fortunate hour, he was recommended to examine

Ireland, and the result is best told in his own words:—

"I do not hesitate to confess, that Ireland, in the fertility of its soil, the kindness and hospitality of its people, and the beauty of its scenery, has far surpassed my expectations. I am decidedly of opinion, too, that fortune, respectability, and happiness, may be found even there. . . . Let a few English families cluster together, purchase, or take on lease estates in the same neighbourhood, hold together, mutually assisting each other, 'keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace,' as the Apostle advises, acting kindly and justly to the inhabitants, eschewing politics, not meddling with the religion of others, but quietly practising their own; I repeat, let emigrant families act thus, and I, for one, would prefer green Erin as a settlement to any country on the globe. And why not? Are sensible men to be scared with the interested exaggerations of unpatriotic speakers and writers, who would gladly drive industry and civilization from their native shores in order to serve their own purposes? Are the Irish worse than John Heki, and other native chiefs? or, are they more relentless than the Caffres, or the Red Indians, or the Cannibals of North Australia? In nine cases out of ten, their crimes, deep and fearful as they are, have sprung from the sense of injury, and from the heartless system under which they live, or rather, under which they starve. These days of injustice and crime are passing, though slowly, away, and the time is approaching when Ireland must and will be in the strictest union with her sister island; when the same laws, the same usages, the same language, the same feelings will prevail in both. . . . As yet, the Englishman lingers, hesitates, hugs his old prejudices; but the bolder few are already at work. They are silently, and most advantageously, purchasing lands and houses; *they see the horizon clearing away after the long storm*; and they and their descendants will, no doubt, reap a plenteous harvest. Gradually others will follow, till, I verily believe, Ireland will be the fashion, as Scotland has lately been, and everybody rushing that way will wonder why they delayed so long."

In connexion with this subject the last Report of the Incumbered Estates' Commissioners is somewhat gratifying. It appears by it that property to the amount of £160,000 has been already purchased in Henrietta-street by English and Scotch parties (about thirty

in number); but as the Commissioners have no means of ascertaining these facts, except so far as they can be collected from their addresses stated in the deeds of conveyance, and as it is probable that the temporary abodes in Ireland of such purchasers, and not their former abodes in England or Scotland will be often given, it would appear that this return must be far below the actual number. And since the date of their report, the extensive estates of the Hon. Thomas French, in the county of Galway, have been purchased (with the exception of two or three lots) by Mr. Lynott in trust for Mr. Thorngate, an English gentleman of fortune, for the sum of £23,990; and a newspaper paragraph states that another English gentleman has purchased Sir Richard O'Donnell's Ballycroy estate for the sum of £33,000; and that a valuable copper mine has been discovered, almost on the surface of the ground, upon another estate lately purchased by a settler in the county of Mayo. The immense importance to Ireland of securing purchasers of this class may be judged of by a single example:—The estate of Harding Grove, near Charleville, in the county of Limerick, containing 600 acres of excellent land, and unincumbered by tenants, was sold by the Commissioners by public auction. It was purchased by a Scotchman, a sub-railway contractor, for £6,000. The purchaser has already taken possession of the ground, and intends to settle upon it, and to expend a large sum of money in its improvement. It is probable that its annual profits would at present pay ten per cent. upon the purchase-money without making any improvement upon it, and that the same percentage would be returned upon every sum of money judiciously sunk in permanent works of reclamation.

As an example of the advantages Ireland offers to the settler who is desirous to hire and not to purchase land, we subjoin the following cases which have come under our notice: A gentleman, highly connected, and educated at an English university, has taken a farm of 450 Irish acres in a wild district in the county of Mayo. His rent is £170 a year, including taxes and £5 per cent. interest upon the cost of a new house and offices erected at an expense of £300. He is two miles from a bad market, and

ten miles (English) from a good one; turf and sea-weed in abundance close to him, and limestone from four to five miles by sea. His farm is situated along the sea-shore, near a good road, and has all the advantages besides of sea carriage. The district is remarkably healthy, and abounds in game and fish of every sort; and every combination of nature by which the most picturesque scenery can be produced—wild mountain, bold rocks, dark shades, deep blue sea, and rich and fertile land, are there. Close to him is an English half-pay officer, who happened to be quartered in the district, and was induced to settle there by the beautiful scenery, excellent sport, cheap rate of living, and great natural advantages offered by the place. His farm at present consists of only sixty-five acres, but he will probably increase it as he becomes more experienced in the management of land. Another farm of 329 acres, all in a ring fence, and including some woods and a small lake, has been taken in the same neighbourhood by a young English gentleman, as a sheep-farm, at a rent of £100 a year. This, with taxes and poor-rates, will amount to £130; but as the poor-rate is rapidly decreasing all over the country, it would not be correct to estimate his permanent outgoings at so large a sum. It may be necessary to remind English readers that in Ireland we have neither land-tax nor assessed taxes, and that our tithes are much below the amount paid in England, whilst a large portion of the country is tithe free. To members of the Society of Friends, whose conscientious scruples often subject them to the greatest inconvenience, Irish tithe-free land offers, in this respect, great temptations. We proceed to give two or three extracts from the “Saxon in Ireland:”—

“Much has been done by Sir Richard O'Donnell in the right direction. This enlightened proprietor has especially directed the attention of his tenantry to the growth of flax, procuring them the best seed, and becoming a ready-money purchaser for their produce at a fair and remunerative price, in order to afford them the utmost possible encouragement. He has also introduced into his neighbourhood the patent machinery invented by Mr. Schenck, for steeping and preparing flax, and these highly successful operations are now carried on at the flax works of Messrs. Bernard

and Co., who are the lessees of certain lands possessing a never-failing and powerful fall of water. The mill affords constant employment to several hundreds of the population.

"The same advantages occur at Newport, as before described as belonging to its neighbour and rival, Westport. Both possess much highly improveable land, a generally fertile country, good harbours communicating with Clew Bay, abundance of lime and sea manure, and a quiet and industrious population. On all sides around Newport are most beautiful and eligible sites for settlers; and I had means for ascertaining, from an undoubted source, that a better and a more liberal landlord than Sir Richard O'Donnell is not to be found in Ireland. On conversing with several of the tenants I found them perfectly satisfied with their condition. . . . I heard a young man give an account of the wealth possessed by his father, who lived up among the hills. He possessed sixty head of cattle, thirty sheep, fourteen lambs, two or three acres of potatoes, as many of oats, and a range of feeding-ground equal to carry double the quantity of stock. I got the tenant's name, curious to know the rent, and was informed by the steward that he paid £12 annually! If there were many such landlords, poverty and disaffection would soon be as rare in Ireland as toads and serpents."

It is a subject for sad reflection that all the exertions of this excellent and improving landlord could not save his broad acres from the hammer. Having inherited an estate weighed down with incumbrances, he made efforts which, only for the famine, would in a few years have reduced them to a more manageable amount, and finally paid them off; and though Sir Richard O'Donnell could not command success, he did more, he certainly deserved it. The work abounds with such observations as the following:—

"This at present waste tract (situated between Westport and Ballinrobe) is called the Monaleiman Bog, and contains upwards of 6,000 English acres, including several lakes and small pools. The moment my eye glanced upon this wide extent I could not but acknowledge its capabilities. Here improvement would have fair scope. . . . This large bog, at its highest elevation, is not more than eighty-nine feet above Lough Mask, and into that lake it principally discharges its waters. Long hills of gravel, heathy and barren, and covered with bog, one or two feet deep, intersect

it, and the substratum is for the most part a red sandstone; but a limestone soil abounds in the north, and abundance of limestone gravel may be procured from the east side of the river Aille. This stream is navigable for several miles, to Lough Mask, for boats not drawing more than six feet of water; and as the lake itself is navigable to the river Robe, which will soon be open to Ballinrobe, the district will at once command a good market, and find a ready, cheap, and good supply of all necessaries. The communication also now forming from Lough Corrib to Lough Mask, will greatly improve and open out this part of the country; and it is, therefore, well worthy of the attention of those who look for an open, healthy location, with a certain prospect of an increase of value. . . . Close to Monaleiman is another uncultivated tract, called the Cloughbar Bog, in extent nearly 2,000 acres, possessing the advantage of a subsoil of limestone. Its elevation is about seventy-two feet above Lough Mask, and it discharges its waters into that lake. A sum of about £2,000 would thoroughly drain this bog, and render it fit for any of the operations of agriculture. In taking a view of this now bleak and inhospitable district from an eminence near the road, I could not help regretting the expatriation of so many thousands of the inhabitants, who, by the application of so comparatively small an amount of capital, might have found means of employment in the land of their fathers, and increased the power and resources of our common country."

It is related of Blucher that, upon the occasion of his visiting London, he walked for a long time through the streets, gazing in silence upon the gorgeous wealth and splendour so profusely displayed, and that at length, turning round to his companion, he said, "What a splendid city this would be for a sack." Let the English farmer or manufacturer visit this country, and similar expressions, though with a very different spirit, will find utterance. Beneath his feet he will see the unexplored riches of nature "ready for a sack," and none to oppose; and in the vast and uncultivated tracts, the fields that have lain fallow for ages, and are now ready to disgorge their hoarded stores. All that is wanting is a little capital to enable us to burst the bands that at present confine our energies, for

"This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art from whence to raise
Magnificence."

We cannot deprive our readers of the profit and advantage they will derive from the following:—

“For the purposes of commerce, internal and external, Galway has few rivals in this or any other country. In the south it possesses one of the finest bays in the world, offering a nearer communication with the continent of America. On the north it will shortly communicate, by means of a broad canal, with the expansive waters of Lough Corrib; and, after a second canal is finished, by Cong into Lough Mask, there will be opened into the interior of the country, a still-water navigation of nearly forty miles in length; and thousands of acres of fertile land, hitherto almost unproductive, will be brought into contiguity with good markets. Lough Corrib is twenty-seven miles long, and covers nearly 50,000 statute acres. It contains numerous fertile islands, and a coast sixty miles in extent. Lough Mask, with the smaller Lough Carra, covers about 25,000 acres, and is in length about ten miles. It is impossible to glance at the map, and not to acknowledge the grandeur and vast utility of this design. . . . Taking the road that skirts the western shores of Lough Corrib, I paused to watch the operations of many gangs of labourers, who were excavating the large and deep canal, which, as I have before remarked, is to admit vessels of considerable burden from the bay of Galway into the furthest recesses of Loughs Corrib and Mask. As I stood watching these hardy labourers destroying those barriers which nature had so long opposed to progress, I was convinced of the injustice of one complaint brought against the Irish by their Saxon neighbours, I allude to the charge of idleness. To see those poor fellows work in the midst of water and mud, and in the face of the hardest rock, at once convinced me that it was neither the want of thews and sinews, nor yet of the spirit of industry, that was the cause of those social evils, which had already so affected me during my short progress. That the Irishman can work, and work well; that he will be industrious, *where there is the proper stimulus and reward*, I cannot but believe, as I look at the spectacle now before me. And then so cheerful withal! it afforded a strange, nay more, a favourable contrast to the rude independence, and burly, reckless manner of our English navvies. The more I consider these vast works, these enlightened plans of the legislature, the more am I convinced of their wisdom, and of their enlarged philanthropy. The opening out of these fine districts is the most effec-

tive preliminary step that could be taken for the regeneration of Ireland. Practical efforts like these are worth whole tomes of legal enactments, and will do more towards ultimate tranquillity than fifty regiments of soldiers. A new stimulus will thus be given; the time will not be long ere capital flows in, and the keen glance of speculation discovers new and abundant sources of profit and remuneration.”

We are now obliged to leave this very interesting portion of the subject. From the above extracts, which are only given as a whet to the appetite, an opportunity has been afforded, we trust, of judging of the nature of the valuable information thickly interwoven with the text of this volume. To extract *all* the practical and useful facts it contains, would place us under the necessity of transcribing nearly the whole work. For further information the fountain head must be sought. “The Saxon,” in his tour, visited Galway, the barony of Ballynahinch, and a great portion of Connemara, Cong, Ballinrobe, Newport, Westport, Headford, Achill, and the districts of Ballycroy, and the barony of Erris. In all these localities he has collected important information, and his work forms a valuable record of the numerous and great advantages nature has lavished with so profuse a hand upon the districts that came under his notice. Of the peasantry, too, he concludes that they are made of *good stuff*, that requires only the skill and management of a generous hand to form and fashion it. Let him speak for himself:—

“The major part of Ireland is free from any outbreaks of popular violence, and many of the finest and most improvable districts may claim an immunity from outrage equally with any district in England itself. I stayed two days and two nights in a farm-house among the mountains of Mayo, which was undefended by either lock or bolt; I have travelled on foot and on horseback, unattended through wild and lonely districts after night-fall; I have passed through the midst of faction-fights, and sojourned in cabins on the solitary shores of the Atlantic, and among the wild moors of the west; but never yet met with either theft, robbery, or violence, nay, not even one symptom of incivility or disrespect.”

A work, apparently connected with the subject we have been considering,

now lies upon our table; it is entitled "The English Settler's Guide to Ireland."* From such a work we naturally expected a large amount of information useful to the English settler; but we have seldom been more disappointed after the perusal of any book. It is printed in the form of a dialogue between an English gentleman and an Irish clergyman, and is, substantially, written in advocacy of the National Education Board;† the small portion of the work really dedicated to the consideration of the nature of the soil and climate, and the other particulars connected with the physical condition of the land, being only secondary. It is "respectfully dedicated, as an humble tribute of sincere and ardent admiration of his administration and government of Ireland," in a fulsome panegyric, to the Lord Lieutenant, and contains, moreover, many other passages evidently laboured to give gratification to the Archbishop of Dublin and others in power; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, contains internal evidence of the identity of the writer. We have read the "English Settler's Guide" carefully, from cover to cover, and we regret very much that we have been unable to discover a single new fact likely to give information to a stranger, or a single passage worthy of being extracted, from the beginning to the end of the book. An English

settler who bought this work would fail to derive the least practical advantage from it, and would find, to his cost, that he had been allured by false colours. The conduct of a party who makes use of a popular title either to promulgate doctrines at variance with that title, or to advance his own particular views or worldly interests, cannot be too highly deprecated.

Very different, in style and matter, from the above is a small, unpretending tract that also lies upon our library table, entitled "Woman's Work and Woman's Worth."‡ It treats of Connaught—Ireland's poorest and most uncivilized province. Its concern is not with its scenery, however sublime or beautifully fair, but with the condition of its interesting people, especially its females, and more especially still its young females. "The Belfast Ladies' Relief Association for Connaught" was constituted in the famine year of 1846, and it consists of ladies of different religious persuasions. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, members of the Society of Friends, Independents, Methodists—"all cordially united in effecting temporal and immortal good by *industrial* Scriptural education."

"Our association arose in the year of the famine, and many a wretched creature it kept from dying of hunger. Then came 1847, the year of pestilence,

* "The English Settler's Guide through Irish Difficulties; or, a Handbook for Ireland, with reference to present and future Prospects." Dublin: Hodges and Smith. London: John W. Parker. 1850.

† As an example of the force of the arguments by which the National Education system is upheld in opposition to Church education, we give the following extract. We are unwilling to cumber the text with such trash. It appears that some body, whose name is not given, once said that the late Bishop of Raphoe had refused the archbishopric, because he could not consent to support the system, inasmuch as the Scriptures were to be excluded. This statement was contradicted by the present Archbishop, and upon the following day the author of this statement admitted that it was untrue:—

"IRISH CLERGYMAN.—Notwithstanding this, the individual referred to repeated the statement at a public meeting, and it has also been put forward in a pamphlet published within the last month, in defence of the Church Education Society (but not by their authority we presume), and against the National system. Such instances as I have referred to, of the revival of the calumny respecting the Archbishop of Dublin, are now comparatively rare; and few of the opponents of the system would now, I am persuaded, approve of the adoption of such means to raise a prejudice against the Board.

"ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.—At all events, after this episode about the Archbishop of Dublin, I shall know *how far to give credit to statements proceeding from the supporters of the Church Education Society, in opposition to the National Board.*"

We have seldom seen a better example of a *non-sequitur*; or more real nonsense condensed into so small a space.

‡ "Irish Industry—Woman's Work and Woman's Worth. By John Edgar, D.D. President of the Belfast Ladies' Relief Association for Connaught." Belfast, 1851.

and our labour of love was continued among the sick and dying, sad survivors, whom the scourge of God had spared. A time of mercantile ruin came in 1848; and, as if to close the grave upon our energies and hopes, 1849 brought the cholera. Yet, through all, our lives and means of usefulness have been preserved; and now, in times of unwonted prosperity, we are bound, in gratitude, to prove that the blessings continued, and the lessons of wisdom taught, have not been vain. Our principles and objects are before the public. We establish schools of female industry, under the patronage of influential ladies in Connaught; we send suitable teachers from Ulster; we qualify our pupils for earning a livelihood; and a main object in our system being to imbue their minds with the truth and spirit of the Gospel, we teach those to read the Bible who could not read, and we occupy a portion of the school hours of every day with devotional reading of the Word of God. We give them not food, as at first, when they were dying of hunger—eaten bread is soon forgotten—but the means of providing for themselves; we foster a spirit of independence: we help them to help themselves; we give them what no mere charity could give—industrious habits, the knowledge of an industrial art, which they can give to their neighbours, and which, as a rich inheritance, will heap blessings on their children's children."

We intend to confine the few observations to which our limited space restricts us altogether to the portion of this work that treats of the progress made in the industrial education of the young persons under the care of this excellent society; not that we underrate the importance of the religious branch of the subject, but because such considerations would be foreign to the scope of this paper, and also because its great moment would demand an amount of space and attention which we are not at present in a position to bestow upon it.

Forty-four female teachers, selected for their exemplary conduct, industry, and activity in doing good, have been sent by the society to different districts, and their efforts are directed and encouraged under the influence of ladies of rank and property residing in the different localities, whose unwearied attention to the poor is above all praise. They instruct them in plain knitting, and particularly in the sewed muslin trade. "We train

hands; manufacturers supply work and wages. This work has long held its ground with increasing prosperity, and its varying patterns furnishing constant gratification to taste, secure constant demand." One of the greatest difficulties against which they had to contend was the uncleanness in the houses and habits of the people. The dark, smoky cabin, shared equally between the peasant and his pig, and cow too, and ass, if he were possessed of such animals, marred industry; but the muddy torrent passed by, and now the stream is peaceful and clear. The gentle maids of Connemara who erst carried dung upon their backs like beasts of burden, and lived in ignorance and filth, are now elevated to an equality with their fellow-creatures, and prove by their intelligence and industry, that if they were idle, it was because "no man had hired them." The total number in the schools are two thousand.

"In eighteen of our schools, containing 1,243 pupils, there are only 115 Protestants. It is, therefore, for our poor Roman Catholic females that we would wake up Protestant sympathy. In the spirit of Christian love, we seek out the poor Roman Catholic girl away beyond the dark bogs and mountains of the wild West, and try to do her good. 'By far the greater number of our scholars,' says a patroness, 'are paupers, without any means of subsistence; six are orphans, and of eleven, their fathers are dead, their mothers either in the workhouse or begging.'"

The hosiery manufactured at these schools in Connemara commands the highest price in England and Scotland, and specimens are to be seen at the great Exhibition. Samples shown in Manchester to one of the first houses there were declared to be too good for that market, and suitable only to London or Edinburgh; and an eminent hosier in the latter city stated, that although he had been all his life in the trade, he had never seen such specimens. The black lace veil manufacture has also been introduced, and is in a healthy condition; and the sum total of the wages at present paid for the sewing of muslin in Connaught exceeds £5,000 annually, which is rapidly increasing—a sum of money, the importance of which, in Connemara, it is difficult to estimate too highly, when we remember that money was seldom

seen in that district, and that labour may be hired at from twopence to threepence *per diem*.

It is difficult to describe the pleasure we have derived from the perusal of the modest tract from which we have culled this information. The social and moral improvement effected in so short a time in the dreary mountain homes of the West is truly delightful, where benevolence and industry advance together, hand in hand, and triumph over the barriers of ignorance that have for ages past opposed the progress of civilization; and where filth, and rags, and idleness are put away by those who once wandered at the road-side almost naked, but now are clad in modest apparel, adorned with shamefacedness and sobriety. The tract abounds in little trifles like the following—mere trifles, but smacking too much of nature to be read with indifference:—

“Two little girls, the eldest only eleven, have earned enough this last month to pay their mother's rent, and to buy each a pair of shoes; another has helped to support her sick father.

“Two little girls gave two of their brothers a suit of clothes.

“I have a little savings' bank, and they give me some of their earnings to lay by for them. One drew out her little savings to buy a pair of shoes for her mother; and they are constantly doing similar things.

“One girl supports her mother, and a sister almost blind; another, with but little help, supports her mother and three little ones; another, herself and a little brother.”

Space does not permit us to multiply examples; but how many ennobled families, amidst all the haughty pride of wealth, and power, and hereditary descent, would look back upon their ancestors with more feelings of real satisfaction if they could find, in their days, even one such motto; and how many trophies and emblazoned escutcheons adorn the fretted vaults of our sacred abbeys that should rather commemorate things like these, were monuments erected to the merit and not to the splendour of actions!

We cannot conclude our notice of this most interesting tract without one more quotation:—

“A number of humble, retiring females, in the province of Ulster, have made a noble commencement; and while

young men were sitting carelessly at home, and Churches were paralysed, unprotected young women, farmers' daughters from the counties of Antrim and Down, who had never been ten miles from home, were setting out fearlessly to the wild West; fearlessly, while famine and pestilence were raging; and, afterwards, when rebellion was filling stout hearts with fear; and in the wild fastnesses, and the lowly glen, were gathering starving orphans round them in tenderness and love, amid scenes of desolation, where the fox and lapwing could hardly find a home, and over which the monarch eagle soared heedless and high, for no living thing there tempted him to stoop for his prey.”

The natural aptitude and mechanical genius of our countrymen and women appear to destine Ireland, at no very distant period, for a great manufacturing country. Where have efforts, persevering efforts, been made to improve the people, and failed? Where have endeavours been made to advance education, to spread civilization, to improve morals, to make the Irishman useful, hopeful, and happy, and have received opposition *from the poor man*? The apostle of moral and social order has seldom preached in this island, even for a little while, and preached in vain; he has seldom pointed out to them the ways of industry, and awoke in their desponding hearts new hopes and prospects, without feeling that the blessings of those who were ready to perish came upon him, and that he had caused the widow's heart to sing for joy!

In close connexion with the subject we have been considering, is the unexampled progress of Irish manufacturing industry. Upon this topic, even did our space permit, it is not necessary to say much. Its truth will be admitted by any one possessing even the most superficial information upon Irish statistics; and, moreover, it is probable that the very interesting nature of the subject may, at a future period, call for a paper wholly devoted to its elucidation. By the Report of the Factory Inspectors for 1847, we learn that between 1839 and that year, the increase of persons employed in factory labour was, in Scotland, 13½ per cent.; in England, 30½ per cent.; while in Ireland, it was 5½ per cent. Again, the population of Belfast was in 1821, 37,000; in 1831, 53,000; in 1841, 75,000; and if the rough calculations already made of this

year's census are to be depended upon, the population amounts, at present, to 112,000 souls—not a pauper and half-employed population, but a body of industrious and hard-working people, equal in their efficiency to any English or Scotch operatives. A well-known gentleman, Mr. James Mac Adam, thus spoke, in an address to a late meeting of the Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society upon this subject:—

“It may be a matter of surprise to many, that we can bring the two great materials, coal and iron, to Belfast, and yet compete with our English and Scotch neighbours in this industrial department, so essentially their own. But it is, nevertheless, true that this is one of the most flourishing branches of manufacture existing in our town. There are five large foundries, and several of smaller size, with machine manufactories, giving constant employment to a considerable number of mechanics. Among the articles that are made we may enumerate steam-engines, both land and marine, iron steam-boats, flax-spinning and flax-scutching machinery, railway work, water-wheels and turbines, and the numerous articles required in the manufacture of linens. And not only do these establishments supply the machinery required in the north of Ireland, but many orders have been executed for England and for foreign countries. As examples, may be specified, iron steam-boats, with machinery complete, for the Hull and Hamburg trade; machinery for the preparation of flax for Egypt, Germany, Denmark, and France; a number of steam-engines, of very large size, that have been sent to Egypt, and are now erected on the banks of the Nile, for the purpose of pumping water to irrigate the land; iron houses for California; and olive-pressing mills for Spain. And even in ornamental iron-work there are not wanting instances where the skill of our founders has been drawn upon; the iron windows and doors of a new palace, erected near Cairo, by the late Pasha of Egypt, having been made in Belfast.”

Nothing can be more encouraging than this. We may also add that the large castings for the great bridge over the Wye, at Chepstow, for the South Wall Railway, have been undertaken in Dublin, as well as (among many other works of great magnitude) the Monasterevan viaduct, the Balbriggan viaduct, the Nore viaduct, the Portumna, and other metal bridges over the Shan-

non, the great Liverpool station roof, the Palmhouse and magnificent conservatories at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, the conservatory at the Glasnevin Gardens, and at the Belfast Botanic Gardens, the Winter Gardens in the Regent's Park, London, and the lattice viaduct across the Royal Canal at Dublin; and we are also informed that all the heavy castings required for the Brighton Railway Company, for their passenger terminus at London Bridge, have been undertaken by one of our Irish companies. The effect of this progress, upon the industry of the country may be judged from the annexed paragraph, in a well-informed local paper, the *Ulster Gazette*:

“So brisk at present are that class of our capitalists who are engaged in the manufacture of machinery for flax spinning, that the steam-engines in most of their workshops are running night and day. Hands are not to be had, for love or money, either in Scotland or England. Several new mills are unable to start, partly from want of their machinery, and partly for lack of operatives. About 70,000 spindles more than last year will be at work in a couple of months, every hundred of which will employ seven hands. This alone will circulate about £2,000 weekly in Belfast. The manufacturers of linens, damasks, and sewed muslin, are busy in their preparations for the Great Exhibition; and so numerous are the females employed in the latter class of establishments that, when they turn out at meal hours, a stranger might really suppose that half-a-dozen great factories had been let loose in every street. Other branches of manufacture are equally active.”

It is scarcely necessary, after the evidence that has been adduced, to furnish more facts confirmatory of what has been stated. We would, however, be guilty of a culpable omission, were we to close this subject without some allusion to the three great branches of industry that have of late engrossed so much public attention—the growth and improvement of the cultivation and manufacture of flax, the manufacture of beet-root sugar, and the manufacture of charcoal and other articles from peat.

Nothing can prove more strongly the intimate relationship that exists between agriculture and manufactures, than the great progress made during

the last few years in the growth, as well as in the manufacture, in all its stages, of flax. It was stated at a meeting of the Royal Society for the Promotion and Improvement of the Growth of Flax in Ireland, that the Society's instructors had completed their labours in the superintendence of flax sowing, in the several districts in which they had been located, and they reported that the breadth sown in the districts under their charge was as follows:—Limerick about 1000 Irish acres; Bandon, 600 do.; Louth, 400; Waterford, 200; Carlow, 200; Nenagh, 160; Roscrea, 160; Sligo, 120; Wexford, 110; Inistiogue, 70; Abbeyleix, 80; Fethard, 60; Galway, 60; Cashel, 30; Westmeath, 30—total, 3,366 Irish, or about 5,000 statute acres. Most of these were new districts, and the return *did not comprise* the amount sown in parts of the country not under the superintendence of the Society. The general sowing in the provinces of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, was estimated at 12,000 acres, *or about six times the usual breadth*. The returns from Ulster, by far the greatest flax-growing province, had not been completed; but the sowing in all parts was estimated as much greater than upon any previous year, amounting to a total of about 130,000 acres. The importance of encouraging the home-growth of flax will be best understood by remembering that we annually import from abroad nearly treble the quantity we produce at home.

The prosperous condition of the growth and manufacture of flax has been produced almost altogether by the indefatigable efforts of the Royal Flax Society of Ireland, whose exertions have been beyond praise. This society was organised in 1841, at which period the Irish flax crop averaged about 80,000 acres annually. In two years afterwards (1843), it had increased to 112,000 acres; and in 1844 to 122,000. Owing to a scarcity in the supply of seed, unprincipled dealers passed off to the growers a great quantity of spurious kinds, causing great disappointment and loss from the failure of the crops. This cause led to a decrease in 1845, the breadth sown being 96,000 acres. The Society effectually prevented the recurrence of such malpractices, by bringing actions against the delinquents, and establishing the grower's claim to redress at law,

by procuring them compensation for their losses. The crop of 1846 was one of the worst, either in Ireland or on the Continent. The result was, that, in 1847, the sowing fell to 58,000, and in consequence of the general distressed state of the trade, in which the linen manufacture largely participated, prices fell so much, that farmers were discouraged, and only 53,000 acres of flax were sown in 1848. As trade recovered from its depression, prices improved, and the growth of flax rose in 1849 to 60,000 acres. In 1850 it increased to 70,000, and would have been much greater had there been a supply of seed equal to the demand, *every available bushel being sown*. This year every effort has been made to procure good seed in abundance, and the Society calculate that a total breadth of 130,000 acres will be under flax in Ireland this year.

The value of Irish flax has generally ranged from £35 to £80 per ton within the last fifteen years, and in some favourable cases £120, £145, and even £180 per ton has been obtained, though such cases have, of course, been extremely rare. The importations from abroad amounted to 62,649 tons in 1840, 67,368 in 1841, 55,713 in 1842; 90,340 in 1849, and 91,097 in 1850; and the advantage of producing it at home is strongly proved by the following statement by Mr. Blacker:—

“After the most minute calculation by practical men engaged in the growth of flax, the labour necessary for every acre of flax is computed to be seven days of a man, and fifty-four days of a woman, and four and a quarter days of a horse. Now 55,610 tons weight (which was the import in 1833, when Mr. Blacker wrote), supposing each statute acre to produce four cwts., which is a full average crop, would be the produce of 278,050 acres, which, according to the above estimate, would require in labour an amount equal to the employment of 6,488 men for 300 days in the year, 50,015 women for the same number of days, and 3,939 horses for do., or, of course, double the number for half the period—”

And another gentleman (Mr. Andrews) calculated, that the produce of two acres of flax will, in the course of its manufacture into cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, give employment as follows:—

“ 158 Spinners, twelve months, fifty-two weeks, at about 3½d. per week	£1,369	6	8
Eighteen weavers, twelve months, at £12	432	0	0
Forty needle-women, fifty-two weeks, at 4s. per week,					416	0	0
					<hr/>		
216 persons, amount of,	2,217	6	8
Cost of flax,	75	0	0
					<hr/>		
					2,292	6	8
Value of produce (1,050 doz. handkerchiefs, at £2 10s. per dozen)	2,625	0	0
					<hr/>		
Profit on produce of two acres	£322	13	4

The calculations of Mr. Andrews, of which space only permits us to give the result, have received a great deal of attention. They are published in the transactions of the Royal Flax Society, and have been quoted by Sir Robert Kane, “Industrial Resources,” p. 334, second edition, and by Mr. Montgomery Martin, “Ireland,” &c., third edition, p. 93, and appear to have received their full approval. It will be easy to estimate from these figures the value of the crops produced at home; and also the large amount of employment afforded to the people by the growth of flax, and its subsequent manipulation through the various stages of manufacture.

The next subject that claims our attention is the manufacture of sugar from beet-root. This is altogether a new source of industry, and we are obliged, therefore, to estimate the success of the movement from the advantages the undertaking appears to possess, without fortifying our opinions by an appeal to the experience of the past. A society entitled “The Irish Beet-sugar Company” has already obtained a charter of incorporation; and the confidence already reposed in it by the public is evident from the fact, that previous to the allotment of shares, the number of applications was about three times the number at the disposal of the company. It is stated, that sugar has been manufactured upon the Continent for a number of years, at an expense of about £7 10s. per ton; and that large quantities have been imported into this country as foreign sugar (from the finer description of which it can scarcely be distinguished), paying, of course, the duty levied upon foreign

sugars. It is calculated that, with the great facilities the British Isles possess in the construction of machinery, and in the manufacture of everything connected with it, we shall be enabled to manufacture sugar at a much cheaper rate. Under the inferior management adopted upon the Continent, one ton of sugar is extracted from fifteen tons of the root; but the Irish beet is much richer in saccharine matter than the continental. In the growth of roots of all kinds, it is notorious that Ireland stands pre-eminent. At the last exhibition at the Royal Dublin Society, the specimens of mangold wurzel averaged twelve pounds to eighteen pounds, with a produce of from fifty to seventy tons to the acre, whilst upon the Continent the produce rarely reaches twenty tons; for the very disadvantages under which we labour as a grain-producing country—the dampness of the climate—give us a great superiority in the growth of all sorts of green crops. Arrangements are in progress by the Society for erecting factories at Donamore, adjoining the Roscrea station of the Great Southern and Western Railway, and at Mountmellick, and, we believe, in several other localities, so as to be in a condition to commence operations at the end of October; and in the course of next year, should the experimental operations of the company prove successful, we may expect to see similar nucleuses of industry scattered in various localities.*

As the last great movement connected with the progress of Irish industry, we may mention the manufacture of Peat into various substances, viz:—1. Peat coal, produced by the

* See this subject discussed in a pamphlet entitled “The Manufacture of Beetroot Sugar in Ireland,” by William R. Sullivan, Chemist to the Museum of Irish Industry. Dublin: James M Glashan, 1851.

solidification of peat, from which a substance is formed equal in density to coal, and superior to it in the absence of unpleasant gases which prove so injurious to metal, and also in the fact that it burns without leaving any residuum or "clinker." 2. Peat charcoal, of a full and compact structure, dense, yet fully carbonised through its entire mass, and free from sulphur and of great heating power. This is produced at the rate of £1 5s. per ton, and is readily purchased in London at £2 5s. per ton, or £3, in sacks. 3. Acetate of lime. 4. Sulphate of ammonia, the two last articles much used in the printing and dying of calico, and cotton. And 5. Peat-tar. Several companies have been formed for the purpose of carrying out these improvements under various patents. The Irish Amelioration Society have recently taken 500 acres of bog near Athy; and works are also in progress at Ballymullen, and in various other places.

These three great branches of Irish industry—flax, beet sugar, and peat charcoal—will not fail to confer very great benefits upon us, enhancing the value of land, and distributing large sums, in the shape of wages, among the labouring classes, including numbers of women and children.

To the person who really wishes to form a fair opinion upon the onward progress or retrogression of Irish manufacture, these facts will be sufficient. They will show him that, independent of the direct profits offered by the soil, its value will probably continue to augment with the improving prospects of our manufactures. With the weak-

minded alarmist, or with the wilful depreciator of the luxuriant fertility and immeasurable resources of his native land, we have no desire to hold communion. We may add, that tile draining, and the application of chemistry to agriculture, both of which have made great progress during the last few years, are comparatively novel sciences in Ireland. We must also remind our readers of the extensive works of drainage that have been undertaken, some under particular acts of Parliament, and others by private individuals, of new quays, embankments, and canals, and of ten millions or more expended upon railways. The registered tonnage of Irish vessels has increased from 128,469, in 1836, to 269,742, in 1848, employing 15,000 instead of 9,000 men; and steam navigation in a still greater ratio, having now 106 vessels, with a tonnage of 39,918.* And, if we turn to the different institutions connected with the intellectual progress of Ireland since 1831, we will find the Industrial Museum, under Sir Robert Kane, silently and gradually accumulating knowledge, and making it available for all useful and practical purposes; and the Geological Society, Zoological Society, Natural History Society, Mechanics' Institution, and Dublin Statistical Society, all of later date than 1831, in a flourishing condition, as well as their elder sisters, the Royal Dublin Society, and the Royal Irish Academy. Nor is the activity confined to Dublin; in Belfast, Limerick, Cork, Londonderry, and Galway, as well as in most of our principal towns, other societies like these have sprung into existence.†

* The entrances and clearances of vessels at the various ports of Ireland have greatly increased of late; but as their increase has arisen from the famine, and from emigration, it does not afford a clear index to the progress of our commerce. We are satisfied, however, that there has been a very large increase in the tonnage of vessels legitimately connected with our mercantile transactions. The totals with respect to the coasting trade show an aggregate tonnage (out and in) of 3,131,659 in 1841; and of 3,905,626 in 1850. The number of vessels registered as belonging to the several ports was 1,969, with a capacity of 183,854 tons at the commencement of the period; and 2,333, with a capacity of 267,682 tons, in 1850. By another return, lately published, it appears that the sums advanced to private individuals for arterial drainage, &c., to be repaid with interest at 3½ per cent., in half-yearly instalments, extending over ten years, was 199,870*l.*, of which 67,603*l.* has been expended in the province of Ulster; 67,346*l.* in Leinster; 46,642*l.* in Munster, and 18,279*l.* in Connaught. The largest sum laid out in any one county has been in Tyrone, where a sum of 20,731*l.* was expended.

† Much useful information upon this subject will be found in an address delivered by Captain Larcom, C.E., at the Dublin Statistical Society, in June, 1850, and published in their Transactions.

There is one other point connected with Ireland's prospects, upon which a great prejudice appears to exist—emigration. Men who call themselves patriots allege that we are losing the stalworth and able-bodied people, and that in emigrating to America they leave behind them the old, the helpless, and the feeble; a perpetual tax upon the industrious members of the community. It is scarcely necessary to deny so foul an imputation cast upon our countrymen. A pious regard for parents and children, and even for more distant relatives, is one of the features most strongly marked in the national character, and ever burns in the peasant's heart with a holy flame, which misery and poverty in his own land cannot quench; which wealth and prosperity abroad can never extinguish, nor time nor distance chill. We can confidently assert, from an intimate acquaintance and great experience among the peasantry of Munster and Connaught, that for every guinea taken out of the country by the emigrant, four or five are returned, either to bring out the other members of his family, or to relieve the wants of his aged parents. We have seen upon several occasions £50 sent home by a common labourer; and the testimony of Father Mathew, before a Committee of the House of Commons, is to the same effect. The following return lately made by one single firm will place this beyond doubt:—

“Return of Sight-bills on BROWN, SHIPLEY, AND Co., and the NORTHERN BANK, from the 1st of January, 1847, to the 31st December, 1847.

“694 at 1*l.*; 1477 at 2*l.*; 1058 at 3*l.*; 1170 at 4*l.*; 1108 at 5*l.*; 614 at 6*l.*; 162 at 7*l.*; 260 at 8*l.*; 99 at 9*l.*; 555 at 10*l.*; 57 at 11*l.*; 108 at 12*l.*; 50 at 13*l.*; 40 at 14*l.*; 80 at 15*l.*; 49 at 16*l.*; 26 at 17*l.*; 40 at 18*l.*; 20 at 19*l.*; 332 at 20*l.*; 86 at 21*l.*; 26 at 22*l.*; 22 at 23*l.*; 21 at 24*l.*; 106 at 25*l.*; 23 at 26*l.*; 20 at 27*l.*; 22 at 28*l.*; 10 at 29*l.*; 107 at 30*l.* Number of bills 8,292. Total amount 54,422*l.* Deducting the bills drawn upon other places, this left a balance in favour of Ireland of 28,747*l.*”

We would put it to any candid man whether he really believes that emigration does impoverish the country; or even if it did, whether it would be just to adopt any measure to discourage it,

and to keep the labourer here in helpless poverty, instead of permitting him to seek his fortune in other lands? We believe that every thinking person will agree with us in saying, that emigration is one of the most gratifying features in the improved condition of the country; and that its effects will be, and in fact already have been, to empty the poorhouses of the useless portion of the community, and to diminish poor-rates considerably.

We have endeavoured in the foregoing pages to take a fair and unbiased view of our present condition, and our future prospects. Now that the storm has passed, and the angry elements have almost spent their fury, we are able to pause, and contemplate more dispassionately our fortunes; and is there any reason why we should despair? We have endeavoured to combat—would that we could say successfully—some of the absurd prejudices that exist against this country, and to point out some of the unexampled resources we possess; partly with a view to inspire Irishmen with energy for renewed exertions, and partly with a view to excite the curiosity, and awaken the attention of the English emigrant and capitalist. We felt that this was the more necessary, owing to the unfortunate disposition of our countrymen, which induces them in too many cases to magnify and exaggerate immaterial trifles, not in any manner connected with Ireland's progress and welfare, and at the same time to discredit and depreciate the things that really belong unto her peace. A great storm has swept over the face of the land. We have seen names connected with the brightest era of Irish nationality blotted from out the things that be. We have seen nobles and maidens of gentle blood obliged to leave their homes,—gorgeous as the habitation of the mote (that dwelleth in the sun-beam),—and now poor and friendless on a foreign shore; and we have seen in countless multitudes—

“Scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant lead his humble band.”

These changes, in a great measure effected by legislation, and accompanied with so great an amount of human suffering, can only be justified on the plea that they were necessary for the future regeneration of Ireland. Per-

haps they were wise and well, but still they were "not the less a pain;" and how sad indeed will it be if all these evils shall have been endured, and if no commensurate advantage shall be found to follow! It is because we are convinced that our future destinies hinge at the present moment upon the infusion of new capital, enterprise, and vigour into the inane and sickly frame of Irish society, and that we stand in need, not of vaunting patriots, orators, and heroes, but of patient, industrious, calculating utilitarians, that we have striven particularly to point out to the intelligent capitalist the advantages our country offers, with an anxious desire, at the same time, to enlist in our favour every patriotic Irishman for so good a work; the more so as we know that there is no country in the world so disparaged by its own inhabitants as Ireland, particularly by the section of its people in most constant communication with the English—the absentees, who having become apostates to their own fatherland, hate it as only apostates can hate.

We cannot expect that the foregoing observations have been sufficient to animate the weak and desponding, or to deter the parties personally interested in the perpetuation of our misfortunes and misery from future efforts to aggravate, by false alarms, present suffering; nor can we expect that we have been so fortunate as to banish all the anti-Irish prejudices entertained abroad for so long a period; but we do hope that we have, in some

degree, succeeded, and that many a "Saxon," who might have exiled himself in the Antipodes, far from all he loved and cared for on earth, will now, ere he does so, visit Ireland, and examine and judge for himself. We promise him if he comes—not as a stranger to view the nakedness of the land—not as an inspector of poor relief or famine, to fatten upon our miseries—but as a brother, to link his fate with our country, and to blend his destinies with ours, a generous welcome, and all the blessings of a warm-hearted and grateful people. Here, amidst all the exquisite variety of scenery with which heaven has adorned our isle, and amidst the pure beauties of nature, he will be best able to preserve his health and spirits, and develop all the energies of body and mind.—What are the events of the last few years? Crime has almost ceased, the poor-rate is decreasing, civilisation is spreading, education is advancing, our manufactures are making gigantic strides, our rich mines are unappropriated, and our lands ready to yield their grateful produce; capital only is wanting. Is ours, then, a declining country? is our star on the wane? Certainly not; everything is such as to inspire confidence in those who can discern the signs of the times; and we feel assured that the patience with which we have endured past sufferings will not be without its reward, and that the time is not far off when

"The liquid drops of tears that we have shed
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearls;
Advantaging their loss with interest,
And tenfold double gain of happiness."

DUBLIN

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DUBLIN

JAMES M'GLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-ST.

WM. S. ORR AND CO., LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS,

JULY.

I.

THOU art here, young lord of summer!
 Beautiful July!
 Lo, thy golden sunlight tinges
 All the eastern forest fringes,
 And thou flingest, glad new-comer,
 Glory o'er the sky:
 Welcome, welcome, lord of summer!
 Beautiful July!

II.

Over meadows, moor, and valley
 Pour thy amber floods;
 And at noon, when heat is sorest,
 There is silence in the forest,
 Not a waving wing to sally
 From the shadowy woods,
 Turfen glade, and breathless alley,
 Where deep coolness broods.

III.

Not a single cloud is drifting
 O'er the far blue sky,
 As throughout the twilight starless,
 In a light skiff, not cigarless,
 Quiet gaze to heaven uplifting,
 Languidly I lie,
 And behold thy glories shifting,
 Beautiful July!

IV.

When the light green leaves are kissed
 By thy matin breeze,
 Cometh down the village maiden
 With thy whitest roses laden,
 And her sweet eyes softly glisten
 As thy pride she sees,
 And she stays thy voice to listen
 'Mong the rustling trees.

V.

Welcome then, young lord of summer!
 Beautiful July!
 Stay awhile, O happy angel!
 Sing to us thy glad evangel:
 We will hymn thee, gay new-comer,
 As thou passest by:
 Welcome, welcome, lord of summer!
 Beautiful July!

BISHOP.—Most delectably melodious! The words absolutely sing themselves. Wait a moment, till I get to the piano, and I will thrum you off an air incontinently to them. (*Plays.*) Now, then, Jonathan, what do you say to that? Shall we not have the song for our next symposium at Sackville-street?

SLINGSBY.—Happy thought, by Apollo. How say you, most potent Poplar?

POPLAR.—Content, say I, and let it be ere we lose "beautiful July." Jonathan shall celebrate the "lusty hay month" with a chant of his own?

SLINGSBY.—What need I, when so many bards will sing his praise? Listen to Spenser:—

“Then comes hot July, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away;
Upon a lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey;
(It was the beast that whilome did foray
The Nemean forest, till Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array,)
Behind his back a sithe, and by his side,
Under his belt, he a sickle circling wide.”

Here again is another picture—a thoroughly rural one:—

“Now comes July, and with his fervid noon
Unsinews labour. The swinkt mower sleeps;
The weary maid rakes feebly; the warm swain
Pitches his load reluctant; the faint steer,
Lashing his sides, draws sulkily along
The slow encumbered wain in midday heat.”

POPLAR.—Leigh Hunt, in his “Months,” paints July with the pencil of a master:—

“There is a sense of heat and quiet over all nature. The birds are silent. The little brooks are dried up. The earth is chapped with parching. The shadows of the trees are particularly graceful, heavy, and still. The oaks, which are freshest, because latest in leaf, form noble clumpy canopies, looking, as you lie under them, of a strong and emulous green under the blue sky. The cattle get into the shade or stand in the water. The active and air-cutting swallows, now beginning to assemble for migration, seek their prey about the shady places where the insects, though of differently compounded natures, fleshless and bloodless, seem to get for coolness, as they do at other times for warmth. The sound of insects is also the only audible thing now, increasing rather than lessening the sense of quiet by its gentle contrast.”

SLINGSBY.—“Ay, Anthony, ’tis a charming picture, and what say you to Thomson’s warm description of pastoral summer sport in merry England:—

“Now swarms the village o’er the jovial mead
The rustic youth ——”

BISHOP.—Hold hard, my dear Jonathan. Spare my nerves, if you have any bowels of compassion. Come, Anthony, try your luck at another dive into the red box.

POPLAR.—Here goes, then. What have we got here? The handwriting is the same, and I’ll be sworn the strain is not less sweet than its sister.

A TOXOPHOLITE PICTURE.

I.

THE summer waters gleam. The summer boughs
Are rich with blossoms white as alabaster.
The odorous clematis doth espouse
This century-stained pilaster.

II.

Where shines the tranquil lake through pleasant trees,
A laxen sail in the soft air is fluttering;
The boatmen move the helm with languid ease,
Their song discordant uttering.

III.

Two lovely sisters by the sycamore—
One dark as midnight, one more fair than dawn—
Tell their sweet playful fancies o’er and o’er
Upon the shadowy lawn.

IV.

The Gothic shafts with silken scarfs enfolden,
 Like old romance in modern metre sung:
 The arrows by those dainty fingers holden,
 The lancewood bow unstrung.

V.

Ay, sister beauties! whose long lashes pendant
 O'er radiant eyes a dusky shadow fling;
 Eros the Archer is your page attendant,
 Nor ever lifts his wing.

POPLAR.—A charming bit of painting, upon my word; rich, soft, glowing, and spirited. Beshrew my heart but I think the fair archers, one or both, must have sent a shaft to the heart of the poet.

SLINGSBY.—I know not how that may be, but I pronounce these two little poems to be full of promise. Let us drink the bard's health, and may we soon hear again from him.

POPLAR.—Here is a bundle of papers. Let us untie it and see what's within. By the bones of Francis and shade of Smart! translations from Horace. Odes and epodes—satires and epistles.

BISHOP.—Away with them, away with them for the love of Heaven. Have they not been all done a thousand times? Ay, and of late, by an able hand in our own Maga. To the trunk-makers and tallow-chandlers with them, say I.

———"in vicum vendentum thus etodores
 Et piper, et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis."

Besides, I have an old grudge against Flaccus ever since my schoolboy days.

"Then farewell Horace, whom I hated so,
 Not for thy faults but mine."

POPLAR.—To say the truth, I am not disposed to look with much favour upon new translations of Horace. Perfect success in such an undertaking I hold to be hopeless, in reference to the satires, at all events, though the epistles are, I think, capable of a perfect reproduction in a new language, and the lyrics nearly so. But I quite agree with a modern writer that "the Horatian satire is cast in a mould of such exquisite delicacy—uniting perfect ease with perfect elegance throughout—as has hitherto defied all the skill of the moderns."

SLINGSBY.—A great moralist; a great lyricist; a great satirist. Were his verses not so polished, the sprightliness of his wit and the keen play of his satire would redeem them, and the sterling morality of his philosophy would render him immortal were his versification not half so elegant, his wit not half so sparkling, or his satire not half so lively. I believe Pope and Byron owed much of their eminence to their admiration of Horace.

POPLAR.—What illegible pot-hooks are these? Put the candle a little nearer to me, Jack, and I will try to decipher them. "Sonnets by the sad wave."

BISHOP.—What a lack-a-daisical title—spell away, however.

SONNETS BY THE SAD WAVE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

WHAT of the sea, to-day? What of the sea?
 Bringeth it news from some untrodden shore?
 An echo of the dying whirlwind's roar—
 A batter'd bough, rent from a riven tree—
 To tell of by-gone tempests? Still, to me,
 Is ocean fraught with messages, the core
 Of human hearts to rive with fear: no more
 Tho' storms may rave, yet must its billows be

The rolling hearse that bears to some far strand
 A lifeless load, or shipwreck'd corse, or bark
 Shatter'd, dead bird or branch! Yea, still to land
 The sea brings back earth's dead. Life's soul-less ark!
 But Jesus thro' the waves, above the dark
 Upbears the sinking Christian in his hand!

II.

Yet, nor the sea, nor life, are always bearers,
 Of death-wan passengers—of sin-blind guests—
 Both have their bless'd ventures, faithful breasts,
 In home-returning vessels—safe wayfarers
 Amid strong surges! Let us then be sharers
 Of cheerful hopes, what time the ocean wrests
 Our thoughts from shore. All God's bright world attests,
 That, tho' its inmates are the constant wearers
 Of raiment, dyed in sweat and blood and pain,
 Life hath not death but life for goal! and so
 We should not drop our tears of hopeless woe
 On the corpse-carrying coursers of the main,
 But smile to see it, knowing it to be
 A type of life and of eternity!

SLINGSBY.—They are by no means to be despised, Anthony; there is a good deal of boldness and vigour about them, and a certain earnestness of feeling and freshness of fancy that I like. To a thoughtful mind and an imaginative spirit, there can be no finer subject of inspiration than the "deep and dark blue ocean." Vast, fathomless, mysterious, and sublime, it fills the mind with images of awe and wonder, and suggests a thousand grand, bold, and pathetic pictures in the history of humanity and nature. Witness the sublime descriptions of David and of Job, the magnificent hymn of Byron, and the touching pictures of Falconer.

POPLAR.—And here comes opportunely enough a sonnet to illustrate your observations:—

A STORM AT SEA.

Down springs the hawk-winged tempest from his lair,
 Upon the slumbering sea. With wild delight
 Old Ocean greets the summons to prepare,
 And rouses all his horrors for the fight.
 Oh! woe to man, who stands on such a night
 'Tween two such foes! The flying clouds descend,
 And shroud the combatants from every sight,
 While, hoarse and loud, their rival thunders blend.
 Up leaps the angry wave; but back again
 The storm-king hurls it with a hollow crash,
 And sweeps it o'er the bosom of the main,
 Panting and hissing 'neath the mighty lash.
 Unconquered still, it dashes on the shore,
 But the old cliff stands firm amid its dying roar!

Now, I pronounce this to be a very fine composition, full of life and power. The imagery is all forcible and vivid. It is such a picture as Stanfield or Turner might be proud to create with their pencils.

BISHOP.—I am a pretty hand at a brush myself, and could knock you up a hurly burly, or a storm of thunder and lightning, in no time; and I declare I could not desire a better inspiration than these lines.

POPLAR.—Here is something more upon the aqueous element; shall we essay it?

BISHOP.—Upon conditions, Anthony, upon conditions. I am a temperate man; temperate in water as in everything else; *ne quid nimis*, sir, is my motto. I have stood firm during all the mutations of quackery; I put faith neither in

the water cure nor the brandy cure, but I have a strong idea that the true sanative specific consists in a due admixture of both ; so push me over the flask, old fellow, and then I shall not be afraid of all your Naiads. "*Veritas in puteo*" is an old adage ; but if Truth be found in a well, it is because there is then a "spirit" in the water.

POPLAR.—Oh ! what a villanous play upon *spirit*.

BISHOP.—*Jeu d'esprit*, you mean, I suppose, Anthony ?

POPLAR.—Worse and worse ; hold your tongue and listen. (*Reads*) :—

TO AN EBBING RIVER.

I.

RIVER, art thou dreaming
Of the grandeur of the seas ?
That thou leavest skies so beaming,
And shores so green as these.
Thy rain-bow shells are lying
Bare, beneath the noon-day sun,
And thy drooping reeds lie dying
Where thy waves were wont to run.

II.

Thou wilt not linger, water,
One moment by my side,
Though sweetest flowers I scatter
Upon thy thankless tide.
Thy waves in sun-light glisten,
Bright as eyes when hearts rejoice,
Thou wilt not pause to listen
To a feeble earthly voice.

III.

Oh ! thou ambitious river,
Would'st thou pour these weak waves forth,
With the dreadful sea for ever,
As it sweepeth round the earth ?
Would'st thou mix with it thy being ?
But, proud river, it is vain,
From thy shores for ever fleeing,
Thou must still return again.

IV.

River, I am wending
To a shore for which I pine,
Where a bright sea flows unending,
With deeper waves than thine.
Unlike thy restless motion,
Still returning to thy shore,
Once by that eternal ocean
I shall never wander more.

Well, what say ye, my masters ?

SLINGSBY.—It is well enough, Anthony. Pretty thoughts and prettily expressed. It is fluent and unforced, without any ambitious struggle to achieve great things. I would not that it were unread. The warblings of the finch and redbreast are sweet to listen to, though they may not compare with the wondrous song of the high-soaring lark, or the gushing melody of the nightingale. Proceed, my dear Anthony.

POPLAR.—Bless me what a fragrant odour exhales around. There is surely something within this envelope worth rifling. Ah ! "Roses," and culled by a

son of the land of song. The land of Burns, and Hogg, and Cunningham, and Ramsay. Hear how our "auld friend," Willie Forsyth, sings :—

THE ROSES ; A SONG FOR THE PHILOSOPHICAL.

BY WILLIAM FORSYTH.

WE'LL go and gather roses
 While summer beauties last,
 Ere the cloud its coming shows us
 By shadows round us cast.
 We'll go with song and laughter,
 Light heart and sunny eye,
 And think on care hereafter
 'Neath winter's cauldrie sky.
 We'll go and gather roses, summer's sweetest roses,
 Through the bowers of beauty vaunted,
 Woods where ceaseless songs are chaunted,
 And by fountains fairy haunted,
 Go and gather roses.

We'll go and gather roses,
 Our flowery path along,
 Each step some sweet discloses,
 Each breath is full of song.
 The merry waters falling,
 The wild birds as they sing,
 The woodland fays are calling
 From out the fairy ring,
 To go and gather roses, bonny budding roses,
 To wreath the young beauty's flowing hair,
 With sisters meet to blossom there ;
 Sweetest flowers—though ne'er so fair
 As earth's own peerless roses.

We'll go and gather roses,
 Where'er they brightest be,
 While a thousand radiant glosses
 Glint o'er the gowan lea.
 Ere the loveliness of summer,
 And its happy hours depart,
 And the sunshine waxeth dimmer
 On the hills and in the heart,
 We'll go and gather roses, dewy bosom'd roses,
 The cloud may come before we wot,
 The tear before we dream o't,
 Then let's enjoy our present lot,
 And gather summer roses.

BISHOP.—Bravo ! bravo ! (*Singing*)—

"Then let's enjoy our present lot,
 And gather summer roses."

Now that's what I call a very sweet song and a very good sermon. Do you know, Anthony, I'm rather an epicure about sermons.

SLINGSBY.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! No doubt you are hard to be pleased in such matters.

BISHOP.—Faith I'm serious ; I've a weakly stomach, and can't bear very strong food, or a great deal of it, at a time. There's Cuffcushion always turns me inside out, and I'm sure to be ill for a week after I hear him. He has a terrible way of stirring you up, and speaking truths in a very plain, disagreeable

manner. Such things, I must say, are unpalatable at best, and if they must be administered, let it be, like strong medicines, in small doses, and if possible, in a *conserve of roses*. But I see Jonathan looking grave, so go on, my dear Anthony.

POPLAR.—Forsyth, again. Shall we give him a hearing?

SLINGSBY.—By all means. I will stand godfather to him, and promise that his lines will reward you for the trouble of reading a most abominably cramped hand.

POPLAR.—There is an introduction in prose. Shall we have it?

BISHOP.—Well, I suppose we must, though I hate a flourish of trumpets.

POPLAR.—(*Reads*):—

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

BY WILLIAM FORSYTH.

“The vineyards of Israel have ceased to exist, but the eternal law enjoins on the children of Israel still to celebrate the vintage. . . .

“There is something profoundly interesting in this devoted observance of oriental customs in the heart of our Saxon and Slavonian cities, in the descendants of the Bedouins, who conquered Canaan more than three thousand years ago, still celebrating that success which procured their fathers, for the first time, grapes and wine. . . .

“The Hebrew in London rises in the morning, goes to some Whitechapel market, purchases some willow boughs, for which he has previously given a commission, and which are brought probably from one of the neighbouring rivers of Essex; hastens home, cleans out the yard of his miserable tenement, builds his bower, decks it even profusely with the finest fruits and flowers that he can procure—the myrtle and the citron never forgotten—and hangs its roof with variegated lamps. After service in his synagogue he sups late with his wife and his children in the open air, as if he were in the villages of Gallilee, beneath its quiet and starry skies.”—*D'Israeli*.

Come, bring me the boughs, my children,
The boughs of the richest leaves,
While wand o'er wand
Thy mother's hand
Around the column weaves.

Give the flowers to her, my children,
Whose love has been flower and leaf
To me;
Like the spring to the lonely tree,
While withering with my grief.

It was joyous in Juda's vineyards,
When our ancient race were free,
To sit within
The myrtle groves
Of pleasant Gallilee.

It was joyous in Juda's vineyards,
When our graceful maids came forth,
With music and
With dancing
To make glad the bounteous earth.

It was joyous in Juda's vineyards,
When the bursting grape they crushed;
But the heathen rage
In our heritage,
And the voice of joy is hushed.

There's a home to the eastern pagan,
Though he kneel to stock and stone ;
Each Christian race
Have their dwelling-place,
But the people of God have none.

For lo ! like our pilgrim fathers,
Through the wilderness we stray ;
But there is none,
Like Amram's son,
To guide our weary way.

Yet bring me the boughs, my children,
And we'll sing Jehovah's praise,
For the home to come,
The home to come,
In the land of ancient days.

Our voices in loud hosannas,
Oh, my sweet ones, let us join,
To praise the hand
That fills the land
With corn, and oil, and wine.

The palm tree waves by Parphar,
Under Hermon's gladsome hill ;
In Juda's clime,
Of summer time
The vine is purpling still.

Damascus hath rainbow gardens,
That are blooming like the rose !
And there this hour,
The sacred bower
Is built of living boughs.

And these are but fading branches ;
Yet they bring from their old abode
The bliss
Of a lingering loveliness,
And the fragrant breath of God.

Then bring me the boughs, my children,
While your mother is twining flowers ;
And sing me a lay
Of the ancient day,
To lighten our pilgrim hours.

We will welcome the glowing vintage,
As our fathers did of old,
When the fields
Of fair Jerusalem
Were clothed in green and gold.

We will welcome the glowing vintage,
Though for us there droops no vine,
Nor the citron,
Nor the pomegranate,
Of purple Palestine.

The voice of the Lord, from Sinai,
Still resounds above the plain ;
The cloud by day,
And the midnight ray,
In the promises remain ;

And afar by the Jordan's waters,
 By the Thames' triumphant tide ;
 By the Tiber, and
 The Danube, and
 Where'er our race abide,

The voice of their beauteous daughters
 Is heard in sacred song ;
 And, as of old,
 The promise told
 To Israel floats along.

They are singing the songs of Zion,
 And the hope of David's race,
 That not the tears
 Of captive years
 By Babel could efface.

They are singing the songs of Zion,
 And the hope that did not fall,
 When the banner of
 The Maccabees
 Was borne from Salem's wall.

Then bring me the boughs, my children ;
 Bring the richest in leafy bloom ;
 The wilderness
 Is our dwelling-place,
 Oh, that Pisgah were our tomb !

Our voices in loud hosannas,
 In our bowers of hope we'll join,
 To praise the hand
 That fills the land
 With corn, and oil, and wine.

And with timbrels and with dancing,
 'Neath full many a northern sky,
 They sing of climes
 In coming times,
 Where Canaan's beauties lie.

'Twas thus, for the feast preparing,
 That a Hebrew exile sang ;
 And I said, " Oh, Lord,
 Thy sacred Word
 'Twixt love and law doth hang."

And I said, as his trust seemed growing,
 " What to thee, oh Lord, is due,
 From a Christian race,
 When such holiness,
 Such faith is in a Jew."

SLINGSBY.—Mr. Forsyth has essayed a very difficult subject, and I cannot say that I think he has been perfectly successful. There is a style and a sentiment, I may say, *consacré* to Hebrew poetry, which is the only legitimate, or at all events effective, exponent of the feelings, religious, political, or social, of that people. It is not merely oriental ; it is Biblical. We have moulded all our notions of Hebrew diction and thought upon the sublime recitals of their annalists, the burning rhapsodies of their seers, and the pure and lofty devotional ecstasy of their poets. Whatever falls short of these does not reproduce in our minds the true images of the Hebrews, and hence it is that few have achieved what so many have attempted. Milman has been very successful, and Byron

occasionally and to a certain extent only. I mean no dispraise to our friend, therefore, when I say that he, too, has fallen short of the mark.

POPLAR.—Ay, sir, he should have thrown into his poem more of the religious devotion, of the burning patriotism, of the absorbing, sorrowing love of country with which the heart of the exiled Israelite, pines for the stones of Jerusalem. Well, let it pass. I see he means to try his hand again, and let us hope the second attempt will be still better.

BISHOP.—What comes next, Anthony?

POPLAR.—We shall see. Here are a couple of tales of chivalry. The first is called

THE SALLY FROM SALERNO.

BY G. H. SUPPLE.

“The sally from Salerno was not properly an event of the Crusades. Its date was 1016, while the first Crusade was not until 1096. Its connexion with those wars, however, the actors in it having been pilgrims returning from the Holy Land and their Saracen enemy will, perhaps, justify it as a subject for a ballad under this title. The inducements to those wars were the Moslem's oppression of the Christian pilgrims, and the Moslem irruptions into Christendom, which made it necessary to bridle that power by a Christian kingdom in the East.

“The princes of Salerno were of the Longobard race, which will account for Waimar's Teutonic name and his daughter's. Historians tell us he offered the Normans an honourable settlement in his country in gratitude for their heroism, which they declined, but promised to send some of their countrymen, who accordingly came and founded the Norman dynasties of South Italy.”

I.

CHRISTIAN Monk and Paynim Molla have the parchment clerkly scrolled,
Fair Salerno's safe from Saracen, for ransom weighed in gold.

“God has sent us good King Waimar for a ruler mild and sage,
To protect his trembling people from the ruthless Moslem's rage.
Stranger guests, ho! Norman pilgrims, what portends your strange array;
Why those shields, and casques, and corslets, as if bound for joust or fray?
Wherefore now, ye grim-browed strangers, spur your steeds, with lance in rest;
Know ye not Salerno's ransom'd at the Saracen's behest?”

“Out upon ye, pallid cravens, ope your gates, ye hearts of hare,
With our knightly swords and God's good help, we'll keep our honour fair.”
Down they rode, those Norman pilgrims, on the Paynim straightly there.

II.

Careless seem they, lightly deem they, those beleag'ring myriads bold,
Of the band so scant that cometh, they must bear the promised gold.
“God is great, tho' slave or maiden of the Giaour have we none,
Well he wrought, Suleyman Aga, goodly ransom have we won.
Featly ride those two-score riders, knights they seem, not slaves to kneel—
Dogs of Nazareth, no gold they bear, but gleaming Norman steel.”
Prayed a prayer each belted warrior, each a lady's name did say,
And the thunder-cloud burst, crashing thro' the infidel array.
Help, Mahomet! Damascus blades are dealing blows around in vain,
Sternly plies each Christian's labour, till their dripping sabres rain
From a thousand cloven Paynim bloody ransom on the plain.

III.

'Tis sweet evening; fading sunset sheds a gorgeous radiance down
On that beauteous bay and bloody strand, and fair Salerno's town.
Thro' Prince Waimar's palace gardens and tall groves the sunbeams rolled,
Thro' his windows rare, and chambers fair, and carvings quaint and old,
Till they kissed his gentle daughter there, the dark-eyed Henegild,
As so pensively she gazed abroad, her eyes with sadness filled;
Till they lit a gallant's youthful face, who sat that maid beside,
Lit his curling locks, his open brow, and beardless lip of pride—
Sir Asclittin, bold Asclittin, he whose foremost lance and shield
Broke to-day the Moslem leaguer and the heart of Henegild—
Sir Asclittin, bold Asclittin, peerless he in bower and field.

IV.

“ Gentle ladye, in fair Normandie, in mine own rugged land,
 Dwelleth she who first my knighthood's spurs bound on with her white hand ;
 I have seen as lovely maids, good sooth, in Greece and Palestine,
 And I gaze upon more beauty now in those dark eyes of thine,
 Tho' strayed my course to court, and listed field and lordly tower,
 To hold with lance my loved Adela, beauty's peerless flower ;
 But fast upbraiding memory comes, her smiles are in my eyes,
 I must fly betime, for charms like thine my fealty strangely tries.”
 Passed away that youthful knight, so leal in love, in war so bold,
 While in the sunbeams dropped the maiden's tears in showers of gold,
 Long, long sighed the Princess Henegild with weight of woe untold.

SLINGSBY.—A pleasant romaunt, and pleasantly sung.

POPLAR.—Here is another of the same sort. (*Reads*):—

SIR RAINULF'S HENCHMAN.

WHAT stranger pauses at the castle gate,
 And winds an echoing blast upon the horn ?
 A harper wearied seems he, and forlorn,
 To warder, prying through the lattice grate.
 Oh, well those towers are warded day and night
 Since Suabia's duke was wroth with Elfstein's knight.
 They lead the stranger in, where vassals tall
 Are grouped, and meetly feast him at the board.
 Thronged is the dais of that castle hall,
 With dame, and damosel, and belted lord.

And when, elated by the generous wine,
 He touched his harp and spoke of Holy Land,
 They thought of Rainulf of the two-edged brand,
 Sir Rainulf, heir of Schwarzwuld's knightliest line.
 Then sought the gentles all, “ if ere knew he
 That lord in Syria or far Armenie.”
 Across the pilgrim's sun-browned features came
 A paleness, as he answered wistfully,
 Oft had he seen that knight of noble fame,
 Full long will Christendom his memory dree.

“ I left my home in Aquitaine,
 A minstrel in Count Raymond's* train ;
 Sir Rainulf marched his stalwart band
 Methinks with noble Godefroy,
 And ere we reached the blessed land
 His deeds were harped with warrior's joy.
 I need not now the tale explain
 Of Dorylerun's bloody plain ;
 Nor need I to your graces tell
 Of what at Antioch befell.
 How Famine swept away our bands
 More fast than unbelievers' brands ;
 How on full many a Paynim corse
 We stayed his grisly pangs perforce.†
 But madly throbbed our bosoms when
 Near Zion's holy walls we pause,
 Though more like savage beasts than men,
 Nor bound by God's or human laws.

* Raymond, Count of Thoulouse, so distinguished in the first Crusade.

† During the siege of Antioch the besiegers were obliged to resort to cannibalism.

Sorrows and sufferings seem past
 Since yonder rise its towers at last.
 Each harp all blithely bard unslings,
 Each knight from saddle fiercely springs,
 And beffry* high or ladder brings.
 Were there ten times the swarthy foes
 That now above the ramparts rose,
 They could not quell our storm of blows.
 As ruthless shafts and sabres brast,
 We escalate the towers at last.
 Foremost, o'er bulwark and battlement,
 Sir Rainulf in the onslaught went;
 Closest behind of his warriors brave
 Rushed a boy stranger with bloody glaive—
 So slender and small, but from heel to head
 Casque, corslet, and vambrace were dripping red.
 We stormed the ramparts, the towers, and town,
 And slaughtered God's foes till the sun went down.
 A few of us, then, from the carnage fled
 To search for some lord or some kinsman dead;
 Where the hand of the mower had thickest shred,
 And there, amid ghastliest corpses spread,
 All stark, lay Sir Rainulf, his buckler battered,
 And hauberk and head by the war-axe shattered;
 And propped on his spear-pierced, mail-clad breast,
 The stranger lay likewise in bloodiest rest.

“ ‘ This stranger, whence came he ? ’ the vassals all said,
 ‘ Till the ladders were laid for the escalate
 Ne’er had they seen him, but through the red tide
 Closest he kept to Sir Rainulf’s side;
 And once had they marked, too, their master’s eyes
 On his stranger-henchman, in seeming surprise.
 We raised the plumed head of the ill-starred youth,
 We lifted his visor and helm, and, good sooth,
 Shone out a cluster of golden hair,
 And the death-rigid face of a maiden fair
 Chilled each grim warrior’s blood as he gazed
 On such beauty so ghastly, and blue eye so glazed,
 Till old Siegfried stept forth, ‘ By the cross on my sword,
 ’Tis fair Winifred, daughter of Knitlingen’s lord.’ ”

Through that wide castle chamber rose a wail
 Louder than winter breeze o’er moonless waste,
 Wilder than madness in its frenzied haste—
 One heart has broke at that swart harper’s tale.
 Bowed to the ground is Knitlingen’s proud dame,
 And hushed, save murmur of her daughter’s name.
 For moons ago fair Winifred had fled
 From out her father’s halls, not one knew whither,
 Or if the maid were living, or were dead,
 Or passed in joys to bloom, or woe to wither.

BISHOP.—Very good, Anthony, very good. I love those tales of knightly times. The genius of Scott has done for them in poetry what the old chroniclers and French romancists have effected in prose. I sigh when I think of the days when first I read “ The most Ancient and Famous Historie of the Renowned

* Beffry, a moveable wooden tower, covered with boiled hides to guard it from fire. It was used in sieges.

Prince Arthvr, King of Britaine," with worthy old William Caxton's preface to the Christian reader.

SLINGSBY.—And what say you to Alfred Tennyson's delectable "Mort d'Arthur?" Does it not breathe the very spirit of olden song?

POPLAR.—It is beyond all praise. Here is a translation from an Idyl of Moschus by Academicus:—

By ocean's shore, when calm reclined,
And on my cheek the breeze delays,
Or freshly fans the cooling air,
Or o'er the rippling surface plays,
My wistful eyes the bark pursue
That wafts the wanderer o'er the deep,
For then the thoughts of home arise
Fresh o'er my bosom, and I weep.

I hear the swift oar cleave the foam—
My heart rebounds at ev'ry stroke;
Still echoing ring within my soul
The shouts that from the seamen broke.
A restless wish my breast consumes,
To tempt my wayward fate anew,
To spread my sails for distant shores,
And bid these lovely scenes adieu!

But when the loud winds roughly blow,
And madly dash the show'ry spray,
When darting fierce from frowning clouds
The lightnings o'er the surges play,
Then once again o'er winding shores,
O'er waving woods my eyes I cast,
O'er peaceful vales, delicious shades,
That sleep unconscious of the blast.
And I exclaim, "Thrice happy sage,
Who, musing, dreams those bowers among,
While hours glide by beneath the leaves,
And birds make music with their song."

SLINGSBY.—I marvel much, dear Anthony, that the minor poets of Greece are not better known and more cultivated in our own country. Nothing can be more sweet, rural, and graceful than the Idyls of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. Virgil did not disdain to borrow from them freely, and our own Milton and Ben Jonson have transferred many of their beauties to their own pages. Have you seen Mr. Frederick Ringwood's selections from the three poets?

POPLAR.—Who has not. It is a masterly production—erudite, critical, and laborious; abounding with evidences of taste and research. The work, so far as it has gone, is alike an honour to the learned editor and to the heads of our University who induced him to undertake it. How comes it that a second part has not appeared?

SLINGSBY.—Others must answer that question. Let us hope that the position which Mr. Ringwood now so worthily fills will afford him sufficient leisure to complete what he has so happily commenced.

BISHOP.—Come, now, let me try my luck at a dive.

POPLAR.—Be it so. "Good luck to your fishing; what catch ye to-night?"

BISHOP.—A glorious take, by Neptune—a fish of our own waters. Listen while I read for you—

THE WISH; OR, THE FALL OF THE STAR.

I.

As Dermot was tending his herds on the mountain,
He mused of his love, but he mused in despair;
Young Norah came tripping adown from the fountain,
Less bright than her eyes was the crystal she bare;

But scornfully looked the proud maid on her lover,
 And tossing her head, turn'd away with a frown ;
 " O, Saint Patrick," cried he, " let me only discover
 Some way to *convart* her, and bring her pride down.

II.

" Her Father once called me, *me*, ' Dermot my jewel,'
 ('Twas at Donnybrook Fair, when I broke Phaidrig's head),
 She smiled, too"—the thought to his grief added fuel—
 " And *now*, how she scorns me ! I would I were dead."
 The stars glimmer'd round him—*one* loosed from its tether,
 Rush'd headlong to earth, with a diamond shine ;
 " O, welcome," cried Dermot, his hands clasp'd together,
 " I wish, how I wish, that fair Norah were mine."

III.

The winter's rain swell'd every stream to a river ;
 In crossing a plank, Norah stumbled and fell ;
 She sinks ! she is lost ! O haste, Dermot, deliver
 From death the fair scorner you *still* love so well.
 With *one* sturdy arm he divided the billow,
One circled her waist with a nervous entwine ;
 She is rescued ! and now, with his breast for her pillow,
 She falter'd, " O, Dermot, *dear* Dermot, I'm thine."

IV.

A fortnight elapsed, on one bright frosty morning,
 Father Dennis united two fond hearts in one,
 And now with her smiles *his* snug cabin adorning,
 Is proud Norah the *proudest* wife under the sun.
 Ere autumn, a babe the young mother caressing,
 As she whisper'd, " My Dermot, how happy we are ;"
 " Ah, Norah, mavourneen," he cried, " 'twas the blessing
 That follow'd my wish on the fall of the star."

SLINGSBY.—Bravo ; a very pretty piece of versification ; it illustrates one of our native superstitions. The Irish peasantry have a very poetical belief that whoever is fortunate enough, on seeing a shooting star, to express a wish before it vanishes, will be sure to have his desire realised. How inimitably Moore, and of later years Lover, has handled Irish themes.

BISHOP.—Ay, Jonathan, and some one else who shall be nameless.

POPLAR.—Fie, Jack ; you will set Jonathan a blushing, and then you know he will look foolish ; but in truth, much remains yet to be done in this field. As we are on Irish subjects, here are a few lines which illustrate a feeling that is deeply implanted in our nature—the love of fatherland :—

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

The ship was getting under weigh,
 Her mighty sails unfurl'd ;
 And hundreds crowd her ample deck
 To seek a distant world.

Loud rose the wail of parting friends
 Still ling'ring on the shore ;
 That bursting grief that rends the heart
 When we part to meet no more.

But there was one amongst the crowd,
 Unheeded and alone,
 She sat apart and seemed to brood
 O'er sorrows all her own.

No plaint her heaving bosom gave,
 No tear bedewed her eye ;
 She seemed as one whose very soul
 Was wrapped in misery.

Doubly an orphan was the maid,
 Of home and friends bereft ;
 For death had swept the parent hearth,
 And she alone was left.

And now from Erin's shores she strays
 (Scarce reaching woman's prime),
 A distant relative to seek
 In a far distant clime.

Beside her in a 'kerchief bound,
 One cherished object lay,
 She watched it with intensest gaze,
 Lest it be cast away.

I looked—it was a sod of earth,
 With the green sward cover'd o'er ;
 Part of that land which gave her birth,
 Which she should see no more—

She took, to plant it in that place,
 Where her steps should cease to roam ;
 A hallow'd spot, a memory dear,
 Of what had been her home.

Perchance for many years to bloom
 Beyond the Atlantic wave ;
 Perchance to make an early tomb,
 And wither on her grave.

BISHOP.—There is not much in the verses, but the sentiment may well redeem them. It was a feeling akin to this that led so many of the crusaders to bring from Palestine portions of its soil to form their *campi santi*, that their bodies might repose in the holy soil.

SLINGSBY.—The love of country is a sacred and ennobling passion. It is the spring of all the heroism of patriots of every age, and the true source of the elevation of every country. Woe to that land and the rulers of it where the love of country is trodden down and extinguished, and men are taught to fly from their hearths and homesteads.

POPLAR.—How finely does Homer illustrate this passion in the *Odyssey*, where he makes Ulysses, after all his travel through the best regions of Greece, thus speak of his barren Ithaca :—

Οὐτι ἔγωγε, ἦ
 Γαίης δύναμαι γλυκερωτερον ἄλλο ἰδεασθαι.

“Nor can I aught behold
 Sweeter than mine own native land.”

SLINGSBY.—Yes, dear Anthony. A noble and a holy sentiment, and may not we, Irishmen, echo it ! Where is there a land lovelier, richer in the gifts of nature, than our own dear island ! Shame befall him who does not feel so. Shame, double shame, to him who, so feeling, will not consecrate himself, heart and soul, to her regeneration ; to heal her wounds, to appease her strifes, to ameliorate her condition, to elevate her children, to make her free as the waves and winds that sport around her, fruitful as the verdure that springs spontaneously on her bosom ; to bid her fields ring with the song of the ploughman and the

reaper; to make her towns rife with the throng of trade, and her harbours crowded with the argosies of merchants, to make her, in a word, all that God has ever designed her to be, and that man has heretofore forbidden!

POPLAR.—Amen! amen! Let us at this solemn hour drink PROSPERITY TO IRELAND! As the shades of night are now passing away before the coming light of morning, so may the glooms that now surround her be speedily dissipated by the light of her regeneration.

“’Tis always the darkest the hour before dawn.”

(*They all rise and fill their glasses.*)

BISHOP.—Now, then, take the fire from me:

PROSPERITY TO IRELAND!

Hip! hip! hurrah!

Hist! did I not hear a fourth voice echoing our hurrah? (*Bishop seizes the poker, and makes a lunge through a screen that stands near the door*)—

“How now, a rat?
Dead for a ducat, dead!”

(*A cadaverous-looking individual, “in marvellous foul linen,” rushes from behind the screen, holding numerous “slips” of paper and a pencil in his hands.*)

Save me, Mr. Poplar, save me! Mercy, good gentlemen—kind gentlemen! Won’t you respect the fourth estate?

SLINGSBY.—Ha! ha! ha! A reporter, by all that’s quizzical.

BISHOP—(*Theatrically.*)

“I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune;
Thou find’st to be too busy is some danger.”

Out with him, Anthony—seize him, Jonathan! Steep him with brandy and set fire to him like a minced pie—pitch him into the ocean like a blind puppy—demolish him, annihilate him!

(*BISHOP springs forward to seize the reporter, POPLAR steps before him, and exclaims, in “King Cambyzes” vein—*)

“Ruffian, let go that rude, uncivil touch!”

Come, Jack, hands off, I say. The man is under my roof-tree, and the laws of hospitality shall be respected. He shall have safe conduct hence.

BISHOP.—Quick, then, thou man of manuscript, thou eaves-dropping stenographer. Disappear—evanish—evaporate—exhale! (*The reporter rushes out of the room.*) Here’s a pretty kettle o’ fish, my masters. That fellow will have us all in print before a week’s over, as sure as my name is Jack.

SLINGSBY.—Well, let him; what care we if all the world learn what we have said and done to-night. We’ll stand to it; won’t we?

Scene closes.

THE BRITISH OFFICER.*

A VOLUME has been lately published, bearing this comprehensive title, which embraces so many subjects of discussion, that it is impossible to do more than allude briefly to a few among the most prominent, within the limits of a reasonable article. The compilation is a valuable one, containing a digest of all the different rules and regulations, which are laid down by authority, to instruct the officer in his duty, to teach him his exact position in the State, as well as in private society, with the vast importance inherently belonging to the distinguished body of which he forms an individual component.

In contemplating the present military establishment of the British empire, numerically small when compared with that of Russia, Austria, Prussia, or France, but formidable beyond its numbers from courage and discipline, we look with satisfaction on a glorious record of past achievements, and trust with well-grounded confidence in a renewal of former success when the services of the army are again required. In this survey, the mind naturally reverts to earlier ages, and glancing down the stream of time, from Crécy to Waterloo, we find a long succession of brilliant victories, chequered by a very small proportion of defeats. During the period included, of forty-four great battles, fought between us and our formidable continental neighbour, seven only have been lost by the arms of England—Patay,† Castillon, Steinkirk, Landen, Almanza, Fontenoy, and Laffeldt. Of this small number more than one were nearly as glorious as if they had been gained, from the obstinacy with which a small force contended against overwhelming numbers, in spite of the

cowardice or defection of their allies. It is also remarkable, that while we have, in repeated instances, carried by assault strong fortresses, defended by numerous garrisons, our opponents can produce no similar cases of triumph over us, to adorn their own annals. The capture of Calais by the Duke of Guise (Le Balafre), in 1558, after a siege of only eight days, approaches nearly to a solitary exception. Though the place was not actually taken by storm, it was a close imitation, as the garrison capitulated on very severe terms, having lost all their outposts, and when, had the assault been given, they must have fallen under it. Their scanty numbers were utterly inadequate to defence, and they were almost entirely unprovided with ammunition and supplies. These are not empty boastings, but historical facts, profitable to ponder over, and worthy of being remembered.

The native courage of the British soldier (so admirably blended in the characteristic features of the three nations), has ever been the same; but the results of his hardihood must always depend much on the skill of the officers in command, and the discipline enforced by the subordinates who, under them, direct the energies of the mass. It is indispensable for the strict maintenance of that discipline, that the soldier should look up to his officer, not only as belonging to a superior grade in society, but as a much better informed, and more highly endowed being than himself. In the British service, this distinction is more clearly defined, and the distance wider than in any other. For these reasons, the reins of discipline are drawn more tightly,

* "The British Officer; his Position, Duties, Emoluments, and Privileges," &c., &c., &c. By J. H. Stocqueler, author of the "Hand-book of India," &c. London, 1851, 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Corn hill.

† The first battle of any consequence, won by the French over the English, since Hastings, memorable for the defeat and capture of the renowned Lord Talbot by the Maid of Orleans. This misfortune arose chiefly from the refusal of Sir John Fastolfe to fight, who drew off his forces, saying the contest was hopeless, and yet he proved himself a gallant soldier on many other occasions. The list of battles is not given as comprising *all*, but the comparative scale of victory and defeat is not affected by the few omissions.

and implicit obedience in the most trifling points more insisted on, and more readily conceded, than in any of the continental armies, where the regimental officers are of a class not much superior to their men, with whom they associate on terms of equality and familiarity which, to our reserved habits and notions, are perfectly unintelligible. In like manner, some part of our system is to them a corresponding enigma. The profound silence, the solemn decorum of an English regiment under arms, more particularly on a line of march, and even in their cantonments, is a physical mystery to the garrulous, volatile Frenchman, which he is at a loss to comprehend, and in which he can perceive no advantage. There is more merriment, more thoughtless hilarity in a French prison *dépôt*, than in the majority of English barrack-rooms. Habitual discipline has much more to do with this than distinction of national character.

With reference to discipline alone, our best military writer remarks, that on that point the British army was superior to the French, "because a national army will always bear a sterner code than a mixed force will suffer." The French Emperor's legions were composed of heterogeneous materials, of many different nations, each speaking their own language, and jumbled indiscriminately together. "Napoleon's military system was, from this cause, inferior to the British, which, if it be purely administered, combines the solidity of the Germans with the rapidity of the French, excluding the mechanical dulness of the one, and the dangerous vivacity of the other."*

Every French soldier considers himself as able a tactician as the commander-in-chief, whose arrangements he freely criticises, and fancies that he can penetrate all his combinations. A well-known anecdote of Napoleon's first Italian campaign furnishes a remarkable example of this intuitive quickness. On the eve of a battle with the Austrians, when he expected to entrap Beaulieu by a plan the success of which depended on the most profound secrecy, while he was reviewing a regiment, as he passed along the line,

a private stepped out, presented arms, and said in a low tone of voice, "General, if you want a victory, order such a movement," naming the very *mæuvre* his leader had decided on. "*Tais toi, coquin, ou tu es mort!*" muttered the General in reply, as he passed hastily on. He won the battle, and then liberally rewarded the soldier for his silence and penetration.

An English legionary knows nothing of tactics, and, if possible, cares less than he knows. If he is outflanked, enfiladed, or surrounded, he faces about with perfect composure, and fires on the enemy in his rear, whom he had hitherto found in his front.† But he understands no more of his changed position than that he has been told to occupy it, and he does so accordingly. This arises neither from constitutional stupidity nor from national obtuseness. It springs from a conviction that he is placed there to do what he is ordered to do by his superiors; that those who direct are wiser than he is, and equal to the responsibility they undertake. He leaves all that depends on skill, to his officer, and seldom questions his capability. A soldier formed on this model is not to be surpassed. A Russian is even more implicit in his subjection. "Don't go there," exclaimed an experienced veteran, who knew the danger, to a company of grenadiers he saw marching up to an impassable ditch, and to certain destruction, "you'll all be killed." "Let Prince Potemkin look to that," was the reply, as they continued marching on, "he sent us, and we must obey." The abject resignation of the Russian soldier to the dictate of his superior, arises partly from a compound of serfhood and fatalism. He has a religious conviction (something similar to that of the Mohammedans), that if he is killed in battle he will go straight to heaven, without any other passport or examination. This, added to his natural temperament, which is unquestionably brave, makes him a more obstinate customer to dispose of in fair stand-up fighting than any of his brethren on the European continent. In the British service this feeling is not recognised generally, but Corporal

* Napier's "Peninsular War," vol. i., chap. 1.

† A remarkable instance of this occurred at Alexandria, where the 28th regt. was assailed in front, flank, and rear at the same time.

Trim and my Uncle Toby are on record as illustrious exemplars. "I have always thought, sir," said the Corporal, "under submission, that a brave soldier who dies on the field of battle doing his duty, has as good a chance of getting into heaven as the best parson among them all?" "Trim," said my uncle, taking his pipe from his mouth, and speaking very deliberately, "there can't be a doubt of it." When we saw the Russian army, during the occupation of France by the Allies, from 1815 to 1818, the regimental officers, with very few exceptions, were unpolished in manners, ungentlemanlike in appearance, and badly educated.

The book before us applies equally to the officers in her Majesty's regular service and to those in that of the East India Company. The matter contained has been brought together with care and perspicuity. Not much of any value appears to have been either forgotten or omitted. We would, however, recommend, in another edition, the insertion of the late order conferring the silver war medal, with the list of the actions for presence at which it was granted. The subject is one of paramount interest, and should not have been passed over in a compilation of this nature, intended to uphold the dignity of the service. The whole forms a most useful manual, which every officer would do well to possess himself of, read with as little delay as possible, and then lay the volume on his table for occasional reference.

A well-written introduction, after stating briefly the object of the work, enters into a short analysis of the qualifications required to form the character of an accomplished British officer, which can alone lead him to the still higher destinies linked with his station and profession, and which are sometimes realised to an extent that surpasses fable, while it converts romance into history. A union of all the accomplishments described can scarcely be looked for in any one individual. He would embody perfection, and represent in his own person,

"That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw."

But if he regulates his life and actions generally by the rules laid down,

he will become a shining ornament to the noble profession of arms, and may win his way to distinguished honours through the most independent, the most gratifying of all channels, an honest exercise of the talents with which God has gifted him. If, on the contrary, while education and improvement were within his reach, he has omitted to seize time by the forelock, he will find when too late that the golden hour has slipped through his fingers. As in every battle there is the decisive moment, which gives the victory to the leader whose eagle eye and active genius can perceive and seize it, so in the life of every individual man, there is the commanding opportunity which is to make or mar his career, according as that opportunity is embraced or cast aside. No one can tell how, when, or in what precise form the avenue to fame or fortune may develop itself; but it is rarely, indeed, that it opens twice, or wcos a second time the thoughtlessness or incapacity which neglected the first overture. How aptly does the great poet of human nature put these sentiments into the mouth of one of his illustrious Romans, on the threshold of a mighty enterprise:—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of our life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."^{*}

There is scarcely any one, no matter how obscure his lot, who, if he reviews conscientiously the actions of his life, can deny to himself, that at some one time or other he has lost an opportunity, which, promptly grappled with and acted on, might have mended his condition. We are all too ready to lay to fortune, or some unknown controlling influence, the failures wrought by our own self-will. We like not the sad progressive experience which brings with it the conviction so difficult to fly from, that we have long wandered by choice in a mistaken track, until our feet are so entangled in its labyrinths that we cannot extricate them, or retrace our steps in time from the mischief we have ourselves created.

Towards the end of the introduction

* Shakspeare.—*Julius Caesar*, Act iv. S. 2.

we find the following passage, which includes a summary of what has been before recommended:—

“To compress in a few words the import of these remarks, let us briefly say, that the manners of the British officer should invariably be those which Chesterfield delineated; his conduct and sentiments those which in life and death Sir Philip Sidney illustrated.”

The latter of these two eminent examples, each in a different walk, will be received implicitly. The former is more open to objection. For the *fortiter in re*, Sir Philip Sidney, as a good knight and true, may well be set forward as a model. For the *suaviter in modo*, the courtly Chesterfield will not be so unanimously followed. In his code, as laid down in his celebrated letters, there is an undue mixture of foppery and effeminacy, with an overweening selfishness, which tend to make the heartless *petit maitre* rather than the high-minded cavalier. A profound observer of human nature says his instructions inculcate “the manners of a dancing-master with the morals of a prostitute.”

The bearing of the true gentleman is marked by unstudied natural politeness; by gracefulness of action rather than by ceremonious language; by the absence of all apparent effort to be courteous, rather than by a strained punctilious over-observance of conventional rules. This inborn elegance of mind and manners may be more clearly conveyed and understood by an illustrative case than by elaborate definitions. An incident, somewhat in point, that occurred many years since, presents itself to our recollection.

We happened to be serving in the Adriatic under the orders of the late Admiral Freemantle, then commanding on that station, and attended him, with other officers, on a visit of ceremony to the Pacha of Scutari, a young man who had scarcely ever had any intercourse with Europeans before. He invited the party to accompany him in a ride, and mounted them all in excellent style. The Admiral remarked the extreme beauty and docility of the Pacha's horse, a splendid Arabian. The Turk bowed, smiled faintly, said he was considered a fine horse, and he was glad the Admiral admired him. A Turk says but little at a time, never

laughs, and seldom pays or returns a compliment. After inspecting the palace, surveying the fortifications, and partaking of coffee and pipes, the party took leave and returned on board the flag-ship, the *Milford*, a noble seventy-four. The first thing the Admiral saw when he ascended the ship's side was the horse, standing on the deck, as the Pacha had dismounted from him, with a demipique saddle, considerably the worse for wear, bridle with tarnished embroidery, and velvet housings of faded hue. He was accompanied by two officers, bearing a message from the Pacha to the Admiral, expressed in the most courteous language, to the effect that he would do him much honour by accepting the horse, exactly as he had ridden him that morning. There was something in the whole manner of this which indicated one of nature's gentlemen. A pupil of the artificial, or Chesterfield school, would have been shocked at the old saddle and bridle. He would have sent the horse entirely uncapparisoned, or with new and gorgeous trappings. The Admiral, who was himself a noble specimen of what the British officer should be, in mind and manners, always quoted this as the most perfect instance of gentility he had ever met with.

All young men intended for the army should be sent by their parents or guardians, at the prescribed age, to the Military College at Sandhurst. For the artillery and engineers, education at the academy at Woolwich is imperative. There is no entrance into either of those branches of the service through any other channel. It would be well if the same regulation was adopted as regards the cavalry and infantry of the line, and that passing through the College of Sandhurst was made uniformly indispensable. The expense of that establishment would thus be increased by the additional number of students, but this might be met by a corresponding reduction in some other branch of public service. Independently of its military character, it is, in other respects, one of the best public schools in the kingdom, where a sound practical education may be obtained by all who are commonly diligent. The system is one of perfect impartiality. From the orphan of the humblest subaltern, who dies in the service, up to the son of the proudest living duke, all are treated alike, and all have the

same chance of advancement in every branch of study. There are no invidious titular distinctions of sizars, oppidans, or gentlemen commoners, as in other seminaries. All wear the same uniform, the only distinction in dress being the badge of promotion for good conduct or application to study. There is neither flogging nor fagging; and very soon after his entrance the young cadet finds that he has suddenly grown older than his years, and is treated like a man and a gentleman. His mind is prepared thus early for self-dependence, and his manners elevated beyond the rudeness of a turbulent schoolboy. When he joins his regiment he is two or three years in advance of his contemporaries who have not had the same advantages. His head is not stuffed, exclusively, with Greek and Latin, or the useless lumber of classical antiquity. When he has completed his course and is qualified, by passing the prescribed examination, to receive a commission, though unfit to contend for a learned degree, he is far better qualified to run the course of life than the mere college book-worm, the walking epitome of Homer, Pindar, or Epictetus. The living languages will help to push him on more effectually than the dead ones. Many of the young officers who come into the army, and who have not been at any public school or college, are, it must be admitted, sadly deficient even in the simplest elements of education. The full conviction of this has lately called from the authorities the establishment of a regular scale, laying down the quantum of learning in various branches, without which no candidate will be considered eligible for a commission, and no commissioned officer can receive promotion to a higher rank. The scale is a very limited one; so much so that a boy of tolerable application could scarcely escape through a rudimentary school, without mastering more than it requires. We do not, of course, include the technical knowledge of company drill, and the ordinary routine of regimental duties.

We are not aware that any official examiner-general has been named to carry out this salutary enactment, but if the duty is to devolve on some of the old field officers, or senior captains of each regiment, we suspect the majority of them would be even more at

a loss, with Livy, Virgil, or Euclid in their hands, than the tyro who is to pass under their inquisition.

No class of people, supposed to be employed, have so many idle hours on their hands as young regimental officers, particularly if detached in country quarters, or on distant outposts. Their very duty is idleness. The parade, visiting the barracks when orderly officer, examining the men's arms, ammunition, appointments, and knapsacks, and tasting their broth at dinner time, occupy but a very small segment of the day, while mounting guard is literally four-and-twenty hours of harness without work. We speak, of course, of these "weak piping times of peace," when many young men of rank and fortune purchase into the service, only to play a little at soldiers, and for the pleasure of dazzling the eyes of their fair acquaintances with a smart uniform. How, then, do they principally employ themselves? During the day they have shooting, hunting, fishing, cricketing, "dondering" up and down the roads and thoroughfares, to ogle the pretty girls, and sometimes "spitting over a bridge, and then running to the other side to see it go through." For the evening, they have the mess (when at head quarters), balls, parties, smoking, cards, and backgammon. Very few, indeed, occupy their time in any useful study, or in laying in a store of general knowledge, to be made available when occasion serves. No young officer can tell at what moment a sudden outbreak may send his battalion to India. Sooner or later he is sure to be ordered there in the regular tour of service. Then comes the test of who are merely idlers, and who are soldiers by profession. The former exchange or sell, in double quick time, the moment the route is received, leaving promotion and opportunity to the zealous and enterprising. Every officer should, therefore, set himself to study, as soon as possible, the two languages most in use throughout the Indian peninsula; Hindostanee, properly so called, and Persian. With these, he is qualified for any staff or civil appointment that may fall in his way; without them, he is only rank and file like the rest of his brethren, and can but "fill a pit," as Falstaff says, "with better men." Either of these two languages may be acquired, with diligence, in a year.

We know a case in which both were mastered in ten months, but it was by an individual of unusual energy and application, and with a peculiar turn that way. These eastern tongues are more easy of acquirement than some modern European ones, or than the classic Greek and Latin of antiquity. Their construction and roots are more simple, and being in themselves pure and original, they have not become inexplicable compounds of many dialects. As they are written in an unaccustomed character, the beginner is puzzled at first, but this difficulty is soon got over, and the rest is comparatively easy. During the voyage out alone, half the task may be accomplished. We shall be told that a crowded ship is no place for study; that a head and stomach racked by sea-sickness incapacitate the faculties from connected thought; that solitary quietude is impossible; that the taste of one must yield to the wishes of many; that all is racket, and noise, and talking, and eating, and drinking, and laughing, and card-playing, and smoking, and merry-making, with all the thousand *et cæteras*, and similar contrivances for "killing the enemy." Granted;—but still we reply, even in the midst of this unpropitious turmoil, "where there's a will, there's a way," and occasional hours of profitable employment may be extracted from the discomforts and interruptions of a long passage.

We once knew a determined student make himself master of logarithms, and acquire a store of algebra, during an eight weeks' stormy voyage from Cork to Bermuda, in the cabin of a small transport, containing sixteen "precious souls," and more than half the time under a perpetual tempest. One day when a mast went overboard, with a clatter which would have awakened the seven sleepers, and frightened us half out of our lives, there he sat buried in his equations, unconscious of the danger and confusion. He resembled Archimedes absorbed with his problem, until the irascible Roman soldier killed him to excite his locomotion. By the time we arrived in America his faculties were so imbued with the algebraic formula, that on the first parade, instead of giving the usual words of command, "to the right face, quick march," he shouted, " a plus b equals x minus z ," to the utter bewilderment of his company and commanding officer.

A fashionable youngster, more disposed to gaiety than studious reflection, may say, "Why should I waste my time in learning what I may never want?" Here is the ready answer. His regiment is suddenly ordered on active service. Three weeks before he had no expectation of this, but some unexpected intelligence has made a general stir. He arrives at the scene of action; the staff officers are all employed, and are not sufficiently numerous for additional duty. The commander-in-chief wants, on the instant, some one who knows the language of the country they are in, and can act as secretary or interpreter. Colonel Thompson mentions Mr. Jackson of his corps, who steps forward; there is his opportunity, and there is he ready to take advantage of it: the tide has made in to him, and if he allows it to ebb, he has no one to blame but himself. At another time, water becomes scarce within the cantonments, and the whole army is likely to be much inconvenienced. Wilkins, of the 20th, when quartered for a year and a half in some back settlement in Ireland, Canada, or Australia, amused himself with studying geology. He has read of Artesian wells, that they have been found even in the sandy deserts of Egypt; he knows how and where to bore for them with good chance of success. He surveys the ground, casts his eye over the adjacent country, and sees his way. He undertakes the experiment, it succeeds, and he gets into notice at once. His brother officers say, "What a lucky fellow Wilkins is!" forgetting that Wilkins created his luck by being prepared for it; and then wish they had made the same use of their time, when the same time was at their disposal—but it is now too late. We wish most earnestly we could draw the attention of our young military aspirants to these matters, and convince them there are better avocations than dancing at balls and gambling at clubs; we would make them believe that wasted opportunity can never be recalled, and that there is nothing like being *prepared* for a favouring breeze, whenever it pleases Providence that it should spring up in their favour. Look over the long list of young men of inferior rank who, within the last ten or fifteen years, have fought their way in India to fame and fortune. By far the greater number were the artists of their

own success, by happening to be ready at the moment when active, stirring spirits were required. India is the most likely field, in the probable course of events, to call forth the exercise of military talents. Though all is peaceful there at this moment, "the fire is only smothered, not burnt out," and at the next blaze, whenever it occurs, every regimental subaltern of his day may expect to do what Edwardes, Abbott, Lake, Lumsden, and fifty others, have done before him in ours, if he has qualified himself by due preparation when time was his own, and he had his choice of its disposal.

Decorations, and medals too, are now freely given for gallant services, without distinction of rank, from the general down to the drum-boy. These were formerly unknown, or very sparingly accorded, and then confined to Commanders-in-Chief, Generals of Brigade, or Colonels of Battalions. A happy change has of late occurred. The names of inferior officers, of sergeants, corporals, and privates, are now mentioned in despatches, and handed down to posterity in enduring memorials. All honour for this be accorded to that noble type of a true soldier, Sir Charles Napier, who was the first to break through the cold trammels of official exclusiveness, and hold up to public notice the humblest individual who, under his searching eye, had done his duty and deserved well of his country. We trust his example will be invariably acted on in any future campaigns, and that it may never again be said, as the historian of the Peninsular war has recorded with painful truth, that "while Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some beams of glory, the British soldier conquered under the cold shadow of aristocracy; no honours awaited his daring; no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope; his death was unnoticed." And then, with just and well-earned eulogium, he adds: "Did his heart sink, therefore? Did he not endure with surpassing fortitude the sorest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, and with incredible energy overthrow every opponent, at all times proving that while

no physical qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also fresh and full within him. The result of a hundred battles, and the united testimony of impartial writers of different nations, have given the first place amongst the European infantry to the British."*

Until our repeated victories in the last war, against the best troops and the ablest generals of revolutionary and imperial France, had convinced the world of what materials an English army is composed, it had become a common delusion, a received opinion, on the Continent, that we were formidable at sea only, and that our pretensions as a military power were of a very second-rate character. It required Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo, to remove the impression of our inefficiency in the early campaigns of Holland and the Low Countries, with the miserable results of that unparalleled instance of legislative folly which sent forty thousand of the finest troops in the world, under an incompetent commander, to perish in the marshes of Walcheren. And that, too, at a most favourable crisis, when fortune seemed to frown on Napoleon for the first time, and extended both hands towards us. That additional force, at that precise moment, concentrated in Spain under the one general capable of leading them to victory, would have cleared the Peninsula of the invading legions, and thus might have hastened by four or five years the termination of the most deadly struggle, and the most expensive war, England had ever been engaged in. It seemed that whenever what was called "an expedition" was determined on, the great object of the powers in office was to carry it on with all possible delay, and if intended to be "secret," its destination was carefully concealed from all—but the enemy. This was eminently illustrated in the case of that very Walcheren armament we have spoken of above, the objects of which, and the point of attack, were pointed out in the French papers long before the officers in command had received their instructions, or knew where they were to be employed.

The British infantry soldier, in heavy marching order, carries a weight exceeding sixty pounds—more than was

* Napier's "Peninsular War," vol. iii., p. 272.

borne by the Roman Legionary, including his defensive armour; yet is he fully as robust and active as the far-famed warrior of antiquity. In the campaign of Talavera, the light division, under General Robert Craufurd, marched sixty-two miles, with this burden, in twenty-six hours, in the hottest season of the year in the sultry climate of Spain, and left only seventeen stragglers behind. Sir W. Napier, who records the achievement, observes with just exultation: "Had the historian Gibbon known of such a march, he would have spared his sneer about the delicacy of modern soldiers."

Sir John Moore was one of the best practical officers the army had produced. "His life was passed among the troops," as was said in the general order, commemorating his death; but his system of discipline was defective when compared with that of his illustrious successor. Under Sir John Moore the duties of the regimental officer were oppressive and almost derogatory. He was required to carry a knapsack similar to that of the men on field-days, whenever the regiment paraded in service order, and invariably to march on foot with his company. By the Duke of Wellington's regulations (1815-18), every officer was allowed forage for a horse. He could thus ride, while his valise was carried, and instead of being exhausted at the end of a long and fatiguing march, was fresh and vigorous, able to attend to the necessities of his men, and ready for any duty he might be called on to perform. The superiority of this system is too obvious to require comment.

A very unwise and thoroughly John Bullish peculiarity of British officers, when stationed in foreign countries, has been, heretofore, to keep aloof from all intercourse with the natives, or d—d foreigners, as they were wont, in our young days of service, to call the denizens of their own land. Their habit was usually to entrench themselves closely within the narrow circle of their own mess and regimental society, a practice which tends to make ignorance hereditary, and to perpetuate national prejudices. The officer who studies his real enjoyment, and wishes to enlarge his mind, should renounce prejudices from the moment when he loses sight of his native shores. He should consider himself a true cosmopolite, or citizen of the world in its most extended sense, and

make that spot his home where the colours of his regiment are planted for the time being. But very few will open their eyes to the sound philosophy of these maxims. By reason of this haughty reserve, we have in repeated instances seen unscrupulous, plundering Frenchmen, who lived at free quarters, but were familiar and sociable in their exactions, better thought of, and more regretted than the distant, taciturn Englishman, who while he paid for all he wanted at the rate of double its value, fraternized not with the generation he came to protect or liberate. Few people like those who despise them, however liberally the despisers may disburse for the pleasure of expressing contempt. It is a well-established fact, that during the Peninsular war, in many of the towns in Spain, the English deliverers found it difficult to obtain provisions for money, while the French invaders were amply supplied for nothing.

The writer of this article served in the Mediterranean for more than five years, from 1809 to 1814, and during the whole of that time there were not half a dozen officers of his regiment who ever thought of learning Italian, or could speak as many words of that easy and elegant language, beyond the vulgar and disgusting terms of objurgation, which all pick up with wonderful facility. We recollect an ancient major, of the old school of traditionary regimental majors, with well-developed paunch, whiskers cut within a hair's breadth of the regulation, and deportment as unbending as if he had swallowed a ramrod; he was, withal, a terrible breaker of the third commandment—a fashion too prevalent in those ungodly days. Soon after his arrival in Sicily, he observed the unmeasured oaths of the inhabitants, which shocked him exceedingly. "It is perfectly horrible," he exclaimed one evening at the mess, "to listen to those scoundrels, they make one's blood run cold; they absolutely swear *sangue di Dio!*" This, literally rendered into English, was the worthy major's distinguishing imprecation, and he seldom began a sentence without it. But he was even more astounded at the facility with which the little children spoke Italian—a mystery he could never thoroughly fathom after many years' residence.

We happened to have several officers and three companies taken by a French

detachment, at a town called Palmi, in Calabria, in 1809; they having been wisely sent, by the officer in command of the expedition, sixteen miles from the main body without an intermediate post of communication. They were marched off from the heel of Italy to the centre of France, to Verdûn, the great depôt of English prisoners, where they remained five long years, until liberated by the peace of 1814. To the surprise of all the regiment, when they rejoined, one only, the youngest of the party, could speak French. The oldest among them, an ancient Highlander, one of the innumerable progeny of the well-known Laird of M'Nab, had actually contrived to remain innocent of a single word, while his native dialect was as pure as if he had never left the Braes of Balquhiddier. When questioned as to how he had contrived this, he claimed great credit for his perseverance. "He was determined," he said, "never to learn a syllable of their infernal lingo; he thought he had *held weel out*, though once or twice he was sair beset, and was near giving in." This danger proceeded from some fair Delilah who tempted him, but there was no combating against the patriotism of his argument. But we say, again and again, to all young officers, wherever you go, learn the language of the country you are quartered in, and associate with the people. You will expand your ideas, increase your knowledge, and observe much of good and evil; all which will teach you what to follow or what to avoid, and will make you a more efficient officer and a more valuable citizen. Depend upon it, it is neither clever to be ignorant, nor profitable to be idle.

We once heard the following original antithesis set forward as a boast by an un-reading man, in answer to an opponent who was troubling him sorely with endless quotations and references to books: "You are very grand with your books," said he, "as if you had read more than all the rest of the world; but I can tell you this, I have forgot more than ever you read!" This ingenious disputant was hourly proving the advantage of no memory. He contradicted everybody upon every subject, but was never known, even by accident, to stumble on a sound conclusion. Yet he passed with some as a well informed man. He was like Margites, of whom Homer said, he

knew a great many things, but then he knew them all wrong.

With respect to duelling, military men are placed in an awkward predicament. Fortunately, the practice is creeping fast into disuse, and single combats are now as rare as they were formerly frequent. Half a century ago, and even later, it was considered necessary to meet your man before you could establish your character. It was almost equivalent to taking out a diploma to legalise regular practice. Many a trifling quarrel has been fomented on this principle. The decline of duelling may, in great part, be attributed to the abolition of long sittings after dinner, with heavy potations, which led to much intemperate language, usually winding up with a challenge and a fight. This was the natural course of things in the good old days, when four or five bottles per man was the common allowance, and the last bottle not unfrequently ended its existence against the heads of some who had assisted in its exhaustion. It is now generally understood that rudeness addressed to an individual is resented by the company in general as an offence against the laws of good breeding; a sound maxim, well calculated to prevent quarrels, and to keep turbulent and tempestuous spirits within the bounds of decorum.

The articles of war are very peremptory and explicit on this question. Duelling is strictly prohibited, under any pretence or in any form, on pain of court-martial and cashiering. There is no distinction drawn between the parties implicated, whether as principals or accessories. Running directly opposite to this are the conventional rules of society, with the controlling influence of opinion, which require every one to be the guardian of his own honour, and cast the eye of disdain and contempt on the *gentleman*, who, being insulted, shows an indisposition to right himself. Standing between these two conflicting codes, and on much higher grounds than either, is the *veto* of religion and morality, which allows no compromise or qualification. If an officer gives or accepts a challenge, he infringes the laws of Heaven and man, and breaks the rules of discipline. If he refuses to fight when called upon, the world turns its back upon him, while his brethren in arms politely indicate that he has mistaken his pro-

fession. The difficulty is one not easily steered through. In all quarrels, the aggressor is to blame, and should never hesitate to make suitable atonement. But the most cautious and unoffending may be injured or insulted wantonly, which exposes human nature to one of its hardest trials. Between these two offences a wide distinction is to be drawn. The one is venial, the other deadly. The first may be passed over, but the second stings too deeply for oblivion. A popular writer has well defined the difference in a comprehensive passage:—"Injuries may be atoned for, and forgiven; but insults admit of no compensation. They degrade the mind in its own esteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge."*

It will, of course, be universally admitted that revenge is not recognised by Christian doctrine, and that the mere profession of Christianity, without living by its rules, is mockery and hypocrisy. But the laws of honour, as they are called, are framed in accordance with the existing state of society, in which it would be impossible to mingle without paying some deference to its acknowledged institutes. Opinion is a despotic monarch. Very few who live in the world have reached such an exalted pinnacle of character that they can afford to despise its rules. We cannot do better than point out to any one who has the misfortune to become entangled in a dispute, the admirable advice which Shakspeare (who was always right) puts into the mouth of Polonius, when instructing his son, on his first plunge into public life:—

* "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear it that th' opposer may beware of thee."

Something very similar to this was said to us by a near relative, who had served many years in the army with high rank and unblemished reputation, when we left home to join a regiment, at the early age of sixteen:—"Never be the first to get into a quarrel, and never be in a hurry to back out of one." It behoves the young officer to be extremely cautious in his first affair of this nature. A single false step at the outset he may never be able to retrieve. He must be careful not to acquire the

character of being quarrelsome, and still more so not to lie under the slightest imputation of submitting tamely to an affront. He should take no liberties, and allow none to be taken with him. At the same time, let him avoid being either captious or thin-skinned, or he will become unpopular with his associates, and be speedily driven into the solitude of his own barrack-room. A regiment is not now as thoroughly the common home as it used to be during the war, when leave of absence was seldom applied for or practicable, and large incomes entirely unknown. While there is, consequently, less absolute brotherhood, with, perhaps, not such perfect warmth and freedom of intercourse, there is an increased degree of punctilio, with a spirit of independence which will neither endure an oracle, an autocrat, nor a *bore*.

If a quarrel becomes inevitable, and is forced on you in spite of every peaceful inclination, your safest course is at once to put yourself under the guidance of an older and more experienced head than your own. Always select your own captain for choice, if, as you ought to be, you are on terms of friendly intimacy with him. There were formerly in almost every regiment (we hope the race is extinct) one or more agreeable individuals, who were called "fire-eaters," less from a disposition to handle cold iron themselves, than from their readiness to promote a duel on every trifling occasion. They seldom engaged on their own account, preferring to act as seconds rather than principals, and were deeply versed in the laws of monomachia. They were invariably supplied with an unquestionable case of Mantons, including all the necessary appurtenances, for the use of their friends, and ready with their own services at a moment's notice. Two things they held in equal disrepute: fighting themselves, and compromising a fight in which others were involved. Such men should have been shunned as regimental pestilences. They were little better than walking winding-sheets; and where one of these was concerned, you were quite certain there would be no apologies.

In all duels more depends on the seconds than on the principals, and, in nine cases out of ten, an appeal to

arms may be avoided without detriment to the honour of the parties, by the judicious proceedings of the friends who have been called in to act for them. The belligerents become cyphers, and cease to have a voice when they have once placed themselves in the hands of their representatives. So far the regulations of the duello are rationally constituted, if anything can be rational erected on an unsound basis. But a very delicate and serious responsibility devolves on those who undertake the adjustment of a quarrel. In the celebrated case of Mr. Stuart of Duncarn, who was tried in Edinburgh in 1822, for shooting Sir Alexander Boswell in a duel (having suffered grievous provocation), nothing was more dwelt on in his defence, or produced a more favourable effect on the jury, than the high character and reputation of the Earl of Rosslyn, who had acted as his second. An accomplished nobleman and distinguished general, his name was felt to be a guarantee that the quarrel was inevitable, and that every reasonable effort had been made to avoid the fatal catastrophe.

Among the few mortal offences, for which men of honour consider there is no reparation short of actual combat, may be set foremost, giving the lie direct, without the qualification of Touchstone's peace-making *if*, and inflicting blows or stripes. It requires superhuman philosophy to put up patiently with either of these outrages. A humorous illustration once presented itself to us, when sitting with a friend waiting for dinner in a public coffee-room. A statement had appeared in the papers of the day of a recent fracas between two gentlemen of honour about town, ending in a mutual cuffing, in which blows were liberally exchanged. There was no fight, each taking up the view that the *onus* of the expected challenge lay upon the other, and that he had already received, from his antagonist, ample satisfaction. A very safe mode of ensuring a harmless denouement. Our companion remarked. "I wonder how a man feels when he has been well horse-whipped?" Before we had time to make any reply, a grave, gentlemanlike looking person, extremely well-dressed, at the opposite table, who appeared deeply immersed

in a newspaper, lifted up his head and observed, "Very uncomfortable the first time, but it is nothing when you are used to it—I speak from experience." He said—and then resumed his position with his reading. We stared at him, then at each other, then at him again, while everybody present did the same, and could scarcely laugh for astonishment. We thought he was bantering us, but he appeared perfectly serious, although his outward man little indicated one of those patient martyrs,

"Who have been beaten till they know,
What wood a cudgel's of by the blow;
And kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather."²

The Duke of B——, of George II.'s time, was horsewhipped on the course of Litchfield by a country attorney. Soon after the king was told that Sir Edward Hawke had given the French a sound drubbing. "Vat is a drobbin?" said his majesty to Lord Chesterfield. "Sir," replied Lord Chesterfield, "a drubbing is—but here comes his grace of B——, who is much better able to explain it to your Majesty than I am." We were once acquainted with a veritable Sir Lucius O'Trigger, who would have fought twice a-day for the mere pleasure of taking the field, but was in other respects mild, amiable, and polite. Having rendered him some trifling civilities, for which his acknowledgments were unbounded, he exclaimed, with a grateful pressure of the hand, "My dear sir, I have only one way of repaying the numerous obligations you have laid me under. Should you at any time require a second, send for me, and I'll undertake to place you in an *invulnerable* position." There was a time when such a friend would have been worth his weight in gold, but as our fighting days have long gone by, we can now only recommend him, supposing him to be still on this side Hades, to all who are pugnaciously inclined.

A silver medal, with clasps, has been granted by a general order of the first of June, 1847, to the survivors of all ranks who were present at certain distinguished actions during the last war. For this they are much indebted to the

² Hudibras, Canto I. part 2.

zealous exertions of the Duke of Richmond and a few other persevering advocates, who never ceased urging their claims until the object was accomplished. The reward, it must be admitted, lost a little of its gracefulness by the long delay, and the cold, almost extorted, manner in which it was at last conferred. In the meanwhile the Indian army were glittering with endless decorations. But "better late than never" is a good apothegm, and the value of anything is enhanced by the difficulty of obtaining it. Some have thought that a medal, or cross, or ribbon, to designate honourable service, might have been extended to all who had done duty for a given time in foreign climes, and had been under fire against the enemy on a given number of occasions, without restricting it so exclusively to particular engagements—a distinction for general service during the longest and the most active war in British history. Many have received hard knocks, and have displayed both courage and ability, who had not the good fortune to be present at the most brilliant victories, while the failures have sometimes called for severer exertion, and have led to many recorded instances of individual gallantry. Brave soldiers have lost life or limb in skirmishes where there has been as desperate fighting as in general actions. We know more than one officer of high rank and reputation who has neither medal nor clasp for affairs in which he was wounded, while he wears them for others where he received no injury.* It also seems inconsistent that Sahagun, Benevente, Martinique, Guadaloupe, Java, Chateauguay, and Chrystler's Farm, should be included in the list, while there is no mention of the assault of Monte Video, the passage of the Douro, Arroyo de Molinos, Almaraz, El Bodon, the Forts of Salamanca, Tarifa, Castalla,† Burgos, St. Pierre, the passage of the Adour, St. Jean de Luz, Bergen-op-Zoom, Bayonne, Bladensburg, or Baltimore. In all these encounters, and many more,

gallant men died with honour, and bold deeds were performed by the survivors. All the operations of the war were not equally successful, but success is not always the criterion of merit. It has, no doubt, been difficult to make the selection, and mature deliberation has been given to the subject; but some are shut out who can show wounds among other certificates of service, and who, while they envy not their more fortunate brethren in arms, look with a sigh of regret at their own undecorated button-holes.

The prevailing system of obtaining commissions, and subsequent promotion, by purchase, is an anomaly in the British service which exists in no other. It seems, at the first glance, both unjust and detrimental that money should step over merit and seniority, yet in a country where the different distinctions of rank in society are so clearly defined as in ours, but where, at the same time, wealth predominates over everything else, we are by no means prepared to say the system is a bad one; neither has it been found that the men who purchase prove, on the average, to be worse officers than those who make their way in the regular routine. All are, or are expected to be, equally gentlemen. The introduction of the younger branches of noble families, and the sons of wealthy commoners, sustains the character and elevates the tone of military society. It may encourage habits of expense, which all are not in a parity of circumstances to meet, and it is certainly not pleasant for an officer who has little or nothing beyond his pay, to be reminded hourly of his circumscribed means by the lavish expenditure of his companions who have large private resources. But one evil must be weighed against the other; if the sale of commissions was abolished, the high, aristocratic spirit and gentlemanlike feeling of the army would undoubtedly deteriorate.

In our service the scale of pay is higher than in the continental armies, but quite inadequate to the expenses the officer

* There are officers in the service who have received brevet and promotion for gallant conduct in actions for which no medal has been given.

† This was the only action during the Peninsular contest in which Marshal Suchet was personally opposed to the English, and in which he was well beaten by the troops, though their general showed no ability. Suchet was considered the ablest French general employed in Spain, except only Soult. He was never, fortunately for himself, opposed to the Duke of Wellington.

must encounter, and the station he has to support. The uniform and the mess between them entirely swallow up, and even exceed, the subaltern's allowances. It would be well if the leading authorities would take these points under consideration, and contrive some means of modifying, so as to render them compatible. At home, in peace times, no subaltern can live on his pay. During war, in a foreign station, the feat may be achieved. We knew a determined economist, who, in an expensive regiment, contrived, after twenty-two years' service, to save enough of money to purchase a majority. This case we believe to be unique.

The advantages of the mess it is superfluous to dwell upon. The mess is the strong connecting link which binds the corps together, as the members of one family, in the prosperity and reputation of which all have an equal interest. The dinners are perhaps too costly, and accustom officers to luxuries they rarely meet elsewhere, and prepare them badly for the hardships and privations of active service. It becomes a punishment, in comparison, "to rough it on a beefsteak and a bottle of port." But the mess is an excellent school of manners and deportment, and at the present day bears very little resemblance to the description given many years ago by a witty Irish barrister, in one of his pleadings:—"A regimental mess," said he, "is a tumultuous assembly, where you get a cold dinner and hot wine, and where all the conversation consists in Johnson of ours and Jackson of yours." It sometimes happens that the commanding officer and field officers of a regiment are all married men, and as such, not habitual frequenters of the mess. This has its bad effects. The presence of the colonel or major operates as a salutary restraint, and keeps the younger and more effervescent spirits within due bounds.

We have good reason to fear the practice of gaming, whether in clubs, mess-rooms, or private quarters, is indulged in to an extent which calls for stricter scrutiny, and more stringent prohibitions, than have hitherto been found available. There is no temptation in the path of the young and inexperienced, so teeming with evil consequences, as the passion for play. It is a master dæmon, which swallows every other; an increasing appetite,

rendered keener by indulgence, and "growing with what it feeds on." More hearts have been broken, more domestic happiness offered up, and more endearing ties sacrificed on the altar of this insatiate Moloch, than have been swept away by any other controlling cause or influence in the list of human weaknesses and misfortunes. Language cannot be too emphatic, nor can the warning voice be too often raised to caution the unwary against this fatal rock on which so many buoyant hopes have been wrecked, and such flattering prospects dashed to atoms.

On the subject of general extravagance, and getting into debt, the farewell order of Sir Charles Napier, on resigning the command in India, may be quoted, and referred to, as an invaluable document. It embodies convincing truth, profound wisdom, and unanswerable argument; we should like to see it printed in letters of gold, framed, and hung up in every mess-room in the service. The following extracts are among the most memorable passages:—

"I am not merely a rich man speaking to those who are poor. I have known poverty, and have lived for years on less than half what every ensign in this army receives, and so lived, too, in a more expensive country than India. I take no merit to myself for this; I only state it as a fact, that I may not be taunted on the threshold of my argument by being told I know nothing of the difficulties of poverty. I do know them perfectly, and I know more—I know that every ensign in India can live well on his pay, and that many who have never appeared before a court of requests have largely assisted their families—largely, compared to their means."

"I do not say that a subaltern officer can give dinners; I do not say he can indulge in many luxuries; I do not say he can cast off all self-denial; nor do I see why he should do any of these things. When an officer gets a commission, he, without that labour which attends the initiation into most other professions, at once receives a good income, and that before he has any knowledge of his trade. In most other professions a young man hardly gets his food at the commencement. It is the desire to imitate those above us, and not to regard our own means, that is mischievous to all, and most so to young men. The result is ruin to numbers."

"The fifth cause of expense and ruin I believe to be the banks." They afford a ready means for the young and foolish to obtain money, but at an enormous interest. I have heard the objection to banks contested on the score that formerly officers who now borrow from banks, borrowed from natives, and even from their own soldiers; that it is therefore better for an officer to be in debt to a bank than to natives. I am unable to say what was formerly done, but I am perfectly sure that whatever facilitates the borrowing of money produces ruin to young officers, encouraging those vices which are the most mischievous, *especially racing, a vice always accompanied by gambling and extravagance.*"

The present army dates its existence from the restoration of Charles II., when the number of guards or regular forces were, in the first instance, limited to 5000. Standing armies had been introduced into England by Charles I. in 1638, but they were declared illegal in 1679. The earliest force of this kind, for which we have anything like historical authority, was formed by Saul, 1093, B.C. Then came the regular army of Philip of Macedon. In modern Europe a standing force was first established by Charles VII. of France in 1445. On this point the English houses of legislature have always evinced a wakeful jealousy, but, from time to time, the public exigencies have prevailed over all other feelings, and the permanent army once established went on increasing, until in 1815, the last year of the great war, the number of men amounted to 310,000, and the sum voted for military expenditure exceeded thirty-nine millions sterling! At the same epoch the armies of the principal European states stood as follows:—Spain, 150,000 men; Turkey, 250,000; Prussia, 350,000; Austria, 500,000; Russia, 560,000; and France, 680,000! But even these formidable numbers sink in comparison before the enormous hosts of remote antiquity, when the world was less populous, and money, the great provider, less generally disseminated than it is at present. If we can trust Eusebius, one of the gravest and most rational of ancient authorities, Ninus and Semiramis, two thousand years before the Christian era, assembled

armies amounting to nearly two millions of fighting men, for the conquest of Bactriana and India. Xerxes led above two millions across the Hellespont to the invasion of Greece. The host of Artaxerxes Mnemon, encountered by Cyrus the younger, at Cunaxa, exceeded 900,000.

Scarlet was established as the national uniform of England by Charles II., and it appears strange enough that the first trained body of soldiers who were clothed alike, under that colour, were Cromwell's far famed Ironsides. The three oldest regiments in the British service are the Foot Guards; of these the Coldstream takes priority of date, having been raised in that border-town by General Monk, on his march from Scotland to restore the monarchy in 1660. The two regiments of Life Guards, the Blues, the 1st Royal Foot, the 2nd Queen's Royals, and the 3rd Buffs, were all raised and incorporated with the regular army, and in the order named, between 1660 and 1665. The Buffs have a peculiar privilege of marching through the City of London with fixed bayonets.

The compilation before us says that, at this moment, the British army consists of 130,000 effective men and officers of all arms. A small number for the vast extent of the colonial service, and to meet the exigencies of a sudden war, which *might* spring up at any moment, *all'improviso*, when least expected. The clamours of short-sighted economists, and the noisy mouthings of peace advocates, both in and out of parliament, have succeeded in cutting down our permanent military force to the lowest possible point of reduction it can bear, with reference to the safety of the country, and the duties the army has to perform. We hope nothing will ever induce our government to listen to any proposal, on any showing, for a further decrease. Sir W. Draper, when writing against Junius in defence of the Marquis of Granby, called the army "a noble palladium of our safeties." The metaphor was a happy one and well applied, although ridiculed by his opponent, the father of the race of stormy radicals and flimsy casuists, who mistake merciless satire for convincing argument, and indiscriminate abuse of all men and all mea-

* For banks in India, read Jew money-lenders and bill-discounters at home.

tures (they and theirs alone excepted) for salutary reform.

The army, indomitable abroad, and respected at home; compounded of elements in which courage, discipline, and the absence of all political bias, are happily united, is, and will continue to be, one of the steadiest bulwarks of the throne and constitution. Hated by the ill-disposed and disaffected for its unimpeachable loyalty, and equally feared for its acknowledged power. Evil will be the day for England should this true *palladium* be ever suffered to decline, either in numbers or efficiency, below the present standard. Let the wholesome work of retrenchment be carried on where it is most needed, and can be best effected—by lopping off nominal superfluous offices, and cutting down exaggerated salaries—not by depriving the body of the active limbs, without which it can have neither strength, health, efficiency, nor permanent existence.

The garrison of Dublin comprises usually three regiments of cavalry and seven or eight of infantry, with artillery in proportion. A larger force than is to be found collected together, permanently, in any other part of the kingdom. The guard-mountings, reviews in the Phoenix Park, field-days in the country, and supposed attacks and defences of positions, under the directions of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, afford good opportunities to officers of all ranks of becoming familiar with tactical evolutions, and of learning how to handle troops in presence of the enemy. The Duke studies his profession *con amore*, and is pronounced by experienced judges to be an excellent soldier. Should circumstances give him an opportunity of commanding in actual warfare, we feel convinced he will distinguish himself, and add another illustrious name to the list of British generals who have upheld the glory of their country.

We have reserved the most important of all subjects, religion, for a few concluding observations. On this point young military men are disposed to be habitually careless. In the morning of life, when blood is warm, and the heart is full of hope and exultation, it is scarcely reasonable to expect the head to exhibit the systematic coolness, the constitutional gravity of Baxter or Wesley. Reflection is the child of experience, and it is only after trial of the

world's allurements, that we can fully understand their nothingness, and wean our thoughts from earthly to immortal considerations. Youth and passion will take their fling in spite of preaching and philosophy. Juvenile Catos are rarely met with, and they are not likely to make brilliant officers. Prince Eugene detested them, and remarked, with the true spirit of a soldier, "they scarcely ever stand fire well." But, admitting all this, nothing can excuse or extenuate levity of speech, or the slightest approach to disrespect or indifference when topics touching on religion happen to be under discussion. We have heard this, ere now, indulged in by old officers who ought to have known better, while young ones listened approvingly, and judged it clever to imitate their elders—on all sides, an act of useless folly, ending in repentance.

An *external* deference for things sacred, with the *outward* observance of the Sabbath, at least, is now so recognised, that standing on the steps of a club-house, or lounging, cigar in cheek, in the barrack-square, while all the respectable portion of society is going to church, is a bravado in the face of public opinion not often exhibited. When we meet with these exceptions, we grieve for the profession we admire and love, and blush for the individuals who expose it to such unnecessary animadversion. All who claim kindred with the educated and influential classes should be foremost in regular attendance on public worship. If not from conscientious conviction in the first instance, the social duty of example to inferiors ought to be a sufficient incentive. The second motive, in due course, may lead to the more important first, while from utter negligence no fruit can spring but comfortless and dreary infidelity. There are few military men who have not read Prince Eugene's memoirs, by himself, while all admire the genius and upright character of that distinguished General. We select the following passage, written shortly before his death, as well worthy of attention:—

"I have been happy in this life, and I wish to be so in the other. There are old dragoons who will pray to Heaven for me, and I have more faith in their prayers, than in those of all the old women of the court and of the city clergy. The fine music, whether simple or more

obstreperous of the divine service, delights me. The one has something religious which awes the soul; the other reminds me, by the flourishes of trumpets and kettledrums, which so often led my soldiers to victory, of the God of Hosts who has blessed our arms. *I have scarcely had time to sin*; but I have set a bad example, perhaps without knowing it, by my negligence of the forms of religion, in which I have, however, invariably believed. I have sometimes spoken evil of people, but only when I thought myself obliged to do so; and have said, 'Such a one is a coward, and such a one a scoundrel.' I have sometimes given way to passion; but who could help swearing to see a general or a regiment that did not do their duty, or an adjutant who did not understand one? I have been careless as a soldier, and lived like a philosopher. I wish to die as a Christian. I never liked swaggerers either in war or religion."

In our humble opinion these solemn matters should always be dealt with in a temperate strain. The thoughtlessness of youth and inexperience is more likely to be brought round by gentle censure than by rude asperity; by mild admonition rather than by dogmatical

reproof. A very amiable and religious poet, who lived and wrote in an irreligious age, says truly:—

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."^{*}

These remarks, and the suggestions with which we have accompanied them, are offered in the spirit of friendliness and good fellowship. The writer is an old soldier, and loves the service. He grieves when any incident occurs to lessen it in the eyes of the prejudiced and narrow-minded, or to give a handle to the sneers of cavillers. He wishes most earnestly to see the British officer what he can so easily contribute to render himself; in polished elegance of manner, in nobleness of mind, in command of temper, in general acquirements, and in moral rectitude—a perfect gentleman. An example to society, an ornament to his profession, and a source of honourable pride and happiness to his family.

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."

THE LINE OF THE LAKES.

If the world, as Materialists imagine, were originally formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, it was truly a wonderful Chance that guided the formation! Not to speak of animated nature—of plants, and animals, and men, who are thus supposed to have grown spontaneously from the dust of the earth, every arrangement of the globe's surface bespeaks a designing Hand. The very distribution of land and water is remarkably subservient to wise ends in the history of our race. In the course of ages, these elements have altered their character in relation to man, yet it is this very change that most strikingly brings out the wisdom of the great Foreseer. In early times land was the medium of intercommunication; now it is water. In earlier times water was the barrier of nations;

now it is their highway. The ocean is a highway formed to man's hand: no expense needed in preparing it, no tolls exigible for traversing it. No foreign hostile countries are there to impede communication; no dense populations to choke up the path of emigration. It is peculiarly a gift of God's to the later ages of mankind. It long remained a field untrodden, a blessing sealed; and the melancholy sound of its waves seemed to early mankind but the voice of mystery and exclusion. But now the mystery has been explored and the blessing read. And how truly it is a blessing, need be told to none who in fancy can look abroad upon the world of waters and behold them lighted up by the sails of countless myriads of ships, wafting from shore to shore the energies of man and

the produce of nature. How, without that ever-open sea, could the work of emigration go on, or old countries be relieved of their portentous swarms! How could nations, choking in their old seats, ever fight their way through nations to the wildernesses and free places of earth!

Look at the configuration of the Old World. Its continents are massed together, to facilitate the diffusion of early mankind. Place one limb of the compass in Cashmere, and the other will describe its circle through the northern capes of Asia and Europe, the western parts of our own islands, Cape Verde, Cape of Good Hope, returning northwards through the Peninsula of Kamschatka. Europe fits like a quadrant into Africa and Asia. The Old World would be a circle, but that its south-eastern quarter is broken into the thousand islands of Australasia. Yet circular though its general configuration be,* see how the ocean everywhere interlaces with the land, forming an endless extent of seaboard, and affording to advanced civilisation the readiest of all means of intercommunication. Africa is an island. Bay-indented Europe exhibits a hymen of land and sea; while, through the very centre of the continental masses, the Mediterranean and Red seas all but unite the waters of the Eastern and Western oceans. That small Mediterranean sea washes the shores of three continents—Asia, Africa, and Europe glass themselves in its tranquil waters. It lies like the heart of the Old-World system; while the *Ægean*, the *Euxine*, and the seas of *Azof* and the *Caspian*, stretch in connected or connectable links into the very centre of the northern continents. A steamer from *St. Petersburg* may circumnavigate Europe, and regain the heart of Russia by the Sea of *Azof* and the *Don*. All these watery barriers, it will be seen, are so circumstanced as not to obstruct the early wanderings and diffusion of the human race, yet served the purpose—all-important in those days of war and strong antipathies—of keeping asunder many diverse nations, of preserving peace by isolation. It was an all-wise Hand that so guarded the nations in their cradle; it was an all-provident

Hand that then used for isolation an element which, in subsequent ages and in altered times, was capable of becoming the best means of bringing into close union the whole family of man.

A similar design is evident in the plan of the New World; though, less in extent, its variety is also less. Its form is longitudinal; tapering to a waist as it descends from the frozen North, swelling again beneath the Torrid zone, and again tapering away to a point on the confines of the Antarctic snows. It thus presents the largest possible extent of seacoast, as if inviting Europe and Africa on the one side, and Asia on the other, to send thither their swarms. *Hudson's Bay* is a counterpart of the *Baltic*; lies in the same latitudes, and is destined to serve a similar purpose (an outlet for the North) as soon as population has grown thicker around its shores. The *Gulf of Mexico* and *Carribean Sea*—the immense basin of waters lying within *Capes Florida* and the mouths of the *Orinoco*, has hollowed out the land, not merely for the sake of adding to America her *Elysian isles*, but to carry the ship-bearing sea into the centre of the Western Continent, and to narrow to sixty miles the passage between the oceans. In the *Isthmus of Panama* we find repeated the *Isthmus of Suez*. The peculiar configuration of America, too, by which its dorsal chain of mighty mountains runs close to its western margin, not only leaves its eastern plains open to Europe, from whence its population was to be derived, but affords to its internal provinces the inestimable benefit of ready access to the ocean. For its rivers, flowing the whole breadth of the continent, acquire a magnitude unparalleled in the Old World—forming watery highways, up which the tide flows for hundreds of miles, and floating into the heart of the country the men and produce of distant climes.

But there is a Mediterranean in the New World also. The majestic lakes of Northern America—the largest in the world, and containing one-half of all the fresh water on the surface of the globe—which form in the heart of the continent a succession of inland seas, are yet destined to be covered by

* We need hardly remind the reader, that of all forms the circle presents the *smallest* extent of boundary-line.

a myriad sails, and to see spring up around them, as around the Mediterranean of the Old World, mighty, opulent, and populous states. Nor are they isolated: each is joined to all, and all are united with the ocean. Changing its name with every lake it passes, the same river flows through them all. As the tiny St. Louis, it enters Lake Superior—as the vast and impetuous St. Mary, it leaves it. As the St. Clair it pours from Lake Huron, and as the Detroit it unites the Lake of St. Clair to Erie; as the roaring Niagara, it leaps into Ontario; as the Iroquois, it pours down to Montreal, where at last it assumes its own world-known name of the St. Lawrence. From its source to where, at Cape Rosier, it is lost in the ocean, it runs a course of nearly two thousand five hundred miles, the breadth of the Atlantic. In volume of waters, and even in length of course, the mighty Amazons must yield to it. It is the largest river in the world, and of all rivers it has still the brightest future in store for it.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence directly faces the mouth of the British Channel. Rounding the island-shores of Newfoundland, which rises like a shield between the inner waters and the open ocean, you enter the estuary of this noble river, and at Cape Rosier find it a hundred miles across. At Cape Chat it is still forty miles from shore to shore, and from thence it keeps slowly narrowing its channel, till, at the Narrows, forty-five miles below Quebec, its width is but thirteen miles. The scenery along the shores of this estuary is considered to be unequalled in America, and, probably, in the world. A prospect of fifty to one hundred miles frequently opens—exhibiting mountains and valleys, bold headlands and luxuriant forests, pretty villages and settlements, fertile or rocky islands with the neat white cottages of the pilots and fishermen; tributary rivers, some of them rolling over precipices, and one, the mighty Saguenay, bursting through an apparently perpendicular chasm of the northern mountains; and on the surface of the St. Lawrence, majestic ships, either under sail or at anchor, with pilot-boats and river-craft in ac-

tive motion. In winter, however, this beautiful appearance vanishes. The river and gulf are choked up with broken fields of ice, exhibiting the most varied and fantastic appearances; snow covers the country on either shore; and a dark, stormy night in the estuary at that season presents the most terrific, wild, and formidable dangers.

Scarcely have you rounded the island of Orleans, where the estuary merges into the river, when Quebec, picturesque, but grim and terrible, towers high upon your right. Beyond it, the memorable Heights of Abraham—the death-place of the rivals, Wolfe and Montcalm—are seen rising steeply from the river, and directly overhead frowns the rocky Cape Diamond, with its impregnable citadel—the Gibraltar of the New World. About four miles to the left are seen the romantic Falls of the Chaudière, where that unnavigable river, seven hundred feet in breadth, with its banks decorated by woods, and broken into romantic grandeur by vast masses of rocks, roars and foams sublimely over immense ledges more than a hundred feet in height, and then rushes, and boils, and thunders over or amongst rocks and ledges, until it calms down within a short distance of the St. Lawrence.

Above Quebec, all the way to Montreal, a sombre monotony marks the mighty stream. The primeval forests are gone: here and there only, clumps of tall old trees fringe the bank, left by some proprietor more provident than his neighbours. The shores, in general, are low, bare, and reedy, and between them rolls the stately river—calm, sombre, mournful, “like all things great in the world.”* Embracing islands, receiving tributaries, without ever changing its look, this giant of rivers flows on majestic and severe, “like an old man who disdains the adventurous fantasies of youth; or, rather, like a strong and conscientious workman who thinks only of fulfilling his task, and follows through this obscure course, in dumb obedience, the line which God has traced for it.”

Halfway between Quebec and Montreal we enter Lake St. Peter—a shallow expansion of the St. Lawrence,

* “Ce grand fleuve est triste, comme tous les grandeurs dans le monde.”—MARMIER.

over flats for about twenty-five miles in length and five to ten in breadth ; at the head of which, on the left, is seen the mouth of the River Richelieu, pouring down from Lake Champlain.

Soon, in mid-stream, rises the island of Montreal, with its city of glittering tin roofs and spires, and behind it the picturesque Mont Royal, reminding one of the approach to Leith from the Firth of Forth ;* while on the right is the romantic embouchure of the Ottawa, up which vessels can sail when war with the States renders dangerous the Upper St. Lawrence, and thence, by the Rideau Canal, across the country to Lake Ontario.

This Rideau Canal was executed by the Home Government for the purpose of opening a water communication from the Ottawa to Kingston, "by connecting several *pieces* of water lying in that direction." The distance is about 135 miles, about twenty of which only it was found necessary to cut ; the remaining distances being occupied by lakes and rivers, or have been overflowed by raising dams and building locks. The locks are 147 in number, each 142 feet long and 33 feet wide, and the minimum depth of the canal is five feet. The Rideau Lake, which is the summit-level of the canal, is 283 feet above the level of the Ottawa, and 154 feet above the surface of Lake Ontario. This canal, besides the means which it affords for the transport of troops and commerce during war with the States, is of immense use in developing the resources of the valuable country through which it passes. It is also supposed that the head-waters of the Ottawa can be easily connected, through Lake Nippising and French River, with Lake Huron.

Immediately above Montreal occur the Cascades, at the lower end of the

Lake of St. Louis, below which, for nine miles, the river foams and dashes along among islets and rocks, forming the Rapids of Lachine. From this point up to Kingston (175 miles), the scenery of the river is varied and striking ; now spreading out into the Lakes of St. Louis and St. Francis, now contracting, whirling, and boiling in the Dubuisson and other rapids, which ascending vessels pass by side canals. In spring we meet on these foaming floods immense rafts of wood from the deep forests of the north, upon which bands of Canadian voyageurs are seen spreading the sails or plying their long oars, and chanting, as they boldly descend the rapids, the popular melodies of their country. Perhaps it is the most popular of them all, beginning "A la Claire Fontaine ;" and long afterwards, mayhap, in hours of sadness, one verse of this singularly rustic, but most touching, melody may linger in your memory, as it did in Marmier's—

"Sing, O nightingale I sing,
Thou with the heart so gay :
Thou hast the heart to smile,
I but to weep away."†

While, ever and anon, at the close of each of its dozen verses, swells out the chorus—

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

How many vows of love has that silent, melancholy-looking river heard—broken !‡

Near the head of Lake St. Francis, the southern shore of the St. Lawrence becomes American ; while, on the northern, is Glengarry, with its loyal, warm-hearted Scotch Highlanders, the first township in Upper Canada. Some fifty miles farther up, you pass Prescott on your right, and nearly opposite to

* Professor Johnston, in his "Notes on North America."

† The original is much better :—

"Chante, rossignol ! chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Je le cœur à pleurer."

‡ "The Canadian boatman, or *voyageur*, is naturally polite and always cheerful, fond enough of money when he once possesses it, but altogether unacquainted with overreaching ; and if he attempts to cheat, he knows not how. He sings, smokes, and enjoys whatever comes in his way, thanking 'le bon Dieu, la Vierge, et les Saints' for everything. The *voyageurs* know every channel, rapid, rock, and shoal in the rivers they navigate, and, never pretending to question their leader or *bourgeois*, fearlessly expose themselves to the greatest hardships and the most frightful dangers. When singing their celebrated boat-songs, two usually begin, two others

it the American town of Ogdensburg; and steaming onwards soon enter the charming Lake of the Thousand Isles, which reminds one of the Swedish Lake Maeler, or the less numerous islets of our own Loch Lomond. When sparkling in the sunshine, no spot can be more beautiful. Countless islets rise on every side, some low and green, some steep and woody, others but picturesque rocks rising fantastically above the waters; while all around spreads the broad river, waveless and bright, mirroring on its bosom at once the beauty of earth and sky. There is not here the ardour and dazzling loveliness of the Lesbian and Paphian Isles, or of the sparkling Cyclades, which the fancy of the Greeks made the abode of the Goddess of Love; a quiet beauty is around you, as if some kind fairy, some northern Titania, sporting with her Ariels, had scattered over the waters those gem-like isles, in order to excite good and gentle thoughts in the hearts of men. On emerging from this archipelago, the lofty towers of the Roman Catholic cathedral of Kingston, the grandest edifice in the New World, are seen on your right, and far away to the left the rival American port of Sackett's Harbour. Immediately afterwards, Lake Ontario opens into full view, unfolding not the appearance we associate with a freshwater lake, but a vast rolling ocean, receiving the waters of many rivers. It is about 180 miles long, by forty or fifty broad; fifty to nearly five hundred feet deep, and 220 feet below the tide-level of the ocean. It is frequently so rough that steamboats of common size were at first considered unfit to traverse its waters with comfort or safety,* and in ordinary weather the land and sea breezes are as regular as upon the Atlantic. The great Canadian highway runs along its northern margin, with numerous roads to interior settlements; on the south, a great *natural* highway

follows the trend of the lake for upwards of a hundred miles, upon one level, and smooth as the Appian Way. This is, at present, the most important of all the lakes. Surrounded by a highly fertile country, its shores can support a large population; and, situate midway between the Atlantic and extreme western waters, it is becoming, through the St. Lawrence and the numerous canals, the depôt of articles for consumption hundreds of miles in both directions. The scenery, too, though not sublime like that of Lakes George and Champlain, is highly picturesque. The surrounding terraces of fertile land rise with slope enough to display even their distant luxuriance; while the eye rests delightedly on the scattered islands at its eastern extremity, and on the Peninsula of Prince Edward, itself a group of peninsulas nearly severed from the mainland by the Bay of Quinté, spreading its fine arms over the bosom of the lake.

As you near Queenston, at the upper end of the lake, the Heights above the town come into view, where a stubborn battle was fought during the last war, and where a tall column, commanding the finest view in Upper Canada, commemorates the death of our general, Sir Isaac Brock. At Queenston the river is about half a mile broad, and twenty-five feet deep; runs at the rate of three miles an hour, and discharges nearly twenty million cubic feet of water in a minute. As the stupendous Falls, one of the wonders of the world, stop all passage by the Niagara River, we turn into the Welland Canal, and debouch at Port Maitland into Lake Erie. This lake is two hundred and seventy miles long, and from thirty to fifty miles broad. But it is shallow when compared with the other great lakes, being only from sixty to seventy feet average depth; and its waters, from this circumstance,

respond, and then all join in full chorus. These songs make them forget their labour, and enliven their long and perilous voyages. Nothing can be more imposing than a fleet of canoes, and the *voyageurs* all singing 'cheerily,' while paddling over the bosom of a lake, or along the sylvan shores of the St. Lawrence or Ottawa. . .

"The Americans who navigate the Durham boats are very different beings from the Canadian boatmen who man the *bateaux*. The former are generally tall, lank fellows, seldom without an immense quid of tobacco in their mouths; grave-tempered schemers, yet vulgar, and seldom cheerful; 'grinning horribly' when they venture an attempt to laugh."—*M. Gregor's British America*.

* The length of the Frontenac steamship, which was one of the first to sail between Kingston, York, and Niagara, was 172 feet, breadth 32 feet, and her burden 740 tons.

are frequently rough and dangerous. It is said to be filling up with alluvial deposits, brought down by its tributary rivers, at the mouths of which, deltas are evidently increasing. The largest of these rivers is the Ouse or Grand River, from the British side, which is a thousand feet wide, a hundred and fifty miles long, and navigable for thirty miles; and at its mouth, in a low marshy situation, stands the naval and military post of Sherbrooke. Near the lower end of the lake, on the American side, is the entrance of the celebrated Erie Canal, which connects this and the upper lakes with the Hudson River, the traffic upon which has poured untold wealth into the State of New York, and which is still the great medium of communication between the lake districts and the Atlantic.

Leaving Lake Erie and entering the river Detroit, we pass on the right the delightfully situated town of Amherstburg, 785 miles above Quebec, and 1100 from the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Fourteen miles further up, at Sandwich, the river is frozen over in winter, when the ice forms an immense smooth bridge connecting the British and American shores. The fertile banks are thickly peopled, not with the Anglo-Saxon race, but with descendants of French, who here tenaciously retain all the observances common to their countrymen of Lower Canada. You sail without impediment up the Detroit into the nearly circular lake of St. Clair, about thirty miles in diameter; and from thence, also, uninterruptedly, into the vast Lake Huron, 250 miles long, 120 broad, and 860 feet deep, exclusive of Georgia Bay, which is 120 miles long by fifty broad. The superstition of the old tribes of the land still peoples this lake with unearthly inhabitants; and as you sail along, you behold on your right a multitude of islands called the Manitoulins, or Islands of Spirits, the largest nearly eighty miles long, to which the Indians attach a religious veneration, as being sacred to the great Spirit, Manitou. The eastern and western coasts of the lake are generally fit for cultivation, and covered with heavy timber, presenting clay cliffs, rocks, and woody slopes along the shore; but the north-east looks rugged and barren, with the Cloche Mountains rising in the background.

From Lake Huron, through the Strait

of Makillimakinak, the navigation is deep and safe to Lake Michigan, which is only second in magnitude to Lake Superior. It is four hundred miles long and fifty broad, exclusive of Green Bay, a branch of it, which is upwards of a hundred miles long by twenty in breadth, both being on a level with Lake Huron. The whole lake is within the boundary of the United States; and the Michigan territory, forming a peninsula bounded by Lakes Huron and Michigan and the river Detroit, is a valuable and extensive region, in which settlements are forming with extraordinary rapidity. The south end of the lake is within a few miles of the head-waters of the tributaries of the Ohio; and Fox River, which enters Green Bay, runs for a considerable distance parallel with, but in a contrary direction to the Wisconsin. Indeed so level is the country hereabouts, that in rainy seasons boats have passed from the tributaries of Lake Michigan into the rivers which flow southwards to the Gulf of Mexico. As population increases, there can be no doubt that canals will completely open up the passage. It will be remarked that Lakes Erie, St. Clair, Huron, and Michigan, are nearly on a dead level. No canals are required in passing from one to another; so that every requisite for the most extensive navigation is already in existence.

The level of Lake Superior is about thirty feet higher. You enter it from Lake Huron by the Strait of St. Mary, forty miles long; but about midway the banks contract, and you are stopped by a rapid, where the vast discharge of Lake Superior, rolling along impetuously over and against natural irregularities, renders the navigation upwards altogether impracticable. Canoes have descended, but the exploit is hazardous. A canal two miles long would obviate this rapid, and complete the line of navigation from Lake Superior to the ocean. As you enter this largest and most westerly of the great lakes, it is in truth an inland ocean that spreads around. Even in the clearest day, neither island nor shores are within sight; you are in a solitude of waters, almost as unbroken as the mid Atlantic. Its waters are pure and astonishingly transparent; but no bottom is visible, and the lead sinks in some places for nine hundred

feet. A sea so deep has but few islands, and these scattered round its shores; but a large one, the Isle Royale, a hundred miles long, by forty in breadth, rises in the open lake, but within the line of Britain's supremacy. The lake itself is nearly 420 miles long, by 160 in breadth; and its circumference round its shores is 1600 miles. Its southern shores are fit for cultivation, but those on the north side are for the most part sterile and sandy. Lowlands, lying around the lake, are considered to have been formerly covered by its waters. In some parts a flat country extends back from fifty to seventy miles, but in general the background is formed by mountains, rising in some places to fifteen hundred feet above the level of the lake. The shores are alternately flat and sandy, or fringed by frightful precipices, perpendicular or overhanging, and hundreds of feet in height. No canoe ventures past these inaccessible cliffs, which in some parts extend thirty or forty miles along the shore, except in the fairest weather; for if a storm were to arise, destruction is inevitable; for the bottom is too deep for an anchor to reach it, and the waters of the lake rival in turbulent commotion the most violent storms of the Atlantic.

Some remarkable, but hitherto unexplained, phenomena are connected with the lakes which we have thus described. It is proved by the observations of those who reside on their shores, that their surface is subject to gradual, and, as some believe, periodical, but certainly very considerable alterations of level. Thus, in Lake Erie, where the changes have been most noticed, the water on sand-banks becomes shallower or deeper; mills at the mouths of streams are rendered useless by the rising level of the lake into which the streams descend; former roads along the lake, as that immediately beyond Buffalo, have been overflowed, and rendered permanently impassable; old beaches, covered with trees and cliffs, are seen far inland, showing the greater height to which the waters formerly attained; while others, which men remember to have been at a distance from the lake, have again been reached, and are in progress of being undermined. The height and periods of this rise and fall are both uncertain. In 1790 Lake Erie reached the highest elevation noted,

after which time it receded, probably for many years, and then began to rise. An emigrant, who settled on its banks in 1817, found the flux commenced; and on the shores of Michigan the rise was estimated at five and a quarter feet between 1819 and 1838. In this latter year the lakes reached the highest elevation they have attained during this century, and since then they have been gradually receding. How high the lake may rise when it next begins to increase, past experience does not enable us to judge. Variations in the fall of rain and snow in the lake country, and differences in the amount of evaporation, are usually suggested as the causes of these phenomena, but such causes will not explain the specialties of the case; for the rise and fall of the lake-levels are so gradual, and continue to augment for so long a period, that a steady and increasing augmentation of the water poured into the lakes must go on while the level is rising, and a similar gradual and long-continued diminution while it is falling. Everything seems to show that the great cause of the variations is to be sought for in Lake Superior; but, unfortunately, the remoteness and generally wilderness state of the shores of this lake have hitherto prevented any observations being made by which light could be thrown on this interesting question.

The comparative depths of the lakes form another extraordinary subject of inquiry. Lake Erie is only sixty or seventy feet deep; but the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 452 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although their surface is so much higher, are all, from their vast depth, on a level with the bottom of Lake Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the full probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper great lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior to Huron, and from Huron to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is by no means improbable, and will account for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating

with the St. Lawrence, but in no others. As the Falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some such subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of this river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

Lake Superior is still a virgin sea; no schooner has yet spread its sails on its surface, no steamer has ploughed its waters in the teeth of the wind—only the canoe of the Indian, or the batteau of the voyageur, timorous of its storms, and creeping along shore: yet a navy will by-and-by float on its bosom, and opulent cities arise on its margin. The states of the Union are already spreading along its shores. West of Lake Michigan is the new State of Wisconsin, where no less than 630,000 acres of land were purchased in the single year 1847, and which now numbers about 300,000 inhabitants. Yet on the site where now stands Milwaukee—its principal port, on the southwestern part of Lake Michigan, which at present numbers seventeen thousand inhabitants, and is the general destination of emigrants from the east,—fifteen years ago Indian skeletons, in rude coffins, might be seen suspended under the trees of the forest. Still further inland, and to the north-west of Wisconsin, lies the territory, about to become the state, of Minnesota, called by some the New England of the West. It is bounded on the east by Lake Superior, on the west by the Missouri, and is traversed for nine hundred miles by the Upper Mississippi. New as the territory is, we already hear of its agricultural societies, its cattle-shows, and its lead-mines; and steamers ply regularly up the Upper Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony, where stands the town of St. Paul, the seat of Government, two hundred and twenty miles within the borders of the territory. The many rivers that flow through these states afford abundant facilities for inland navigation; while their head-waters approach so close to the lakes, and the country between is so level, that this district will in future times become the central emporium of American commerce. The produce of the South will pour up hither from the Gulf of Mexico; while the manufactures of Europe and east-

ern America will ascend to the same point by the broad stream and lakes of the St. Lawrence. The peninsula lying between Lakes Michigan and Superior, and the southern shores of the latter lake, will build cities to store this commerce, with the money which the commerce itself will pour into the land; and from this district, as from a central depôt, the goods will be spread over central America and the prairies of the Far West.

The "Far West," what is it but a region every year diminishing, a goal to which mankind are annually drawing nearer? "The Far West," says a Buffalo paper, twenty years ago,— "where is the West, and what are its bounds? But a few years have passed since our thriving town (then a rude hamlet) stood upon the further confines of the rising west. Still beyond there did indeed exist an ideal realm of future greatness, a matted and mighty forest; but 'clouds and thick darkness' rested on it. But the solitude has been penetrated, the forest has been overwhelmed by the towering wave of emigration. That wave but recently spent its utmost fury ere it reached even here, and its last and dying ripple was wont to fall gently at our feet. But not so now: it has risen above, it has swept over us; and while its mighty deluge is yet running past in one undiminished current, the roar of its swelling surges, repeated by each babbling echo, is still wafted back to us upon every western breeze. Ours is no longer a western settlement; our children are surrounded by the comforts, the blessings, and the elegancies of life, where their fathers found only hardship, privation, and want. The 'westward' is onward—still onward—but where? Even the place that was known as such but yesterday, to-morrow shall be known so no more. The tall forest, the prowling beast, and

'The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,'

are alike borne down, trampled, and destroyed by this everlasting scramble for the West." Every year that ever-receding region must be pursued over new rivers and mountains and plains, until the chase terminate by necessity at the mouth of the Oregon,—until mankind have surmounted the Rocky Mountains, and built their cities on the shores of the Pacific.

The old race are gone that once peopled the vast basin of the St. Lawrence; the change is well nigh as complete as if wrought by a deluge. The Indian has disappeared with his woods. Only in imagination can we recur to the time when primeval forests covered the face of the country, tenanted by numerous tribes, powerful in war but infants in civilisation; and when the Montagnais, a tribe of the Algonquin Indians, inhabited the whole valley of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, from the banks of the river Saguenay, 200 miles below Quebec, to the north-western shores of Lake Superior. The origin of the Indian race is wrapped in mysterious darkness, but the aborigines of the New World are evidently homogeneous, and from the torrid zone to the north-west countries of Canada, their features, forms, and complexions are nearly the same. Their colour is a shining olive. Their persons are symmetrically proportioned, never corpulent; their hands and feet are small, and finely formed; and the stature of the men is tall, being generally not under five feet nine inches, and often six feet. The lower part of the face is angular, the upper rather broad, and the forehead well-shaped but rather retiring. Their eyes are deep-set, black, quick, and piercing, the cheek-bones rather prominent; the nose short and sometimes aquiline; the teeth remarkably white, and scarcely ever subject to decay. Their hair is dark, sleek, and shining, and never curls; and they have little or no beard, nor hair on any part of the body except the head. The aspect of the Indian is stern and dignified, and his look suspicious. He is taciturn, thoughtful, and distrustful in making his replies; but he is never awkward or abashed, never ill-bred or intrusive. The women are rather of low stature, and naturally of delicate forms; but, being domestic drudges, they become thick and somewhat coarse as they advance in years.

With the Indian the love of independence is paramount to every consideration; and rather than submit to labour for others, he will endure the most excruciating and prolonged torture, without uttering a complaint or exhibiting a convulsion. Hunting and fishing are still, with them, the only pursuits in which they deign to procure food: any attempt at agriculture is the lot of the women; and a well-known Indian curse is, "May you be com-

pelled by hunger to till the ground!" Eloquence in council, and courage in war, are their ruling passions; oratory, address in negotiation, patience, and travelling long without food, are the qualities which command their admiration. In endurance of pain and hunger, no nation in the world can make the most distant approach to them; and phrenologists observe an outward mark of this in the peculiar elevation of the hinder part of their heads. Buffon contends that nature has denied them the faculty of love; and Jefferson, who understood their character still better, admits they have little ardour for the female. The great discoverer of America, in describing this peculiar race to Ferdinand and Isabella, says:—"I swear to your Majesties that there is not a better people in the world than these, more affectionate, affable, or mild. They love their neighbours as themselves. Their language is the sweetest, the softest, and most cheerful, for they always speak smiling. And although they go naked, let your Majesties believe me, their customs are very becoming." This may have been true of the gentle and effeminate islanders of the Gulf, but it is not the whole truth in regard to the bolder tribes of the mainland. Revenge is their dominant passion. Like Homer's heroes, they believe that the shades of their departed friends call for vengeance; and they conceal their purpose for years, if a proper opportunity does not occur to satiate their resentment. They consider our manner of bringing up youth useless to them, and they never punish their children. They are steadfast to their friends, but malignant, cruel, and inexorable to their enemies.

The condition of these Indian tribes is now very different from what it was three centuries ago, when the whole western world was theirs. Deprived of his beautiful country, whose forests once afforded him abundant game, and whose rivers were fished by him alone, the proud heart of the Indian pines in silent anguish, while he beholds the melting away of his tribe amidst the encroachments and prosperity of Europeans. They are decreasing rapidly in numbers; and the remnants of the different tribes for the most part lead a roving life around the settlements of the whites,—too often lazy vagrants, immoderately fond of spirituous liquors.

Some 400 families are still roving among the woods and along the rivers and shores of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; and forty or fifty families of the Abenak tribe rendezvous at Beancour and on the river St. Francis. Of the once-powerful Montagnais, about 1000 are still known to wander over various parts of Canada. In Upper Canada 2000 Indians, the sole remnant of the Five Nations, have their villages or meeting-places on the Ouse, or Grand River; while upwards of 200 Delawares, and as many of the Chepewey nation, have a reserve of several thousand acres on the Thames river, which falls into Lake St. Clair. These Chepeweyans are the most remote of all the tribes, and their main body inhabit the country to the north-west of Lake Superior.

Only a very few of the various tribes have become stationary. There are, however, some villages within the United States and the British provinces, inhabited by Indians, who plant a little Indian corn and potatoes, but not a fifth part of what is necessary for their consumption. The men, dispirited, are inclined to indolence, and seldom do more than wander in the woods with their gun, or with a fishing-spear on the waters in a canoe. The women cultivate their small gardens, perform all the domestic drudgery of cooking and nursing, and employ themselves also in making boxes, baskets, and mocassins. The Indians of Lower Canada are degraded by the low vices of Europe, and the Roman Catholic clergy are zealously endeavouring to bring them back to sobriety, and to induce them to confine their attention to agriculture. But the task is now difficult, for the Indian feels that he is despised, and his self-respect is gone. Had good old Penn's advice—"Do not abuse them, but let them have justice, and you win them"—been followed, the result would have been very different; and even yet some good may be done. The Mohawks at Doveville, Grand River, are Christians, and are stated to be rather more industrious and sober than most of the other Indians. The remnant of the Mississagua tribe also, settled on the River Credit, in a small village built for them by Government, out of the proceeds of the sales of part of their reserve, are anxious that their children should be educated, and several of the

latter have been even engaged in instructing their parents. They have a meeting-house, which serves as a school, and a Methodist missionary resides among them. They subscribe for newspapers, and pay for them regularly; they have a good saw-mill; they make sleighs, and many wooden articles, for sale; and each dwelling has a garden attached.

But with these insignificant exceptions, civilization has overwhelmed the Indians, not improved them; it has advanced, carrying along with it pestilence, intemperance, firearms, and that still surer exterminator of aboriginal rights, trade. Another century, and not a tribe of the Red Men will exist. "Humanity," says President Jackson, "has often wept over their fate, and philanthropy has long been busily employed in devising means to avert it. But its progress has never for a moment been arrested; and, one by one, have many powerful tribes disappeared from the earth. To follow to the tomb the last of this race, and to tread on the graves of extinct nations, excite melancholy reflections. But true philanthropy reconciled the mind to these vicissitudes, as it does to the extinction of one generation to make room for another. In the monuments and fortresses of an unknown people, spread over the extensive regions of the West, we behold the memorials of a once powerful race, which was exterminated, or has disappeared, to make room for the existing savage tribes. Nor is there anything in this which, upon a comprehensive view of the general interests of the human race, is to be regretted. Philanthropy could not wish to see this continent restored to the condition in which it was found by our forefathers. What good man would prefer a country covered with forests, and ranged by a few thousand savages, to our extensive Republic, studded with cities, towns, and prosperous farms, embellished with all the improvements which art can devise or industry execute, occupied by more than twelve millions of happy people, and filled with all the blessings of liberty, civilisation, and religion."

The first nation who infringed upon the old inhabitants of the valley of the St. Lawrence was the French. Jaques Cartier made his first exploratory voyage thither in 1535; but it was not till Champlain arose, seventy

years later, and founded Quebec, that the dominion of France took root in the New World. From small beginnings, and with slow progress, the French settlements have now spread from the River Mitis, on the southern shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and from a little below Quebec, on the north bank of the river, up to where the St. Lawrence swells into the Lake St. Francis, above Montreal, where they are bounded on the west and south by Upper Canada and the States of the Union. The settlers were principally from Normandy and Picardy, and the peasants of those provinces are those whom the present *habitans* of Lower Canada most nearly resemble; but the revolutionary regime has never spread across the Atlantic, and their customs and manners are those of France during the age of Louis XIV. The men are well-proportioned, rather over than under the middle size, and very rarely corpulent. Their complexion is dark, and the features of their face characteristic. The nose is prominent, and often aquiline; the eyes dark, rather small, and remarkably lively; their lips thin, the chin sharp and projecting, and the cheeks inclining to lankness. In some districts, slight traces of Indian blood are observable. Many of the girls are pretty, oval-faced brunettes, with fine eyes, good teeth, and glossy locks. Their feelings are keen, and they make affectionate wives and tender mothers, and they continue prolific to an advanced age. Families of fourteen are common, and some mothers are met with who have borne four-and-twenty. They are in general more intelligent than the men, and a *habitant* rarely enters upon a matter of any importance without saying, "*J'en parlerai à ma femme.*" They usually do all garden-work, and, like those of Normandy and Picardy, greatly assist in field labour. They marry young, and (unlike their countrymen in Europe) both sexes are chaste and exceedingly modest; the men, in country parishes, never bathing in the rivers, or even in the most retired places, without being partially covered.

There is not, probably, in the world a more happy people than the *habitans* or peasantry of Lower Canada. With few exceptions, they are in easy circumstances; cheerful and contented, but not enterprising. Politeness seems natural to them. They never meet

one another without putting a hand to the hat or *bonnet*, or moving the head; and the first thing a child learns is to say its prayers, to speak decorously and respectfully to everybody, and to bow or curtsy to its elders and to all strangers. Of dancing, fiddling, and singing, they are very fond, after vespers on Sunday,—considering it no sin, but a harmless recreation, never attended with dissipation or vice. But the *habitant* is sincerely pious; and let him be taken where he may, if prevented joining in the observances of religion, he is unhappy and fearful. In all the villages the church forms the point around which the inhabitants, born in the parish, delight to live; and in no dwelling farther from it than they can hear the ringing of its bell, can any of them feel happy. This feeling, and their intense love of society, prevent them from going out alone, like the American, to settle with their families in the wild. Hence, the younger branches, instead of hiving off and forming new settlements for themselves, divide and subdivide the farms,—a ruinous system, which keeps the peasant population always comparatively poor. In this respect they are too like our Irish peasantry, as well as in their thoughtless gaiety, occasional imprudence, and in the want of neatness in their dress and cottages. They are all devoted to the Roman Catholic religion. Their language is still French; they are governed (except in criminal matters) by French laws, and their tenure of land is a modified form of the old feudal system, abolished in France at the first revolution. The seigneurs hold large possessions, but have nothing of the hauteur of the French noblesse of the old regime; resembling much more closely the country seigneurs of Poitou and La Vendée, as depicted by the *Memoires Revolutionnaires*.

The *habitans* are rooted to the soil and to their old customs; but a new race is creeping in amongst them. Townships are springing up here and there among the seigniories, in which British blood and improvements, British language and law, and the Protestant religion, exist side by side with the institutions of old France. The territory peculiarly British, however, in the basin of the St. Lawrence, is in Upper Canada—extending from a little above Montreal to the most wes-

terly settlements on the shore of Lake Huron. The British population of Canada are in general tall, but more slender than their brethren in the old country. More self-dependent than the French Canadians, and better adapted for "clearing" and forming settlements in the woods, they are less thickly grouped together, but occupy a far wider extent of country. "With few exceptions, they are obliging, industrious, and religious; and the great body of the people form an independent yeomanry, whose condition gives them a freedom of manner, and a boldness of opinion in matters which they consider to be right, very different from the language of servility and hypocrisy which prevails in countries where the inhabitants are generally in a state of dependence." It is to be remarked, too, as a general truth, that the farmers and labourers brought up in Canada, as well as in the States, possess, in an eminent degree, a quickness of expedients where anything is required that can be supplied by the use of edge-tools; and as carpenters and joiners they are not only expert but ingenious workmen.

In the English settlers we observe the honest John Bull bluntness, and other peculiarities which characterise them at home. Their houses are distinguished by cleanliness and neatness, their agricultural implements and utensils are always in order; and wherever we find that an English farmer has perseverance, for he seldom wants industry, he is sure to do well. But he does not reconcile himself so readily as the Scotch settler does to the privations of the first few years. He can discover on earth no country so eminently blessed as England, and he seems to sigh too frequently for its enjoyments and amusements to support that spirit which is the soul of enterprise and adventure.—The Scotch settler puts up with more inconveniences at first, and neglects comforts which the Englishman considers essential; and not till he has surmounted all his difficulties does he willingly enjoy the comforts of life. But few people, not excepting even the indefatigable Yankee, find themselves sooner at home than the Scotch Highlanders. When they are planted among a promiscuous population, no one is more anxious than they to rival the more respectable establishments of their neighbours.

But wherever they inhabit a distinct settlement, says Mr. M'Gregor, in 1833, "their habits, their system of husbandry, their disregard for comfort in their houses, their ancient hospitable customs, and their language, undergo no change. They frequently pass the winter evenings reciting traditional poems in Gaelic; and I have known many who might, with more propriety, be called faithful counterparts of the Highlanders who fought at Culloden, than can now, from the changes which have, during the last fifty years, taken place, be found in any part of Scotland. In many instances a warm veneration for the memory of the Stuarts exists among the old Highlanders who settled, about forty years ago, in different parts of America, as was ever felt for that family in Scotland; but with this difference, that they are sincerely and faithfully attached to the present royal family." There are but few indeed of these true-hearted Scots who do not, in some degree, feel a lingering wish to see their native country; nothing appears to destroy the warm affection they retain for the land where they first drew breath. This feeling descends to all their offspring born in Canada, and all call the United Kingdom by the endearing name of "home."—The emigrant from Ireland is easily distinguished by his brogue, his confident manner, readiness of reply, and seeming happiness—although often describing his situation as worse than it is. Unlike the other emigrants, who buy a piece of land and settle at once, the Irish generally work some time for others, and are, in fact, almost the only hired labourers to be had in the province. In a country where ardent spirits are so cheap, intemperance (though less common now than formerly) is too prevalent among all classes of settlers, and most of all with those from the Green Isle. But, after being for a few years stationary settlers, they become steady farmers, moral in their habits, and kind, obliging neighbours.

The last class of British Canadians is the United Empire Loyalists, who, at the close of the first American war, emigrated from the United States to Upper Canada. They were kindly received, and liberally dealt with by the British Government, and settlements were assigned to them on the north

bank of the St. Lawrence, from the western extremity of the French settlements up to and around the Bay of Quinté, above Kingston. Farming utensils, building materials, and two years' provisions, were supplied to them; and, besides the land given to themselves, allotments of two hundred acres were granted to each of their children on attaining the age of twenty-one years. This has thrown into the hands of persons of small capital, and of little agricultural knowledge, larger tracts of land than they have been able beneficially to cultivate; and it would appear that, of the three million acres granted, little more than a hundred and fifty thousand are located. Of the remainder, a large proportion has fallen into the hands of other persons—often speculators—who have not themselves hitherto possessed the ability or the intention to bring them into cultivation. The houses of these American Loyalists are better constructed and more convenient and clean within than those of the Highland Scotch and Irish, or indeed those of any other settlers who have not lived some years in America. Their wives are remarkable for indoor cleanliness and orderly arrangements; but they seldom assist, like the Scotch and French Canadian women, in agricultural operations.

The land in Upper Canada is generally cultivated by its owner, as in the United States. In the Gore district, which lies at the head of Lake Ontario, and contains land of the best quality, only about one in twenty is let to a tenant. In the newer settled districts, the system of letting in shares is most common. If the landlord gives only the land, he has a third; if he finds stock also, he gets two-thirds. In the older settled districts, money-rents are common, and leases of seven years are granted, with restrictive conditions as to cropping. Good wheat land, not within ten or twelve miles of a town, lets at two dollars—about two and a half bushels an acre. Speaking of the Show of the Upper Canada Agricultural Society held at Kingston in 1849, Professor Johnston remarks:—"The thousands of people who came to it, the stock and implements exhibited, the respectable appearance, the orderly behaviour, the comfortable looks and cheerful faces of both male and female, spoke for a state of things at least not very unflourishing. The British blood

is purer in Upper Canada than in the State of New York, where Dutch and German settlers occupy large portions of the territory, and crowd into the towns, but in both there is enough of its influence and energy seen everywhere to make a home-born man proud of his country and his people. Faces, persons, dispositions, all look like home over again. The most pushing and impatient of the Colonial-born little imagine how very much they resemble the tens of thousands of men at home who restlessly gnaw the bit of restraint, by which order can alone be secured, and leisure obtained for cautious and steady progress, by which advances, economical and political, which all consider desirable, may be safely made and successively rendered secure."

The last variety of the human race inhabiting the shores of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, is the American. Though descended, in the main, from the same blood as the population of the British provinces, they differ from them in various respects, both physical and moral. In person, they are tall, spare, and long, with lank hair, sallow complexion, features rather long, and a sombre aspect. They seldom laugh. Apathy and energy are singularly mingled in their character. If a merchant in the Eastern States fails irretrievably, he will most phlegmatically pack himself and family on board a steamer, and off for the Far West; and though forty steamers are annually blown up on the western rivers, for the sake of saving a cent or two, a Yankee will stalk unconcernedly on board the very worst, and stimulate the crazy boilers to bursting by his never-failing shout of "go-ahead." Like all thorough men of business, he is greedy of time; steam-boat and railway-car must ape the whirlwind to keep pace with his impatience. He is thoroughgoing in all he does; and in carrying out his plans he has little sympathy for others. He worships the "almighty dollar," and is, heart and soul, an Utilitarian. Loyalty is a thing unknown to him, but his national vanity is intense. He thinks there is no country like his, no people like his, no institutions like his, and, in nine cases out of ten, no man like himself. But the British blood is not so pure in the States as in our provinces; and in the State of New York, which stretches along the southern bank of the St.

Lawrence from St. Regis, at the head of Lake St. Francis, to half way along the shores of Lake Erie, there is a very large intermixture of German blood, which is certainly inferior to the Anglo-Saxon in spirit and energy.

Nevertheless, the prosperity of the State of New York has been very remarkable, and the sight of it has raised much murmuring in the breasts of the Upper Canadians. They have thoughtlessly contrasted the present condition of their own province and that of the American State, and finding the former inferior, they have ascribed the whole cause of this to defects in their institutions and to the folly or negligence of the Home Government. But the real cause does not lie there, neither does it lie in any inferior energy of the Upper Canadians. That truly British province has shown as much wisdom, and expended as much money, indeed more money, in proportion to its resources, in improving its natural advantages as New York itself, the first State in the Union, and incomparably more than the average of the others. The rapid rise of New York, both city and state, is mainly due to the great influx of men and money from Europe; and this influx, again, has been chiefly owing to the ready communication it enjoys with the interior of the Continent by means of the Hudson River and the Erie Canal. Along this line of water communication, emigrants have poured from Europe to the new states of the West, while the surplus produce of these states, in turn, has been transported to New York or Europe along the same route. The formation of this Erie Canal (which, independent of the incalculably greater indirect advantages it confers, yields at present to the State of New York an annual profit of two and a half million dollars) was necessitated by the rapids on the line of the St. Lawrence, and especially by the impassable Falls of Niagara, which completely interrupted the communication between the upper lakes and Lake Ontario. From the foot of Lake Erie, accordingly, this canal opens a ship-road to the river Hudson, which in turn pours a navigable stream to the ocean. Nevertheless, the line of the St. Lawrence is unquestionably the natural one from the Western States to the Atlantic; and the only obstacle to its general use is, Niagara and the rapids. If these can be obviated, the

Erie Canal will obviously lose its monopoly; and perhaps also, instead of being the *only* line from the interior to the sea, may sink to a second-rate one. Let us see how matters at present stand, and what is likely to result in a few years hence.

For the last five-and-twenty years, the Government of Upper Canada have shown themselves fully alive to the importance of the line of the St. Lawrence. First, the Welland Canal has been constructed, by which a perfect communication has been opened from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, and so that ships of heavy burden may now sail without impediment from any port on Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Erie, through Ontario, down to Prescott on the Canadian, and Ogdensburg on the American side of the St. Lawrence, below which place the first rapids on that river occur. Next, the numerous rapids between this point and Montreal have also been flanked by canals, shorter or longer according to circumstances, by which the transit for large and loaded vessels, either upwards or downwards, has been rendered easy and safe. Thirdly, a magnificent harbour has been constructed at Montreal, costing upwards of £130,000; and the Lake St. Peter, between Montreal and Quebec, has been deepened and otherwise improved. Thus every obstacle in the navigation between the upper lakes and the Atlantic has been removed, and removed effectually—for all of these above-named canals have been made large enough for ocean ships. There is now but one drawback on this line; and that is, the difficulties in the navigation of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The channel of the Gulf of St. Lawrence runs along the strike of upturned metamorphic beds of rock, and consists of alternate ridges and hollows.—Where these ridges are elevated they form islands, rocks, and longitudinal reefs; while the valleys form the channels along which vessels proceed. About five miles below Quebec, the Isle d'Orleans divides the river into the North and South Channels; and beyond this island, which has a length of twenty miles, it is divided into three irregular—the north, middle, and south—channels, by parallel ridges, the highest points of which form islands, and the lower, rocky or sandy reefs, visible only at low-water. Shoals, also, at various points, stretch out

from the south shore, which narrow and give still more intricacy to these channels. Hence, at a place called the Traverse, or Narrows, about fifty-five miles below Quebec, though the river is there thirteen miles wide, the channel usually selected by pilots is only eighteen hundred yards in width, and, to add to the difficulty, the ebb-tide runs through it at the rate of seven, and the flood at five or six, miles an hour, and there is no anchorage. The mouth of the gulf has also its dangers; for in winter and in early spring the seas there are boisterous, and much peril or actual damage is often encountered from icebergs. Such are the circumstances which occasion the higher rates of insurance usually demanded for vessels which sail to and from this river. No legislative interference, of course, can ward off icebergs from the banks of Newfoundland, or make the seas more safe in the bay of the St. Lawrence; but a people who have expended such large sums in improving the upper parts of the river, cannot hesitate to organise and maintain a sufficiently extensive lighthouse department, to give confidence and security to the navigator. Moreover, as the islands and coasts about the mouth of the St. Lawrence are ungenial, and for the most part uninhabited, depots of provisions and other stores, in charge of the necessary number of people, should be established at different points where shipwrecks most frequently occur. These precautions, along with greater skill in the masters of vessels, would unquestionably reduce the casualties, and consequently the prices of insurance, to an ordinary rate.

In order to effect these important improvements, Lower Canada must shake off some of its lethargy, and co-operate with its more energetic brethren of the upper province. No selfish interest need keep it aloof from this noble enterprise; for Quebec and Montreal are both within its limits, and into them most abundantly will the coming traffic pour its wealth. Nor need they fear lest the investment prove unprofitable. On an expenditure of seventeen million dollars, the Erie Canal now pays an annual return of two and a half millions; and the line of the St. Lawrence is already commencing a career of rivalry. Extraordinary exertions have been made,

from time to time, to facilitate the traffic along the Erie Canal, and to hasten the passage of the vessels with which it is crowded; but every year causes new increase of traffic, and larger quantities are, in consequence, detained over winter, when frost puts a stop to navigation; and it has now become evident that this canal, however it may be enlarged, and however energetically managed, will soon be wholly inadequate to the demands of the western trade. The value of the St. Lawrence, then, becomes every day more clear. But this is by no means all, for the fact has already emerged that the line by this river is superior to that by the Erie Canal, both in saving time and in saving money. "For laden vessels coming down Lake Erie with cargoes for Europe," says Professor Johnston, "the two points of destination are, either Buffalo, at the mouth of the Erie Canal, on the New York side, or Port Maitland, at the mouth of the Welland Canal, on the Canadian side. If the vessel make for Buffalo, its cargo must be transhipped, sent 364 miles by canal, and then down the Hudson to New York, and be again transhipped at least once before it can be despatched to Europe. If it enter Port Maitland, it passes the canals without breaking bulk, and descends to Quebec in four days. Thence the same vessel may proceed direct to Europe, or the cargo may be transhipped, and, with a fair wind, may pass the banks of Newfoundland before it could reach New York by the way of the Erie Canal. Thus, *independent of possible detention* on this canal, it appears that time is saved by the St. Lawrence route; and every merchant knows the value of this element in commercial affairs. Again, the cost of transport from Albany to Buffalo is $7\frac{1}{2}$ dollars per ton, while from Montreal to Port Maitland, ascending the river, it is only three dollars a ton; and the difference is greater in descending the river; so that the St. Lawrence is also a cheaper route than that by the Erie Canal. A fellow-passenger of mine across the Atlantic informed me that, in bringing railroad iron from Liverpool to Cleveland in Ohio (on Lake Erie), he found that, independent of speed, the route of the St. Lawrence was 10s. a ton cheaper than any other he could take."

Thus the St. Lawrence will not only

obtain the fast-increasing surplus traffic on the canal, but will actually obtain a much higher place than it in the estimation of merchants and shippers. Moreover, its greater cheapness of transport, and the means it affords of establishing direct communication, without transshipment, between Cleveland and all the ports on the upper lakes and Europe, will draw into this eastern channel a large traffic which never sought Lake Erie, but made its long and tedious way down the Ohio and Mississippi. "The wheat and other produce of the valley of the Ohio, which was intended for the European markets, has hitherto, for the most part, descended those rivers, and, after a voyage of some thousands of miles, has reached New Orleans, whence it was reshipped to its European destination. But this long water-carriage, in the hot and humid climate of the regions through which these rivers flow, is found to affect the quality of the wheat; so that it rarely reaches Europe in so good a condition, or realises so high a price, as similar wheat does which has been conveyed through the eastern states to the shores of the Atlantic."

So much for the value of the great Canadian river in transporting the commerce of the western states to Europe, and the goods, men, and produce of Europe into the centre of America; but even of the internal traffic between the western and eastern states of the Union the Erie Canal will by no means hold a monopoly. At Sorel, forty-five miles below Montreal, the St. Lawrence is joined from the south by the river Richelieu, which has been made navigable, by the lock or dam of St. Ours, and the canal of Chambly (extending eleven and a half miles from the town of Chambly to St. John, between which places considerable interruptions occur in the bed of the river), up to Lake Champlain, from whence the Americans have a canal to the river Hudson; and it has been found that goods can by this route be carried to New York as cheaply, and with more certainty as to time, than by the hitherto exclusive line of the Erie Canal. A shorter ship-canal has also been projected from Caughnawaga, opposite to Montreal, but above the rapids, direct to Lake Champlain. It may therefore be confidently predicted, especially if this

latter design be carried out, that a large portion of the traffic between the western regions and Atlantic borders of the states will pass in this direction, greatly adding, of course, to the income of the Canadian canals, and to the commercial establishments along the rivers.

On the whole, therefore, it appears certain that the river St. Lawrence is destined ere long to become a most important medium of intercourse between the various sections of the New World, as well as between the Old World and the New, and to give to the provinces of Canada a far more extensive and commanding influence over the commercial operations of North America than any other state east of Louisiana can ever aspire to. The outlet which it affords to the produce of Ohio, and the other north-western districts of the Union, will become of incalculable importance in case of any rupture between the free and the slave states, as the mouth and keys of the Mississippi are completely in the hands of the latter. Such a rupture is not only inevitable, but at present appears close at hand; and as the free States of the north, and the Government, intend to oppose any secession from the Union by force of arms, it cannot be doubted that at least a temporary closing of the Lower Mississippi will be resorted to by the southern states. But by cultivating the route of the St. Lawrence, a hostile measure of this kind would fall less heavily upon the states of the interior; and most assuredly it would greatly benefit our British provinces. Already, however, and independent of all such contingencies, the future greatness of the line of the St. Lawrence is secured; and all that is required of our brethren in Canada is to be patient and bide their time.

We believe that the recent cry for Annexation has chiefly arisen from seeing the superior progress of the American shores of the lakes; but if they properly investigate their own state and prospects, they will find no cause for discontent. The revenue from public works last year was no less than one-fifth greater than in 1849; and this, with the other abundant symptoms of prosperity lately experienced in the colony, will, it is to be hoped, revive the feelings of contentment and loyalty in the popu-

lation of our North American provinces.*

It is evident that the traffic on the St. Lawrence will augment in the exact ratio of the increasing population and resources of the regions bordering on the lakes; and a fresh impulse to the colonisation of the western districts has recently arisen from the discovery of large deposits of native copper, at various places in the State of Michigan and in the British north-western territory. The most important of these mines which have yet been discovered are in the peninsula which separates Lake Michigan from Lake Superior. The remarkable feature in these is, that the precious mineral occurs in immense sheets, or walls, of pure metallic copper, "as dense," says Dr. Charles Jackson, "as the densest hammered copper." It possesses the additional peculiarity of being intermixed with variable quantities of metallic silver, not diffused uniformly through the mass, but forming distinct crystals and crystallised masses, scattered through the body of the solid copper. To show the quantity and the quality of those valuable mines, we may mention that Dr. Jackson states that, at the Cliff Mine, "one mass of pure copper was extracted, when he was surveying the country, which weighed eighty tons; and other masses, probably of equal

magnitude, were in process of being uncovered." Mr. Trowbridge, in his later report to the American Secretary of State, says, that "in proceeding along the fifth level of the same mine, he passed a mass of copper 625 feet in length, and varying from one to two and a half feet in thickness; its depth was unknown. At one place, Captain Jennings (the mine captain) said, 'Here are a hundred tons of pure copper in sight.' On the second level we passed another of the same description," &c. In the Minnesota mine, Mr. Hodge describes a sheet which he saw, having a known length of 150 feet, a height of eight feet, and a thickness in some places of five feet. What was visible in the overhanging wall of this drift was estimated to contain two hundred and fifty tons of copper. The Cliff mine alone, in 1849, shipped what is equal to about 560 tons of pure copper; and from what is already known of this copper region, it is impossible not to believe that in ten years this quantity will be increased tenfold. So that not only will the United States, which at present import about 5400 tons of copper a-year, be fully supplied, but a surplus will be seeking foreign markets, as the Upper Mississippi is now doing for its superabundant lead.† It is not yet known over what extent of territory these copper deposits

* We are much indebted in this part of our article to Professor Johnston's recently published *Notes on North America*, an admirable work, the production of an impartial, practical, and deep-thinking man; and the best exposition we at present have of the agricultural, social, and economical condition of the northern portion of the New World. "It is thoughtless in travellers," he remarks, "to contrast the towns of Buffalo, Rochester, and Oswego, on the New York side of the lakes, with Colburn at the mouth of the Welland Canal, on the Canadian side of Lake Erie, or with Toronto and Kingston, on the opposite coasts of Lake Ontario; and to draw comparisons unfavourable to Canadian energy and enterprise, from the relative prosperity of these several places. There is quite as much energy in the blood of Upper Canada as there is in the British and German blood of western New York. But the local position of these towns of Upper Canada, and the condition of the inner country, forbids their becoming, for many years, equal in size or in wealth to the towns I have named. Suppose Colburn, like Buffalo, being at the end of canal navigation, had as large and growing a population behind it, and as extensive and valuable western territory before it, and that the highway from Europe lay through it, instead of through Buffalo, then Colburn would have rivalled or exceeded Buffalo even at this early period of their several histories. But this slow town of Colburn, as many have thought and called it, has nevertheless a great future before it. . . . With the settlement of the interior, also, and the increase of means of intercommunication, Toronto, as the natural course of the cross-country traffic from Lake Huron, and Kingston, from its situation at the head of the St. Lawrence, will both become seats of commercial wealth, and towns of political importance."

† Great Britain is at present one of the great sources whence copper is obtained for the use of the globe, and the quantity annually extracted at its various smelt-works is about 25,000 tons, one-half of which is from Cornish ores,

spread ; but unquestionably they are sufficiently abundant to attract fresh crowds of emigrants, and so to hasten the time when population shall spread all around the wide shores of Lake Superior, and settlements be found on the river St. Louis (the tiny head of the mighty St. Lawrence), as they were three centuries ago at its mouth.

But even here does not end the Line of the Lakes. Amid the woods and plains of the Far West, countless lakes are glimmering—lakes hardly yet ruffled even by the bark-canoe, and whose shores are still tenantless, save for the wild buffalo or the roving Indian. Ignorance still wraps many of them as if with the darkness of their own primeval forests ; but that ignorance is rapidly dissipating, and the woods themselves must ere long give way before the pioneers of civilisation. The vast country lying to the west of Lake Superior, styled the Indian or North-west territory, possesses almost every variety of soil and climate. A great portion of the region lying south of Lake Athabasca, and west of the Stony Mountains, is eminently adapted for agriculture, and its splendid forests and brown savannahs abound with buffalo, moose, caraboo, and common deer, while its lakes and rivers swarm with great varieties of fish. This remote territory possesses resources capable of yielding sustenance and independence to many millions of inhabitants ; and though but mere spots here and there have been hitherto subjected to cultivation, ere the grand cycle of the world closes, its vast solitary places will all have been replenished by the increasing and multiplying race of man.

Although much obscurity still hangs over this remote region, one watery highway, at least, can be discerned running westwards through the solitudes. In the heights immediately to the west of Lake Superior, and possibly connectable with its waters, rises the river La Pluie, which rolls its current westwards into the lonely Lake of the Woods ; and this lake in turn discharges its waters by a rapid river into the irregularly-shaped Lake Winnipeg, two hundred and forty miles long, and varying from five to fifty-five miles in breadth, which communicates with the Northern Sea by two rivers which discharge its surplus waters into Hudson's Bay. Among its tributaries are the Assinboin and Red Rivers, upon

the latter of which streams Lord Selkirk planted a settlement in 1812 ; but by far the most important is the Saskatchewan, which rolls a vast flood from the south-west, where it takes its rise among the Rocky Mountains. The country through which this river flows is a succession of broad level prairies ; so that up its channel, or by side canals if necessary, men in future ages will sail to the very foot of the mountain-range which separates eastern from western America. A portage through one of the passes of the mountains would bring us directly upon the head-waters of the Columbia River, down whose deep rushing stream vessels will descend by locks to the western ocean. Here, along the shores of the Pacific, for twelve hundred miles, extends a British territory, abounding with innumerable bays and harbours, islands and rivers, magnificent forests and plentiful fisheries ; and enjoying a climate which, like the western side of all continents, is much milder than countries under the same latitude in the eastern coasts. And so, by this long line of lakes and rivers, will this region be united to the British American territories on the shores of the Atlantic, and the progress of civilised mankind be facilitated to the still solitary shores of the Pacific.

There is no continent so fitted as America to receive the benefits of steam-navigation ; and, of all America, there is no region where it can be used so extensively as in the Line of the Lakes. There, at America's greatest breadth, an almost level tract of country spreads for nearly four thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Rocky Cordillera, unbroken by any mountain-range, and whose highest peaks cannot vie with those of our own little island. With the exception of a single narrow break between Lake Superior and the River La Pluie, and which may possibly be connectable, one long vast line of water-communication extends from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains ; while an offshoot of two rivers connects it with Hudson's Bay ; and so intimately connected are the wide valleys of Ottawa, St. Lawrence, Hudson, and other rivers, that from the shores of Long Island Sound in the south, to Hudson's Bay in the north, a vast network of water-communication penetrates and unites the different parts of the country

in all directions. Here, then, will Steam-navigation, one of the greatest triumphs of man over nature, display its marvels. Over those lakes, up those rivers, will it impel the ships of commerce, laughing at the winds, virtually annihilating tides and currents, and ascending even rapids in its irresistible course. And along with it, will man and civilisation penetrate the wilderness, displaying amid primeval forests the triumphs of Art, and rearing a temple to the God of Nature in her deepest solitudes. Stream and lake, field and forest, will yet be converted to the uses of commerce and civilisation; and long after the Red man and the buffalo have disappeared from the plains, the fair, white-skinned sons of Japhet will "increase and multiply" upon the prairies of the West.

When we reflect upon the gradual extinction of the aborigines of America, from the Frozen Sea to Cape Horn, and the unceasing spread over its plains of the people and religion of Europe, two designs of Providence—or rather, perhaps, one grand plan seems to dawn upon us. Are we not warranted in supposing that Providence so long held America from our knowledge, in order that Christianity, after fighting its way to a contested supremacy in the Old World, might there find a new world in which to develop itself untrammelled; and that the northern and largest half of that continent was reserved for the noblest of human races, the Anglo-Saxon? The blessings of

Christianity, the freedom and energy of the Anglo-Saxons—do not these sum up all that a land can wish? And these are the gifts of America. Fast and surely the wave of emigration is moving over the prairies of the Far West; from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, mankind are advancing abreast, "like an army with banners," thirteen miles every year. Fearlessly the pioneers of that vast host plunge into the wild places of nature, armed only with their axe and their Bible. Let them cherish that Bible, and their empire will flourish. It is the charter by which they hold the land. It was to make way for Christianity and a new civilisation that the old tribes were permitted to die out; and to carry these to their fullest development is the mission of the race which has succeeded them. May they be true to their mission!

In the course of ages yet to roll, should Christianity, amid the corruptions of old civilisation and the violence of infidel revolutions, become lifeless in Europe, and the rude but regenerating arms of the Muscovites spread in triumph to the shores of the Atlantic—America, let us hope, will still reflect to her sunny skies, from her thousand hills and rivers, a land of Christians; and then and there will the Anglo-Saxons, overshadowing the fane of their tiny but brilliant home in Britain, erect their mighty empires, unrivalled and omnipotent, the lords of the New World.

CHATTERTON.—A STORY OF THE YEAR 1770.

CHAPTER II.

THE ATTORNEY'S APPRENTICE OF BRISTOL—CONTINUED.

To a provincial attorney's apprentice, full of literary aspiration, disgusted with his position in life, yet with no immediate prospect of a better, there was but one outlook of any reasonable hope or promise—the chance of being able, in the meantime, to form some sort of connexion with London periodicals or publishers. Accordingly, this was the scheme that Chatterton, whose highest printed venture hitherto had been in the columns of *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, set himself to realize.

His first attempt was upon Dodsley, the publisher of Pall-Mall, the brother and successor in business of the more celebrated Robert Dodsley, the author of the "Muse in Livery," and other trifles of some note in their day, and the projector, along with Burke, of the *Annual Register*. The Dodsleys, it should be mentioned, had published a standard collection of ancient and modern English poetry, to which, it was understood, additions would be made in subsequent editions. This fact; the notoriety of the *Annual Register*, then in the tenth year of its existence; probably, also, the circumstance, not likely to be overlooked by a young *littérateur*, that in that periodical there was a department for literary contributions and poetry; all pointed Dodsley out to Chatterton as a likely person for his purpose. Accordingly, one morning towards the Christmas of 1768, the worthy publisher, entering his shop in Pall-Mall, finds among his letters one from Bristol, addressed in a neat small hand, and worded as follows:—

"Bristol, December 21st, 1768.

"SIR,—I take this method to acquaint you that I can procure copies of several ancient poems, and an interlude, perhaps the oldest dramatic piece extant, wrote by one Rowley, a priest of Bristol, who lived in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. If these pieces will be of service to you, at your com-

mand copies shall be sent to you by your most obedient servant,

"D. B.

"Please to direct to D. B., to be left with Mr. Thomas Chatterton, Redcliffe Hill, Bristol."

In reply to this Dodsley probably sent an intimation to the effect that he would be glad to see the poems in question, particularly the interlude; for the following letter, turned up long afterwards, along with the foregoing, among the loose papers in Dodsley's counting-house, looks as if Chatterton had at least received a reply to his note:—

"Bristol, Feb. 15, 1769.

"SIR,—Having intelligence that the tragedy of *Ælla* was in being, after a long and laborious search I was so happy as to attain a sight of it. Struck with the beauties of it, I endeavoured to obtain a copy of it to send you; but the present possessor absolutely denies to give me one, unless I give him one guinea for a consideration. As I am unable to procure such a sum, I made a search for another copy, but unsuccessfully. Unwilling such a beauteous piece should be lost, I have made bold to apply to you. Several gentlemen of learning who have seen it join with me in praising it. I am far from having any mercenary views for myself in the affair; and, was I able, would print it at my own risk. It is a perfect tragedy—the plot clear; the language spirited; and the songs (interspersed in it) flowing, poetical, and elegantly simple; the similes judiciously applied, and, though wrote in the age of Henry VI., not inferior to many of the present age. If I can procure a copy, with or without the gratification, it shall be immediately sent to you. The motive that actuates me to do this, is to convince the world that the monks (of whom some have so despicable an opinion) were not such blockheads as generally thought, and that good poetry might be wrote in the dark days of superstition, as well as in these more enlightened ages. An immediate answer will oblige. I shall not receive

your favour as for myself, but as your agent. I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

“THOMAS CHATTERTON.

“P.S.—My reason for concealing my name was, lest my master (who is now out of town) should see my letters, and think I neglected his business. Direct for me on Redcliffe Hill.

[Here followed an extract from the tragedy, as a specimen of its style.]

“The whole contains about one thousand lines. If it should not suit you, I should be obliged to you if you would calculate the expenses of printing it, as I will endeavour to publish it by subscription on my own account.

“To Mr. James Dodsley, Bookseller, Pall-Mall, London.”

This clumsy attempt to extract a guinea from the publisher (Chatterton had probably just finished his own manuscript of *Ælla*, and did not like the notion of copying out so long a poem on mere chance) very naturally failed. Mr. Dodsley did not think the speculation worth risking a guinea on; and ‘*Ælla a Tragycal Enterlude, or Discoorseynge Tragedie, wrotten by Thomas Rowllie; plaiedd before Mastre Canynge, atte hys Howse, nempte the Rodde Lodge*,’ remained useless among Chatterton’s papers.

Chatterton was not daunted. Among the notabilities of the time with whose names his own excursions in the field of literature necessarily made him acquainted, there was one towards whom, for many reasons, he felt specially attracted—the ingenious Horace Walpole, then an elderly gentleman of fifty-two, leading his life of luxurious gossip and literary ease, between his town house in Arlington-street, Piccadilly, and his country seat at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham. Known in the world of letters by his *Castle of Otranto*, his tragedy of *The Mysterious Mother*, his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, and other various productions, Walpole was at that time busy in collecting additional materials for his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, the publication of which he had begun in 1761. It is on this circumstance that Chatterton fastens. One evening in March, 1769, Mr. Walpole, sitting, we will suppose, by his library fire in Arlington-street, has a packet brought him by his bookseller, Mr. Bathoe, of the Strand (the first man, by the bye, that kept a circulating library in London). Opening the

packet, he finds, first of all, the following note:—

“SIR,—Being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of service to you in any future edition of your truly entertaining *Anecdotes of Painting*. In correcting the mistakes (if any) in the notes, you will greatly oblige your most humble servant,

“THOMAS CHATTERTON.

“Bristol, March 25, Corn-street.”

Appended to this short note were several pages of antique writing, entitled, “*The Ryse of Peyncteyne in Englande, wroten by T. Rowlie, 1469, for Mastre Canynge*,” and commencing as follows:—“Peynctynge ynn Eng-land haveth of ould tyme bin yn use; for saieth the Roman wryters, the Brytonnes dyd depycte themselves, yn soundrie wyse, of the fourmes of the sonne and moone wyth the heerbe woade: albeytte I doubte theie were no skylled carvellers.” After which introduction, the document went on to give biographical notices of certain distinguished painters that flourished in England during Saxon times and in the early Norman reigns. Attached to the document were explanatory notes in Chatterton’s own name. One of these notes informed Walpole who Rowley, the reputed author of the MS. was:—“His merit as a biographer and historiographer is great; as a poet still greater: some of his pieces would do honour to Pope; and the person under whose patronage they may appear to the world will lay the Englishman, the antiquary, and the poet, under eternal obligation.” Another note performed the like biographical office for Canynge, that “Mæcenass of his time;” and a third conveyed the information that one John, the second abbot of Saint Austin’s in Bristol, mentioned in the text as “the fyrste Englyshe paynstere in oyles,” was also the greatest poet of his age (A.D. 1186), and gave, as a specimen of his poetry, three stanzas on Richard I. Finally, Chatterton offered to put Walpole in possession of still other particulars from the same source.

Whether from the suddenness and *naïveté* of the attack, or from the stupefying effects of the warm air of his library on a March evening, Walpole was completely taken in. He can

hardly have glanced over the whole letter, when, really interested by its contents, he takes his pen and writes the following reply:—

“Arlington-st., March 28, 1769.

“SIR,—I cannot but think myself singularly obliged by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make of communicating your manuscript to me. What you have already sent me is valuable and full of information; but, instead of correcting you, sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and, without your learned notes, should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

“As a second edition of my *Anecdotes* was published last year, I must not flatter myself that a third will be wanted soon; but I shall be happy to lay up any notices you will be so good as to extract for me, and send me at your leisure: for, as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow or detain your MSS.

“Give me leave to ask you where Rowley's poems are to be found. I should not be sorry to print them, or at least a specimen of them, if they have never been printed.

“The Abbot John's verses that you have given me are wonderful for their harmony and spirit, though there are some words that I do not understand. You do not point out exactly the time when he lived, which I wish to know, as I suppose it was long before John al Ectry's discovery of oil-painting: if so, it confirms what I have guessed, and have hinted in my *Anecdotes*, that oil-painting was known here much earlier than that discovery or revival.

“I will not trouble you with more questions now, sir; but flatter myself, from the urbanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will give me leave to consult you. I hope, too, you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favoured me with none other.—I am, sir, your much obliged and obedient humble servant,

“HORACE WALPOLE.

“P.S.—Be so good as to direct to Mr. Walpole, Arlington-street.”

Chatterton was highly elated. He had received a letter from the great Horace Walpole, written as from an equal to an equal! How differently

men of that stamp treat one from the Catcotts, the Barretts, and other local low-born vulgarities! In haste to acknowledge such politeness, he sends off a supplementary “*Historie of Peyncters yn England, bie T. Rowley;*” containing also sketches of two new poets, Ecça, a Saxon bishop of the year 557, and Elman, a Saxon bishop of the same epoch, with specimens of their verses, translated from the original Saxon by Rowley. He adds some more verses of the Abbot John's, and promises a complete transcript of Rowley's works as soon as he shall have had time to make one. At the same time he gives Walpole a confidential account of himself and his prospects. This part of the letter is lost; but Walpole thus states his recollection of its tenor:—

“He informed me that he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was a clerk or apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste and turn for more elegant studies; and hinted a wish that I would assist him with my interest in emerging out of so dull a profession, by procuring him some place in which he could pursue his natural bent.”

Clearly Chatterton was never so near telling the whole truth as when, touched by Walpole's politeness, he thus addressed him as his only available friend. One is sorry that he did not try the effect of a full confession. Had Walpole received a letter from his unknown correspondent, conveying, in addition to the foregoing particulars, this farther acknowledgment, that, what he (Chatterton) had sent to him (Walpole) was not a real extract from a MS. but a forgery; that, for more than a year, he had been palming off similar forgeries on various parties in Bristol; but that now he was heartily tired of the cheat, and would fain be out of it, and that if he (Walpole), with such specimens before him of his (Chatterton's) powers as these pretended antiques afforded, should be disposed to add the kindness of his practical assistance to that of his forgiveness for the trick attempted on him, he would thereby earn the writer's lasting gratitude and save a life not yet wholly irretrievable—one wonders greatly what, in such circumstances, Horace Walpole would have done! Would the reflection in the

library in Arlington-street have been "The impudent young scoundrel! I will write to his master," or "Poor young fellow! he throws himself upon me, and I must do something for him."

Unfortunately Chatterton did not put it in Walpole's option whether he would be thus generous. He left the virtuoso to discover the fact of the imposture for himself. Nor was it difficult to do. On the very second reading of the communication, to which, in a moment of credulity, he had returned so polite a reply, Walpole, sufficiently alive, one would think, to the possibility of a literary trick—his own *Castle of Otranto* had been published as a pretended translation from a black-letter book printed at Naples in 1529; and he had but recently been implicated in the Ossian business—must have begun to suspect that all was not right. A series of Anglo-Saxon painters till then unheard of; a new poet of the twelfth century writing a poem on Richard I. in perfectly modern metre; and a new poet of the fifteenth, advertised as having left numerous poems and other writings still extant in Bristol—all this in one letter was too much to swallow; and little wonder if, as he afterwards said, his reflection was that "somebody having met his *Anecdotes on Painting* had a mind to laugh at him." But when the second letter came, bringing with it a batch of new painters and specimens of two Saxon poets of the sixth century; and when, in this letter, the writer explained his circumstances, and that he was a poor widow's son with a turn for literature—there could be no longer any doubt about the matter. His friends, Gray and Mason, to whom he showed the documents, concurred with him in thinking them forgeries, and "recommended the returning them without farther notice." But Walpole, with an amount of good-nature for which he does not get credit, did not act so summarily. He took the trouble, he says, to write to a relation of his, an old lady residing at Bath, desiring her to make inquiries about Chatterton. The reply was a confirmation of Chatterton's story about himself, but "nothing was returned about his character." In these circumstances, Walpole discharges the whole matter from his mind thus:

"Being satisfied with my intelligence

about Chatterton, I wrote him a letter with as much kindness and tenderness as if I had been his guardian; for, though I had no doubt of his impositions, such a spirit of poetry breathed in his coinage as interested me for him: nor was it a grave crime in a young bard to have forged false notes of hand that were to pass current only in the parish of Parnassus. I undeceived him about my being a person of any interest, and urged to him that, in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to a profession, he ought to labour in it, that in her old age he might absolve his filial debt; and I told that, when he should have made his fortune, he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclinations. I told him also that I had communicated his transcripts to much better judges, and that they were by no means satisfied with the authenticity of his supposed MSS."

In fancying the impatient "Bah, old gentleman! don't I know all that myself?" with which the disappointed boy, reading this letter, must have received its advice, the question is apt to recur to us, how it is that, with such evidence of the uselessness of advice before their eyes, people are so stupid as to persist in giving it. But the remark of an eminent living statistician comes into our mind:—"Advice," said he, "probably saves a percentage." And certainly this puts the matter on its right basis.

Chatterton sent two letters in reply to that of Walpole. In the first, the tone of which is somewhat downcast, he professes himself unable to dispute with a person of such literary distinction, respecting the age of a MS.; thanks him for his advice, and expresses his resolution to follow it. "Though I am but sixteen years," he says, "I have lived long enough to see that poverty attends literature." The second letter, which is dated April 14th, is more abrupt. Here he expresses his conviction that the papers of Rowley are genuine, and requests Walpole, unless he should be inclined to publish the transcripts, to return them, as he wished to give them to "Mr. Barrett, an able antiquary, now writing the history of Bristol," and had no other copy.

When this second note reached Arlington-street, Walpole was on the eve of a journey to Paris; and, in the hurry, the request to return the MSS.

was not attended to. Again Chatterton wrote; but as the virtuoso was absent, he received no answer. It was not till after six weeks that Walpole returned to London; and then so insignificant a matter was not likely to be remembered. Towards the close of July, however, and when he had been again in town five or six weeks, he was reminded of his Bristol correspondent, by the receipt of what he thought "a singularly impertinent note:—"

"SIR,—I cannot reconcile your behaviour to me with the notions I once entertained of you. I think myself injured, sir; and, did you not know my circumstances, you would not dare to treat me thus. I have sent twice for a copy of the MSS.; no answer from you. An explanation or excuse for your silence would oblige,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"July 24th."

Walpole's conduct, on the receipt of this note, we will let himself relate:—

"My heart did not accuse me of insolence to him. I wrote an answer, expostulating with him on his injustice, and renewing good advice; but, upon second thoughts, reflecting that so wrong-headed a young man, of whom I knew nothing, and whom I had never seen, might be absurd enough to print my letter, I flung it into the fire; and, snapping up both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of either (for which I am now sorry), I returned both to him, and thought no more of him or them."

And thus ended the correspondence between Walpole and Chatterton; Walpole soon forgetting the whole affair, and Chatterton persisting in his belief that, had he not committed the blunder of letting his aristocratic correspondent know that he was "a poor widow's son," he would have fared better at his hands. And no doubt there was something in this. But of all the unreasonable things ever done by a misjudging public, certainly that of condemning Walpole to infamy for his conduct in this affair, and charging on him all the tragic sequel of Chatterton's life, is one of the most unreasonable. Why, the probability is that Walpole behaved better than most people would have done under the circumstances. Let any one in the present day fancy how *he* would act if

some one, utterly unknown to him, were to try to impose on him, in a similar way, through the Post-Office. Would the mere cleverness of the cheat take away the instinctive frown of resentment, and change it into admiring enthusiasm? That there may possibly have been in London at that time persons of rare goodness, of overflowing tolerance and compassion, that would have acted differently from the diletante of Arlington-street—persons who, saying to themselves, "Here is a poor young man of abilities, in a bad way," would have immediately called for their carpet-bags, and set off for Bristol by coach, to dig out the culprit, and lecture him soundly, and make a man of him—we do not deny. We fear, however, that if that time was like the present, such men must have been very thinly scattered, and very hard to find. Looking back now on the whole series of circumstances, we must, of course, feel that it was a pity the correspondence did not lead to a better issue; and Walpole himself lived to know this. But as Burke has said, "Men are wise with little reflection, and good with little self-denial, in the business of all times except their own." Let, therefore, such as are disposed to blame Walpole in this affair, lay the whole story to heart in the form of this maxim for their own guidance:—When a young man in difficulties tries to impose upon me, let me proceed warily and considerately in exposing him, lest I should be entertaining an (erring) angel unawares. And would to God more of us acted so!

While the correspondence with Walpole had been going on, Chatterton had not been idle. In the month of January, 1769, there appeared in London the first number of a new periodical called the *Town and Country Magazine*, a periodical somewhat on the model of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and those other curious monthly collections of scraps, with which, eighty years ago, our ancestors, strangers to the more elaborate entertainment of modern periodicals, used to regale their full-fed leisure. Here was an opportunity for the young *littérateur* of Bristol. Accordingly, in the February number (magazines were then published retrospectively, i. e., at the close of the month whose name they bore), there appeared two contributions from the pen of Chatterton: the one a prose

account of the costume of Saxon heralds, signed "D. B.;" the other, a little complimentary poem addressed to "Mr. Alcock, the miniature painter, of Bristol," and signed "Asaphides." Under these signatures he continued to contribute to the magazine; and effusions of his, chiefly Ossianic prose-poems, purporting to be from the Saxon or ancient British, appeared in all the subsequent numbers for the year 1769, except those of June, September, and October. In the number for May appeared one of the finest of his minor Rowley poems. In short, at the publishing office of the *Town and Country*, in London, the handwriting of "D. B.," of Bristol, must have been recognised, in 1769, as that of one of the established correspondents of the magazine; and in Bristol it must have been a fact known and enviously commented on among the Carys, the Smiths, the Kators, and other young men of Chatterton's acquaintance, that he could have his pieces printed as often as he liked in a London periodical. Chatterton felt the immensity of the honour; and there is extant a somewhat unvarnished letter of his to a distant relative, "a breechesmaker in Salisbury," in which he brags of it. He tells the breeches-maker, at the same time, of his correspondence with Walpole. "It ended," he says, "as most such do. I differed from him in the age of a MS.; he insists upon his superior talents, which is no proof of that superiority. We possibly may engage publicly in some one of the periodical publications, though I know not who will give the onset."

The *Town and Country Magazine* seems to have been the only metropolitan print to which Chatterton was a contributor during the year 1769. But in the beginning of 1770, he succeeded in another venture, and became the correspondent also of a London newspaper.

The newspapers of that day were by no means such as we now see. The largest of them consisted of but a single sheet, corresponding in size with our small evening papers, such as the *Globe* or the *Standard*. Their contents, too, were neither so various nor so elaborately prepared as those of our present newspapers. Advertisements, paragraphs of political gossip picked up outside the Houses of Parliament, and scraps of miscellaneous town,

country, and foreign news, constituted nearly all that the newspaper then offered to its readers. What we now call "leading articles," were things hardly known; it was enough for even a metropolitan journal to have one editorial hand to assist the publisher; and the notion of employing a staff of educated men to write comments on the proceedings of the day, was but in its infancy. The place, however, of leading articles by paid *attachés* of the newspaper was in part supplied by the voluntary letters of numerous anonymous correspondents interested in politics, and glad to see their lucubrations in print. Men of political note sometimes took this mode of serving the ends of their party; but the majority of the correspondents of newspapers were literary clients of official men, or private individuals scattered up and down the country. Chief of these unpaid journalists, king among the numberless Brutuses, Publicolas, and Catos, that told the nation its grievances through the columns of the newspapers, was the terrible Junius of the *Public Advertiser*. The boldness of his letters was perhaps that containing his "address to the king," which was published on the 19th of December, 1769. The excitement that followed this letter, and above all the report that the publisher, Mr. H. J. Woodfall, was to be brought to account for it before the public tribunals, produced a crisis—some called it a panic, some a jubilee—in the newspaper world.

The other newspapers were, of course, anxious to obtain a share of the *éclat* which the threatened prosecution conferred on the *Public Advertiser*. Accordingly, to reassure its correspondents, and to convince its subscribers of its unflinching liberalism in the midst of danger, the *Middlesex Journal*, a bi-weekly newspaper of the day, not far behind the *Advertiser* in credit, hastened to put forth the following manifesto:—

"William George Edmunds of Shoe-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, Gent., maketh oath and saith, that he will not at any time declare the name of any person or persons who shall send any papers to the *Middlesex Journal*, or *Chronicle of Liberty*, or any other publication in which he shall be concerned, without the express consent and direction of the author of such paper;

and that he will not make any discovery by which any of his authors can be found out; and that he will give to the public, in the fairest and fullest manner, all such essays, dissertations, and other writings, without any alteration, so far as he can or ought, consistently with the duty of an honest man, a good member of society, a friend to his country, and a loyal subject.—W. G. EDMUNDS.

“Sworn at the Mansion House, London, January 1st, 1770, before me,

“W. BECKFORD, Mayor.”

“N.B.—Mr. E. makes it a general rule to destroy all MSS. as soon as they are composed for the press. If any gentleman, however, is desirous of having his MSS. returned to him, Mr. E. begs that the words ‘to be returned,’ may be in large letters at the end of the originals. In that case, they shall be preserved and delivered up to any person who shall bring an order for that purpose in the same handwriting as the original.”

This manifesto of Mr. Edmunds, copied by us from the *Middlesex Journal* for February 6th, 1770, and which was repeated in succeeding numbers, probably caught Chatterton's eye in Bristol, and determined his already cherished intention of trying his hand at a newspaper article. Accordingly he plunges at once *in medias res*. There has just been a change of ministry. The Duke of Grafton, the favourite victim of Junius, had just resigned, and given place, for some secret court reason, to the goggle-eyed Lord North. Chatterton hearing much talk about this affair, thinks it a good topic for his purpose, and, stealing a forenoon from his office-work, pens, in a style mimicked after that of Junius, a “letter to the Duke of G——n,” in which he informs that illustrious personage that his resignation has “caused more speculation than any harlequinade he has already acted;” and tells him that, as he had been all along the tool of Bute, to whom he was at first recommended by his “happy vacuity of invention,” so now it is Bute's influence that has dismissed him. This missive he dates “Bristol, February 16,” and signs “Decimus.” Mr. Edmunds, receiving it in his sanctum in Shoe-lane, glances over it, thinks it tolerably smart, and prints it. Whether the Duke of Grafton ever saw it, poor fellow, we do not know; if he did, “one wasp more” would be his very natural reflection;

and he would go on sipping his chocolate.

Chatterton's next contribution to the *Middlesex Journal*, or at least the next that Mr. Edmunds thought proper to print, was one with the same signature, dated “Bristol, April 10, 1770,” and addressed to that much-abused female the Princess Dowager of Wales, the mother, and, as people said, manager of the king. Here is a specimen—Junius, it will be observed, to the very cadence:—

“By you men of no principles were thrust into offices they did not know how to discharge, and honoured with trusts they accepted only to violate; being made more conspicuously mean by communicating error and often vice to the character of the person who promoted them. None but a sovereign power can make little villains dangerous; the nobly vicious, the daringly ambitious, only rise from themselves. Without the influence of ministerial authority, Mansfield had been a pettifogging attorney, and Warburton a bustling country curate. The first had not lived to bury the substance of our laws in the shadows of his explanations; nor would the latter have confounded religion with deism, and proved of no use to either. * * * The state of affairs very much resembles the eve of the troubles of Charles I. Unhappy monarch! thou hast a claim, a dear bought claim, to our pity; nothing but thy death could purchase it. Hadst thou died quietly and in peace, thou hadst died infamous: thy misfortunes were the only happy means of saving thee from the book of shame. What a parallel could the freedom of an English pen strike out!”

This letter was written on a Tuesday. On the Saturday, or, more probably, on the Monday following, a tremendous *dénouement* took place,

Chatterton, among his other eccentricities, had often been heard to talk familiarly of suicide. One evening, for example, pulling out a pistol in the presence of some of his companions, he had placed it to his forehead, saying, “Now, if one had but courage to draw the trigger!” Nor was this mere juvenile affectation. Hateful from the first, Chatterton's position in Bristol had by this time become unendurable to him. All his literary honours, as contributor to a London magazine and correspondent of a London newspaper, were as nothing when put in the ba-

lance against his present servitude. If there were seasons when, sanguine in his hopes of a better future, he was able to keep his disgust within bounds, there were others where it rose to a perfect frenzy.

Such a season seems to have been the week in which the foregoing letter was written for the *Middlesex Journal*. From some circumstance or other Chatterton was that week reduced to the necessity of asking Burgum for a loan of money ; which Burgum, at the last moment, refused. Chatterton has thus perpetuated the fact—

“ When wildly squandering everything I got,
On books and learning, and the Lord knows
what;
Could Burgum then—my critic, patron,
friend—

Without security, attempt to lend?
No, that would be imprudent in the man :
Accuse him of imprudence if you can !”

This disappointment throws him into a state of humour bordering on the suicidal ; and, being left alone in his master's office on the Saturday forenoon following, he displays it by penning a kind of satirical will or suicide's farewell to the world. This extraordinary document, which is still extant, is headed thus, “ All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock, Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind, April 14, 1770 ;” and after some fifty lines of verse addressed to Burgum, the Rev. Mr. Catcott, and Barrett, it proceeds as follows :

“ This is the last will and testament of me, Thomas Chatterton, of the City of Bristol ; being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon ; the soundness of my mind the coroner and jury are to be judges of—desiring them to take notice that the most perfect masters of human nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of ‘ the mad genius,’ therefore, if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savoured of insanity.

“ *Item.*—If, after my death, which will happen to-morrow night before eight o'clock, being the feast of the resurrection, the coroner and jury bring it in lunacy, I will and direct that Paul Farr, Esq., and Mr. John Flower, at their joint expense, cause my body to be interred in the tomb of my fathers, and raise the monument over my body to the height of four feet five inches, placing the present flat stone on the top, and adding six tablets.

[Here follow directions for certain engravings to be placed on the six tablets ; viz. on two of them, fronting each other, certain heraldic achievements ; on another an inscription, in old English characters, to his ancestor Guatevine Chatterton, A.D. 1210 ; on another an inscription, in the same character, to another ancestor, Alanus Chatterton, A.D. 1415 ; on another an inscription, in Roman letters, to the memory of his father ; and on the remaining one this, an epitaph to himself :—

“ TO THE MEMORY OF
“ THOMAS CHATTERTON.

“ Reader, judge not ; if thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a supreme power : to that power alone is he now answerable.”]

“ And I will and direct that if the coroner's inquest bring it in *felo-de-se*, the said monument shall be notwithstanding erected. And if the said Paul Farr and John Flower have souls so Bristolish as to refuse this my request, they will transmit a copy of my will to the Society for supporting the Bill of Rights, whom I hereby empower to build the said monument according to the aforesaid directions. And if they, the said Paul Farr and John Flower, should build the said monument, I will and direct that the second edition of my *Kew Gardens* shall be dedicated to them in the following dedication, ‘ To Paul Farr and John Flower, Esqrs., this book is most humbly dedicated by the author's ghost.’

“ *Item.*—I give all my vigour and fire of youth to Mr. George Catcott, being sensible he is most in want of it.

“ *Item.*—From the same charitable motive, I give and bequeath unto the Rev. Mr. Camplin, sen., all my humility. To Mr. Burgum all my prosody and grammar, likewise one moiety of my modesty ; the other moiety to any young lady who can prove, without blushing, that she wants that valuable commodity. To Bristol all my spirit and disinterestedness, parcels of goods unknown on her quay since the days of Canning and Rowley. (‘Tis true, a charitable gentleman, one Mr. Colston, smuggled a considerable quantity of it ; but, it being proved that he was a Papist, the worshipful society of aldermen endeavoured to throttle him with the oath of allegiance). I leave also my religion to Dr. Cutts Barton, Dean of Bristol, hereby empowering the sub-sacrist to strike him on the head when he goes to sleep in church. My powers of utterance I give to the Rev. Mr. Broughton, hoping he will employ them to a better purpose

than reading lectures on the immortality of the soul. I leave the Rev. Mr. Catcott some little of my free-thinking, that he may put on spectacles of reason, and see how vilely he is duped in believing the Scriptures literally. (I wish he and his brother George would know how far I am their real enemy; but I have an unlucky way of raillery, and, when the strong fit of satire is upon me, I spare neither friend nor foe. This is my excuse for what I have said of them elsewhere). I leave Mr. Clayfield the sincerest thanks my gratitude can give; and I will and direct that whatever any person may think the pleasure of reading my works worth, they immediately pay their own valuation to him, since it is then become a lawful debt to me, and to him as my executor in this case.

"I leave my moderation to the politicians on both sides of the question. I leave my generosity to our present right worshipful mayor, Thomas Harris, Esq. I give my abstinence to the company at the Sheriff's annual feast in general, more particularly the aldermen.

"*Item.*—I give and bequeath to Mr. Matthew Mease a mourning ring with this motto, 'Alas, poor Chatterton!' provided he pays for it himself. *Item.*—I leave the young ladies all the letters they have had from me, assuring them that they need be under no apprehensions from the appearance of my ghost, for I die for none of them. *Item.*—I leave all my debts, the whole not five pounds, to the payment of the charitable and generous Chamber of Bristol, on penalty, if refused, to hinder every member from a good dinner by appearing in the form of a bailiff. If, in defiance of this terrible spectre, they obstinately persist in refusing to discharge my debts, let my two creditors apply to the supporters of the Bill of Rights. *Item.*—I leave my mother and sister to the protection of my friends, if I have any.

"Executed in the presence of Omniscience, this 14th of April, 1770.

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

Whether this eccentric document got immediately abroad among Chatterton's friends does not appear; another document, however, written at the same time and in the same mood, was sufficiently effective to produce a catastrophe. The Mr. Clayfield mentioned with such peculiar respect in the preceding paper, a distiller of means and respectability, and a friend of Mr. Lambert's, seems to have been a person of more than usual consideration in the eyes of Mr. Lambert's apprentice. To him, accordingly,

rather than to any other person in Bristol, he chose to indite a letter conveying his rash intention of suicide. This letter, not actually sent to Mr. Clayfield by Chatterton, but inadvertently left about, it would appear, with that gentleman's address upon it, was prematurely delivered to him. Startled by its contents, he lost no time in communicating them to Mr. Lambert. There was an immediate consultation among Chatterton's friends, and Mr. Barrett undertook to see the insane lad and reason with him on the folly and criminality of his conduct. Accordingly a long conversation took place between them, in which, to use his own words, he took Chatterton to task for the "bad company and principles he had adopted," and lectured him seriously "on the horrible crime of self-murder, however glossed over by present libertines." Chatterton was affected and shed tears. The next day, however, he sent Mr. Barrett the following letter, the original of which may be seen in the British Museum :—

SIR,—Upon recollection I don't know how Mr. Clayfield could come by his letter, as I intended to give him a letter but did not. In regard to my motives for the supposed rashness, I shall observe that I keep no worse company than *myself*: I never drink to excess, and have, without vanity, too much sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of iniquity. No, it is my **PRIDE**, my damn'd native unconquerable **PRIDE**, that plunges me into distraction. You must know that nineteen-twentieths of my composition is pride. I must either live a slave, a servant, to have no will of my own, which I may freely declare as such; or—**DIE**. Perplexing alternative! but it distracts me think of it! I will endeavour to learn humility, but it cannot be here. What it may cost me in the trial heaven knows.

"I am, your much obliged, unhappy humble servant,

"T. C.

"Thursday Evening."

Before this letter had been written by Chatterton, one thing had been fully determined with regard to him. Mr. Lambert was no longer to keep him in his service. Even had the lawyer himself been willing to make the attempt, his mother, who kept house for him, an old lady between whom and Chatterton there had never, we have reason to think, been any kind of cordiality, would certainly not have

listened to such a thing. What ! sleep under the same roof with a profligate young scoundrel that had threatened to make away with himself ? Find the garret in a welter some morning with the young rascal's blood, and have a coroner's inquest in the house ? Better at once give him up his indentures and be rid of him ! And with this advice of the old lady, even the calmer deliberations of Chatterton's own friends, Barrett, Catcott, and the rest, could not but agree. So on or about Monday the 16th of April, 1770, it was intimated to Chatterton that he must no longer consider himself as in the employment of Mr. Lambert.

Tuesday, the 17th, it will be remembered, was the day of Wilkes's release from prison ; and on Thursday, the 19th, the very day, as we guess, on which the foregoing letter to Mr. Barrett was written, there took place in Bristol that dinner, in honour of the patriot, at which, according to the announcement in the *Public Advertiser*, the more prominent Liberals of the place were to assemble at "the Crown, in the passage from Broad-street to

Tower lane," to eat their forty-five lbs. of meat, drink their forty-five tankards of ale and their forty-five bowls of punch, and smoke their forty-five pipes of tobacco. Were we wrong, then, in fancying that while these guests were making merry in the Crown, Chatterton may have been moodily perambulating the adjacent streets ? And shall we be wrong, if we fancy farther, that Barrett was one of the guests ; that the story of Mr. Lambert's apprentice and his intended suicide may have been talked over by the happy gentlemen, when, having finished their toasts, they sat down at leisure to their pipes and their remaining punch ; and that the precise moment when Mr. Barrett may have received the above epistle from his misguided young acquaintance may have been, when, after seeing the hiccuping Catcott part of the way home, he had just let himself into his surgery, about midnight, with his unsteady latch-key, and begun to whistle, to assure the wakeful Mrs. B. that he was perfectly sober ? Shade of the surgeon, or his descendants, if he has any, forgive us, if we wrong him !

CHAPTER III.

IMPROPER FEMALE FRIENDS, AND A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

CAST out of all chance of a livelihood in his native town, there was but one course open to Chatterton : to bid farewell to Bristol and attorneyship, and try what he could do in the great literary mart of London. Sanguine as were his hopes of success, it can have cost him but little thought to make up his mind to this course ; if, indeed, he did not secretly congratulate himself that his recent escapade had ended so agreeably. Probably there was but one thing that stood in the way of an immediate declaration by himself, after the *fracas* was over, that this was the resolution he had come to—the want, namely, of a little money to serve as outfit. No sooner, therefore, was this obstacle removed by the charitable determination of his friends, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Clayfield, the Catcotts, &c., to make a little subscription for him, so as to present him with the parting gift of a few pounds, than the tide of feeling was turned, and from a state of despondency, Chatterton gave way to raptures of unbounded joy. London !

London ! A few days, and he should have left the dingy quays of abominable Bristol ; and should be treading, in the very footsteps of Goldsmith, Garrick, and Johnson, the liberal London streets !

Chatterton remained exactly a week in Bristol after his dismissal from Mr. Lambert's ; i. e., from the 16th to the 24th of April. A busy week, we may suppose that must have been to Mrs. Chatterton and her daughter : shirts to be made and buttoned, stockings to be looked after, and all Thomas's wardrobe to be got decently in order against his departure. Poor fellow ! notwithstanding all that idle people say of him, *they* know better ; he has a proud spirit, but a good heart, and he will make his way yet with the best of them ! And so, in their humble apartments, the widow and her daughter ply their needles, talking of Thomas and his prospects, as only a mother and sister can.

The subject of their conversation, meanwhile, is generally out, going from

street to street, and taking leave of his friends. Barrett, the two Cateotts, Mr. Alcock, Mr. Clayfield, Burgum, Matthew Mease; also his younger friends, the Carys, Smiths, and Kators, he makes the round of them all, receiving their good wishes, and making arrangements to correspond with them. To less intimate acquaintances, too, met accidentally in the streets, he has to bid a friendly goodbye. Moreover, there are his numerous female friends—the Miss Webbs, the Miss Thatchers, the Miss Hills, &c., not to omit the “female Machiavel,” Miss Rumsey, who have all heard, with more or less concern, that they are about to lose their poet, and are, of course, anxious to see him before he goes. Of some acquaintances of this class, probably the more humble of them, he appears to have taken a kind of collective farewell. Long afterwards, at least, a Mrs. Stephens, the wife of a cabinet-maker in Bristol, used to tell that she remembered, when a girl, Chatterton’s “taking leave of her and some others, on the steps of Redcliffe Church, very cheerfully,” before his going to London. “At parting, he said he would give them some gingerbread; and went over the way to Mr. Freeling’s, to buy some.” In connexion with which little anecdote, reader, we have a mysterious little scrap of document to produce.

A great deal of nonsense, as it seems to us, has been written on the question of Chatterton’s moral character. Was he a libertine, as some have represented—a precocious young blackguard, indebted for his bad end to his own habits of profligacy; or was he at least no worse in this respect than his neighbours? Naturally resenting the atrocious way in which Chalmers and other earlier biographers of Chatterton handled his memory, the writers of more recent notices have certainly made out in favour of “the marvellous boy,” a certificate of good behaviour to which he was not entitled, and for which he would not have thanked them. The evidence on which they have laid most stress in connexion with this point is that of Chatterton’s sister, as given by her in her letter to the Rev. Sir Herbert Croft, some twelve years after Chatterton’s death, and published by that gentleman in his singular book, “Love and Madness.” The following is a passage from that touching and simple epistle, spelt as in the original:

“He wrote one letter to Sir Horace Warlpool; and except his correspondence with Miss Rumsey, the girl I have mentioned, I know of no other. He would frequently walk the Colledge green with the young girls that stately paraded there to shew their finery. But I really believe he was no debauchee (tho’ some have reported it). the dear unhappy boy had faults enough I saw with concern. he was proud and exceedingly impetuous, but that of venality” [poor Mrs. N. thinks this a fine word for *licentiousness*] “he could not be justly accused with. Mrs. Lambert informed me not 2 months before he left Bristol, he had never been once found out of the office in the stated hours, as they frequently sent the footman and other servants to see. Nor but once staid out till 11 o’clock; then he had leave, as we entertained some friends at our house at Christmas.”

This very distinct piece of evidence in favour of Chatterton’s punctual conduct as an apprentice (he had probably the fear of that she-dragon, Mrs. Lambert, before his eyes), has been strained by the writers alluded to into a testimony to his moral reproachlessness. A fruitless attempt, we fear! The worth of a sister’s assurance that her deceased brother could not be justly accused of “venality,” it is not difficult to estimate; besides that it is accompanied with the information that the common report was to the contrary, and with the allusion to the habit of “walking with the girls on the College-green,” whatever that may mean. Then, again, we have the fact that Mr. Barrett, in his remonstrance with him respecting his alarming letter to Mr. Clayfield, attributed his bad state of mind to his keeping immoral company. His own allusions, too, scattered through his writings are quite decisive, even were we not to take into account the almost constant tone which runs through all that part of his writings that is not antique; evidently the productions, as these modern pieces are, of a clever boy too conscious of forbidden things, and eager (as boys are till some real experience of the heart has made them earnest and silent) to assert his questionable manhood among his compeers, by constant and irreverent talk about the sexes. And after all, have we not the native probabilities of the case itself? Are young men in general, and attorneys’ apprentices in particular, so immaculately

moral, that it becomes necessary to argue out something like a perfectly virtuous character for Chatterton, before venturing to introduce him to the admirers of genius and literature? Should we fail in doing this for him, will Byron, Burns, and the rest of them, refuse to shake hands with him? We wish people, before they write about such subjects, would just take the trouble of thinking what sort of fellows they are themselves, and what goes on every day in society! “Pretty persons we are,” said honest Charles Lamb, at a literary dinner-party, where they were running down some unfortunate wight, regarding whom there was a flagrant scandal—“pretty persons we are to groan so virtuously over Zebedee’s shortcomings, when the fact is, there is not one of us but will make love, as he goes home to-night, to the first pretty girl he meets.” “Not *one*, did you say, Mr. Lamb?” asked Wordsworth with a stately smile. “O, there are some pretty Josephs, amongst us, I know,” stuttered Elia. Which is a deep thing, said humorously!

The truth we believe to be very much as Chatterton himself represented it: he was no debauchee; “he had, without vanity, too much sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of iniquity;” but he was an attorney’s apprentice, at liberty, out of office-hours, to do as he liked; and he was like his neighbours.

And now for our document. If the reader were to go to the reading-room of the British Museum and ask for the Chatterton MSS. (a considerable portion of all the surviving MSS. of Chatterton is in the Museum, the remainder being in Bristol, and elsewhere) he would have three volumes brought to him containing papers and parchments of various shapes and sizes, some stained, smoked, and written like antiques; others undisguisedly modern. If, after overcoming the strange feeling, that here in his hands are the very sheets over which eighty years ago Chatterton bent, tracing with nimble fingers the black characters over the white pages, the reader should examine the papers successively and individually, he would come upon one that would puzzle him much. It is a dingy piece of letter-paper, once folded as a letter, and containing a very ugly scrawl in an uneducated female hand.

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Here it is, printed for the first time:—

“Sir, I send my Love to you and Tell you This if you prove Constant I not miss but if you frown and Torn away I can make oart of batterd Hay pray excep of me Love Hartley an send me word Cartingley. Tell me How maney ounces of Green Gingerbread Can Sho the baker of Honiste.

“My House is not belt with Staviss. I not be Coarted by Boys nor naviss. I Haive a man and a man Shall Haive me, if I whaint a fool I Send for Thee.

“If you are going to the D—— I wish you a good Gonery.”

What in all the world have we got here? Exercising our utmost ingenuity for the purpose of determining if possible what petty, and, perhaps, not very nameable, Bristol occurrence of the year 1770, this lamentable piece of ill-written doggrel (the reader will observe that part of the letter is in a kind of cripple rhyme) grew out of, and has come down to us amid the Museum MSS. to perpetuate and represent; we can honestly arrive but at one conclusion—that it is the spiteful epistle of some improper female friend, avenging herself, with all the energy of feminine malice, for the *spretæ injuria formæ*, or some other fancied wrong. We have seen such letters, penned, as it seemed, in a similar conflict between infinite mischievousness of intention and a very finite power of expressing it through the Post-office; and the letter under notice is exactly of their species. Nay, more; did we dare to copy the version of the letter, or rather jocular answer to it, written in Chatterton’s own hand on the back of the sheet, in the shape of a few extremely impolite and not at all quoteable Hudibrastic lines, we think our hypothesis would appear inevitable. In short, we explain the matter thus:—Among the various acquaintances of Chatterton interested in the news of his approaching departure, is some improper female friend, labouring under the provocation of the *spretæ injuria formæ*, or of some injury or fancied injury, not now ascertainable; this Bristol Juno—a goddess only of the second order, we should suppose, for she is dreadfully illiterate, and not at all comparable to Miss Rumsey, unless, indeed, we mistake that Machiavelian young lady’s sphere—see3, with pangs

incredible, her faithless Jove dispensing the gingerbread he has bought at "Mr. Freeling's over the way," among the numerous nymphs waiting for it on the steps of Redcliffe church; she goes home and discharges all her malevolence in one fell epistle, into which, with vast literary effort, she contrives to introduce an allusion to the gingerbread; this epistle, intended to pierce her Jove's heart like a poisoned arrow, she sends to him anonymously; and he, reading it, and recognising the fair hand of the distempered donor, enjoys the joke amazingly, and expresses his opinion of it and her by scribbling his wicked answer on the other side. Strange bit of defunct real life, thus to be dug up again into the light! The departure of poor Chatterton for London from his native place eighty years ago was not, it would thus appear, a circumstance which all Bristol viewed with indifference. Whether the Clayfields, the Barretts, and the Catcotts of his acquaintance, cared much about the matter or not—whether Miss Rumsey shed tears or no—we cannot say; but here, at least, was one fair and frail denizen of some mean Bristol street, in whose breast Chatterton left a rankling sense of wrong or jealousy, and who was powerfully enough excited by the news of his departure, to immortalise her concern therein by penning a spiteful letter, in which she told him he was reported to be "going to the D——," and wished him a good journey.

Chatterton was not going to the D—— directly; he was only going to London to follow the professional walk of literature. Persons going on that journey from the provinces now-a-days (and it must have been the same in Chatterton's time) usually carry three things with them, in addition to the mere essentials of luggage—a little money, a small bundle of MSS., and a few letters of introduction, volunteered by well-meaning friends. Let us see how Chatterton was furnished in these several respects.

As regards money, the most essential of the three, but very poorly, we fear! It would throw more light than a hundred disquisitions on the real truth of Chatterton's London career, were we able to calculate to the precise shilling the sum of money which he took with him from Bristol. Unfortunately there are no data for such a

calculation. All that remains to us in the shape of information on this point, is a vague tradition, the exact worth of which we do not know, that the understood arrangement among the charitable parties who had agreed to get up a little subscription for him against his departure, was that they should subscribe a guinea each. Subjecting this tradition to a strict act of judgment, directed by a knowledge of the laws of human nature in general, and the circumstances of Chatterton's Bristol position in particular, we should say that the entire sum that could possibly be in Chatterton's purse in the week before he left Bristol, did not (any contribution his mother could make included) exceed ten guineas. Take a more probable estimate still, and deduct the expenses of the outfit and journey, and we may say Chatterton was elated with the prospect of invading London with a pecuniary force of exactly five guineas.

But he had plenty of manuscripts. In one bundle he had the whole of the *Rowley Poems* and other antiques—*Aella*; the *Bristowe Tragedie*; *God-dwyn*; *The Tournament*; *The Battle of Hastings*; *The Parliamente of Sprytes*, &c., &c., all written and finished at least twelve months before, and forming matter enough to fill, if printed, one considerable volume. These, if he could either dispose of them in the mass, or sell them individually, would form a sufficient stock to begin with. On *Aella*, in particular, he naturally set great value; it was his masterpiece, worth a great deal of money, even as an imitation of the antique, and worth ten times more if he could succeed in getting it accepted as a genuine English poem of the fifteenth century. Supposing that he should not be able to part with it advantageously under either guise, he would at any rate have it by him, to be printed some day or other at his own expense, and to make his fame as a poet and antiquarian! Then again, in another bundle, he had his miscellaneous modern pieces in prose and in verse—his *Kew Gardens*, his *Consulid*, and other such satires after the manner of Pope and Churchill; numerous songs, elegies, and other poetical trifles; and an assortment of odds and ends bearing on English antiquities. For these he cared far less himself than for his Rowley poems; but he had already

ascertained that they were more disposable as literary ware, and accordingly he had of late almost abandoned the antique vein in their favour. They might be of use to him in his dealings with the magazines and newspapers; and if they should turn out not to be exactly suitable, he had a ready pen and a head full of all kinds of historical knowledge, and should find no difficulty—especially after his sister had forwarded to him his little collection of books that was in the meantime to be left behind under her charge—in throwing off other such papers by the dozen.

Lastly, in the matter of introductions. It may seem strange to such as are accustomed to think such things essential to a young man migrating from his native place, but we positively cannot find that Chatterton took one letter of introduction from Bristol with him. That Matthew Mease may have told him of some vintner of his acquaintance living somewhere in Whitechapel that would be glad to see him, if he told him he knew Mat Mease of Bristol; that Mr. Clayfield, or Mr. Barrett, or even his master, Mr. Lambert, may have recommended him to call at his leisure on certain well to do Smiths or Robinsons they had dealings with; that his younger friends, the Mr. Carys and Mr. Rudhalls, the Miss Rumseys and Miss Webbs, may have given him commissions and instructions destined to bring him into connexion with metropolitan aunts living in Camden Town, and long-forgotten cousins that had situations in the Custom House; nay, that Mrs. Chatterton herself, taxing with the grandmother's help her genealogical memory, may have excogitated for the occasion a stray relative or two in London, that it might be well to pay a visit to—is, of course, extremely probable. But—and the reason, in all likelihood, was that his whole circle of acquaintance could not muster such a thing—not a single letter to a literary notability did this "Mad Genius" of Bristol, going on his expedition to set the Thames on fire, take in his portmanteau to be of service to him. Two things only seem to have been decided; the first, that on arriving in London, he should go to lodge at a Mr. Walmsley, a plasterer's, in Shoreditch, where a Mrs. Ballance, a distant relative of his mother's, and who had already been

written to on the subject, resided; and the other, that his first care on his arrival should be to seek out Mr. Edmunds, at the *Middlesex Journal* office in Shoe-lane, and beat up the editorial quarters of the *Town and Country Magazine*. These were to be his *foci* in London; and thence, by the force of his genius, he was to weave out new acquaintanceships, and spread himself in all directions! Nor, on the whole, was this plan perhaps the worst. Young authors coming to London to set the Thames on fire, are by no means always welcome visitors to these more elderly practitioners of the same craft, that, having become convinced by experience of the incombustibility of the river, have settled down on its banks with chastened hopes and more practical intentions; and it is better, in the long run, for young authors themselves to purchase every inch of way they make into people's good graces by some equivalent addition of new work done and tendered. And yet, who will say that introductions are of no use? The kind word of encouragement spoken now and then by the veteran *littérateur* to his younger brother, the business note written now and then in his service when anything in the shape of work turns up, the friendly invitation now and then when a few of the same craft are to meet—these little courtesies, which it is in the power of introductions, in the proportion perhaps of one effective to ten given, to procure, how much wear and tear of heart may they not save, how many paths through poverty to a rank London churchyard may they not make smoother! These, a little extended and adjusted, would of themselves constitute in these days, and while the more systematic promises of socialism are in abeyance, a very good organization of literature. Nor, thank God, are these wanting. That hard, severe man of letters, young poet, who receives you so grimly, is so severe on your fallacies and commonplaces, says not a word to flatter you, and would almost drive you from literature to making shoes—let but an opportunity really to serve you present itself, and you shall find that man as true as steel, and as kind as a woman! That other man of letters, too, with the flashing wit and the impetuosity that stuns and blasts you, I could tell you of generous actions done by him! And

him, again, the broad, sagacious man of abundant humour and encyclopædic lore; or him on whose silver hairs the honours of a long celebrity sit so gracefully—what debts of gratitude, were they reckoned up, should be found owing by contemporaries to them! Such men there are in London in our own days, each cordial and assisting after his own method and in his own sphere; nor was London wanting in such in the days of Chatterton. Remembering this, and thinking with ourselves at the same time which special man out of the 700,000 and odd souls then inhabiting London, it might have been best for Chatterton to have come into connexion with, we cannot but speculate what might have been the result had Chatterton taken with him from Bristol but one letter of introduction, addressed, suppose, to Oliver Goldsmith. “To Dr. Goldsmith, at No. 2, Brick-court, Middle Temple, favoured by Mr. Chatterton”—one cannot help lingering in fancy over the probable consequences of a letter bearing that superscription. But it did not so happen!

It was on Tuesday, the 24th of April, and, as near as we can guess, between eight and nine in the evening, that Chatterton, who had probably never been a single whole day out of Bristol before, took his final farewell of it. By the help of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1771, which contains a register of the weather for the same month in the previous year, we are able to tell pretty exactly the state of the weather at the time. Monday, the 23rd, had been “a cloudy day, very cold, with some little hail and a strong north-west wind;” and on Tuesday, the 24th, though the wind had veered round to the south-west, it was

still “cold and cloudy.” On the evening of that cloudy day, when it is already almost dark, and the streets are damp with approaching rain, three figures stand at an inn door in Bristol, waiting for the starting of the London coach. They are Chatterton—wrapped up for his journey, a tight, well-built youth of middle size; his sister, a grown young woman, two years older than himself; and his mother, a sad-looking elderly person in a cloak. Round about the coach, and greatly in the way of the porters who are putting on the luggage, are one or two young men that have gone there to bid Chatterton once more good-bye. They stand and talk for a few minutes in the midst of the bustle, while the passengers are hurrying backwards and forwards between the coach and the lighted passage of the inn. At last all is ready; the luggage is put up, and the other passengers have taken their seats. “Good-bye, Tom; God bless you; and mind to write as soon as you get to London,” falters the widow for the last time. Tom hears her; bids her good-bye, his sister good-bye, the rest good-bye; and springs into his place in what was then called “the basket” of the coach, *i. e.* an exterior accommodation slung low down to the body. “All right,” cries the guard, and blows his horn; the coachman cracks his whip, the horses’ hoofs clatter, and away along the ill-lit streets goes the clumsy vehicle out towards the suburbs of Bristol, Chatterton slung in the basket. The widow stands at the inn door watching it till it disappears; then, taking her daughter’s arm, and gathering her cloak around her, walks home with a heavy heart through the drizzle!

PENDENNIS.*

THE novel of "Vanity Fair" established a reputation for its author, which at once placed him in the front rank of the writers of his time; and although he had been previously well known, in the literary circles of London, as a clever contributor to periodical literature, the keenness of judgment, the great power, and the knowledge of human nature displayed in that volume fairly took the public by surprise—he was at once a favourite; thenceforward, his yellow leaves fluttered into life, bloomed, flourished, and he became famous. Nor when we come to examine the subject more narrowly, does the success of Mr. Thackeray afford any cause for wonder. He who laughs well and wisely at the foibles of mankind, is sure of a tolerable audience; and writings which are evidently the result of a shrewd personal observation of the faults and follies of the day, the blots on the social system in which we move and have our being, must always be popular. He may lay the scene of his stories where he will, and the time of their action as far back as he pleases, the reality of his descriptions strikes us with a force that is irresistible, and we generally recognise in his pages but the reflection of what we see and feel is every day passing around us.

The old stock machinery of the novelist's craft is for the most part, too, boldly discarded; in the ordinary incidents of every-day life, Mr. Thackeray finds materials ready to his hand. The best test of the truth, as well as of the power, of his pictures, is in the conviction with which few among us can fail to be impressed, that we are or have been, at some time of our lives, more or less acquainted with the originals. In this consists at once the charm of his stories, and the grand secret of their popularity. We recognise only too many of our friends, seen through such a bewildering cross light, that although perhaps we could scarcely assign to each his specific identity, we

should not have much difficulty in selecting a particular *rôle*, which we think could be played to admiration by many a man we know.

The influence which a writer acquires over the imagination, the fancy, or the reason of his fellows, depends upon the instruments he wields, as well as upon his skill in using them. The poet captivates us, by the power of his art, with visions of tender and touching beauty, which linger—a joy for ever. The tragedian excites us by striking images, by the rapid alternation of scenes, which move us to pity, admiration, or terror, and stir the sublimer and deeper emotions of our nature. But a wider and a not less interesting field lies before him who looks, with the eye of a practised intelligence, down into the depths of the human heart, and traces back to their hidden springs and sources the infinite diversity of actions of which man is capable. He may shrink back from the spectre his art has conjured up—he may tremble at the jarring sounds his touch has created—but the result is full of the deepest interest. The art of showing human nature in a variety of views is not one of such easy attainment as might be imagined; it requires a species of learning, which the best library will fail to supply—a knowledge of a different kind from any that is to be had in books, and an aptitude for applying as well as illustrating it, with which few minds are gifted. The contemplation of mankind under the different phases by which the polish of modern refinement, the artificial state of our social system, and the advanced stage of civilization in which we live, colour all our actions, is not only an interesting but a rational mode of entertainment. The clouds of prejudice which too frequently obscure our minds and obstruct our views, gradually disappear under the direction of a judicious teacher. We learn to look at things as they really exist—

* "The History of Pendennis his Fortunes and Misfortunes—his Friends and his greatest Enemy." By William Makepeace Thackeray. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1850.

to measure practice with profession, example with precept, and if we do not arrive at last at the philosophy of the wise man of old, that all is vanity, we learn at least to estimate things at their proper value.

If hypocrisy, that tribute which vice pays to virtue, leaven the aggregate of human actions, if that small coin which passes current under the name of kindly good will and the desire of mutual assistance, be stamped, for the most part, in the mint of selfishness—it is well we should know these things; it is well we should see our companions as well as our adversaries in the great battle of life, each arrayed under his respective standard, and dressed in his proper uniform; for by drawing a parallel in our own minds between what we see and what we are, between our own private character as it is known to ourselves, and to ourselves only, and that of others, we are thereby in some degree shamed out of our small vices, and animated, perhaps, to the practice of virtues, the seeds of which existed, although dormant, within us.

Taking it for granted that all our readers, by the time these pages meet their eye, will have made themselves more or less acquainted with the contents of the entertaining volumes now under our notice, we shall trouble neither ourselves nor them by entering into the details of the story, beyond the mere outline which will be necessary to render intelligible such critical observations as we mean to offer. We shall, therefore, plunge at once in *medias res*.

Nor indeed, in regard of story, should we have much to tell. The writings of our author are not novels, in the common acceptation of that term. There is no plot, nor are there any striking contrasts or scenes of highly wrought interest. The course of the narrative flows smoothly on, each incident as it arises being apparently used simply for the purpose of bringing out the characters of the various personages. Such materials as Mr. Thackeray uses are very commonplace; it is in the skill with which they are used that we recognise the consummate dexterity of the artist. A headstrong, selfish young gentleman goes forth into a world whose snares he is unacquainted with, and whose fascinations he has not the fortitude to resist; he is ex-

travagant at college, and gets plucked into the bargain; he falls in love, and is rescued from the spell of the enchantress by the diplomatic address of his guardian; a season of rest intervenes, in the course of which he is exposed to temptations of a species infinitely more dangerous to a young and ardent mind than any female attractions. The dictates of a nature steeped to the lips in selfishness and worldly prudence have an effect upon the generous boy on the threshold of life, from which he seems never afterwards wholly to free himself. The recuperative energies of his moral nature have not strength to throw off an influence more withering in its effects than any natural impulse, however misdirected. In years a boy, in heart a man of the world, in the worst acceptation of the term, Pendennis goes back into the world to fight his way in the battle of life with the weapons of mean ambition, and a calculating shrewdness, which measures all the finer and more lofty aspirations of the heart by the vulgar standard only too generally in use. We have but to look out of the window, or it may be into our own heart, and we will see many such a pilgrim wending on his weary way. But although the figure which occupies the foreground of the piece necessarily fails to win our esteem or command our sympathies, there are grouped around him a variety of personages more or less involved in the progress of the story, whose characters cannot fail to interest us. Ere we go further we have an exception to take to the title of the volumes, which may, perhaps, savour of hypercriticism. It is somewhat of a similar nature to that which an ingenious critic of the day found in the name of Lord Byron's poem, "The Bride of Abydos," and he was right, there *was* no bride. The title was a misnomer, as is the title of the volumes now before us—"The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Pendennis; his Friends and his greatest Enemy." Now when we hear our neighbours who are inclined to be charitable say—Poor fellow, he is nobody's enemy but his own—we at once set down the person so characterised to be a goodnatured, jovial, reckless sort of fellow, who dafts the world aside and lets it pass, going on carelessly on his road rejoicing; but the progress of Master Pen. is of a nature so entirely different, his heart

is so thoroughly cased in impenetrable selfishness, his interest so entirely absorbed, and his attention directed to the care of "number one," that it is certainly a misnomer to call "number one" his greatest enemy, as is evidently meant by the title of the book. Indifference to his own interests was certainly never any failing in the character of Pendennis, nor did it ever involve him in any trouble or misfortune whatsoever; *tout au contraire*; from first to last he is keenly alive to them, and in due proportion does he thrive accordingly. He earned a handsome livelihood by writing reviews in the *Pallmall Gazette*; he wore kid gloves and fared sumptuously every day at the expense of those eminent publishers Messrs. Bacon and Bungay; and throughout his entire career, from his entrance into the world up to that period when he disappears from our sight, he is still the same shrewd, knowing dog. It may be said he marries at last for love and disinterested affection; true, but he does so only when he is jilted by the heiress who was to bring him a seat in parliament; he never for a single instant loses sight of the main chance, his eye is constantly fixed upon a snug government appointment, a wife with a good dowry, a comfortable house in Belgravia, neat wines, and a well appointed brougham wherein to pay visits to his friends. Therefore, and for these reasons, we take this preliminary objection. The entertainment is a reasonably good one; it embraces a variety of dishes calculated to gratify the palate of the respective guests, but it is not a banquet of that precise nature which is promised in the bill of fare; in a word, the evidence does not fit the indictment, and upon the view, without going further into the question, we being duly empannelled to try the issue, have no hesitation whatever in at once pronouncing Arthur Pendennis, the prisoner at the bar, wholly and entirely free from the charge imputed to him of being his own enemy.

At the time when our story opens its hero has numbered his eighteenth year. He is the son of a respectable general practitioner in Bath, who, having realized an independence out of his gally-pots, turned his pestle and mortar into a threshing machine; his lancet into a reaping hook; and exchanged his neat worsted continuations and silk stock-

ings for corduroys and top boots; in other words, the successful apothecary became metamorphosed into a country gentleman; thereby realising the secret ambition of his early life. He founded the Clavering book club, set up a soup and blanket society, frequented the markets, punched geese in the breast, poked fat cattle in the ribs, looked at samples of oats, became an exemplary worshipper, and an active vestry man, in the fulfilment of which active duties he was overtaken at last by the grim foe, to whom he had in earlier life consigned so many a patient. John Pendennis, Esq., slept with his fathers in the old Abbey Church of Clavering, St. Mary's, and Arthur, the son, whom he had begotten in his own image, reigned in his stead. There is a little orphan girl, an inmate of the establishment, who is evidently destined by Mrs. Pendennis to be the future wife of the young Lord of Fair Oaks; but Pen. has not very long entered upon his career when the grand passion of his life commences; he falls in love with the Fotheringay; Mrs. Pendennis, sorely perplexed by the folly of her son, summons the old major, his guardian, from London, by whose dexterity the affair is broken off. At this point commences the interest of the story. Nothing in the book is more finely conceived, or better executed, than those scenes in which are portrayed the contact between the open hearted boy and the cool, wary, calculating veteran.

His alarm at discovering that his nephew's passion is virtuous; that he means marriage; the subtle and crafty worldly philosophy with which he meets and crushes every honest and generous sentiment of the young heart, and makes it half ashamed of all its genuine emotions, are delineated with exquisite art, and form some of the very happiest touches to be found in the whole compass of the story. Our space will not permit us to indulge our readers with many extracts, but we cannot pass over the following few:—

" 'Now for it,' thought Major Pendennis; and as for Mr. Costigan, he profited instantaneously by his daughter's absence to drink up the rest of the wine, and tossed off one bumper after another of the Madeira from the "Grapes" with an eager, shaking hand. The Major came up to the table and took up his

glass and drained it with a jovial smack. If it had been Lord Steyne's particular, and not public house, Cape, he could not have appeared to relish it more.

"'Capital Madeira, Captain Costigan,' he said. 'Where do you get it? I drink the health of that charming creature in a bumper. Faith, Captain, I don't wonder the men are wild about her. I never saw such eyes in my life, or such a grand manner. I am sure she is as intellectual as she is beautiful; and I have no doubt she is as good as she is clever.'

"'A good girl, sir, a good girl, sir,' said the delighted father; 'and I pledge a toast to her with all my heart. The man who gets her will have a jewel to a wife, sir; and I drink his health, sir, and you know who I mean, Major.'

"'I am not surprised at old or young falling in love with her,' said the Major; 'and frankly must tell you, that though I was very angry with my poor nephew Arthur when I heard of the boy's passion, now I have seen the lady I can pardon him any extent of it. By George I should like to enter for the race myself, if I weren't an old fellow, and a poor one.'

"'And no better man, Major, I'm sure,' cried Jack, enraptured. 'Your friendship, sir, delights me; your admiration for my girl brings tears into my eyes—tears, sir—manlee tears—and when she leaves my humble home for your own more splendid mansion, I hope she'll keep a place for her poor old father, poor old Jack Costigan.' The Captain suited the action to the word, and his bloodshot eyes were suffused with water as he addressed the Major.

"'Your sentiments do you honour,' the other said; 'but, Captain Costigan, I can't help smiling at one thing you have just said.'

"'And what's that, sir,' asked Jack, who was at a too heroic and sentimental pitch to descend from it.

"'You were speaking about our splendid mansion, my sister's home I mean.'

"'I mean the park and mansion of Arthur Pendennis, Esq., of Fair Oaks Park, whom I hope to see a Member of Parliament for his native town of Clavering, when he is of age to take that responsible station,' cried the Captain, with much dignity.

"The Major smiled as he recognised a shaft out of his own bow. It was he who had set Pen. upon the idea of sitting in Parliament for the neighbouring borough, and the poor lad had evidently been bragging on the subject to Costigan and the lady of his affections.

"'Fair Oaks Park, my dear sir,' he said. 'Do you know our history?

We are of an exceedingly ancient family, certainly; but I began, Captain, with scarce enough money to purchase my commission; and my eldest brother was a country apothecary, who made every shilling he died possessed of out of his pestle and mortar.'

"'I have consented to waive that objection, sir,' said, Costigan, majestically, 'in consideration of the known respectability of your family.'

"'Curse your impudence,' thought the Major, but he only smiled and bowed.

"'The Costigans too have met with misfortunes, and our house of Castle-Costigan is by no means what it was. I have known very honest men apothecaries, sir, and there's some in Dublin has had the honour of dining at the Lord Lieutenant's tteeble.'

"'You are very kind to give us the benefit of your charity,' the Major continued, 'but permit me to say that is not the question. You spoke just now of my little nephew as the heir of Fair Oaks Park, and I don't know what besides.'

"'Funded property, sir, no doubt, Major, and something handsome eventually from yourself.'

"'My good sir, I tell you the boy is the son of a country apothecary,' cried out Major Pendennis, 'and when he comes of age he won't have a shilling.'

"'Pooh, Major, you're laughing at me,' said Mr. Costigan, 'me young friend, I make no doubt, is heir to two thousand a year.'

"'Two thousand fiddlesticks! I beg your pardon, my dear sir, but has the boy been humbugging you? it is not his habit. Upon my word and honour, as a gentleman, and an executor to my brother's will too, he left little more than five hundred a year behind him.'

"'And, with acconomy, a handsome sum of money too, sir. Faith, I've known a man drink his claret and drive his coach and four on five hundred a year and strict acconomy in Ireland, sir. We'll manage on it, sir, trust Jack Costigan for that.'

"'My dear Captain Costigan, I give you my word that my brother did not leave a shilling to his son Arthur.'

"'Are ye joking with me, Major Pendennis?' cried Jack Costigan, 'are ye trifling with the feelings of a father and a gentleman?'

"'I am telling you the honest truth,' said Major Pendennis, 'every shilling my brother had he left to his widow, with a partial reversion, it is true, to the boy. But she is a young woman and may marry, if he offend her, or she may outlive him, for she comes of an uncommonly long-lived family.'

"'Am I to understand, sir, that this

young gentleman, whom I have fostered and cherished as the son of my bosom, is an imposther, who has been thrifling with the affections of my beloved child?' exclaimed the Captain, with an outbreak of wrath. 'Have you yourself been working on the feelings of the young man's susceptible nature to induce him to break off an engagement, and with it my adored Emily's heart? Have a care, sir, how you trifle with the honour of John Costigan. If I thought any mortal man meant to do so, be heavens I'd have his blood, sir, whether old or young.'

"'Mr. Costigan,' cried out the Major.

"'Mr. Costigan can protect his own and his daughter's honour, and will, sir,' said the other. 'Look at that chest of drawers; it contains heaps off that viper's letters to my innocent child. There's promises there, sir, enough to fill a bandbox with, and when I have dragged the scoundrel before the courts of law, and shown up his perjury and his dishonour, I have another remedy in yondther mahogany case, sir, which shall set me right, sir, with any individual—ye mark my words, Major Pendennis—with any individual who has counselled your nephew to insult a soldier and a gentleman. What! me daughter to be jilted, and me grey hairs dishonoured by an apothecary's son. By the laws of Heaven, sir, I should like to see the man that shall do it.'

"'I am to understand then that you threaten, in the first place, to publish the letters of a boy of eighteen to a woman of eight-and-twenty, and afterwards to do me the honour of calling me out,' said the Major, still with perfect coolness.

"'You have described my intentions with perfect accuracy, Major Pendennis,' answered the Captain, as he pulled his ragged whiskers over his chin.

"'Well, well, these shall be the subject of future arrangements, but before we come to powder and ball, my good sir, do have the goodness to tell me in what earthly way I have injured you? I have told you that my nephew is dependent upon his mother, who has scarcely more than five hundred a year.'

"'I have my own opinion of the correctness of that assertion,' said the Captain.'

"'Will you go to my sister's lawyers, Messrs. Tatham, here, and satisfy yourself?'

"'I decline to meet those gentlemen,' said the Captain, with rather a disturbed air. 'If it be as you say, I have been atrociously deceived by some one, and on that person I'll be revenged.'

"'Is it my nephew?' cried the Major, starting up and putting on his hat. 'Did

he ever tell you that his property was two thousand a year? If he did I'm mistaken in the boy. To tell lies has not been a habit in our family, Mr. Costigan, and I don't think my brother's son has adopted it yet. Try and consider whether you have not deceived yourself and adopted extravagant reports from hearsay. As for me, sir, you are at liberty to understand that I am not afraid of all the Costigans in Ireland, and know quite well how to defend myself against any threats from any quarter. I come here as the boy's guardian, to protest against a marriage most absurd and unequal, that cannot but bring poverty and misery with it; and in preventing it I conceive I am quite as much your daughter's friend as the friend of my own family; and prevent the marriage I will by every means in my power. There, I have said my say, sir.'

"'But I have not said mine, Major Pendennis, and ye shall hear from me,' Mr. Costigan said, with a look of tremendous severity.

"'Sdeath, sir, what do you mean?' the Major asked, turning round on the threshold of the door, and looking the intrepid Costigan in the face.

"'Ye said, in the coorse of conversation, that ye were at the George Hotel, I think,' Mr. Costigan said, in a stately manner, 'a friend shall wait upon you there before you leave town, sir.'

"'Let him make haste, Mr. Costigan,' cried out the Major, almost beside himself with rage. 'I wish you a good morning, sir,' and Captain Costigan bowed a magnificent bow of defiance to Major Pendennis, over the landing-place, as the latter retreated down stairs."

For the purpose of completing the cure of his nephew's unlucky passion, the Major has him entered forthwith at one of the universities, where the first fruits of the lessons of his worldly Mentor display themselves in a career of dissipation and extravagance, which terminates in Master Pen. getting plucked, and involving himself in a string of pecuniary liabilities, which the widow, his mother, has to pinch herself considerably in order to provide the means of discharging. Pen. mopes about for some time, at his hereditary domain of Fair Oaks Park, in a condition of moody despair, and seems in a fair way of becoming a misanthrope, when his gloom is enlivened by the advent of some new neighbours at their family seat of Clavering Park. Sir Francis, a libertine and battered *roué*, has repaired his dilapidated for-

tunes, by a matrimonial alliance with a stout, elderly, and very vulgar Calcutta widow, with three stars to her name in the India House, and a charming, sylph-like daughter, with dark eyelashes and lips like rosebuds, ready made to his hand. The arrival of this interesting family gives occasion for a series of portraits all charmingly touched off. We have the French cook, with his ringlets, chains, and shining boots; his light green paletot, crimson velvet waistcoat, orange satin neckcloth, and gold-embroidered cap; that melancholy and interesting artiste who composed a *menu* as our illustrious Curran did a speech to the sound of music. The family party are preceded by a *cortege*, which is most felicitously described; indeed, Mr. Thackeray seems to have made the race of London footmen his peculiar study. The subject is one over which he invariably lingers with a species of contemplative fondness entirely his own. He seems to revel in the idea:—

“Carriages came down by sea, and were brought over from Baymouth by horses, which had previously arrived under the care of grooms and coachmen. One day the ‘Alacrity’ coach brought down on its roof *two large and melancholy men, who were dropped at the park lodge, with their trunks, and who were Messrs. Frederick and James, metropolitan footmen, who had no objection to the country, and brought with them state and other suits of the Clavering uniform.*”

The influence which the members of the interesting family, whose domestics thus preceded them, produces upon the fortunes of our hero, is considerable. He enters at once into a species of semi-Platonic flirtation with the young lady whom common rumour pronounces to be an heiress. The scene soon shifts to London, where Pen. has succeeded in getting a literary engagement, and in process of time delivers himself of a novel which has some success. His worthy uncle, whose favour he had lost by his College escapades, takes him once more by the hand, introduces him to the world of fashionable life; and hatches a notable scheme for his advancement, by a dexterous use of information which he had previously acquired relative to the Lady Clavering's former husband, who turns out not only to be still in existence, but to be an escaped convict. The

plan proposed, that Pen. should marry “the Sylph,” with a handsome fortune, and that Sir Francis Clavering should resign, in his favour, his seat in parliament, is, accidentally discovered by Morgan, the Major's valet, who divulges the secret, and blows up the conspiracy. Pen., jilted by the Sylph, marries Laura, whom he had previously jilted himself. The Sylph is rejected, in her turn, by the chosen object of her affections, who has found out for himself the secret of her parentage, with which she had not thought proper to acquaint him. The Major repents him of his worldly courses; and so the curtain falls.

We do not consider the chief actor in this drama to be by any means one of Mr. Thackeray's happiest creations. We have turned him round, looking at him in all sorts of lights; and, after a careful examination of his points, the only result at which we can conscientiously arrive is, that he does not please us. If Master Pen. be, as the artist says, meant as a type of one of the gentlemen of the age, we hope there are not many like him. He strikes us to be more an embodiment of all the failings and weaknesses of the class to which he belongs, unredeemed by any of their virtues, than as the exact type of any existing original. He has not one solitary quality which can command our sympathies or win our regard. If, as an adventurer, he chances to be successful, we feel that his success is less the result of any inherent merit of his own than of a combination of fortunate circumstances. A headstrong boy, he makes his first appearance in public in the third of the seven ages which Shakspeare has allotted to the life of man. But even his adolescence is premature. The lover sighing like a furnace we feel is not a man; he is an ineffable spooney.

It may be, as indeed the artist hints, he feared to paint a man in his integrity; although the failings of Pen. are common to our nature, he wants the vigour and strength of purpose, which, by commanding our respect, would induce us to extend a share of indulgence to his imperfections. The proportions are stunted; the impression produced upon our minds is, that Pen. has all the propensities of a Don Juan or a Tom Jones, without the pluck to indulge in them. There is treason lurking in his heart; but the overt act is wanting; the

besetting sins of his nature are thorough selfishness and an overweening conceit. Notwithstanding these failings we are told he is amiable, high-spirited, and generous; but when we come to look for proofs, we find him at school profuse; but he went on tick with the tart man; at College, his extravagance was near being the ruin of his mother; in after life he turned thrifty, and would have sold himself, like a slave, for £50,000, and a seat in Parliament, had he not in the nick of time discovered that it would have involved him in, what Mr. James Morgan felicitously termed, a compounding of bigamy. In short, we don't take kindly to Pen. Mr. Thackeray says, what is very true, that

"Since the author of 'Tom Jones' was buried, no writer of fiction has been permitted to depict, to his utmost power, a man; he must be draped, and have a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the natural in our art; many ladies have remonstrated, and subscribers left me, because, in the course of the story, I described a young man resisting and affected by temptation; my object was to say, that he had the passions to feel, and the honesty and manliness to resist them. You will not hear it; it is best not to know it; what moves in the real world; what passes in society, in the clubs, colleges, news-rooms; what is the life and talk of your sons. A little more freedom than is customary, has been attempted in this story; with no bad desire on the writer's part, it is hoped, and with no ill consequence to any reader. If truth is not always pleasant, truth, at any rate, is best, from whatever quarter it may come."

This may be so; but it is scarcely sufficient to warrant all the short-comings of Pendennis, the love passages in whose history can scarcely fail to excite the contempt of the fairer portion of the community. We pass over his affairs with Fanny Bolton and the Fotheringay, with the simple observation as to the latter, that had he really loved her, as he is represented to have done, had his passion been a manly one, he could scarcely have failed to win her, notwithstanding her calculating prudence, and in spite of the diplomatic interference of his uncle the Major. True, the future Lady Mirabel had an eye to an establishment; but she was a woman after all, and being

a woman was to be won, but not by a spoon, which we very respectfully submit, upon his own showing, Master Pen. to have been. But he is frivolous and trifling into the bargain; for what is the *resumé* of his amatory proceedings? He engages the affections of that hearty, honest creature his cousin; and, having done so, he makes her a half sort of proposal, which, being a girl of spirit, she rejects with proper contempt. Then he wanders after a new flame, and, for a considerable number of years, carries on a dubious sort of sentimental flirtation with "the Sylph," actuated solely by mercenary considerations; all this while he has a hankering after Laura, and during a portion of it he is drinking himself into a brain fever for love of the laundress's daughter. Being eventually jilted by the "Sylph," the express train bears him back again to the feet of Laura, who, knowing well that he would have married Miss Amory, if he could have got her, and that he would have run away with the innocent Fanny Bolton, had not the fever put a stop to his nefarious proceedings—takes up the sinner and comforts him. Pen. is a recreant knight, unworthy the smile of beauty; and had he been soundly flogged when he was an inmate of Dr. Wapshot's establishment, every time he deserved it, he would have turned out a much more worthy character, and we should have been saved the trouble of animadverting upon his misdeeds.

We bid him stand down and give place to a better man; for in proportion as he fails to please us, do the qualities of the rough, rugged, honest-hearted Warrington win our esteem and regard.

In him we have a proof that the artist *can* paint a man when it so pleases him. All the instincts of "Stunning Warrington" are as manly as those of his associate are the reverse. There is something in him and about him which provides us with an idea—a something which the mind can grasp, and contemplate with satisfaction. His presence sheds a sort of halo over the dingy little apartment in Lamb's-court, Temple, where he and Pen. pursued their tasks in common. His portrait is exquisitely delineated; it is unique, consistent, and perfect in all its parts. Whether we look in on him in his scantily-furnished dormitory, where,

like Margery Daw, he lay upon straw, and smoked his pipe the long night through; or see him as he presented himself to the eyes of the astonished Major, engaged in the active discharge of his domestic duties; or view him trundling down to his brother's at Norfolk, his carpet-bag well stuffed with Cavendish tobacco, our heart is always with him. We had got to be fond of Stunning Warrington, and when the fall of the curtain hid him for ever from our eyes, we felt sorry, and we have not quite got over the loss yet. We miss the homely and practical good sense with which he was wont to investigate the social problems of the day. We miss the lessons of that sound philosophy which taught him to endure with fortitude the weary drudgery of his solitary life, and the existence of an evil which even labour itself failed to mitigate—that unlucky marriage contracted in the careless beginning of his early life. The notion has exploded long ago, that an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice, were essential in disposing of the respective personages who play their part on the stage of fiction—that retributive justice should be meted out to each in exact proportion to his merits and deserts. We are glad this absurd idea has gone out of fashion; it certainly had as little foundation in nature as it had in reason. In the world before us virtue is not always happy, nor is vice uniformly miserable; the reverse of the picture is often true; good and evil happen indiscriminately to all; and the best among us has often to bear his burthen of sorrow as lightly and easily as he can. But we cannot help feeling considerable regret when we find our friend Warrington, who is the only thoroughly loveable male character in the book, so sorely tried and depressed; he is worthy of a happier destiny; and notwithstanding that the tie of matrimony is a knot much easier to make fast than to loosen, we do not leave our honest friend without the hope that he will, sooner or later, emerge from his troubles.

Miss Amory, the Sylph, is rather an amusing sort of personage, but fashioned a little too closely on the Becky Sharp model to afford us all that pleasure which a conception perfectly new could not have failed to impart. In

the delineation of the characters of these two ladies, the traits which predominate alike in both are selfishness, want of heart, and an entire disregard of anything like moral principle. Whatever distinction can be taken between them consists in the difference of sphere where the lot of each has originally been placed. Miss Sharp was a needy adventurer; she had her way to make in the world, among people who cared for her only in proportion as she made herself agreeable to their humours or useful for their requirements; while the sentimental authoress of "*Mes Larmes*" was a creature nursed in the lap of luxury, with a waiting-maid to attend upon her behests, a half brother to pinch, tease, and address whimpering sonnets to, not to mention the large, melancholy footmen, Frederick and James, all under her orders. Of her early life and education only a partial glimpse has been revealed to us, but from the little we do know, we cannot entertain much doubt that the lessons of her infant life were as ill calculated to implant any ideas of moral rectitude in her mind as the ateliers of Soho, where Miss Sharp had her early training. It must be admitted, however, that, although Blanche was tolerably alive to the advantages of a good establishment, and seldom missed an opportunity of doing whatever lay in her power towards the attainment of so desirable an object, she was deficient in that instinctive sagacity and that unerring keenness of perception by which at once Miss Sharp descried the true point and worked her way towards it, regardless of every obstacle. She draws after her, too, in her career of selfishness, as Becky did, the affection of a simple and honest heart—a species of moral anomaly only too frequently observed in real life, and one which Mr. Thackeray is fond of illustrating. The devotion of the artless Harry Foker to Blanche, and of honest old Bows to the Fotheringay, is only another illustration of the love of Rawdon Crawly, and the devotion of William Dobbin to Amelia. The rattling dragoon was, it is true, a bolder specimen of humanity than Mr. Foker—he had stronger desires, more vigorous and manly instincts, but both of them alike fell down and worshipped before the tinsel shrine of a false divinity. The old leader of the orchestra, watching

over the eventful career of his beloved Emily, with a species of affection in which the care of the parent mingles strangely with the tender solicitude of the lover, bears a resemblance too strong, to have much novelty in it, to the constancy of the long-legged, large-footed lieutenant—a difference only in the result, that the martial lover was rewarded in the long run for his pains with more retributive justice than the story-teller has thought fit to accord to Bows.

Simple as are the materials of which this story is constructed, the dexterity of the artist is not less apparent in the mode with which he adapts them to his purpose, than in the small number of characters he has thought it expedient for his purposes to employ. As we marshal them up, rank and file, before us, we feel some surprise how he has contrived to say so much about them.

As we read the numbers each month, as they appeared, it struck us that the character which was most elaborate, and best brought out, was that of Major Pendennis; and upon reading the book in its integrity we are inclined to hold to the same opinion. There is a freshness about this conception which cannot fail to please every reader. The traits of his selfish nature are delineated and worked out with exquisite skill. We have the old warrior at this moment as plainly before us, making his quiet *entrée* into the favourite club, in his elaborately polished boots, his checked cravat without a rumple, his saffron-coloured vest, with V. R. on its gold buttons, his spotless linen and gloves without a stain. The wig which curled so beautifully round his handsome, mottled face, his dull eyes, and nose of the Wellington pattern, all rise freshly to our mind's eye. We see him in his accustomed corner by the fire jet, near the window, looking upon his letters through the double gold eye glass, and munching his toast, as plainly as if we were breakfasting opposite in company of Glowry the Scotch Surgeon. We are inclined to entertain some fears, however, that Mr. Thackeray has rather overstepped the limits of the probable, in making the Major, towards the conclusion of his story, mix himself up with that intrigue, by means of which he was to have provided his nephew with a richly endowed wife, and a seat in the House of Com-

mons. The extent to which men of the world may go, without any injury to their reputation, is a tolerably wide one; but we doubt, or rather we have no doubt, that the conduct of the Major, had his design been successful, and come to the knowledge of the men of fashion with whom he was in the habit of associating, would have been rather prejudicial to his repute as a man of honour; in short, we consider the intrigue to have been too dirty a one, for the Major to dabble his long white fingers in. With this exception, which is not in perfect keeping with the harmony of the design, the Major is a *chef d'œuvre* in his way; a gem of the very finest water. We cannot dismiss him from our view without a short extract from the scene where the blow up with Morgan, his valet, is so humorously described:—

“Morgan received the abuse consequent upon his delay in silence, nor did the Major condescend to read in the flushed face and glaring eyes of the man the anger under which he was labouring. The old gentleman's foot-bath was at the fire, his gown and slippers awaiting him there. Morgan knelt down to take his boots off with due subordination, and as the Major abused him from above, kept up a growl of maledictions below at his feet. Thus when Pendennis was crying ‘Confound you, sir; mind that strap; curse you, don't wrench my foot off;’ Morgan, *sotto voce*, below was expressing a wish to strangle him, drown him, and punch his head off. The boots removed, it became necessary to divest Mr. Pendennis of his coat, and for this purpose the valet had necessarily to approach very near to his employer, so near, that Pendennis could not but perceive what his valet's late occupation had been, to which he adverted in that simple and forcible phraseology which men are sometimes in the habit of using to their domestics: informing Morgan that he was a drunken beast, and smelt of brandy.

“At this the man broke out, losing patience, and flinging up all subordination—

“‘I'm drunk, am I? I'm a beast, am I? I'm d——d, am I? You infernal old miscreant. Shall I wring your old head off, and drown you in that pail of water? Do you think I'm going to bear your confounded old harrogance, you old wigsby—chatter your old hivories at me do you, you grinning old baboon! Come on, if you are a man, and can

stand to a man. Ha! you coward—knives! knives!

“‘If you advance a step I’ll send it into you,’ said the Major, seizing up a knife that was on the table near him. ‘Go down stairs, you drunken brute, and leave the house; send for your book and your wages in the morning, and never let me see your insolent face again. This d——d impertinence of yours has been growing for some months past. You have been growing too rich. You are not fit for service. Get out of it, and out of the house.’

“‘And where would you wish me to go, pray, out of the ’ouse?’ asked the man; ‘and wont it be equal convenient to-morrow mornin’? *toot affay mame shose, sivoa play Munseer?*’

“‘Silence, you beast, and go!’ cried out the Major.

“Morgan began to laugh with rather a sinister laugh.

“‘Look yere, Pendennis,’ he said, seating himself, ‘since I’ve been in this room you’ve called me beast, brute, dog—and d——d me, haven’t you? I aint a going to leave this house, old fellow,—and shall I tell you why? The house is my house—every stick of furnitur’ in it is mine—except your old traps, and your shower bath, and your wig box. I’ve bought the place, I tell you, with my own industry and perseverance. I can shew a hundred pound where you can shew a fifty, or your damned super-sillious nephew either. I’ve served you honourable—done every thing for you these dozen years—and I’m a dog, am I? I’m a beast, am I? That’s the language for gentlemen, not for our rank. But I’ll bear it no more. I throw up your service—I’m tired on it. I’ve combed your old wig, and buckled your old girths and waistbands long enough, I tell you. Don’t look savage at me—I’m sitting in my own chair, in my own room, a tellin’ the truth to you. I’ll be your beast, and your brute, and your dog, no more, Major Pendennis Alf Pay.’

“The fury of the old gentleman, met by the servant’s abrupt revolt, had been shocked and cooled by the concussion, as much as if a sudden shower bath, or a pail of water, had been flung upon him. That effect produced, and his anger calmed, Morgan’s speech had interested him, and he respected his adversary, and his courage in facing him, as of old days, in the fencing room, he would have admired the opponent who hit him.

“‘You are no longer my ~~sergeant~~,’ the Major said; ‘and the ~~house may be~~ yours, but the lodgings are mine, and you will have the goodness to leave them to-morrow morning; when we have settled our accounts I shall remove into other quarters. In the mean time I de-

sire to go to bed, and have not the slightest wish for your further company.’

“‘We’ll have a settlement, don’t you be afraid,’ Morgan said, getting up from his chair; ‘I aint done with you yet, nor with your family, nor with the Clavering family, Major Pendennis, and that you shall know.’

“‘Have the goodness to leave the room, sir. I’m tired,’ said the Major.

“‘Hah! you’ll be more tired of me afore your done,’ answered the man with a sneer, and walked out of the room.”

In the character of the old Begum, pictured in these pages, there is not much originality of conception. We have seen her lineaments dimly shadowed forth, not only in the previous writings of Mr. Thackeray, but also in those of his contemporaries. She is the same fat, vulgar, but thoroughly good-natured old gentlewoman, somewhat florid in her tastes and amusements, whom we have seen a hundred times before in a hundred places, with her white bonnet and yellow feather, as she sits in her showy carriage, eating a large pink ice, in the sunshine, before Gunter’s door. If Lady Clavering does not strike our fancy, in Foker we have a rich treat; he, at least, is original, and affords a fitting type of one of those peculiar characteristics of the age in which we live, in the delineation of which Mr. Thackeray is uniformly felicitous. The happy *insouciance* with which this little scion of porter vats is distinguished, can scarcely fail to delight the mind and smooth the frown of the most captious critic. We should like to shake hands with Foker. With what feelings of unqualified pleasure do we not behold the youth, who such a short time previously had been flogged at school, and spent his pocket-money on hard bake and polonies, emerge upon the grand stage of human life, qualified to pronounce a mature judgment upon port wine, and to distinguish between the real champagne and the spurious gooseberry. All hail to thee, Harry Foker, as to our mind’s eye thou comest trundling along in thy black tandem, with scarlet wheels, with a bull-terrier between thy knees, and thy scarlet shawl neck-cloth fastened with a pin composed of another bull dog in gold; thy fur waistcoat interlaced with chains of gold; thy green cut-away coat with basket buttons; thy white surtout with cheese plate

buttons, on each of which is engraved some stirring incident of the turf or chase. We love thee in our heart of hearts; and when at last the grand passion of thy life commences—when opera dancers and singers have palled upon thy taste, and thy black tandem, thy bull dog, and the other harmless amusements of thy simple life delight thee no longer, we sympathise with thee when thou hast fallen a victim to the spells of the syren who has enchanted thee. With tender pity do we see thee tossing upon thy embroidered sofa, in thy solitary apartment, where the struggling moonlight is falling upon the portraits of thine ancestors. The late Earl of Gravesend in his robes as a peer, the Countess, his wife, and the elder Foker's son, thyself, upon a donkey! We pity thee, Harry, in thy great misfortunes, as from off the stage of fiction thy shadowy visage disappears from our eyes for ever.

The portrait of honest Jack Costigan, of Costiganstown, is not one upon which we can compliment the artist; it would be difficult, upon any rules of art, to reconcile its apparent and numerous contradictions; an honest man, and yet a swindler; an irreclaimable drunkard, a notorious liar, and yet one who discharges with the most tender solicitude all the duties of the fondest parent, discharges them after a fashion which many a father in Belgravia or May Fair need not be ashamed to copy; a seedy, tattered, disreputable old man, in a battered hat and shabby cloak, who would get drunk with any one generous enough to pay for his liquor, or back any man's bill, but never pay his own, yet uttering, at times, sentiments which dignify human nature; it is not easy to make out the inconsistencies and contradictions of his character; upon no hypothesis can they be reconciled, except upon the reflection that he is an Irishman, a sin, in the eyes of Mr. Thackeray, which nothing can redeem. It is scarcely worth our while to quarrel with him, for what is evidently a weakness he can neither controul nor resist. We should not, then, allude to the subject, but allow him to ride his hobby in peace, were it not that among some of the simple cockney folks, who read his books, there are doubtless many who accept all as gospel, and upon no other evidence set down every Irishman for

a rogue, a swindler, or an O'Mulligan, who will be ready to appropriate the fugitive haberdashery of any one who receives him on terms of intimacy, and mistake the master of the house for the butler.

We are sorry for all this. We do not think it is very creditable to the good taste of Mr. Thackeray, and we should have thought that a writer of such great power would have scorned to pander to the instincts of uneducated vulgarity by misrepresentations so monstrous. If he consider, therefore, the exasperation which a long series of such libels is calculated to excite in the national mind, he cannot feel much surprised that an outcry is occasionally raised upon a foundation so slender as the allusion made to Miss Catherine Hayes, who was introduced to public notice with a string of epithets attached to her name less creditable to the taste of the author than to the extent of his vocabulary. The passage to which we allude ran nearly as follows:—"In the diversity of the tastes of mankind, the oldest, ugliest, stupidest, and most pompous, the silliest, and most vapid, the greatest criminal, tyrant, booby, Bluebeard Katharine Hayes."

The lady thus unpolitely designated was for some time supposed to be the eminent Irish soprano singer then performing in her Majesty's Theatre, and the popular indignation was in proportion to the enormity of the supposed offence. A very slight examination into the circumstances would have convinced any one that the impression thus hastily taken up was an erroneous one, but previous affronts had rendered the public somewhat sensitive. Offence was taken in this instance when none was meant. The press of this country, not having the Newgate calendar at its fingers' ends, did not stop to inquire too curiously into the matter, or it might have known—for Mr. Thackeray is not always very felicitous in the selection of his names—that there *were* two Catherine Hayeses, just as there *are* two Laura Bells, and that each and all of them are very distinct and different persons; so Ireland cried out when she was not hurt; but she has been hurt so often, that we do not wonder.

The other questions which were raised in the progress of this story with reference to the aspersions cast upon that profession of which Mr. Thackeray

is a distinguished ornament, is one which we shall not pause to discuss. It was so ably and vigorously handled at the time, that there is little occasion for us to add anything further. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with submitting, for the consideration of the public, that if a writer deal largely in misrepresentations of his own order, with the members of which a long association must have rendered him tolerably familiar, the pictures he has drawn of a country and a people of whom he can know but little may not be very faithful or true to nature.

But dismissing from our minds the consideration of these topics, we turn with pleasure to the few remaining portraits which yet await our critical inspection; and foremost amongst them stands Helen, the mother of Pendennis. She is one of the few female creations of the artist's fancy, upon whose lineaments we can dwell with pleasure. Her quiet, matronly beauty, so tender, yet so mournful, as she kneels by moonlight on the vacant bed, and prays there for her boy as mothers only know how to plead, cannot fail to inspire us with veneration and regard. Helen Pendennis, with Laura, her adopted daughter, are, indeed, pictures upon which we can dwell with pleasure, and offer up our humble thanks "to the Beneficent Dispenser of love and mercy" that such beings remain in this cold and selfish world to console and cheer us.

It is very difficult in such a story as this, consisting of a number of minute and petty incidents all closely woven and matted together, to select such specimens as the limits of our paper would admit, of what we consider the more finished and perfect style into which the author occasionally, but more rarely than is by any means agreeable to us, permits himself to ascend. Opening the book at random, we cannot hit upon a better instance of what we mean than the following description of the Temple:—

"If we could but get the history of a single day as it passed in any one of those four-storied houses in the dingy court where our friends Pen. and Warrington dwelt, some *Temple Asmodeus* might furnish us with a queer volume. There may be a great parliamentary counsel on the ground-floor, who drives off to Belgravia at dinner time, when his clerk too becomes a gentleman, and goes

away to entertain his friends, and to take his pleasure. But a short time since he was hungry and briefless in some garret of the Inn; lived by stealthy literature; hoped, and waited, and sickened, and no clients came; exhausted his own means and his friends' kindness; had to remonstrate humbly with duns, and to implore the patience of poor creditors. Ruin seemed to be staring him in the face, when, behold, a turn of the wheel of fortune, and the lucky wretch in possession of one of those prodigious prizes, sometimes drawn in the great lottery of the Bar. Many a better lawyer than himself does not make a fifth part of the income of his clerk, who a few months since could scarcely get credit for blacking for his master's unpaid boots. On the first floor, perhaps, you will have a venerable man, whose name is famous, whose brains are full of books, and whose shelves are stored with classical and legal lore. He has lived alone all these fifty years, alone and for himself, amassing learning, and compiling a fortune. He comes home now at night alone from the club, where he has been dining freely, to the lonely chambers where he lives a godless old recluse. When he dies, his Inn will erect a tablet to his honour, and his heirs burn a part of his library.

* * * * * Worthy Mr. Grump lives over him, who is also an ancient inhabitant of the Inn, and who, when Doomsday comes home to read *Catullus*, is sitting down with three steady seniors of his standing to a steady rubber of whist, after a dinner at which they have consumed their three steady bottles of Port. You may see the old boys asleep at the Temple Church of a Sunday. Attorneys seldom trouble them, and they have small fortunes of their own. On the other side of the third landing, where Pen. and Warrington live, till long after midnight, sits Mr. Paley, who took the highest honours, and who is a fellow of his college; who will sit and read and note cases until two o'clock in the morning; who will rise at seven, and be at the pleaders' chambers as soon as they are open, where he will work until an hour before dinner-time; who will come home from a hall, and read and note cases again until dawn next day, when perhaps Mr. Arthur and his friend Mr. Warrington are returning from some of their wild expeditions. How differently employed Mr. Paley has been. He has not been throwing himself away. He has only been bringing a great intellect laboriously down to the comprehension of a mean subject, and in his fierce grasp of that, resolutely excluding from his mind all higher thoughts, all better things,

all the wisdom of philosophers and historians, all the thoughts of poets, all wit, fancy, reflection, art, love, truth altogether, so that he may master that enormous legend of the law which he proposes to gain his livelihood by expounding. Warrington and Paley had been competitors for university honours in former days, and had run each other hard; and everybody said now that the former was wasting his time and energies, whilst all people praised Paley for his industry. There may be doubts, however, as to which was using his time best. The one could afford time to think, and the other never could. All was dark outside his reading-lamp. Love, and nature, and art were shut out from him; and as he turned off his lonely lamp at night, he never thought but that he had spent the day profitably and went to sleep alike thankless and remorseless. But he shuddered when he met his old companion Warrington on the stairs, and shunned him as one doomed to perdition."

The author's reflections upon the various anomalies of our social system are generally sound, and exhibit a reach of thought more profound, and more calculated to excite our attention, than is even to be found in the writings of any of the elder novelists to whom he has occasionally been compared. We might search in vain through the pages of Fielding or Smollett for any such keen perception and close analytic reasoning upon such social problems as the reader may discover in the discussions between the two young philosophers of Lambcourt Temple. From these our rapidly narrowing limits will not permit us to make any extract; but we cannot pass over one other passage, which puts a somewhat trite subject in a new and striking light:—

"As you sit, surrounded by respect and affection; happy, honoured, and flattered in your old age; your foibles gently indulged; your least words kindly cherished; your garrulous old stories received for the hundredth time with dutiful forbearance and never-failing hypocritical smiles; the women of your house constant in their flatteries; the young men hushed and attentive when you begin to speak; the servants awe-stricken; the tenants cap in hand;—has it often struck you, O thoughtful Dives! that this respect and these glories are for the main part transferred, with your fee simple, to your successor;

that the servants will bow, and the tenants shout, for your son as for you; that the butler will fetch him the wine (improved by a little keeping) that is now in your cellar; and that when your night is come, and the light of your life is gone down—as sure as the morning rises after you and without you—the sun of prosperity and flattery shines on your heir. Men come and bask in the halo of consols and acres that beams round about him; the reverence is transferred with the estate, of which, with all its advantages, pleasures, respect, and good will, he in turn becomes the life-tenant. How long do you wish or expect that your people will regret you? How much time does a man devote to grief before he begins to enjoy? A great man must keep his heir at his feast like a living *memento mori*. If he holds very much by life, the presence of the other must be a constant sting and warning. 'Make ready to go,' says the successor to your honour; 'I am waiting, and I could hold it as well as you.' "

When we consider the circumstances under which this story was written, how it was interrupted by an illness which nearly brought the writer's labours for ever to a close, it would be ill-natured to dwell with much stress upon the very startling anachronisms which occasionally meet our eye, as well as other mistakes of a similar nature. Should some future historian look to its pages for a picture of the habits and manners of the nineteenth century, it will surprise him not a little to discover that railroads were flourishing during the early part of the reign of George IV.; that the village of Tunbridge is the same place as Tunbridge Wells; that the "Mysteries of Paris," "The Wandering Jew," and other instructive romances of a like kind, were written and published at that time, with certain interesting phenomena, which have hitherto been supposed to have taken place at a subsequent period.

But we shall look with indulgence upon these defects and inconsistencies, into which an interruption so distressing to the author has evidently betrayed him, when we remember that we are indebted to it for that interesting and touching proof of his gratitude which we find at the conclusion of the volume. In its dedication to one whose skill enabled him to bring his story to a close—to that kind physician who restored him from sickness to

health, and would take no other fee but thanks, we have a tribute worthy of the giver and the taker. It shows that the heart of the patient, in spite of his occasional eccentricities, is in the right place; and if we were Doctor Elliotson, we should be prouder of such a fee than if we had received a purse, containing a thousand guineas, or a gold snuff-box set with diamonds.

We have not much more to say. The applause or the censure of periodical criticism can be of but little value to the serial romancist, so far, at least, as concerns the sale of his book, which can neither be promoted nor retarded by any efforts of ours. When the play has been played out, and the puppets put away in their box, what does the actor care for critical opinion? The shillings have already been collected, and transferred to the pocket, where they form part and parcel of his other funded property. He must have gained or lost the public ear and the public money long before we come to inspect his merits. We can neither make nor mar his fortune. He points to the public he has created for himself, and would, probably, snap his fingers even if Mr. Hurtle, the great reviewer, with his blue umbrella and white hat, were to fulminate a slashing article, devoting him to the infer-

nal gods. He would laugh in the face of that eminent man, or hearing the awful thunder rolling in the distance, chuckle slyly at home to think how his "small beer" was stowed away beyond its reach.

But if, in regard of increasing his profits, periodical criticism can do the serial writer neither harm nor good, there are higher questions to be argued before its tribunal, upon which the stability of his fame will ultimately depend. Whether, with a mind undismayed by fear, unclouded by prejudice, and unbiassed by favour, he speak the truth boldly, as far as it has been revealed to him, is, after a calm and careful examination, for us and our brethren to determine; and by our verdict his reputation must be more or less influenced. We have a kindly feeling towards Mr. Thackeray. We have watched his career with interest, and lent him a helping hand whenever it lay in our power. He has done great good in his generation, and is capable of doing still more; but the powers with which God has entrusted him were never meant to serve the ignoble uses of prejudice. Loftier considerations should animate him, who would be remembered in his land's language, and leave behind him books which shall be regarded as truthful pictures of the past.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XL.

"THE CHATEAU OF ETTENHEIM."

I now come to an incident in my life, of which however briefly I may speak, has left the deepest impression on my memory. I have told the reader how I left Kuffstein fully satisfied that the Count de Marsanne was Laura's lover, and that in keeping my promise to see and speak with him, I was about to furnish an instance of self-denial and fidelity that nothing in ancient or modern days could compete with.

The letter was addressed, "the Count Louis de Marsanne, Chateau d'Ettenheim, à Bade," and thither I accordingly repaired, travelling over the Arlberg to Bregenz, and across the

Lake of Constance to Freyburg. My passport containing a very few words in cypher, which always sufficed to afford me free transit and every attention from the authorities. I had left the southern Tyrol in the outburst of a glorious spring, but as I journeyed northward I found the rivers frozen, the roads encumbered with snow, and the fields untilled and dreary looking. Like all countries which derive their charms from the elements of rural beauty, foliage, and verdure, Germany offers a sad coloured picture to the traveller in winter or wintry weather.

It was thus then that the Grand

Duchy, so celebrated for its picturesque beauty, struck me as a scene of dreary and desolate wildness, an impression which continued to increase with every mile I travelled from the high road. A long unbroken flat, intersected here and there by stunted willows, traversed by a narrow earth road, lay between the Rhine and the Taunus Mountains, in the midst of which stood the village of "Ettenheim." Outside the village, about half-a-mile off, and on the border of a vast pine forest, stood the Chateau.

It was originally a hunting-seat of the Dukes of Baden, but, from neglect and disuse, gradually fell into ruin, from which it was reclaimed, imperfectly enough, a year before, and now exhibited some remnants of its former taste, along with the evidences of a far less decorative spirit; the lower rooms being arranged as a stable, while the stair and entrance to the first story opened from a roomy coach-house. Here some four or five conveyances of rude construction were gathered together, splashed and unwashed as if from recent use; and at a small stove in a corner was seated a peasant in a blue frock smoking, as he affected to clean a bridle which he held before him.

Without rising from his seat he saluted me, with true German phlegm, and gave me the "Guten Tag," with all the grave unconcern of a "Badener." I asked if the Count de Marsanne lived there. He said yes, but the "Graf" was out hunting. When would he be back? By nightfall.

Could I remain there till his return? was my next question, and he stared at me as I put it with some surprise. "Warum nicht," "Why not," was at last his sententious answer, as he made way for me beside the stove. I saw at once that my appearance had evidently not entitled me to any peculiar degree of deference or respect, and that the man regarded me as his equal. It was true I had come some miles on foot, and with a knapsack on my shoulder, so that the peasant was fully warranted in his reception of me. I accordingly seated myself at his side, and, lighting my pipe from his, proceeded to derive all the profit I could from drawing him into conversation. I might have spared myself the trouble. Whether the source lay in stupidity or sharpness, he evaded me on every

point. Not a single particle of information could I obtain about the Count, his habits, or his history. He would not even tell me how long he had resided there, nor whence he had come. He liked hunting, and so did the other "Herren." There was the whole I could scan, and to the simple fact that there were others with him, did I find myself limited.

Curious to see something of the Count's "interior," I hinted to my companion that I had come on purpose to visit his master, and suggested the propriety of my awaiting his arrival in a more suitable place; but he turned a deaf ear to the hint, and drily remarked that the "Graf would not be long a coming now." This prediction was, however, not to be verified; the dreary hours of the dull day stole heavily on, and although I tried to beguile the time by lounging about the place, the cold ungenial weather drove me back to the stove, or to the dark precincts of the stable, tenanted by three coarse ponies of the mountain breed.

One of these was the Graf's favourite, the peasant told me, and indeed here he showed some disposition to become communicative, narrating various gifts and qualities of the unseemly looking animal, which, in his eyes, was a paragon of horse flesh. "He could travel from here to Kehl and back in a day, and has often done it," was one meed of praise that he bestowed; a fact which impressed me more as regarded the rider than the beast, and set my curiosity at work to think why any man should undertake a journey of nigh seventy miles between two such places and with such speed. The problem served to occupy me till dark, and I know not how long after. A stormy night of rain and wind set in, and the peasant, having bedded and foraged his cattle, lighted a rickety old lantern and began to prepare for bed; for such I at last saw was the meaning of a long crib, like a coffin, half filled with straw and sheep skins. A coarse loaf of black bread, some black forest cheese, and a flask of Kleinthaler, a most candid imitation of vinegar, made their appearance from a cupboard, and I did not disdain to partake of these delicacies.

My host showed no disposition to become more communicative over his wine, and, indeed, the liquor might

have excused any degree of reserve ; and no sooner was our meal over than, drawing a great woollen cap half over his face, he rolled himself up in his sheep-skins, and betook himself to sleep, if not with a good conscience, at least with a sturdy volition that served just as well.

Occasionally snatching a short slumber, or walking to and fro in the roomy chamber, I passed several hours, when the splashing sound of horses' feet, advancing up the miry road, attracted me. Several times before that I had been deceived by noises which turned out to be the effects of storm, but now, as I listened, I thought I could hear voices. I opened the door, but all was dark outside ; it was the inky hour before daybreak, when all is wrapped in deepest gloom. The rain, too, was sweeping along the ground in torrents. The sounds came nearer every instant, and, at last, a deep voice shouted out, "Jacob." Before I could awaken the sleeping peasant, to whom I judged this summons was addressed, a horseman dashed up to the door and rode in ; another as quickly followed him, and closed the door.

"Parbleu, D'Egville," said the first who entered, "we have got a rare peppering!"

"Even so," said the other, as he shook his hat, and threw off a cloak perfectly soaked with rain ; "*à la guerre comme, à la guerre.*"

This was said in French, when, turning towards me, the former said in German, "Be active, Master Jacob ; these nags have had a smart ride of it." Then, suddenly, as the light flashed full on my features, he started back, and said, "How is this—who are you?"

A very brief explanation answered this somewhat uncourteous question, and, at the same time, I placed the Marquise's letter in his hand, saying, "The Count de Marsanne, I presume."

He took it hastily, and drew nigh to the lantern to peruse it. I had now full time to observe him, and saw that he was a tall and well-built man, of about seven or eight and twenty. His features were remarkably handsome, and, although slightly flushed by his late exertion, were as calm and composed as might be ; a short black moustache gave his upper lip a slight character of scorn, but the brow, open, frank, and good-tempered in its ex-

pression, redeemed this amply. He had not read many lines when, turning about, he apologised in the most courteous terms for the manner of my reception. He had been on a shooting excursion for a few days back, and taken all his people with him, save the peasant who looked after the cattle. Then, introducing me to his friend, whom he called Count D'Egville, he led the way up stairs.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast to the dark and dreary coach-house than the comfortable suite of apartments which we now traversed on our way to a large, well-furnished room, where a table was laid for supper, and a huge wood fire blazed brightly on the hearth. A valet, of most respectful manner, received the Count's orders to prepare a room for me, after which my host and his friend retired to change their clothes.

Although D'Egville was many years older, and of a graver, sterner fashion than the other, I could detect a degree of deference and respect in his manner towards him, which De Marsanne accepted like one well accustomed to receive it. It was a time, however, when, in the wreck of fortune, so many men lived in a position of mere dependence that I thought nothing of this, nor had I even the time, as Count de Marsanne entered. From my own preconceived notions as to his being Laura's lover, I was quite prepared to answer a hundred impatient inquiries about the Marquise and her niece, and as we were now alone, I judged that he would deem the time a favourable one to talk of them. What was my surprise, however, when he turned the conversation exclusively to the topic of my own journey, the route I had travelled. He knew the country perfectly, and spoke of the various towns and their inhabitants with acuteness and tact.

His Royalist leanings did not, like those of the Marquise, debar him from feeling a strong interest respecting the success of the Republican troops, with whose leaders he was thoroughly acquainted, knowing all their peculiar excellences and defaults as though he had lived in intimacy with them. Of Bonaparte's genius he was the most enraptured admirer, and would not hear of any comparison between him and the other great captains of the day. D'Egville at last made his ap-

pearance, and we sat down to an excellent supper, enlivened by the conversation of our host, who, whatever the theme, talked well and pleasingly.

I was in a mood to look for flaws in his character, my jealousy was still urging me to seek for whatever I could find fault with, and yet all my critical shrewdness could only detect a slight degree of pride in his manner, not displaying itself by any presumption, but by a certain urbanity that smacked of condescension; but even this, at last, went off, and before I wished him good night, I felt that I had never met any one so gifted with agreeable qualities, nor possessed of such captivating manners, as himself. Even his Royalism had its fascinations, for it was eminently national, and showed, at every moment, that he was far more of a Frenchman than a Monarchist. We parted without one word of allusion to the Marquise or to Laura! Had this singular fact any influence upon the favourable impression I had conceived of him, or was I unconsciously grateful for the relief thus given to all my jealous tormentings? Certain is it that I felt infinitely happier than I ever fancied I should be under his roof, and, as I lay down in my bed, thanked my stars that he was not my rival!

When I awoke the next morning I was some minutes before I could remember where I was, and as I still lay, gradually recalling myself to memory, the valet entered to announce the Count.

"I have come to say adieu for a few hours," said he; "a very pressing appointment requires me to be at Pfortzheim to-day, and I have to ask that you will excuse my absence. I know that I may take this liberty without any appearance of rudeness, for the Marquise has told me all about you. Pray, then, try and amuse yourself till evening, and we shall meet at supper."

I was not sorry that D'Egville was to accompany him, and, turning on my side, dozed off to sleep away some of the gloomy hours of a winter's day.

In this manner several days were passed, the Count absenting himself each morning, and returning at night-fall, sometimes accompanied by D'Egville, sometimes, alone. It was evident, enough, from the appearance of his horses at his return, as well as from his own jaded looks, that he had ridden hard and far; but except a chance

allusion to the state of the roads or the weather, it was a topic to which he never referred, nor, of course, did I ever advert. Meanwhile our intimacy grew closer and franker. The theme of politics, a forbidden subject between men so separated, was constantly discussed between us, and I could not help feeling flattered at the deference with which he listened to opinions from one so much his junior, and so inferior in knowledge as myself. Nothing could be more moderate than his views of government, only provided that it was administered by the rightful sovereign. The claim of a King to his throne he declared to be the foundation of all the rights of property, and which, if once shaken or disputed, would inevitably lead to the wildest theories of democratic equality. "I don't want to convert you," would he say laughingly, "the son of an old *Garde du Corps*, the born gentleman, has but to live to learn. It may come a little later or a little earlier, but you'll end as a good Monarchist."

One evening he was unusually late in returning, and when he came was accompanied by seven or eight companions, some, younger, some, older, than himself, but all, men whose air and bearing bespoke their rank in life, while their names recalled the thoughts of old French chivalry. I remember among them was a Coigny, a Grammont, and Rouchefoucauld—the last as lively a specimen of Parisian wit and brilliancy as ever fluttered along the sunny Boulevards.

De Marsanne, while endeavouring to enjoy himself and entertain his guests, was, to my thinking, more serious than usual, and seemed impatient at D'Egville's absence, for whose coming we now waited supper.

"I should not wonder if he was lost in the deep mud of those cross-roads," said Coigny.

"Or perhaps he has fallen into the Republic," said Rouchefoucauld, "it's the only thing dirtier that I know of."

"Monsieur forgets that I wear its cloth," said I in a low whisper to him; and low as it was De Marsanne overheard it.

"Yes, Charles," cried he, "you must apologise, and on the spot, for the rudeness."

Rouchefoucauld reddened and hesitated.

"I insist, sir," cried De Marsanne,

with a tone of superiority I had never seen him assume before.

"Perhaps," said he, with a half-sneer, "Monsieur de Tiernay might refuse to accept my excuses?"

"In that case, sir," interposed De Marsanne, "the quarrel will become mine, for he is *my* guest, and lives here under the safeguard of *my* honour."

Rouchefoucauld bowed submissively and with the air of a man severely but justly rebuked; and then advancing to me said, "I beg to tender you my apology, Monsieur, for an expression which should never have been uttered by *me* in *your* presence."

"Quite sufficient, sir," said I, bowing, and anxious to conclude a scene which for the first time had disturbed the harmony of our meetings. Slight as was the incident, its effects were yet visible in the disconcerted looks of the party, and I could see that more than one glance was directed towards me with an expression of coldness and distrust.

"Here comes D'Egville at last," said one, throwing open the window to listen; the night was starlit, but dark, and the air calm and motionless. "I certainly heard a horse's tread on the causeway."

"I hear distinctly the sound of several," cried Coigny; "and, if I mistake not much, so does M. de Tiernay." This sudden allusion turned every eye towards me, as I stood still, suffering from the confusion of the late scene.

"Yes; I hear the tramp of horses, and cavalry, too, I should say, by their measured tread."

"There was a trumpet call!" cried Coigny; "what does that mean?"

"It is the signal to take open order," said I, answering as if the question were addressed to myself. "It is a picquet taking a 'reconnaissance.'"

"How do you know that, sir?" said Grammont, sternly.

"Ay! how does he know that?" cried several, passionately, as they closed around me.

"You must ask in another tone, Messieurs," said I, calmly, "if you expect to be answered."

"They mean to say how do you happen to know the German trumpet-calls, Tiernay," said De Marsanne, mildly, as he laid his hand on my arm.

"It's a French signal," said I; "I ought to know it well."

Before my words were well uttered

the door was thrown open, and D'Egville burst into the room, pale as death, his clothes all mud-stained and disordered. Making his way through the others, he whispered a few words in De Marsanne's ear.

"Impossible!" cried the other; "we are here in the territory of the Margrave?"

"It is as I say," replied D'Egville; "there's not a second to lose—it may be too late even now—by Heavens it is!—they've drawn a cordon round the Chateau."

"What's to be done, gentlemen?" said De Marsanne, seating himself calmly, and crossing his arms on his breast.

"What do *you* say, sir?" cried Grammont, "advancing to me with an air of insolent menace; "*you*, at least, ought to know the way out of this difficulty."

"Or, by Heaven, his own road shall be one of the shortest, considering the length of the journey," muttered another, and I could hear the sharp click of a pistol cock as he spoke the words.

"This is unworthy of *you*, gentlemen, and of *me*," said De Marsanne, haughtily; and he gazed around him with a look that seemed to abash them, "nor is it a time to hold such disputation. There is another and a very difficult call to answer. Are we agreed"—before he could finish the sentence the door was burst open, and several dragoons in French uniforms entered, and ranged themselves across the entrance, while a colonel, with his sabre drawn, advanced in front of them.

"This is Brigandage," cried De Marsanne, passionately, as he drew his sword, and seemed meditating a spring through them; but he was immediately surrounded by his friends and disarmed. Indeed nothing could be more hopeless than resistance; more than double our number were already in the room, while the hoarse murmur of voices without, and the tramp of heavy feet, announced a strong party.

At a signal from their officer, the dragoons unslung their carbines, and held them at the cock, when the colonel called out, "Which of you, Messieurs, is the Duc D'Enghien?"

"If you come to arrest him," replied De Marsanne, "you ought to have his description in your warrant."

"Is the descendant of a Condé ashamed to own his name?" asked the

Colonel, with a sneer. "But we'll make short work of it, sirs; I arrest you all. My orders are peremptory, Messieurs. If you resist, or attempt to escape——" and he made a significant sign with his hand to finish. The "Duc"—for I need no longer call him "De Marsanne—never spoke a word, but with folded arms calmly walked forward, followed by his little household. As we descended the stairs, we found ourselves in the midst of about thirty dismounted dragoons, all on the alert, and prepared for any resistance. The remainder of a squadron were on horseback without. With a file of soldiers on either hand we marched for about a quarter of a mile across the fields to a small mill, where a general officer and his staff seemed awaiting our arrival. Here, too, a picquet of gens-d'armes was stationed; a character of force significant enough of the meaning of the enterprize. We were hurriedly marched into the court of the mill, the owner of which stood between two soldiers, trembling from head to foot with terror.

"Which is the Duc D'Enghien?" asked the Colonel of the miller.

"That is he with the scarlet vest," and the Prince nodded an assent.

"Your age, Monsieur?" asked the Colonel of the Prince.

"Thirty-two—that is, I should have been so much in August, were it not for this visit," said he, smiling.

The Colonel wrote on rapidly for a few minutes, and then showed the paper to the General, who briefly said, "Yes, yes; this does not concern you nor me."

"I wish to ask, sir," said the Prince, addressing the General, "do you make this arrest with the consent of the authorities of this country, or do you do so in defiance of them?"

"You must reserve questions like that for the court who will judge you, Monsieur de Condé," said the officer, roughly. "If you wish for any articles of dress from your quarters, you had better think of them. My orders are to convey you to Strasburg. Is there anything so singular in the fact, sir, that you should look so much astonished?"

"There is, indeed," said the Prince, sorrowfully. "I shall be the first of my house who ever crossed that frontier, a prisoner."

"But not the first who carried arms against his country," rejoined the

other, a taunt the Duke only replied to by a look of infinite scorn and contempt. With a speed that told plainly the character of the expedition, we were now placed, two together, on country cars, and driven at a rapid pace towards Strasburg. Relays of cattle awaited us on the road, and we never halted but for a few minutes during the entire journey. My companion on this dreary day was the Baron de St. Jacques, the aide-de-camp to the Duke; but he never spoke once—indeed he scarcely lifted his head during the whole road.

Heaven knows it was a melancholy journey; and neither the country nor the season were such as to lift the mind from sorrow; and yet, strange enough, the miles glided over rapidly, and to this hour I cannot remember by what magic the way seemed so short. The thought that for several days back I had been living in closest intimacy with a distinguished Prince of the Bourbon family; that we had spent hours together discussing themes and questions which were those of his own house; canvassing the chances and weighing the claims of which he was himself the asserter—was a most exciting feeling. How I recalled now all the modest deference of his manner—his patient endurance of my crude opinions—his generous admissions regarding his adversaries—and, above all, his ardent devotion to France, whatever the hand that swayed her destinies; and then the chivalrous boldness of his character, blended with an almost girlish gentleness—how Princely were such traits!

From these thoughts I wandered on to others about his arrest and capture, from which, however, I could not believe any serious issue was to come. Buona-parte is too noble minded not to feel the value of such a life as this. Men like the Prince can be more heavily fettered by generous treatment than by all the chains that ever bound a felon. But what will be done with him?—what with his followers?—and lastly, not at all the pleasantest consideration, what is to come of Maurice Tiernay, who, to say the least, has been found in very suspicious company, and without a shadow of an explanation to account for it? This last thought just occurred to me as we crossed over the long bridge of boats, and entered Strasburg.

CHAPTER XLI.

AN "ORDINARY" ACQUAINTANCE.

THE Duc D'Enghien and his aide-de-camp were forwarded with the utmost speed to Paris; the remainder of us were imprisoned at Strasburg. What became of my companions I know not; but I was sent on, along with a number of others, about a month later, to Nancy, to be tried by a military commission. I may mention it here, as a singular fact illustrating the secrecy of the period, that it was not till long after this time I learned the terrible fate of the poor Prince de Condé. Had I known it, it is more than probable that I should have utterly despaired of my own safety. The dreadful story of Vincennes—the mock trial—and the midnight execution, are all too well known to my readers; nor is it necessary I should refer to an event, on which I myself can throw no new light. That the sentence was determined on before his arrest—and that the grave was dug while the victim was still sleeping the last slumber before "the sleep that knows not waking"—the evidences are strong and undeniable. But an anecdote which circulated at the time, and which, so far as I know, has never appeared in print, would seem to show that there was complicity, at least, in the crime, and that the secret was not confined to the First Consul's breast.

On that fatal night of the 20th March, Talleyrand was seated at a card-table at Caulaincourt's house at Paris. The party was about to rise from play, when suddenly the "pendule" on the chimney-piece struck two. It was in one of those accidental pauses in the conversation when any sound is heard with unusual distinctness. Talleyrand started as he heard it, and then turning to Caulaincourt, whispered, "Yes; 'tis all over now!" words which, accidentally overheard, without significance, were yet to convey a terrible meaning when the dreadful secret of that night was disclosed.

If the whole of Europe was convulsed by the enormity of this crime—the foulest that stains the name of Buonaparte—the Parisians soon forgot it, in the deeper interest of the great event that was now approaching—the as-

sumption of the imperial title by Napoleon.

The excitement on this theme was so great and absorbing, that nothing else was spoken or thought of. Private sorrows and afflictions were disregarded and despised, and to obtrude one's hardships on the notice of others seemed, at this juncture, a most ineffable selfishness. That I, a prisoner, friendless, and unknown, as I was, found none to sympathise with me or take interest in my fate, is, therefore, nothing extraordinary. In fact, I appeared to have been entirely forgotten; and though still in durance, nothing was said either of the charge to be preferred against me, nor the time when I should be brought to trial.

Giacourt, an old lieutenant of the Marines, and at that time Deputy-Governor of the Temple, was kind and good-natured towards me, occasionally telling of the events which were happening without, and giving me the hope that some general amnesty would, in all likelihood, liberate all those whose crimes were not beyond the reach of mercy. The little cell I occupied—and to Giacourt's kindness I owed the sole possession of it—looked out upon the tall battlements of the outer walls, which excluded all view beyond, and thus drove me within myself for occupation and employment. In this emergency I set about to write some notices of my life—some brief memoirs of those changeful fortunes which had accompanied me from boyhood. Many of those incidents which I relate now, and many of those traits of mind or temper that I recall, were then for the first time noted down, and thus graven on my memory.

My early boyhood, my first experiences as a soldier, the campaign of the "Schwartz Wald," Ireland, and Genoa, all were mentioned, and, writing as I did solely for myself and my own eyes, I set down many criticisms on the generals, and their plans of campaign, which, if intended for the inspection of others, would have been the greatest presumption and impertinence, and in this way Moreau, Hoche, Massena, and even Buonaparte, came in for a most candid and impartial criticism.

How Germany might have been conquered; how Ireland ought to have been invaded; in what way Italy should have been treated, and lastly, the grand political error of the seizure of Duc D'Enghien, were subjects that I discussed and determined with consummate boldness and self-satisfaction. I am almost overwhelmed with shame, even now, as I think of that absurd chronicle, with its rash judgments, its crude opinions, and its pretentious decisions.

So fascinated had I become with my task, that I rose early to resume it each morning, and used to fall asleep, cogitating on the themes for the next day, and revolving within myself all the passages of interest I should commemorate. A man must have known imprisonment to feel all the value that can be attached to any object, no matter how mean or insignificant, that can employ the thoughts, amuse the fancy, or engage the affections. The narrow cell expands under such magic, the barred casement is a free portal to the glorious sun and the free air; the captive himself is but the student bending over his allotted task. To this happy frame of mind had I come, without a thought or a wish beyond the narrow walls at either side of me, when a sad disaster befell me. On awaking one morning, as usual, to resume my labour, my manuscript was gone! the table and writing materials, all had disappeared, and, to increase my discomfiture, the turnkey informed me that Lieutenant Giacourt had been removed from his post, and sent off to some inferior station in the provinces.

I will not advert to the dreary time which followed this misfortune, a time in which the hours passed on unmeasured and almost unfelt. Without speculation, without a wish, I passed my days in a stupid indolence akin to torpor. Had the prison doors been open, I doubt if I should have had the energy to make my escape. Life itself ceased to have any value for me, but somehow I did not desire death. I was in this miserable mood when the turnkey awoke me one day as I was dozing on my bed. “Get up and prepare yourself to receive a visiter,” said he. “There’s an officer of the staff without, come to see you;” and as he spoke, a young, slightly-formed man entered, in the uniform of a captain, who, mak-

ing a sign for the turnkey to withdraw, took his seat at my bed-side.

“Don’t get up, Monsieur; you look ill and weak, so, pray, let me not disturb you,” said he, in a voice of kindly meaning.

“I’m not ill,” said I, with an effort, but my hollow utterance and my sunken cheeks contradicted my words, “but I have been sleeping; I usually doze at this hour.”

“The best thing a man can do in prison, I suppose,” said he, smiling goodnaturedly.

“No, not the best,” said I, catching up his words too literally. “I used to write the whole day long, till they carried away my paper and my pens.”

“It is just of that very thing I have come to speak, sir,” resumed he. “You intended that memoir for publication?”

“No; never.”

“Then for private perusal among a circle of friends.”

“Just as little. I scarcely know three people in the world who would acknowledge that title.”

“You had an object, however, in composing it?”

“Yes; to occupy thought; to save me from—from—” I hesitated, for I was ashamed of the confession that nearly burst from me, and, after a pause, I said, “from being such as I now am!”

“You wrote it for yourself alone, then?”

“Yes.”

“Unprompted; without any suggestion from another?”

“Is it here?” said I, looking around my cell, “Is it here that I should be likely to find a fellow-labourer?”

“No; but I mean to ask, were the sentiments your own, without any external influence, or any persuasions from others?”

“Quite my own.”

“And the narrative is true?”

“Strictly so, I believe.”

“Even to your meeting with the Duc D'Enghien. It was purely accidental?”

“That is, I never knew him to be the Duke till the moment of his arrest?”

“Just so; you thought he was merely a Royalist noble. Then, why did you not address a memoir to that effect to the Minister?”

“I thought it would be useless; when they made so little of a Condé, what right had I to suppose they would think much about me?”

"If *he* could have proved his innocence"—he stopped, and then in an altered voice said—"but as to this memoir, you assume considerable airs of military knowledge in it, and many of the opinions smack of heads older than yours."

"They are, I repeat, my own altogether; as to their presumption, I have already told you they were intended solely for my own eye."

"So that you are not a Royalist?"

"No."

"Never were one?"

"Never."

"In what way would you employ yourself, if set at liberty to-day?"

I stared, and felt confused; for however easy I found it to refer to the past, and reason on it, any speculation as to the future was a considerable difficulty.

"You hesitate; you have not yet made up your mind, apparently?"

"It is not that; I am trying to think of liberty, trying to fancy myself free—but I cannot!" said I, with a weary sigh; "the air of this cell has sapped my courage and my energy—a little more will finish the ruin!"

"And yet you are not much above four or five-and-twenty years of age?"

"Not yet twenty!" said I.

"Come, come, Tiernay—this is too early to be sick of life!" said he, and the kind tone touched me so that I burst into tears. They were bitter tears, too; for while my heart was relieved by this gush of feeling, I was ashamed at my own weakness. "Come, I say," continued he, "this memoir of yours might have done you much mischief—happily it has not done so. Give me the permission to throw it in the fire, and, instead of it, address a respectful petition to the head of the state, setting forth your services, and stating the casualty by which you were implicated in Royalism. I will take care that it meets his eye, and, if possible, will support its prayer; above all, ask for reinstatement in your grade, and a return to the service. It may be, perhaps, that you can mention some superior officer who would vouch for your future conduct."

"Except Colonel Mahon."

"Not the Colonel Mahon who commanded the 13th Cuirassiers?"

"The same!"

"That name would little serve you," said he, coldly; "he has been placed

'en retraite' some time back; and if your character can call no other witness than him, your case is not too favourable." He saw that the speech had disconcerted me, and soon added, "Never mind—keep to the memoir; state your case, and your apology, and leave the rest to fortune. When can you let me have it?"

"By to-morrow—to night, if necessary."

"To-morrow will do well, and so good bye. I will order them to supply you with writing materials;" and slapping me good-naturedly on the shoulder, he cried, "Courage, my lad," and departed.

Before I lay down to sleep that night, I completed my "memoir," the great difficulty of which I found to consist in giving it that dry brevity which I knew Buonaparte would require. In this, however, I believe I succeeded at last, making the entire document not to occupy one sheet of paper. The officer had left his card of address, which I found was inscribed Monsieur Bourrienne, Rue Lafitte, a name that subsequently was to be well known to the world.

I directed my manuscript to his care, and lay down with a lighter heart than I had known for many a day. I will not weary my reader with the tormenting vacillations of hope and fear which followed. Day after day went over, and no answer came to me. I addressed two notes, respectful, but urgent, begging for some information as to my demand—none came. A month passed thus, when, one morning, the Governor of the Temple entered my room with an open letter in his hand.

"This is an order for your liberation, Monsieur de Tiernay," said he; "you are free."

"Am I reinstated in my grade?" asked I, eagerly.

He shook his head, and said nothing.

"Is there no mention of my restoration to the service?"

"None, sir."

"Then what is to become of me—to what end am I liberated?" cried I, passionately.

"Paris is a great city, there is a wide world beyond it, and a man so young as you are must have few resources, or he will carve out a good career for himself."

"Say, rather, he must have few re-

sentments, sir,” cried I, bitterly, “or he will easily hit upon a bad one;” and with this, I packed up the few articles I possessed, and prepared to depart.

I remember it well; it was between two and three o’clock of the afternoon, on a bright day in spring, that I stood on the Quai Voltaire, a very small packet of clothes in a bundle in one hand, and a cane in the other, something short of three Louis in my purse, and as much depression in my heart as ever settled down in that of a youth not full nineteen. Liberty is a glorious thing, and mine had been perilled often enough, to give me a hearty appreciation of its blessing; but at that moment, as I stood friendless and companionless in a great thoroughfare of a great city, I almost wished myself back again within the dreary walls of the Temple, for somehow it felt like home! It is true one must have had a lonely lot in life before he could surround the cell of a prison with such attributes as these! Perhaps I have more of the cat-like affection for a particular spot than most men; but I do find that I attach myself to walls with a tenacity that strengthens as I grow older, and like my brother parasite, the ivy, my grasp becomes more rigid the longer I cling.

If I know of few merely sensual gratifications higher than a lounge through Paris, at the flood-tide of its population, watching the varied hues and complexions of its strange inhabitants, displaying, as they do in feature, air, and gesture, so much more of character and purpose than other people, so also do I feel that there is something indescribably miserable in being alone, unknown, and unnoticed in that vast throng, destitute of means for the present, and devoid of hope for the future.

Some, were bent on business, some, on pleasure; some, were evidently bent on killing time till the hour of more agreeable occupation should arrive; some were loitering along, gazing at the prints in shop-windows, or half listlessly stopping to read at book-stalls. There was not only every condition of mankind, from wealth to mendicancy, but every frame of mind from enjoyment to utter “ennui,” and yet I thought I could not hit upon any one individual who looked as forlorn and cast away as myself; however

there were many who passed me that day who would gladly have changed fortune with me, but it would have been difficult to persuade me of the fact in the mood I then was.

At the time I speak of, there was a species of cheap ordinary held in the open air on the quay, where people of the humblest condition used to dine; I need scarcely describe the fare, the reader may conceive what it was, which, wine included, cost only four sous; a rude table without a cloth, some wooden platters, and an iron rail to which the knives and forks were chained, formed the “equipage,” the cookery bearing a due relation to the elegance of these “accessories.” As for the company, if not polite, it was certainly picturesque; consisting of labourers of the lowest class, the sweepers of crossings, hackney cab men out of employ, that poorest of the poor who try to earn a livelihood by dragging the Seine for lost articles, and finally, the motley race of idlers who vacillate between beggary and ballad singing, with now and then a dash at high way robbery for a “distraction;” a class, be it said without paradox, which in Paris includes a considerable number of tolerably honest folk.

The moment was the eventful one, in which France was about once more to become a monarchy, and as may be inferred from the character of the people, it was a time of high excitement and enthusiasm. The nation, even in its humblest citizen, seemed to feel some of the reflected glory that glanced from the great achievements of Buonaparte, and his elevation was little other than a grand manifestation of national self-esteem. That he knew how to profit by this sentiment, and incorporate his own with the country’s glory, so that they seemed to be inseparable, is not among the lowest nor the least of the efforts of his genius.

The paroxysm of national vanity, for it was indeed no less, imparted a peculiar character to the period. A vainglorious, boastful spirit was abroad; men met each other with high sounding gratulations about French greatness and splendour, the sway we wielded over the rest of Europe, and the influence with which we impressed our views over the entire globe. Since the fall of the monarchy there had been half a dozen national fevers! There was the great Fraternal and Equality

one, there was the era of classical associations, with all their train of trumpery affectation in dress and manner.

Then came the conquering spirit, with the flattering spectacle of great armies; and now, as if to complete the cycle, there grew up that exaggerated conception of "France and her Mission," an unlucky phrase that has since done plenty of mischief, which seemed to carry the nation into the seventh heaven of overweening self-love.

If I advert to this here, it is but passingly, neither stopping to examine its causes nor seeking to inquire the consequences that ensued from it, but, as it were, chronicling the fact as it impressed me as I stood that day on the Quai Voltaire, perhaps the only unimpassioned lounge along its crowded thoroughfare.

Not even the ordinary "a quatre sous" claimed exemption from this sentiment. It might be supposed that meagre diet and sour wine were but sorry provocatives to national enthusiasm, but even they could minister to the epidemic ardour, and the humble dishes of that frugal board masqueraded under titles that served to feed popular vanity. Of this I was made suddenly aware as I stood looking over the parapet into the river, and heard the rude voices of the labourers as they called for cutlets à la "Caire," potatoes en "Mamelouques," or roast beef à la "Monte-Notte, while every goblet of their wine was tossed off to some proud sentiment of national supremacy.

Amused by the scene, so novel in all its bearings, I took my place at the table, not sorry for the excuse to myself for partaking so humble a repast.

"Sacre bleu," cried a rough looking fellow with a red night cap set on one side of the head, "make room there, we have the 'aristocrates' coming down among us."

"Monsieur is heartily welcome," said another, making room for me; "we are only flattered by such proofs of confidence and esteem."

"Ay, parbleu," cried a third. "The Empire is coming, and we shall be well bred and well mannered. I intend to give up the river, and take to some more gentlemanlike trade than drudging for dead men."

"And I, I'll never sharpen anything under a rapier or a dress sword for the court," said a knife-grinder; we have

been living like "cannaille" hitherto—nothing better."

"A l'empire, a l'empire," shouted half a dozen voices in concert, and the glasses were drained to the toast with a loud cheer.

Directly opposite to me sat a thin, pale, mild-looking man, of about fifty, in a kind of stuff robe, like the dress of a village curate. His appearance, though palpably poor, was venerable and imposing—not the less so, perhaps, from its contrast with the faces and gestures at either side of him. Once or twice, while these ebullitions of enthusiasm burst forth, his eyes met mine, and I read, or fancied that I read, a look of kindred appreciation in their mild and gentle glance. The expression was less reproachful than compassionate, as though in pity for the ignorance rather than in reprobation for the folly. Now, strangely enough, this was precisely the very sentiment of my own heart at that moment. I remembered a somewhat similar enthusiasm for republican liberty, by men just as unfitted to enjoy it; and I thought to myself the Empire, like the Convention, or the Directory, is a mere fabulous conception to these poor fellows, who, whatever may be the regime, will still be hewers of wood and drawers of water, to the end of all time.

As I was pondering over this, I felt something touch my arm, and on turning perceived that my opposite neighbour had now seated himself at my side, and, in a low, soft voice, was bidding me "Good-day." After one or two commonplace remarks upon the weather and the scene, he seemed to feel that some apology for his presence in such a place was needful, for he said—

"You are here, monsieur, from a feeling of curiosity, that, I see well enough; but I come for a very different reason. I am the pastor of a mountain village of the Ardèche, and have come to Paris in search of a young girl, the daughter of one of my flock, who, it is feared, has been carried off by some evil influence from her home and her friends, to seek fortune and fame in this rich capital; for she is singularly beautiful and gifted too, sings divinely, and improvises poetry with a genius that seems inspiration."

There was a degree of enthusiasm,

blended with simplicity, in the poor curé's admiration for his “lost sheep” that touched me deeply. He had been now three weeks in vain pursuit, and was at last about to turn homeward, discomfited and unsuccessful. “Lisette” was the very soul of the little hamlet, and he knew not how life was to be carried on there without her. The old loved her as a daughter; the young were rivals for her regard.

“And to me,” said the père, “whom, in all the solitude of my lonely lot, literature, and especially poetry, consoles many an hour of sadness or melancholy—to me, she was like a good angel, her presence diffusing light as she crossed my humble threshold, and elevating my thoughts above the little crosses and accidents of daily life.”

So interested had I become in this tale, that I listened while he told every circumstance of the little locality; and walking along at his side, I wandered out of the city, still hearing of “La Marche,” as the village was called, till I knew the ford where the blacksmith lived, and the miller with the cross wife, and the lame schoolmaster, and Pierre the postmaster, who read out the *Moniteur* each evening under the elms, even to Jacques Fulgeron the “tapageur,” who had served at Jemappes, and, with his wounded hand and his waxed moustache, was the terror of all peaceable folk.

“You should come and see us, my dear monsieur,” said he to me, as I showed some more than common interest in the narrative. “You, who seem to study character, would find something better worth the notice than these hardened natures of city life. Come, and spend a week or two with me, and if you do not like our people and their ways, I am but a sorry physiognomist.”

It is needless to say that I was much flattered by this kind proof of confidence and good will; and finally it was agreed upon between us that I should aid him in his search for three days, after which, if still unsuccessful, we should set out together for La Marche. It was easy to see that the poor curé was pleased at my partnership in the task, for there were several public places of resort—theatres, “spectacles,” and the like—to which he scrupled to resort, and these he now willingly conceded to my inspection,

having previously given me so accurate a description of La Lisette, that I fancied I should recognise her amongst a thousand. If her long black eye-lashes did not betray her, her beautiful teeth were sure to do so; or, if I heard her voice, there could be no doubt then; and, lastly, her foot would as infallibly identify her as did Cinderella's.

For want of better, it was agreed upon that we should make the Restaurant à Quatre Sous our rendezvous each day, to exchange our confidences and report progress. It will scarcely be believed how even this much of a pursuit diverted my mind from its own dark dreamings, and how eagerly my thoughts pursued the new track that was opened to them. It was the utter listlessness, the nothingness of my life, that was weighing me down; and already I saw an escape from this in the pursuit of a good object. I could wager that the pastor of La Marche never thought so intensely, so uninterruptedly, of Lisette as did I for the four-and-twenty hours that followed! It was not only that I had created her image to suit my fancy, but I had invented a whole narrative of her life and adventures since her arrival in Paris.

My firm conviction being that it was lost time to seek for her in obscure and out-of-the-way quarters of the city, I thought it best to pursue the search in the thronged and fashionable resorts of the gay world, the assemblies and theatres. Strong in this conviction, I changed one of my three gold pieces, to purchase a ticket for the opera. The reader may smile at the sacrifice; but when he who thinks four sous enough for a dinner, pays twelve francs for the liberty to be crushed in the crowded parterre of a playhouse, he is indeed buying pleasure at a costly price. It was something more than a fifth of all I possessed in the world, but, after all, my chief regret arose from thinking that it left me so few remaining “throws of the dice” for “Fortune.”

I have often reflected since that day by what a mere accident I was present, and yet the spectacle was one that I have never forgotten. It was the last time the First Consul appeared in public, before his assumption of the imperial title; and at no period through all his great career

was the enthusiasm more impassioned regarding him. He sat in the box adjoining the stage—Cambaceres and Lebrun, with a crowd of others, standing, and not sitting, around and behind his chair. When he appeared, the whole theatre rose to greet him, and three several times was he obliged to rise and acknowledge the salutations. And with what a stately condescension did he make these slight acknowledgments!—what haughtiness was there in the glance he threw around him. I have often heard it said, and I have seen it also written, that previous to his assumption of the crown, Buonaparte's manner exhibited the mean arts and subtle devices of a candidate on the hustings, dispensing all the flatteries and scattering all the promises that such occasions are so prolific of. I cannot, of course, pretend to contradict this statement positively; but I can record the impression which that scene made upon me as decidedly the opposite of this assumption. I have repeatedly seen him since that event, but never do I remember his calm, cold features more impassively stern, more proudly collected, than on that night.

Every allusion of the piece that could apply to him was eagerly caught up. Not a phrase nor a chance word that could compliment, was passed over in silence; and if greatness and glory were accorded, as if by an instinctive reverence, the vast assemblage turned towards him, to lay their homage at his feet. I watched him narrowly, and could see that he received them all as his rightful tribute, the earnest of the debt the nation owed him. Among the incidents of that night, I remember one which actually for the moment convulsed the house with its enthusiasm. One of the officers of his suite had somehow stumbled against Buonaparte's hat, which, on entering, he had thrown carelessly beside his chair. Stooping down and lifting it up, he perceived to whom it belonged, and then remarking the mark of a bullet on the edge, he showed it significantly to a general near him. Slight and trivial as was the incident, it was instantly caught up by the *parterre*. A low murmur ran quickly around; and then a sudden cheer burst forth, for some one remembered it was the anniversary of Marengo! And now the excitement became madness, and reiterated

shouts proclaimed that the glory of that day was among the proudest memories of France. For once, and once only, did any trait of feeling show itself on that impassive face. I thought I could mark even a faint tinge of colour in that sallow cheek, as in recognition he bowed a dignified salute to the waving and agitated assembly.

I saw that proud face, at moments when human ambition might have seemed to have reached its limit, and yet never with a haughtier look than on that night I speak of. His foot was already on the first step of the throne, and his spirit seemed to swell with the conscious force of coming greatness.

And Lisette, all this time? Alas, I had totally forgotten her! As the enthusiasm around me began to subside, I had time to recover myself, and look about me. There was much beauty and splendour to admire. Madame Junot was there, and Mademoiselle de Bessieres, with a crowd of others less known, but scarcely less lovely. Not one, however, could I see that corresponded with my mind-drawn portrait of the peasant beauty; and I scanned each face closely and critically. There was female loveliness of every type, from the dark-eyed beauty of Spanish race, to the almost divine regularity of a Raffaelite picture. There was the brilliant aspect of fashion, too; but nowhere could I see what I sought for! nowhere detect that image which imagination had stamped as that of the beauty of "La Marche." If disappointed in my great object, I left the theatre with my mind full of all I had witnessed. The dreadful event of Ettenheim had terribly shaken Buonaparte in my esteem; yet how resist the contagious devotion of a whole nation—how remain cold in the midst of the burning zeal of all France? These thoughts brought me to the consideration of myself. Was I, or was I not, any longer a soldier of his army? or was I disqualified for joining in that burst of national enthusiasm which proclaimed that all France was ready to march under his banner? To-morrow I'll wait upon the minister of war, thought I, or I'll seek out the commanding officer of some regiment that I know, or at least a comrade; and so I went on, endeavouring to frame a plan for my guidance, as I strolled along the streets, which were now al-

most deserted. The shops were all closed ; of the hotels, such as were yet open were far too costly for means like mine ; and so, as the night was calm and balmy with the fresh air of spring, I resolved to pass it out of doors. I loitered then along the Champs Elysees ; and at length stretching myself on the grass beneath the trees, lay down to sleep. “An odd bedroom enough,” thought I, “for one who has passed the evening at the opera, and

who has feasted his ears at the expense of his stomach.” I remembered, too, another night, when the sky had been my canopy in Paris, when I slept beneath the shadow of the guillotine and the Place de Grève. “Well,” thought I, “times are at least changed for the better, since that day ; and my own fortunes are certainly not lower.”

This comforting reflection closed my waking memories, and I slept soundly till morning.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE “COUNT DE MAUREPAS,” ALIAS —.

THERE is a wide gulf between him who opens his waking eyes in a splendid chamber, and with half-drowsy thoughts speculates on the pleasures of the coming day, and him, who, rising from the dew-moistened earth, stretches his aching limbs for a second or so, and then hurries away to make his toilet at the nearest fountain.

I have known both conditions, and yet, without being thought paradoxical, I would wish to say that there are some sensations attendant on the latter and the humbler lot which I would not exchange for all the voluptuous ease of the former. Let there be but youth and there is something of heroism, something adventurous in the notion of thus alone and unaided breasting the wide ocean of life, and, like a hardy swimmer, daring to stem the roughest breakers without one to succour him, that is worth all the security that even wealth can impart, all the conscious ease that luxury and affluence can supply. In a world and an age like ours, thought I, there must surely be some course for one young, active, and daring as I am. Even if France reject me there are countries beyond the seas where energy and determination will open a path. “Courage, Maurice,” said I, as I dashed the sparkling water over my head, “the past has not been all inglorious, and the future may prove even better.”

A roll and a glass of iced water furnished my breakfast, after which I set forth in good earnest on my search. There was a sort of self-flattery in the thought that one so destitute as I was could devote his thoughts and energies to the service of another that pleased me greatly. It was so “unselfish”—

at least I thought so. Alas and alas ! how egotistical are we when we fancy ourselves least so. That day I visited St. Roch and Notre Dame at early mass, and by noon reached the Louvre, the gallery of which occupied me till the hour of meeting the curé drew nigh.

Punctual to his appointment, I found him waiting for me at the corner of the quay, and although disappointed at the failure of all his efforts, he talked away with all the energy of one who would not suffer himself to be cast down by adverse fortune. “I feel,” said he, “a kind of instinctive conviction that we shall find her yet. There is something tells me that all our pains shall not go unrewarded. Have you never experienced a sensation of this kind,—a species of inward prompting to pursue a road, to penetrate into a pass, or to explore a way, without exactly knowing why or wherefore?”

This question, vague enough as it seemed, led me to talk about myself and my own position ; a theme which, however much I might have shrunk from introducing, when once opened, I spoke of in all the freedom of old friendship.

Nothing could be more delicate than the priest's manner during all this time ; nor even when his curiosity was highest did he permit himself to ask a question or an explanation of any difficulty that occurred ; and while he followed my recital with a degree of interest that was most flattering, he never ventured on a word or dropped a remark that might seem to urge me to greater frankness. “Do you know,” said he, at last, “why your story has taken such an uncommon hold upon

my attention. It is not from its adventurous character, nor from the stirring and strange scenes you have passed through. It is because your old pastor and guide, the Père Delanoy, was my own dearest friend, my school companion and playfellow from infancy. We were both students at Louvain together; both called to the priesthood on the same day. Think, then, of my intense delight at hearing his dear name once more; ay, and permit me to say it, hearing from the lips of another the very precepts and maxims that I can recognise as his own. Ah, yes! *mon cher Maurice*," cried he, grasping my hand in a burst of enthusiasm, "disguise it how you may, cover it up under the uniform of a "Bleu," bury it beneath the shako of the soldier of the Republic, but the head and the heart will turn to the ancient altars of the Church and the Monarchy. It is not alone that your good blood suggests this, but all your experience of life goes to prove it. Think of poor Michel, self-devoted, generous, and noble-hearted; think of that dear cottage at Kuffstein, where, even in poverty, the dignity of birth and blood threw a grace and an elegance over daily life; think of Ettenheim and the glorious prince—the last Condé—and who now sleeps in his narrow bed in the fosse of Vincennes!"

"How do you mean?" said I, eagerly; for up to this time I knew nothing of his fate.

"Come along with me and you shall know it all," said he; and, rising, he took my arm, and we sauntered along out of the crowded street, till we reached the Boulevards. He then narrated to me every incident of the midnight trial, the sentence, and the execution. From the death-warrant that came down ready-filled from Paris, to the grave dug while the victim was yet sleeping, he forgot nothing; and I own that my very blood ran cold at the terrible atrocity of that dark murder. It was already growing dusk when he had finished, and we parted hurriedly, as he was obliged to be at a distant quarter of Paris by eight o'clock, again agreeing to meet, as before, on the Quai Voltaire.

From that moment till we met the following day the Duc D'Enghien was never out of my thoughts, and I was impatient for the priest's presence that I might tell him every little incident

of our daily life at Ettenheim, the topics we used to discuss, and the opinions he expressed on various subjects. The eagerness of the Curé to listen stimulated me to talk on, and I not only narrated all that I was myself a witness of, but various other circumstances which were told to me by the Prince himself; in particular an incident he mentioned to me one day of being visited by a stranger who came, introduced by a letter from a very valued friend; his business being to propose to the Duke a scheme for the assassination of Buonaparte. At first the Prince suspected the whole as a plot against himself, but on further questioning he discovered that the man's intentions were really such as he professed them, and offered his services in the conviction that no price could be deemed too high to reward him. It is needless to say that the offer was rejected with indignation, and the Prince dismissed the fellow with the threat of delivering him up to the government of the French Consul. The pastor heard this anecdote with deep attention, and, for the first time, diverging from his line of cautious reserve, he asked me various questions as to when the occurrence had taken place, and where? If the Prince had communicated the circumstance to any other than myself, and whether he had made it the subject of any correspondence. I knew little more than I had already told him: that the offer was made while residing at Ettenheim, and during the preceding year, were facts, however, that I could remember.

"You are surprised, perhaps," said he, "at the interest I feel in all this, but strangely enough, there is here in Paris at this moment one of the great 'Seigneurs' of the Ardeche; he has come up to the capital for medical advice, and he was a great, perhaps the greatest friend of the poor Duke. What if you were to come and pay him a visit with me, there is not probably one favour the whole world could bestow he would value so highly. You must often have heard his name from the Prince; has he not frequently spoken of the Count de Maurepas?" I could not remember having ever heard the name. "It is historical, however," said the Curé, "and even in our own days has not derogated from its ancient chivalry. Have you not heard how a noble of the court rode pos-

tilion to the king's carriage on the celebrated escape from Varennes? Well, even for curiosity sake, he is worth a visit, for this is the very Count Henri de Maurepas, now on the verge of the grave!"

If the good Curé had known me all my life he could not more successfully have baited a trap for my curiosity. To see and know remarkable people, men who had done something out of the ordinary route of every-day life, had been a passion with me from boyhood. Hero-worship was indeed a great feature in my character, and has more or less influenced all my career, nor was I insensible to the pleasure of doing a kind action. It was rare, indeed, that one so humbly placed could ever confer a favour, and I grasped with eagerness the occasion to do so. We agreed, then, on the next afternoon, towards nightfall, to meet at the quay, and proceed together to the Count's residence. I have often reflected, since that day, that Lisette's name was scarcely ever mentioned by either of us during this interview; and yet, at the time, so preoccupied were my thoughts, I never noticed the omission. The Chateau of Ettenheim, and its tragic story, filled my mind to the exclusion of all else.

I pass over the long and dreary hours that intervened, and come at once to the time, a little after sunset, when we met at our accustomed rendezvous.

The Curé had provided a "fiacre" for the occasion, as the Count's residence was about two leagues from the city, on the way to Belleville. As we trotted along, he gave me a most interesting account of the old noble, whose life had been one continued act of devotion to the monarchy.

"It will be difficult," said he, "for you to connect the poor, worn out, shattered wreck before you, with all that was daring in deed and chivalrous in sentiment; but the 'Maurepas' were well upheld in all their glorious renown, by him who is now to be the last of the race! You will see him reduced by suffering and sickness, scarcely able to speak, but be assured that you will have his gratitude for this act of true benevolence. Thus chatting we rattled along over the paved highway, and at length entered upon a deep clay road which conducted us to a spacious park, with a long straight avenue of trees, at the

end of which stood what, even in the uncertain light, appeared a spacious Chateau. The door lay open, and as we descended a servant in plain clothes received us, and, after a whispered word or two from the Curé, ushered us along through a suite of rooms into a large chamber furnished like a study. There were book shelves well filled, and a writing table covered with papers and letters, and the whole floor was littered with newspapers and journals.

A lamp, shaded by a deep gauze cover, threw a half light over every thing, nor was it until we had been nearly a couple of minutes in the room that we became aware of the presence of the Count, who lay upon a sofa covered up in a fur pelisse, although the season was far advanced in spring.

His gentle "good evening, Messieurs," was the first warning we had of his presence, and the Curé, advancing respectfully, presented me as his young friend, Monsieur de Tiernay.

"It is not the first time that I hear that name," said the sick man, with a voice of singular sweetness. It is chronicled in the annals of our monarchy. Ay, sir, I knew that faithful servant of his king, who followed his master to the scaffold."

"My father," cried I, eagerly.

"I knew him well," continued he. I may say, without vaunting, that I had it in my power to befriend him, too. He made an imprudent marriage; he was unfortunate in the society his second wife's family threw him amongst. They were not his equals in birth, and far beneath him in sentiment and principle. Well, well," sighed he "this is not a theme for me to speak of, nor for you to hear; tell me of yourself. The Curé says that you have had more than your share of worldly vicissitudes. There, sit down, and let me hear your story from your own lips."

He pointed to a seat at his side, and I obeyed him at once, for, somehow, there was an air of command even in the gentlest tones of his voice, and I felt that his age and his sufferings were not the only claims he possessed to influence those around him.

With all the brevity in my power, my story lasted for above an hour, during which time the Count only interrupted me once or twice by asking to which Colonel Mahon I referred, as there were two of the name? and again, by inquiring in what circum-

stances the *emigré* families were living as to means, and whether they appeared to derive any of their resources from France? These were points I could give no information upon, and I plainly perceived that the Count had no patience for a conjecture, and that, where positive knowledge failed, he instantly passed on to something else. When I came to speak of Ettenheim his attention became fixed, not suffering the minutest circumstance to escape him, and even asking for the exact description of the locality, and its distance from the towns in the neighbourhood.

The daily journeys of the Prince, too, interested him much, and once or twice he made me repeat what the peasant had said of the horse being able to travel from Strasburg without a halt. I vow it puzzled me why he should dwell on these points in preference to others of far more interest, but I set them down to the caprices of illness, and thought no more of them. His daily life, his conversation, the opinions he expressed about France, the questions he used to ask, were all matters he inquired into, till, finally, we came to the anecdote of the meditated assassination of Buonaparte. This he made me tell him twice over, each time asking me eagerly whether, by an effort of memory, I could not recall the name of the man who had offered his services for the deed? This I could not; indeed I knew not if I had ever heard it.

"But the Prince rejected the proposal?" said he, peering at me beneath the dark shadow of his heavy brow; "he would not hear of it?"

"Of course not," cried I; "he even threatened to denounce the man to the government."

"And do you think that he would have gone thus far, sir?" asked he, slowly.

"I am certain of it. The horror and disgust he expressed when reciting the story were a guarantee for what he would have done."

"But yet Buonaparte has been a dreadful enemy to his race," said the Count.

"It is not a Condé can right himself by a murder," said I as calmly.

"How I like that burst of generous royalism, young man!" said he, grasping my hand and shaking it warmly.

"That steadfast faith in the honour of

a Bourbon is the very heart and soul of loyalty!"

Now, although I was not, so far as I knew of, anything of a Royalist—the cause had neither my sympathy nor my wishes—I did not choose to disturb the equanimity of a poor sick man by a needless disclaimer, nor induce a discussion which must be both unprofitable and painful.

"How did the fellow propose the act? had he any accomplices? or was he alone?"

"I believe quite alone."

"Of course suborned by England? Of that there can be no doubt."

"The Prince never said so."

"Well, but, it is clear enough, the man must have had means; he travelled by a very circuitous route; he had come from Hamburg, probably?"

"I never heard."

"He must have done so. The ports of Holland, as those of France, would have been too dangerous for him. Italy is out of the question."

I owned that I had not speculated so deeply in the matter.

"It was strange," said he, after a pause, "that the Duke never mentioned who had introduced the man to him."

"He merely called him a valued friend."

"In other words, the Count D'Artois," said the Count; "did it not strike you so?"

I had to confess it had not occurred to me to think so.

"But reflect a little," said he. "Is there any other living who could have dared to make such a proposal but the Count? Who, but the head of his house, could have presumed on such a step? No inferior could have had the audacity! It must have come from one so highly placed, that crime paled itself down to a mere measure of expediency, under the loftiness of the sanction. What think you?"

"I cannot, I will not think so," was my answer. "The very indignation of the Prince's rejection refutes the supposition."

"What a glorious gift is unsuspectfulness," said he, feelingly. "I am a rich man, and you I believe are not so; and yet, I'd give all my wealth, ay, ten times told, not for your vigour of health, not for the lightness of your heart, nor the elasticity of your spirits, but for that one small quality, defect

though it be, that makes you trustful and credulous."

I believe I would just as soon that the old gentleman had thought fit to compliment me upon any other quality. Of all my acquisitions, there was not one I was so vain of as my knowledge of life and character. I had seen, as I thought, so much of life! I had peeped at all ranks and conditions of men, and it was rather hard to find an old country gentleman, a "Seigneur de Village," calling me credulous and unsuspecting!

I was much more pleased when he told the Curé that a supper was ready for us in the adjoining room, at which he begged we would excuse his absence; and truly a most admirable little meal it was, and served with great elegance.

"The Count expects you to stop here; there is a chamber prepared for you," said the Curé as we took our seats at table. "He has evidently

taken a fancy to you. I thought, indeed I was quite certain, he would. Who can tell what good fortune this chance meeting may lead to, Monsieur Maurice! A *votre sante, mon cher!*" cried he, as he clinked his champagne glass against mine, and I at last began to think that destiny was about to smile on me.

"You should see his Chateau in the Ardèche; this is nothing to it! There is a forest, too, of native oak, and a 'Chasse' such as royalty never owned!"

Mine were delightful dreams that night; but I was sorely disappointed on waking to find that Laura was not riding at my side through a forest-alley, while a crowd of "Piqueurs" and huntsmen galloped to and fro, making the air vibrate with their joyous bugles. Still, I opened my eyes in a richly-furnished chamber, and a Jaques handed me my coffee on a silver stand, and in a cup of costliest Sevres.

WARM WATER *versus* COLD; OR, A VISIT TO WARMBRUNN IN PRUSSIAN AND GRÄFENBERG IN AUSTRIAN SILESIA.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

IN a recent tour through that portion of the mountain chain separating Silesia from Bohemia, called the Riesengebirge, or "Giant Mountains," my wanderings led me through these striking and somewhat peculiar highlands, so rarely explored by Englishmen on account of their remoteness from our beaten tracks; and descending into the Vale of Hirschberg, which showed so gloriously from the mountain heights above, had a peep "en passant" at the baths of Warmbrunn, which have a high repute in Silesia and the immediately surrounding countries. Thence I passed over the varied and charming scenery which intervenes between the last-named place and Silesian Freiburg, where, taking "the Rail," I reached Breslau and Neisse without fatigue in a few hours' run, and made out the remaining distance to Gräfenberg and the far-famed "original water doctor" in the best way I could.

In the following pages it is my intention to describe, as well at least as may be done in a hasty glance, what is the

actual state of the "water cure" there; what its progress and popularity in that very place where it is generally supposed to have had its birth; and where, at any rate, it has been brought up to its present state of maturity, and that, amidst many difficulties and heavy discouragements. We shall thus be enabled to give a "local habitation" in our memory to a spot which is now so celebrated, and in so many mouths in various corners of the world; though thirty years ago so inconsiderable in size and importance was it, as scarcely to be met with in any map—a change solely ascribable to the energy of one individual, and he almost an uneducated peasant, and to the unlimited devotion of his powers to one idea—the omnipotence of water in the cure of disease. The amazingly general acceptance which his treatment of all the common disorders by which man is afflicted has met with from the non-professional part of the public in Germany, as well as the almost unexampled rapidity with which this potent but

two-edged remedy has propagated itself over all Europe and parts of America, naturally renders a pilgrimage to the common birth-place of the inventor and the invention a matter of some interest.

At Herrmannsdorf, or Hermsdorf, as it is more usually named, close to the castle of Kynast, at the base and near the centre of the Riesengebirge, stands here a large superannuated, unsightly residence of the Schaffgotsch family, now occupied by some of their agents or retainers. In this there was formerly a valuable library of upwards of forty thousand volumes; these, along with a collection of coins, specimens of natural history, old armour, and some pictures, were removed about fifteen years ago to Warmbrunn, and placed in "the Probstei Gebaude"—a secularized conventual building of the Cistercian order, subordinate to the old monastery of Grüssau, and the whole has been thrown open, with the greatest liberality on the part of the noble proprietor, gratuitously to the public.

A drive of three miles over a very level piece of country brought me and my companion, a celebrated Prussian divine, out on his holiday excursions, to Warmbrunn. It is a cheerful, airy-looking market-town, of about three thousand inhabitants, and one of the most frequented baths in this quarter of Germany. The inns and lodging-houses are very respectable-looking. "The Black Eagle," where we stopped, is an excellent inn, and we had no reason to complain of its charges, though it has the reputation amongst Germans of being expensive, and, perhaps, may be so in "the season." "The Prussian Hotel," a little further on in the same street, seems a newer house, and, from its greater height, has loftier and finer apartments. Between these two principal hotels, but on the opposite side of the way, and just over against the post-office, stands the residence of Count Schaffgotsch, the proprietor of the town and baths, as well as of the country for many a mile around.

"The Schloss," or castle, as it is called, is a large, oblong, solid-looking pile of building, making no pretensions to architectural effect. A previous acquaintance with its occupant led to my seeing its interior. In magnitude and accommodation it exceeds the palaces of some reigning German princes,

and has pleasant gardens, on a small scale, in the rear, to which the public have admission.

The number of persons who frequent the baths here annually is still above 2,000; thirty years ago the number was nearly double. The water is a warm "sulphuretted saline," containing a very small quantity of sulphurous impregnation, with a very little glauber and common salt, carbonate of soda, muriate of ammonia, a minute fraction of iron, and some other less important ingredients; its temperature, which is just about blood heat, seems its "strong point," as, in respect to its chemical composition, it must be reckoned amongst the weaker mineral waters. It is used, however, with great advantage in chronic rheumatism, scrofula, and dyspeptic affections, and would probably succeed, if long enough continued, in removing many forms of cutaneous eruptions which require a soothing treatment. The style of taking these baths is much the same social one as prevails in our own good city of Bath:—a number of persons, dressed in a light bathing costume, occupy simultaneously the large stone cistern forming the floor of a lofty dome-shaped apartment, and they spend the period prescribed to each, in walking about, or sitting on the circular seat which runs around it, up to their chins in water—a kind of "re-union" which some persons, and the author of "Humphrey Clinker," if I remember rightly, amongst the number, have thought proper to be very merry upon; though why it should be considered more ludicrous for human beings, with so good an object as the recovery of health in view, to meet together for half an hour in water than in the atmospheric fluid, as they usually do without remark, it would be hard to give any very rational explanation.

Of these baths there are two principal ones, "the Count's," and "the Provost's," but both now belong to Count Schaffgotsch, who purchased the latter when the monastery to which it appertained was suppressed.

Bathing is a very early as well as an earnest business here, or it could never be got through with in a day of only twenty-four hours, when the space for bathing in is so very limited, and the patients who use the remedy are so numerous. The gentlemen accordingly commence operations at four o'clock in

the morning, remain masters of the bath till six, when they resign the use of the aquatic apartments to the ladies for a couple of hours; an inferior class of patients, who pay a smaller sum weekly than the former, next take their turn for an hour. The water is then partially run off during the hours of dining, to maintain its purity. At two o'clock the gentlemen are again in the ascendancy for two hours; then the ladies again; and finally, the "burgher class" as before, and, on operations being closed for the evening, the water is again allowed in part to flow off.

The very poor patients used to succeed, I believe, to the use of the bath at a late period of the day, when all the other classes had already done with it; but not long since a bath has been built specially for themselves, and a small hospital, moreover, arranged for them, at the expense of the noble family who own both the town and baths, where, when they come with proper attestations, they are maintained during their treatment free of all expense.

The water of the baths is perpetually running in and out all the time of its being used, so as to preserve, along with the partial emptying already alluded to, a fair degree of purity, by the constant removal and renewal of the surface water; and the whole body of water is changed completely every Sunday, and the cistern carefully cleansed out. The water, which springs up through a fissure in the granite rock, is not abundant enough to allow of a daily renewal, much less of separate baths for each individual. There are Russian baths in another building for such persons as are supposed to require them; and all the usual appliances for "*the douche*" bath as usually met with at other German watering-places.

No person is admitted to "the Social Bath" till he or she has undergone preliminary lustration in a solitary warm bath of the ordinary construction. The terms for the baths are cheap, as compared with most others in Germany; those of the first class costing not quite a shilling daily.

The invalid here finds ample opportunity for easy pedestrian or carriage exercise, in consequence of the levelness and goodness of the roads around the town, not to speak of the

great alley of old trees, where the guests promenade morning and evening, at eleven and six o'clock, close to which are numerous temporary, but tempting shops, for promoting the circulation of money, and the transfer of superfluous wealth. It would, indeed, be a subject of curious statistical investigation to ascertain the amount of articles of luxury disposed of yearly in all the German baths taken collectively, a great proportion of which would probably never have been even thought of, much less purchased, but for the superabundant leisure of those annual lounging-places, and the special purse laid up for them during the rest of the year, and all of which is destined, without any mental reservation whatever, on the part of the ladies at least, to be spent at them. German industry, on the part of the productive classes, certainly benefits amazingly by this almost universal summer migration, or "*Herbst-reise*," as they themselves call it, performed to the innumerable watering-places, for health or pleasure, by persons of the middle and upper rank; in short, by all who are in easy circumstances, and able to make the move.

Near the alley are also the pleasure-grounds attached to the Schloss, as well as the theatre, ball-room, public dinner-rooms, and promenade; but happily no apartments for gambling exist, as this exciting and discreditable occupation is not fostered, or even tolerated here.

There is a singular anomaly in German politeness observable at Warmbrunn, namely, where gentlemen salute each other, or even ladies, on the promenade, the hat—which is in such perpetual motion, to the manifest benefit of the hatters, in other parts of Germany—here remains a fixture, a habit which has, probably, been introduced and established by the physicians of the place on sanitary principles, or from a dread of catching cold by the frequent exposure of the head, after the use of these warm sulphurous waters, internally or externally; for they are drunk as well as bathed in, though the former less frequently.

The situation of Warmbrunn is one of the most open and airy of all the German baths I have visited, considerably upwards of twenty in number. The valley is more than a thousand feet above sea level, and the exposure

is as free on most sides, and nearly as accessible to fresh breezes from every quarter of the compass, as if it were built in an unbounded plain. Teplitz, in Bohemia, is almost the only other bath that could pretend to rival it, at once in respect to free circulation of air, and extent of prospect; but the lofty and impressive mountain-range in the back-ground here, seen as we saw it on the evening of our arrival—its deep blue tints, contrasting with the glow of sunset in the sky and on the opposite hills, together with the unobstructed circulation of air in the immediate neighbourhood, and for miles around—made us award to Warmbrunn the palm for combined beauty and healthfulness of site over that and every other competitor. Indeed, the view of the Riesengebirge, as seen from the end of the great alley, at the distance of not quite three leagues, is a very tonic in itself; and the consciousness of the pure, cool air, ever sliding down from their summits into the vale beneath, must have a most invigorating influence on the nervous system of the valetudinarian.

Early next morning we got on to Hirschberg, by one of the cheap one-horse carriages which ply here. It seemed to be our fate always to fall upon market days, and we accordingly found the old-fashioned little town all alive with country people, and had as much difficulty of making our way through the principal streets as though we had been in "the Strand itself."

Hirschberg is surrounded by a wall, or imperfect fortification, and still reckons seven thousand inhabitants. It is mentioned in records so long back as the year 1002, and was long one of the principal towns in Silesia. It possessed up to late in the last century a most extensive linen manufacture, when the productions of the British, or rather of the Irish loom, began to displace those of the German in foreign markets, a change in the current of trade which spread great misery amongst the lower classes here, and therewith a hatred of the English name; for they assert that we supplanted them unfairly by servilely imitating their mode of doing up the webs, enveloping them in similar ornaments, and even counterfeiting their marks and signatures; and further add, that not content with the injury already inflicted by this furtive pro-

ceeding, we at a later period brought their good name into discredit by dishonestly mixing up cotton with flax in our spurious imitations of their goods, thus making the Americans and other remaining customers distrust them in all their future dealings. It seems, however, that latterly the linen manufacture has fully participated in the general revival of industrial activity in Germany since the war; and the improvement in machinery, which has given it such an impulse with us, begins to be largely adopted hereabouts also.

The Protestant Church, one of those called the "Gnaden Kirchen," as being bestowed on that communion by Joseph I., is a building of some pretension, but not in the best taste. The chief interest of the town to the tourist consists, however, not so much in any thing that is to be seen within it, as in its situation in the centre of a country abounding in beautiful excursions and splendid views.

It had been our intention to return hence to Dresden by the mountain district of the *Iser-kamm*, Hochstein, Flinsberg, &c., by *Friedland* in *Bohemia*, visiting at the last-named place the castle which gave his ducal title to the great Wallenstein; thence by the baths of Liebowerda near Zittau, and finally by Herrnhut—one of the very earliest of the establishments of the Moravian Brotherhood—and so by railroad home. But the unsettled state of the weather, and the extensive prevalence of cholera in the villages near Zittau, determined us to postpone this little tour to some more favourable juncture, and to terminate our mountain-wanderings here for the present. Accordingly, I took leave of my agreeable and intelligent Prussian fellow-traveller at Hirschberg, he going by coach northwards to rejoin the railway at Görlitz, whilst I took my seat in another coach which goes eastward to Friburg, and which starting about ten o'clock in the morning, would carry me so far on my way towards Breslau, and in time for the evening train to that city. From Breslau it was my intention immediately to pass on to Gräfenberg, and so gratify, as already mentioned, a long-cherished wish of visiting the cradle of "the water-cure," which lies about seventy miles farther south. On the map, indeed, this will appear a very circuitous route; and

it might seem that the direct one from Friburg, through the "County of Glatz," in Lower Silesia, passing through Reichenberg and Frankenstein, would have been a saving of fifty miles at the least. And so it would, in point of absolute distance; but the joint inducements of economy and speed, offered by the railway which goes as far as Neisse, determined me eventually on taking the other route, the distances being—Friburg to Breslau, thirty-eight English miles; forty-seven thence to Neisse; and about twenty more, partly by an indifferent country road, thence to Gräfenberg.

On leaving Hirschberg we passed, a short way out of the town, the Cavalierberg, which takes its name from some strong works which were thrown up there in the war of the Bavarian Succession. It rises but a few feet above the level of the surrounding country, and is now laid out in pleasure grounds; and on account of its walks, coffee-house, and club, is the favourite resort of the townspeople. Quite on the opposite side lies the Helicon-berg, with a small temple in honour of Frederick the Great.

At Erdmansdorf, about five miles from Hirschberg, we came upon a great linen mill, with its tall chimney sending up in these beautiful regions a volume of dense smoke which would have done credit to a Manchester "shaft," and which we had previously seen distinctly like a great black plume from the summit of the Schnee-koppe. The inn here is a very attractive one, built in the Swiss style; and close by the cheerful village stands a finely-situated royal residence, purchased by the King of Prussia from General Gneisenau—with its singular-looking church, and a lofty "campanile" near it of very peculiar architecture, and commanding an extensive view of all the rich country around.

The Swiss cottages, commencing beyond the further end of the town, are inhabited by "the Zillerthal Refugees," who, thanks to the late King of Prussia, obtained shelter here from the religious persecution instituted against them by Austria and the Roman Catholic priesthood in that part of the Tyrol, in the year 1838. The district appropriated to them runs hence in a S.W. direction towards Siedorf. These same Tyrolese colonists are, I was sorry to hear, in bad repute

hereabouts—how justly I know not—as indolent and dirty in their habits; and their costume, from the little I saw of it, certainly struck me as being much more slovenly and sombre than what one meets with generally in the smiling Tyrolese valley from which they come; the picturesque hat, jaunty jacket, and smartly-embroidered belt, have manifestly degenerated sadly on Silesian ground.

At the foot of the twin summits of the conical-shaped Falkenberg, about four miles E.N.E. of Goodmansdorf, lies Fischbach, the property of Prince William of Prussia, uncle of the present King. The castle, which has been extensively repaired and altered to accommodate it to modern requirements, was originally in possession of the Knights Templar, and passed subsequently into that of the Schaffgotsch family. It lies buried in the luxuriant woods at the base of the picturesquely formed hill just mentioned. Two eastern cannons, presented by our Queen to the late Prince Waldemar, son of Prince William, in memory of his gallant volunteered participation in Lord Hardinge's desperate campaign in India against the Sikhs, are to have a perpetual place by the portal of the castle.

Between Erdmannsdorf and Schmiedeberg, a short way to the east of the road, lies the handsome park of Buchwald, abounding in beautiful views; an additional proof how highly the Prussian nobility estimate this picturesque country, and how eagerly they avail themselves of it for their summer residences. Thus, likewise, to the north-east of Schmiedeberg, there is another fine park called the Ruheberg, belonging to the Princess Czartoryski, who is by birth one of the Prussian royal family.

That our language is a favourite study even in this remote part of Germany, I had reason to conclude from the fact, that of my four companions in the coach, three were well acquainted with English. One of them, an intelligent, agreeable, and well-informed girl, possessed a very considerable knowledge of our literature. She had just before, and for the first time, casually met with "*Rule Britannia*," and, in extreme delight with its spirit of freedom and its poetry, hastily copied it out on a scrap of blotting paper, the only morsel she could lay

her hands on at the moment. Drawing this timidly from her reticule she requested me to say whether it was correctly transcribed ; and never did I feel the beauty and energy of this truly national poem more strongly than when thus reading it aloud in this distracted land, where liberty is so much talked of, alternately wished for and feared, but so little understood.

Marshal Haynau's drubbing by the stalwart brewers of London was again discussed, and the question mooted as to whether Austria would demand satisfaction of England for the missing moustache. "But what *could* Austria do to England !" exclaimed my fair neighbour with triumphant scorn, for she seemed to have a most exalted idea of our superiority over a country which has only been enabled to maintain its sovereignty over its own subjects by becoming itself the vassal of Russia.

Jenny Lind is an unceasing source of interest and conversation here as in other parts of Germany. Her early professional fortunes were singular enough. When first she attempted to appear as a public singer, it was found that her education had been imperfect, and even in a wrong direction altogether. Having magnanimously resolved to recommence it all again from the very rudiments, she had recourse to the highest sources of professional improvement in France, the same as had grounded Malibran's celebrity ; and having at length become a really accomplished artiste, presented herself before a Dresden tribunal. But again she was destined to disappointment, being coldly received by this proverbially apathetic audience ; whilst the theatre director, Baron Von L——, even went so far as to recommend her, with the most humiliating display of condescension and sympathy, to withdraw to some more limited field of ambition—to some of the smaller provincial towns and second-rate theatres ; and she was told that her voice, her manner, her appearance, her *tout ensemble*, in short, were quite unfitted to a capital ! Thus dispirited, and almost hopeless, she betook herself to Berlin, but here the tide of fortune turned at once. She made quite a *furor* on her first appearance, and her success was sealed from that moment forth and for ever. Our Dresdeners would now fain have engaged her ; but it was too late ; and she would never even sing on a

passing visit to the Saxon capital, in the progress of her German triumphs—till last year, when the King is said to have sent her a special embassy, and induced her to give concerts at Dresden. But still the old mal-apropos spirit seemed to reign there ; and she was not a little annoyed by the untoward arrangement made for her reception. She was placed at a formidable distance from the audience, and left there in an uncomfortable state of isolation, for every one to stare at her in her solitary and unsupported condition ; save when, ever and anon, some of the court luminaries wandered for a moment within her sphere, and deigned to exchange a few words with her. How different from the *empressement* and enthusiasm with which she was met in other parts of Germany, to say nothing of the idolatrous devotion of England and America—an ordeal, perhaps, even more perilous to the perpetuity of her fame, and to that naïveté and inimitable modesty and unaffected nature to which so much of her charm is owing.

After Schmeideberg, our attractive fellow-traveller left us, to the general regret of our little party, and not least so to that of an old gentleman whom I had set down for a Berlin professor, and who, as she was about to descend the steps of the carriage, made her a very complimentary speech at some length on the high degree of pleasure she had afforded us all by her agreeable society and talented conversation, and his own profound regret in particular at her departure, a little trait of German travel which shows strikingly on how much more friendly and social a footing fellow-countrymen here rapidly get than is ever the case with us English people, by whom such an oration, made to a young person whom one had never seen before, would be considered a very ill-judged intrusion, if not, indeed, a downright insult ; but here, obviously, no such construction was put upon it ; it seemed quite *en règle*, and was not pronounced till the young lady was already within sight of her father's house.

From Schmiedeberg to Landshut is about nine miles, the road passing over a very high and steep hill—a portion of the "Landshuter Kamm." Close to the road-side, about halfway up the ascent, stands a noble old beech tree in admirable preservation ; though

from ancient leases and grants, in which it is mentioned as a well-known boundary, it must have seen upwards of six hundred years! Immediately opposite to it is a little rustic "Restaurateur," where the passengers usually pick up something in the way of refreshment, as the six weary horses are toiling up the long ascent. A little higher up, and a few yards to the north of the road, at a spot to which the *conducteur* led me, we enjoyed a magnificent view towards the mountains and valley we had just left behind. About a mile and a-half to the left of the road are the Friesensteine, by mounting to which rocky masses one may have a very extensive prospect, both towards the Riesengebirge in the west, and towards the "Glatzer-Hochland" in the south-east. This same *conducteur* was, by the way, a very superior sort of man to most of those in his station, and had turned his spare time in the solitary *coupé* to good account, and cultivated his mind by extensive and, to judge from his conversation, well-selected reading. Many of our best authors were known to him by translation, and his views of the politics and prospects of Germany were enlarged and just; and withal, very liberal, though he was a servant of the state. His son, he told me, influenced by the present widely spread maritime yearnings of young Germany, was resolved to go to sea; and he, the father, was anxious to get him, if possible, into the British navy, or at least aboard a British ship of some kind or other; both because the pay was fully double what it is in German vessels, and also as the business was likely to be more thoroughly learned. It is curious to find people so far inland, and who have never even seen a large vessel in their whole life, thus dreaming about a national marine, and struggling, each in his own small way, to realize it.

On the steep and rough descent of the road on the other side of the small village of Hochwald, and where the jolts and jars of the coach gave us an ominous presentiment of the old vehicle going to pieces or overturning on the instant, we were told that it was just here that the late Prince of Orleans, when on his German tour, was overset. The snow was lying deep at the time. The postilion had a leg broken by the accident, and got a pension from the family afterwards, which, to their

honour, still continues to be paid to him, notwithstanding their own more recent calamities.

Landshut, which lies in the valley beneath, appeared a very dull and dirty looking old place; and, in the shower which was just falling, smelt very ill to boot. From its inefficient sewerage it seemed particularly well adapted for the propagation of cholera, a disease from which it had recently been suffering heavily, and was only now recovering. An old lady, who got into the coach here, gave us a fearful picture of its ravages near her home, and how the strong farmer and healthy country girl were often struck down by it immediately on their return from the fields, and expired within an incredibly brief space of time, just as if poisoned. In fact, in the villages in this high and apparently healthy hilly country, this dreadful malady seems to rage with quite as much intensity, and with as mysterious a mode of progression as it manifests in crowded cities; sparing neither age, sex, nor condition. Even very young children are amongst its frequent victims. It is, however, very generally considered here, as with us also, to be in but a low degree, and only under exceptionable cases, contagious; peculiarities of air and of locality, in connexion with individual predisposition, being looked to as its chief determining causes. In other words, they are as much in the dark about its nature and progress as we are ourselves, and are equally unable to stem its march, or to modify its fatality.

The far-famed rocks of Adersbach can be very readily come at from Landshut, the whole intervening distance being only about sixteen miles and a-half. The road passes first through Grussau, the great Cistercian monastery already alluded to, in connexion with Warmbrunn, and which was secularised in the year 1810. The organ, which is still in its church, is said to be the largest to be met with in all Silesia. It was in the church here that the ancient Dukes of Schweidnitz were buried. The next and last place of any size on that route is Schomberg, about six miles further, a neat little town of some two thousand inhabitants, and equally celebrated for its linens and its sausages! It is situated just within the Bohemian frontier and about six miles short of Adersbach.

Our present route, however, from Landshut to Freiburg, lay more directly eastward, and though not deficient in interest in itself, yet was it generally so decidedly inferior to what we had left behind us, that it necessarily appeared tame by comparison. In about seven hours from the time we had started in the morning, we had reached the town last named, but had still nearly two hours to wait ere the train for Breslau was ready to proceed.

Our rapid transit to Breslau was productive of no event worthy of notice. "The White Eagle" is an excellent house, and "the Swan" I believe no way inferior to it. Early the next morning I started by railway for Brieg, which was reached in about an hour and a half, and immediately changed to the branch line for Neisse. The country about Breslau being, it will be remembered, extremely flat, and the soil in many parts very light and sandy, looks like the bottom of some antediluvian sea or great inland lake. This dead level continues many a weary mile to the eastward, into the very heart of Poland; on the westward, as far as the Zopten-berg and other outliers of the Sudetes; northwards, as far as eye can reach; and accompanied us to the southward for some forty miles, or the greater part of the way towards Neisse. At this last-named place the luxuries of steam travelling come to an end, and we are handed over to the jog-trot of the lumbering "langkutscher," and the "ups and downs" of an undulating country.

The large, nay endless looking corn fields near the capital of Silesia, are quite oppressive in their monotony, being seldom broken by any variety, save an occasional patch of tobacco ground, or some rarely occurring "green crop," for the use of man or beast. A tree is in most parts of the route quite a curiosity, and hedge rows, of course, unknown; indeed, the latter are scarcely to be seen in any part of Germany, except in Holstein and some of the adjacent districts. Cottages there are none, and one wonders where hands are got to cultivate such tracts; and yet, very well cultivated they seem to be, although towns and villages present themselves only at very considerable distances, even as it appears to the steam-traveller in his seven-league boots.

It makes one melancholy to learn that the day labourers, even near this great city, get but from three to five groschen a day; that is from about threepence-halfpenny to sixpence of our money; and in the late troubles, in which the discontented population of this district had their share, this lowness of wages was one of the ostensible grievances which the peasantry foolishly hoped to get redressed; just as if the rate of wages could be forcibly and permanently raised without the risk of rendering the agriculturalists here incapable of competing with the corn growers and exporters of other neighbouring countries. The sour, blackish looking rye bread, on which the labouring classes in great part depend for their nourishment, is, unhappily, dear enough in proportion to their earnings, seven pounds costing about sixpence of our money, and would probably be dearer still in the Silesian capital, but that large quantities are baked in the neighbouring villages, and exposed in the market for sale. Wheaten bread, of the finer sorts, seems little cheaper than in England now. The landlords themselves are, in many cases, in an impoverished condition, working on borrowed money, and to judge from their own representations, in sundry pamphlets which have recently appeared, oppressed with taxation; so that under all these circumstances, it seems in the highest degree improbable that the wages of the day labourer can soon undergo any considerable augmentation.

A very witty, but eccentric old lady, who was my "*vis-a-vis*" in the steam carriage, gave me a most depreciating account of the society of Breslau, in comparison with that in Berlin, where she had previously resided, and descanted at great length on the total want of public spirit, as well as of chivalrous feeling and delicacy towards the fair sex, and of common civility in the public offices and in the treatment of strangers. But her testimony I felt must be taken with an abatement, as she seemed to have been thoroughly soured by misfortune, without having experienced any of the better and more softening influences of affliction. She had long come to the conclusion that mankind was radically and hopelessly bad, and in proof of her position, adduced the wicked combinations recently made against the long oppressed, but

high-spirited Holsteiners, the perfidious encouragement they had received to continue their struggle, and the bootless massacres to which the want of fair dealing in their fickle allies had given rise. She had, indeed, but too much cause to curse this unhappy war, and Germany's unjust and unsteady participation in it, having lost therein a son, to whom she was greatly attached. He had volunteered out of the Prussian guard into the service of Holstein and liberty, and been shot dead very shortly after his joining, in a night patrol.

She had been to Holstein to visit the spot where he lay buried, and to bring back a little earth from his grave! His loss was the more severely felt, as she had very shortly before been deprived by death of another son in early manhood in Paris, far away from all his friends; and her only daughter was as good as lost to her, too, having expatriated herself for ever. She had been a distinguished *artiste* in Berlin, and had recently relinquished a match, which was in many respects a desirable one, with a widower of noble station, through the fear of undertaking the management of a family of children not her own. Having fallen into a state of unutterable disgust with the political and social prospects of Germany, with the reactionary and retrograde movement, and the daily fading hopes of liberty, she had joined a society of colonists for America, and was at this moment maintaining herself by her art in New York, till such time as a suitable settlement could be fixed on by her companions in exile, where the whole party could sit down together, mutually assist each other in their struggles in the new country, and retain the luxury of speaking their native language. Nor did the misfortunes of my communicative fellow-traveller end here. She had a husband, who was an extremely delicate old man, and who could only be kept alive by a yearly visit to the Baths; for there is a singular idea prevalent in this country in regard to some of the more influential, or at least more highly prized of the German waters, such as that of Bad-Gastein, for example, namely, that if taken for one season with advantage, the visit must be annually followed up, or death will speedily ensue in forfeit of the omission! If this theory have any truth in it, one should think well

over the matter ere taking the first plunge!

The tale of woe briefly alluded to above is but a sample of the suffering which falls daily under one's notice just now in Germany. The outbreak of 1848 has hitherto borne nought but bitter fruit, not merely in impaired resources and greatly increased taxation, but in the irreparable loss of valued friends and relatives.

It is wonderful what a number of families, in various parts of Germany, has been thrown into mourning by this deplorable war in the Duchies alone; for, young men of all ranks, and from all parts of Northern Germany more especially, were drawn into its vortex, as well by the generous feeling of youth for the oppressed, and sympathy with the brave, as by the enthusiastic belief that their devotion to the cause of the Holsteiners was identical with that to their common "fatherland," and that if they could but bring it to a successful termination, they would be adding incalculably to the wealth and resources of Germany, and securing, at the same time, from the threatened grasp of Russia, such an extent of sea-coast as must tend amazingly to promote German commerce, as well as to facilitate the establishment of the intensely longed for German marine.

We, reserved islanders, complain occasionally of the undue curiosity of our continental neighbours, and its incessant outbreak at the expense of strangers. If, however, they be prone to question others, they are, it must be admitted, at least equally ready to confide their own history; and if the formidable list of interrogations which they sometimes deal in be not altogether referrible to a wish to show a kindly sympathy with such of their fellow-creatures as are casually thrown into their company, yet surely this spontaneous communicativeness of their own affairs, and even of their dearest interests and deepest feelings, to an utter stranger, as in the above instance, shows sufficiently that there cannot be a particle of intended rudeness or mere selfish obtrusiveness in the questions to which they occasionally subject us on a first acquaintance.

An anecdote told me by the same old lady of the manner in which she got her husband reinstated in his post of paymaster to his regiment, throws curious light on the way such appoint-

ments were decided in Prussia in the old time, and shows what could be effected in those days with the higher powers by a resolute will and a good address. After the "War of the Liberation," in which her husband had been badly wounded, had come to a termination, considerable reductions, of course, took place, and it was his misfortune, along with many others, to be deprived of his post, and cast adrift in delicate health and with very inadequate means; but his energetic and devoted helpmate had no idea of tamely submitting to see the man who was so dear to her, and who had shed his blood so recently for "king and fatherland," quietly left to starve, and forthwith she resolved to leave no stone unturned till she got him reinstated. Accordingly, she petitioned the minister of the day most perseveringly for the restitution of his employment, but without effect. Nothing daunted, she set out herself alone to the capital, determined to have an interview with majesty itself ere she would acquiesce in the judgment of the case as final. To obtain her end she set about the affair in a very *practical* manner, by putting at once into the hand of an attendant in the palace seventeen Louis d'ors, on the condition that he should immediately procure her an opportunity of a private interview with the king, without the mediation or knowledge of the minister; and, accordingly, just as his majesty was about to leave his chamber, she was planted outside the door, which was left by the domestic purposely a little ajar, and she gradually pushed it wider open herself, little by little, till the king's attention was, at length, attracted thereby. Observing a lady waiting without, he graciously commanded her to advance and tell her business, when she spoke with so much effect, that his majesty signed an order on the spot for her husband's immediate re-appointment, and thus sent her away a very happy woman, and not a little proud of having outwitted the minister.

This clever but eccentric dame assured me that she had lately, in a state of disgust and exasperation with the state of Prussian affairs, which she conceived to be wretchedly mismanaged by the government, written a letter of remonstrance, with her own hand, to the most prudent as well as talented of the present ministers, Manteuffel,

showing him that if he and his colleagues did not look sharp, and take larger and more decided measures, the whole country would be lost—Prussia, Germany, and all; that they would be trampled under the feet of Russia and France, and eventually parcelled out between them, and have a fate in all points as fearful as that of Poland! And to insure the more attention to her volunteered epistle, she had sent it in company with a present, to the aforesaid public functionary, of a splendidly chased cigar-case of silver gilt, with some of the martial exploits of the great Frederick admirably represented thereon, in order to remind him of what Prussia had once been capable, and what it might yet effect under good leading. "And only think of it," she exclaimed, with an expression of concentrated contempt in her face, "the shabby fellow never even condescended to acknowledge my letter! It would not have been so in France—they have, at least, more gallantry, if not more honesty, there!" In short, so much energy and decision of manner, and so lively political interests in a person of her age and sex, struck me as a singular phenomenon, and especially in a German, and one who had gone through so much affliction, and been subject to those depressing influences which generally induce an indifference to public events.

Neisse, where the branch railway terminates, a Prussian fortress of peculiar importance just at present, when the Austrians have been concentrating in such force in these quarters, is a town of about 13,000 inhabitants, with something of an air of antiquity about it. It lies low, and suffered severely by cholera not long ago, just about the time when the disease was also prevalent in Breslau. Ague, or "the cold fever," as they call it here, was very rife recently; the garrison suffering heavily by it. They fancy it arises from the bad quality of the drinking water, though its real origin much more probably consists in the liability of the low grounds around the town to be overflowed by the Neisse, a river of respectable size, which flows under its walls.

The railway hour of arrival at Neisse not harmonising with that of the departure of the coach for Gräfenberg, rather than lose the whole day in waiting for it, I took a one-horse carriage

to the last-named place. The distance is a little above twenty miles, which we accomplished in about five hours, one of which was consumed in bating the horse and resting at Ziegenhals, in one of the most desolate and antiquated of inns. Just beyond this very dead-looking little country town the hilly district commences; and on entering the Moravian, or, to speak more accurately, the Austrian-Silesian territory, near Nicolasdorf, the excellent "Chaussée" terminates. We had held by it hitherto, even at the expense of making a very considerable round; as the more direct road is not only very hilly, but in bad order. The village of Nicolasdorf, like most others in hilly regions, is a great straggler; its single street that which follows the windings of the valley for near a mile, being

made up of houses lying somewhat apart, divided from one another by gardens and paddocks. The officer of the frontier, on my entering the Austrian territory, proved, to my agreeable surprise, very civil, giving no trouble either about my passport or knapsack as soon as he learned that I was bound for Gräfenberg, and speedily about to return. It has seemed to me, indeed, sometimes as if the guardians of the frontiers in the neighbourhood of celebrated baths had special orders not to hurt the weak nerves of delicate patients on their approach to them; or rather to do nothing that should tend to drive away the crowds of visitors with well-stocked purses, whose expenditure is so beneficial to the country people, in the first instance, and to the local revenue in the second.

IRISH RIVERS, NO. VIII.—SPENSER'S STREAMS.

THE MULLA AND ALLO.

"Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in song;
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry,
Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still."—ADDISON.

In proceeding with our series of Irish rivers, we wish to collect a few which, having no historic fame or scenic attraction to entitle them to separate notice, yet ought not to be altogether overlooked, for they live in deathless stanzas. Spenser has not wandered along their banks unheedingly. Many a tender strain of sweet allegory has invested them with renown; and surely no further apology is needed. They murmur poetry as they glide along; and though the din of contending armies may not have startled the echoes of their hills, nor the crimsoned tide of war mingled with their current, memories bright and heavenly as those which haunted the fugitive Israel in his dreams, live in their progress, and bid us mark their course. We fearlessly assert that to all lovers of poetry these streams, sacred to Spenser, present attractions not to be exceeded by the historic annals of the Boyne, or the castled crags of the Blackwater. For our own part, we do not hesitate to express our feelings. We regard the man who opens a new world of thought,

and peoples it with beings of his own creation, as a benefactor of the most exalted kind—one who, when quitting this mortal sphere, must be regarded as an universal testator; bequeathing to every one a most valuable legacy—leaving behind a store of innocent enjoyment, profitable lessons, important acquisitions; making sad hours gladsome, gloomy visions bright, by mental alchemy; bringing to every true and trusting heart generous emotions and pure affections. Campbell calls poetry "the eloquence of truth." To a great extent it is so. It has—as truth has—a high and sacred mission—to act as the minister of religion in humanising the passions, in stimulating virtue, and repressing vice—in prompting glorious deeds, and raising thoughts heavenward. And though the man who has laboured to this end is no longer amongst us, his fame is fresh in our hearts, and his home an honoured spot, and we feel interested in every locality where the steps of one so wise and good have ever worn footprints. Changes may have occurred in the land

where the days crept over him; years may have pressed his dwelling to the level of the surrounding earth; the mortal remains may be forgotten in the place where his bones were laid; all the subtle and mysterious mechanism of mind may have been for ages mingled with its kindred clay; but the progeny of the intellect, the offspring of the brain, is not forgotten; they live on amid the wreck of ages, imparting vitality to the objects mentioned in every page. We feel this when visiting the localities celebrated by sons of genius; we linger with reverence in every spot filled with their renown. And now, dear

reader—for as a kindred spirit thus we greet thee—come to Spenser's streams; and first we ramble along the banks of Mulla, fair and bright. This river is called *Awbeg*, or more correctly, *Oonbeg*, the small river, in contradistinction from the *Aumore*, the great river, known as the Blackwater. It received the name of Mulla probably from its contiguity to the mountain called Mole, Mulla signifying, according to Lhyd, the top or summit, and this appellation is preferred by Spenser. By this he enumerates it among the rivers assembled in honour of the spousal of the Medway and the Thames.

“Ne thence the Irish rivers absent were,
Sith no less famous than the rest they be,
And join in neighbourhood of kingdom near,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And joy likewise this solemn day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all, according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvage countries through which they pass.

There was the Liffie rolling down the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Awbrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy, fruitful Ban.
Swift Auniduff, which of the Englishman
Is called Blackwater, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people overran;
Strong Allo tumbling from Slew-logher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.*

The source of the Mulla is in a wild and half-reclaimed district, formerly called Oirria Barria, from the potent race of Barrys, who once held it in their sway. In later times it formed the barony of Orrery and Kilmore, and was ruled by the Earls of Ossory, whose chief seat was at Charleville, distant a few miles from the plain, whence the Mulla forms a continuous course. This family gave peers to the realm, and statesmen to the sovereign. Roger, first Earl of Ossory, filled the high office of Lord President of Munster during the arduous times of the Revolution. In the wars consequent on the change of sovereigns, his seat at Charleville was burned by a party of James the Second's soldiers. This town is now very considerable, and a place of much trade. Our distinguished countryman, John Anster, LL.D., was born here, and some of the scenery of the adjacent county, Limerick, has received just celebrity, having called

forth the graceful effusions of his rich poetic mind. A small rivulet, called the Deel, appears at first a branch of the infant Mulla, but soon proves to be a trivial streamlet running a course of its own towards the Shannon, northwards, while the Mulla flows south-east. The banks are well fenced here, and embanked. Considerable expense was incurred, over a hundred years ago, by the then Earl of Egmont, in draining and planting this bog. His improvements are the best and most demonstrative evidence of what a judicious outlay can effect in Ireland. From a deep and dangerous morass, he recovered smiling fields and rich plantations. Using the Awbeg as a main drain, he cut smaller ones, allowing a discharge of water into it, and thus improved his property to a very great extent, and proved himself a benefactor to the neighbouring poor. The family of Percival was of great rank and fortune in this country. A strong castle formerly stood

* The “Faerie Queene,” B. iv. c. xi.

in the middle of this bog, and from its position and great strength, from stone and mortar, was deemed impregnable. During the fierce conflicts of 1641, and the years following, it was garrisoned by Sir Philip Perceval, Bart., and defied all assaults. Indeed, no commander seemed willing to incur the certainty of defeat by venturing an attack; but who can resist foul treachery? The castle was impregnable, the defences perfect, the stores abundant, the garrison brave; yet gold had spread its corrupting influence among a few hire-

ling wretches; and, A.D., 1645, Smith relates,* "the castle was at last taken by treachery, and the whole garrison put to the sword in cold blood, by order of the Lord Castleconnell, who then commanded the Irish army, consisting of 5,000 horse and foot, and who was an inveterate enemy of Sir Philip Perceval, because he had refused to give him his daughter in marriage before the war."

Burton, a pretty seat which we now approach, is thus noticed:—

"Hence, not far distant, Burton's groves appear,
Where pines and elms, in artful order, rear;
Where wand'ring eyes, with secret pleasure, gaze;
Where bow'rs, and lawns, and crystal rills amaze;
Where sylvan gods disport the live-long day,
And wanton fairies dance the night away."

The handsome seat of the late Earl of Egmont was, until lately, occupied by the Rev. Matthew Purcel, now deceased. Close by is the village of Churchtown. The church is a plain edifice, with a tower and spire. There is also a neat Roman Catholic chapel, and good school. Several of the family of Perceval are interred in the church, and all this country bears token of the noble race who once made it their home. Fine plantations rear their heads, and even now, when the busy hands or needy requirements of succeeding generations have shorn the hill-sides of their leafy covering, the scattered patches of wood which yet remain bear testimony to the splendour of the past. At Walshestown is a ruined castle, built originally by the Barrys, and held by Sir Philip Perceval during the wars of 1641; it fell, with his other fortunes, into the hands of the Irish, in 1645. Before leaving this portion of the country, and the castles of the Percevals, we cannot omit Lisscarrol Castle, one of the largest in this country. Its history is full of interest, from the various changes of fortune, and the chivalrous deeds which occurred within the shadow of its lofty, time-honoured walls. How lowly and lonely now! We paused before Lisscarrol Castle. The present state admits a clear conception of its form and position in the days to which we refer. It was a parallelogram, flanked by six towers, four at the angles being circular, and two square.

The gateway was an arch, still standing, over which arose a strong and lofty castle, evincing, in decay, the greatness of its ancient state. Here were apartments for the chieftain and his family, while the garrison occupied the towers upon the walls, which must have been at least thirty feet high.

Some antiquaries attribute the erection of this castle to King John. Others claim for it an earlier date. All agree that some of the immediate followers of Strongbow remained here, and for a vast number of years, the Barrys held it. To them succeeded the Percevals, who probably added the square turrets and strong gateway, as they contrast somewhat markedly with the circular castles forming the defences of the angles. It was too important not to have had a share in the work of blows, in the wars of 1641. It held out against 7,000 Irish, commanded by Lord Mountgarrett, in 1642, who for thirteen days attacked it in vain. The brave resistance of the garrison gave time to the Earl of Inchiquin to hasten to their relief; with a force of 2,400 men he repulsed Mountgarrett, who retreated, baffled and defeated, leaving 1,500 of his army before the walls of Lisscarrol. In this action, however, several men of note were killed on the side of the defenders. The Irish again attacked it in 1646, with an army of 5,000 foot and 500 horse, under Lord Castlehaven; and at this time the supplies of Lord Inchiquin being deficient, he was oblig-

* "Smith's History of Cork," vol. i., page 703.

ed to stand on the defensive. Whether the governor of the castle was affected by cowardice or treachery is unknown; but on the summons to surrender, he yielded up his charge, although the castle had been repaired, and was in the best posture of defence; and the governor, Raymond, was the very officer who so gallantly defended it during the former siege. The contrast between his former prowess and present timidity having exposed him to censure, he was tried, and condemned to be shot, together with a steward of Sir Philip Perceval; but by his interference, both were pardoned. It did not remain long in the hands of the Irish. Again the harsh tumult of war broke the quietude of the Liscarrol hills. The boom of the cannon and the sharp ringing of the musketry smote on the ear and rattled on the wall; and while the tower gaped before the former, the ranks of the besieged were daily thinned by the latter. Sir Hardress Waller retook it in 1650: but the days of its glory were numbered. The breaches were so great as not to admit of reparation, and ever since it has remained a ruin, but a proud one. Well may the historian exclaim—"This castle has effectually suffered from the loyalty of its inhabitants; the ruins of its several turrets, and other works, afford the imagination a more pleasing idea than the most magnificent structure could well do; as one looks on the wounds of a veteran with more veneration than the most exact proportion of a regular beauty: and as these ruins call to mind the devastation caused by our intestine troubles, the history of those particular places is naturally sought after."

Some tasteful mansions adorn this neighbourhood. High Fort deserves mention, as the theatre of one of the most gallant defences from robbers we ever heard or read of. The late proprietor, Mr. (afterwards, in consequence of his bravery, Sir John) Purcell, was reputed wealthy, and lived here in solitude. On the 11th March, 1811, about one o'clock, A.M., after he had retired to rest, he was alarmed by the noise of several men leaping through a window into the room close to his bed-chamber. His windows admitted the moon's rays to penetrate his apartment, and the old gentleman observed the figure of a man enter stealthily into his chamber, which

stood on the ground floor. Much terrified, he got quickly into a mass of shade, where no light found its way. Robbery, and perhaps murder, were the ideas that struck Mr. Purcell's mind, as the objects which the nightly visitor had in view. His resolution was no less swiftly taken. To one of his penurious disposition—having actually a large sum of money in his house at the moment—loss of wealth was almost of equal moment to loss of life. He caught a large knife which lay near, and, remaining shrouded in darkness, while the intruder was in the full beams of the moon, selected his place to strike; and, ere his victim could avert the blow, plunged the knife into his heart. The blow was swift—sudden—home! It cut the thread of life so quickly, that no groan escaped the lips, as the corpse lay on the floor of the chamber. The knife yet remained in the grasp of the old man; and he was in the act of drawing it from the yet breathing body at his feet, when the light was obscured, and Mr. Purcell perceived, to his horror, that another man was following into the chamber. He had barely time to return into the gloom, and watch the progress of this new foe. Aware that to allow the second to reach the body of the first intruder, would be to create alarm, this now courageous veteran, seizing the opportunity of the left arm of the robber being raised to point his weapon, and success giving strength, the blow told, and the fellow retreated, badly wounded. Lo! a third had peered anxiously in at the door, and seeing nothing to cause apprehension, in the third man came; and he fired a short gun, the contents of which passed towards Mr. Purcell's bed. Emboldened by the result of the former encounter, the old course was tried; and the intended murderer, finding himself stabbed, retired to give place to a fourth, who now entered the apartment. Mr. Purcell was in the madness of despair—he knew that to shout for help was unavailing—an aged female being his only domestic. He was by this time nearly exhausted from his extraordinary exertions, and the excitement he had undergone; but he still trusted in his stout heart and steady hand, in which he still grasped his deadly knife. With these reflections he resolved to combat to the death, while the fourth

robber approached the spot in which he lay hidden. Father of Mercy, what were his emotions! the knife was useless. He tugged at the blade—it resisted; he tried again—his life was in the issue—the blade continued bent! He ran his fingers hurriedly along the reeking steel, and found it had been turned near the point! Life was at stake—the robber was at hand. Purcell, aged and exhausted, raised the bloody weapon to his lips, and *straightened it with his teeth*; he then flung himself, with all his force, against the chest of his foe; and the hand, true to its stroke, drove the steel to the robber's heart, and he died like his fellows!! This is no fiction—it is hard fact. Mr. Purcell was knighted, and Sir John Purcell generally known as “The Blood-red Knight.”

Returning to the course of the Awbeg, we follow its stream to Velvetstown, where are some extensive plantations of the Crofts family. An eccentric member of this respectable house was long a welcome guest at most tables in the county of Cork, which he enlivened by his wit and social qualities. Who in Munster has not heard of Charley Crofts, and his hunting with the Duke of Richmond? and they being benighted among the Ballyhowra hills, and his asking his Grace and an aid-de-camp home to dine with him; and on presenting them each with a boiled fowl, and reserving one to himself—“You see, please your Excellency, 'tis every man his bird?” and how he was invited, in return, to breakfast at the Castle; and the weather being hot, and the butter served in small prints in deep coolers, Charley could not raise one

with the knife,—so, stripping his wrist of coat and shirt-sleeve, down he thrust his hand into the butter cooler, and, grasping the eluding prints, exclaimed, in tones of triumph, amid the shouts of the Viceregal breakfast-party, “Now, my little tumbling boys, I've caught you?” These, and thousands of others, are told of Charley; but Charley, like the ruined pile we now approach, has had turns of good and ill fortune, till nothing but these memorials remain.

The old, black, time-stained tower, that lifts its head, and stands boldly defined against along range of slightly-elevated hills, east of the river, is Kilcolman Castle, Spenser's Irish residence. There is little to recommend it save its literary associations, and the careless visitor and unlettered tourist will grumble at being jolted over the rough causeway, leading past a few cabins, and an unpoetical-looking farmyard; nor is the landscape much improved by a small lake, unfringed by even a sallow-bush. But here, on a gentle hill, stands the Castle of Kilcolman. It consists of a square tower and portion of a building adjoining, the deep mullioned windows betokening some extent. The doorway in this side-wall, as well as that of the tower, is perfect, and the steps of stair enable the curious visitor to penetrate the chambers once tenanted by the poet. The windows command views of great extent, owing to the level nature of the country around. The situation may have inspired the poet to describe it in these lines, although the entire absence of trees at present will render it difficult to trace a resemblance:—

“It was an hill plaste in an open plaine
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowere,
Which in their lower branches sung aloud,
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in maiesty and powre.

“And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmarred with rugged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wilde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Fairies bye the banckes did sit,
In the woods' shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the water's fall tuning their accents fit.”

The hill is yet before us, placed on an open plain, and the gentle flood still spreads its silver waves, but the trees have long since fallen, and the nymphs and fairies are fled. There are, however, some plantations springing up at a short distance. They surround the mansion of a most hospitable country gentleman, Harold Barry of Ballyvonere. East are the ruins of Castle Pook. The ridge of Ballyhowra, celebrated by the poet as the Mountains of Mole, wall in the scenery on the north, while the woods of Doneraile and its vicinity lie southward. Mr. Howitt, in his "visit to the Homes and Haunts of British Poets," suggests, and we think with good reason, that, devoid as this locality is of trees just at present, it was not so in Spenser's time; and doubtless the appearance of timber would take away the wild and neglected look which Kilcolman now displays. That Ireland was formerly as remarkable for the quantity of timber which flourished over the land, as it is now for the dearth of trees, is well known; and this very spot was called by Todd, "the woody Kilcolman;" from which it is fair to presume those

desolate and barren ruins looked far more pleasing, when girt by woodlands, and adorned by clumps of trees. The quantity and the excellence of the poetry produced here is sufficient to shew that the familiar images presented by the surrounding objects were of a character to call forth the feelings of admiration for Nature's choicest gifts, and all the heart-felt sympathies. And when we reflect on the life which Spenser led previous to his coming hither; his unceasing exertions to procure a livelihood in London; the anxieties attending the fortunes of those who depend on the vague uncertainty of Court favour; we can suppose the spot to have been an oasis in the desert to him. His sensitive mind was keenly alive to the degradation of being a suitor for the smiles of the great, and his proud spirit must have been tortured by the repulses he daily experienced. The contrast between his happy rural life at Kilcolman, and the career of a needy courtier, was never more truthfully depicted than when Spenser penned the following lines in the *Faerie Queene*. It is in the stanzas wherein the gentle knight—

"Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which shepherds lead."

"'How much,' sayd he, 'more happy is the state
In which ye, Father, here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate,
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in dangerous disease;
When warres, and wrecks, and wicked enmitie
Doo them afflict, which no man can appease!
That, certes, I your happiness envie,
And wish my lot were plaste in such felicitie!'

"'Surely, my sonne,' then answered he againe,
'If happie, then it is in this intent,
That having small, yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe myselfe, with that I have, content;
So taught of nature, which doth little need
Of foreign helpes to life's due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flock my rayment breed,
No better doe I wear, no better doe I feed.

"'Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envye of any one therefore:
They that have much, fear much to loose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches' store.
The little that I have growes dayly more
Without my care, but only to attend it;
My lambes doe every year increase their store,
And my flocks' father daily doth amend it,
What have I but to praise the Almighty that doth send it?

“ ‘ To them that list, the world's gay shows I leave,
 And to great ones such follies doe forgive ;
 Which oft through pride do their own peril weave,
 And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
 To sad decay, that might contented live.
 Me no such cares nor cumbrous thoughts offend,
 Ne once my mind's unmoved quiet grieve ;
 But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
 And all the day to what I list I doe attend.’ ”

In one sense, it was a happy day for “ Edmund Spenser, Esq.,” when his name was put down as one of the undertakers who shared the land forfeited on the attainder of the Earl of Desmond, in 1586. His powerful friends, the Earl of Leicester, Lord Grey of Wilton, and Sir Philip Sydney, having exerted their influence, procured a grant of 3,028 acres, in the northern part of the county of Cork. Here unquestionably he must have felt such happiness, as the mariner, tost over the waves of a tumultuous sea, feels, at reaching a haven of repose. His mind was untrammelled, no more need

“ To fawne, to crouche, to walt, to ride, to ronne.”

He was his own master. The dwelling, though small, was a castle ; and he seemed proud of dating, from “ My house at Kilcolman.” Mr. Howitt has portrayed his probable feelings in such suitable terms, that we cannot forbear giving the extract :—

“ This was one of those seasons in the life of the poet, when the sunshine of his heart has thrown its halo over the whole world. When, from the glorious heaven of his mind, he fashioned beautiful creatures that came forth in thoughts, and words of light and beauty, to dazzle the common earth, and walk in the summer of his own heart's joy. He must have been happy here. His hopes were gratified—fame and felicity, the flowers beneath his tread, the sky above, the air around. Nature was his altar, and he the willing minister to pay his adoration to the great Creator.”

Besides the attractions thus beautifully described, there were other associations which, to one of Spenser's temperament, we have no doubt imparted great and happy sources of enjoyment. His wife, the “ fayre Elizabeth,” his children, and occasionally the visit of a friend, enlivened his castle home. Were it not indeed for these domestic ties, the lot of the poet might have been dreary enough. Separated from all the friends who possessed kindred tastes and aspirations, removed from the scenes

of which he truly might have said, “ *pars magna fui*,” exiled from necessity not choice, the loneliness of Kilcolman would have been uncongenial, but for the antidote of the gifted mind which lived in a world of its own gorgeous creation. Do not the lives of Spenser and Swift resemble one another ? Each removed from the scenes of active life, in which, from education and ability, he was so calculated to become a prominent character ; and when banished into the solitude of a country little known, and regarded so slightly by the English in the days of both those celebrated men ; yet, through the workings of their respective minds, exerting such an influence on the sister kingdom. The condition of the people of Ireland, too, occupied their attention, and a treatise on the state of Ireland, by Spenser, displayed the policy which the statesmen of Queen Elizabeth's time were disposed to act on towards this country. Swift's works are conceived in a more enlightened age, and happy will it be for this country if the increasing intelligence of the people is instrumental in sowing in the national mind the seeds of improvement which were generated in the brain of the eccentric Dean of St. Patrick's.

Spenser occupied his time at Kilcolman, from the period of his obtaining possession of it in 1586, to 1590, in composing the three first books of his great poem. It was published in London, in the latter year, and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, to whom the author had been introduced by his anxious friend, Sir Walter Raleigh. The poem, no doubt, caused much sensation, and a pension was proposed by the Queen to be given the poet. Whatever the amount was, it called forth a remonstrance from the close-fisted Lord Treasurer Burleigh, “ What ? so much for a song ! ” “ Nay, then,” replied her majesty, “ give him what is reason.” Time sped, and the poet heard nothing of his pension. He was told by some “ good natured friend,” of the obstacle

to the queen's liberality, from the niggardliness of the lord treasurer; and, at last, the poet addressed the following epigram to the Great Gloriana:—

"I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme,
From that time to this season
I had not rhyme nor reason."

This was productive, and a pension of £50 a-year settled on the poet in Feb. 1571. The following year he returned to his Irish home, and again the Muse found him wooing her. He composed his "Sonnets" and the "Epithalamium," and in 1595 appeared in print, "Colin Clout's come home again"—the dedication dated "From my house at Kilcolman." In 1596, Spenser went to England with his political work, entitled "A View of the State of Ireland," written dialogue-wise, between Eudox and Irenæus, but it continued in manuscript until printed in Dublin by Sir James Ware, in 1633. He did not remain long absent. In 1597 we find him again at home, and by this time he must have attained eminent station among the country gentry, such as they were, for the next year he was recommended to be the Sheriff of Cork. Hitherto all was well; but a change was at hand. Tyrone's rebellion burst forth in October, 1598, and the house at Kilcolman was attacked by the insurgents. The ruthless kerns and savage gallowglasses that rushed on the poet's dwelling in the night, with fire and sword, were insensible to the claims of English song.

Havoc was the cry that broke the slumbers at Kilcolman, and the burning flames the first intimation to the household of their danger. Then fear arose in the hearts of the indwellers, and Spenser felt not for himself but those dearer to him than himself—his wife—his little ones. Then rose the courage that springs from fear—the recklessness of despair—and all who could escaped. One child perished that night in the fire that consumed the Castle, and Spenser, accompanied by his wife and two sons, sought the sea that divided them from England. The rest of his career is so gracefully told in the following extract from a former paper* that we adopt it on the present occasion.

"Then we had a vision of a rough and

stormy ocean, and a struggling bark was wildly contending on it with the mad tempest; and there were terrified fugitives crouching low on the deck, and looking with eager eyes towards a blue, low-lying shore they were with difficulty approaching. And then the scene changed to a plainly furnished room in an inferior street, and the wanderers were there and knew of their safety; but the strong man's cheek was flushed with disease, and fever was feeding upon his strength, and his head was sick, and his heart was broken.

"And then, in a gorgeous aisle of an ancient minster, we saw a crowd assemble, and a grave was dug, and a long procession issued from a low arched door near at hand, and proceeded towards the grave. And the nobles of the land were there; and poets read their eulogies of the deceased, and cast the verses and the pens that indited them into the pit. And then there was the rumbling of earth upon the coffin-lid, and the hollow thumping of the sexton's spade, and suppressed sobs and tears, and the dying away of departing footsteps. Dust and ashes! and our dream is ended."

It appears that on the death of Edmund Spenser, and when peace was restored to Ireland, his widow and sons returned to this country. They did not reside at Kilcolman, however; the work of destruction was too well done to make that building habitable without an expense which, doubtless, their scanty means did not admit of. Sylvanus, the eldest, settled at Renny, a pretty spot near the confluence of Mulla and the Avondhu, or Blackwater, and which belonged to the poet; but whether as a purchase, or portion of the grant, we cannot ascertain. Sylvanus married Miss Nagle, of Monaniny, and had two sons, Edward and William. It is probable that Spenser's wife gave birth to a son after leaving Kilcolman, for we find mention made of two beside Sylvanus—namely, Laurence and Peregrine. Laurence is described as a Protestant, residing in the barony of Fermoy, so impoverished as not to be able to pay his debts. Hugolin, son of Peregrine, took part with James II., and was outlawed. This property continued in the family of Sylvester until 1734, when it was sold. A descendant of the poet's, bearing the magical name of Edmund Spenser, resided at Mallow, about forty years back, and a relation of our's offered a considerable sum of money for a paint-

* DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, vol. xxii. p. 557, November, 1848.

ing of Spenser, which belonged to this descendant, without effect.*

There is little to interest either eye or mind in pursuing the course of the Mulla to Buttevant.

This town, like most other country towns, consists of one long straggling street, composed of shops and houses of entertainment. Traces of former greatness are evident in the antique buildings constantly presenting themselves amidst the inferior erections of later times; and the impress of religious use having been made of the most considerable ruins is so evident as to call forth the remark†—"This whole town formerly seems to have been an assemblage of churches and religious houses, which being dissolved, consequently went with them to ruin."

The more modern name of this place—Buttevant—is said to have originated with the Anglo-Norman family of Barry, who defeated the Mac Carthys here, and had their war-cry, *Boutez en avant*—push forward. Hence the place has been since called Buttevant. It belonged to the Earls of Barrymore, and gave the eldest son the title of Viscount Buttevant. While proceeding along the street, we could not fail observing a square stone building jutting out from the line of whitewashed walls. It, too, had a coat of lime, looking about as incongruous on the fine old stones as the muslin frock of a young girl on a maiden of sixty. This was a faded remnant of a feudal mansion. Defaced, as it was, by a villanous thatched roof—broken and weather-stained—the windows half built up by rough stonework, it showed traces of superior style. The casements were richly chiselled, and arched with care. Front and rear displayed doorways, and windows of elaborate beauty, but their architectural pretensions had not been sufficient to procure them respect from the unhallowed hands into which this mansion had fallen. Rugged walls are ruthlessly built against the rich tracery. These are the remains of Lombard's Castle, a quadrangular building, flanked by a square tower. There was formerly one at each angle,

but three have fallen, and the fourth, like the last rose of summer, stands, blooming alone, a venerable moss rose. The family of Lombard must have been distinguished among the good folk of Buttevant. We observed their name on more than one old tomb, which it cost us much time and labour to decipher and sketch.

Nearer to the winding river—separated from the old mansion only by the street—is the gate leading to the Abbey, and, on entering, the tourist is attracted by the new Roman Catholic chapel, the architecture of which is such as to call forth approbation.

Close beside the chapel at Buttevant, are the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, presenting, in decay, the remnant of a glorious pile. It is impossible to contemplate the venerable walls, richly clad in ivy, without lamenting their prostrate condition. We could glean nothing of the founder and dwellers within those walls, but what Archdall, in his "*Monasticon Hibernicum*," tells us; and even there is some contradiction here. According to one authority, this abbey was founded in A. D. 1290, by Daniel Oge Barry, Lord Buttevant, for conventual Franciscans, and dedicated to St. Thomas the Martyr. There is another and earlier date assigned, which the reverend antiquary seems to countenance; for he states, that William Barry, in A. D. 1273, granted the whole church of Catherdugan to the prior of Buttevant. It is also said, that this house owed its origin to the family of Prendergast; but the monument of the Barrys, in the centre of the choir, confirms to them the honours of this foundation; and the Annals of the Four Masters, a conclusive authority, we consider, in Church matters, settle this. "A. D. 1251, a monastery was erected at *Kilnemullah*, in the diocese of Cork, by the Barry, and it was afterwards selected as the burying-place of the Barrys."

We made a minute survey of the ruins. They are situated on the brink of the Mulla, and consist of nave, chancel, and portions of domestic buildings hastening to decay. A light and

* A writer in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, in 1793, mentions this person as having been resident a few years before at Mallow, and as having had in his possession "an original portrait of the poet, which he valued so highly as to refuse £500 which had been offered for it, with many curious records and papers concerning his venerated ancestor."

† Smith's *History of Cork*, vol. i. p. 313.

graceful tower, erected on gothic arches, fell down in 1814, and the *debris* chokes up the entrance with broken stone-work. The tombs of the principal inhabitants of the vicinity are around in every variety of funereal ornament.

Prostrate, obliterated, and apparently uncared for, lay the memorials of the departed. A sigh escaped us as we regarded the neglected state of the tributes of affection. We reflected on the fact, that human nature deems it has done its duty when once the tomb is raised; and a pang rushed to our heart, as we thought how little the cold word *duty* satisfies the yearnings of affection. Seldom do we cause the encroaching mould to be cleared away from the sepulchral stone; the broken tablet is never replaced; the worn inscription left defaced and unintelligible; weeds and rank grass wave over the narrow house in unchecked luxuriance; and, if this is so, *as it is*, in the days of the very children of departed excellence, surely it cannot be wondered at, when those who have neither known nor loved the departed one dwell in the abode of the dead.

Several ancient monuments lie here, unknown and uncared for. We preserved such remembrance as a sketch-book enabled us to do. One deserves description. It is a bas-relief of exquisite sculpture, but much effaced by the rough grasp of time. At the top is a chasing of bead-work, under which is the figure of a knight on horseback. He is clad in complete armour, and bears a sword in his hand. Underneath is a helmet, forming the crest to a shield emblazoned with the arms of Fitzgerald of Desmond. Some arabesque tracery ornaments each side of the coat of arms, and is continued underneath, when it terminates in a scroll, resting on which is a cock, or large bird, secured to the termination of the bead-chasing by the links of a chain which appears fastened round the neck. We could glean no information respecting this monument, which is in very bad preservation, and in a few years will be quite obliterated; but conjecture it to denote the place where one of the puissant Desmonds was buried. Archdall mentions an Earl of Desmond who retired thither.

Over the altar, in the chapel, is a

tomb, supposed to be that of David de Barry, Chief Justice of Ireland in the reign of Edward I. A portion of a crucifixion is distinctly visible.

About to leave the mournful precincts, we turned towards the ivy-clad door at the eastern extremity, when the old female, who acted as *cicerone*, hoped our "honour would not go without seeing the bones."

"What bones, good woman?" we asked.

"Oh, the greatest curiosity of all is the bones."

"What bones?" we repeated.

"The bones in the vaults."

Despairing of getting any information, we requested the ancient *dame-de-place* to lead the way, and down we went by a rather precarious footpath towards the end facing the river. Here, being duly warned to "keep close to the wall, and avoid the big hole," we entered a narrow doorway. Several coffin-lids resting against the wall suggested the question, "Why these were not buried with the rest?" and were informed "that the people preferred resting in the clay; and, moreover, that persons who were members of religious orders were thus buried." Possibly, there is some property of the clay which preserves against decomposition. Doctor Smith* mentions, that some years before he published, as a grave was being dug here, the body of a woman was found, who had been buried twenty years, and it was quite whole and entire; the skin appeared hard, dry, and of a brown colour. We passed into a large vaulted chamber, the roof supported by a handsome freestone column. A dim funereal light stole into the apartment through the staircase window, and partially fell upon a huge multitude of bones, evidently human, principally skulls, thigh-bones, and those of the arms. They were all piled and arranged under the arched roof. These are the bones of the slain in the battle of Knocknossa, some miles distant. This battle was fought on the 13th November, 1647, between the English forces commanded by Lord Inchiquin, and the Irish, under Lord Taaffe, in which the former were victorious. The wild and plaintive tune called "Allistrum" or "Allestrum March," well adapted to the bagpipe, and very popular with the peasantry, is said to

* "History of Cork," p. 818.

have been first played in this battle. Mr. Crofton Croker, in his "Researches in the South of Ireland," alludes to it:—"A party of Scotch Highlanders in the Irish army, headed by Alexander M'Donnell or M'Allisdrum, contested their ground in the most determined and gallant manner, and were inhumanly butchered by the victors. That wild and monstrous piece of music, known by the name of 'Ollistrum's March'—so popular in the south of Ireland, and said to have been played at Knockninoss—should not, it appears to me, be considered as an Irish air."

Musing on the past, we followed the murmuring stream along a well-wooded demesne, and soon a lordly castle, proudly located on a ledge of rocks attracted our notice to King John's Castle. This building is principally attractive from its locality, commandingly situated on the Mulla; it is considered to have formed one of the angles of the ancient fortifications of the town. It was built by the O'Donegans, a powerful Irish sept, who were a formidable obstacle to the Barrys, when they attempted to take this castle. A siege having been pressed without effect, the engines of another power, unfortunately more potent in Ireland than the weapons of war, were directed upon the garrison—corruption; gold found an entrance when steel failed. It is stated, the traitor received his just reward—his head was struck off; and, according to tradition, as the dissevered mass rolled down the tower stairs, there yelled forth the words, "Treachery! treachery! treachery!" The Castle remained in the possession of the Lords Barrymore for several centuries, until purchased from that family, and then occupied, by Sir James C. Anderson, Bart., for some years. This was the scene where several experiments were tried by that ingenious, but, alas! for himself and his family, too speculative individual, to make steam car-

riages run on common roads. The property now belongs to Lord Doneraile. As the river winds from the shade of the wooded demesne, the road leading from Buttevant to Mallow opens before us. We look through a narrow glen or gorge between hills which rise on either side, steep and bare and rocky. Lofty monastic walls stand boldly defined between the road and river. These are the ruins of Ballybeg, where Philip de Barry founded a priory for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, dedicated to St. Thomas; and he endowed it in the year 1229; in return for which an equestrian statue in brass was erected in his honour, and placed in the church. Various members of the Barry family were members of this religious community, and greatly increased the revenues, until the period of the Reformation, when, in the 16th of Elizabeth, the possessions belonging to the house were granted, for the term of twenty-one years, to George Boucher, Esq., who forfeited the same, by non-payment of rent. These lands and tithes were then granted to Sir Daniel Norton, in trust for the wife of Sir Thomas Norris, President of Munster, and were found, on inquisition, in the year 1622, to be of the yearly value of £260. The ruins yet standing show traces of considerable extent. The east window and steeple tower overlook the valley, and, by the apertures in the vaulted roof, it appears they had a chime of bells. Gliding past the demesne lands of Springfield and Ballyellis, the river washes the plains of Cahermee, celebrated for the great cattle fair that takes place every 12th of July, and we approach Doneraile. While lingering amid the scenic attractions of Byblox, we witness an union which Spenser recounts; and it appears in this case, as in every other, the course of true love did not run smooth. Listen to the tale of Bregog's love for Mulla:—

"But of my river Bregog's love I song,
Which to the shiny Mulla he did bear,
And yet doth bear, and ever will so long
As water doth within his banks appear.
Old fâther Mole (Mole hight that mountain gray
That walls the north-side of Armulla dale)
He had a daughter fresh as flower of May
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale;
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The nymph, which of that watercourse has charge,
That, springing out of Mole, doth run downright

To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at large,
 It giveth name unto that ancient city,
 Which Kilnemullah ycleped is of old,
 Whose rugged ruins breed great ruth and pity
 To travellers which it from far behold,
 Full fain she loved, and was beloved full fain
 Of her own brother river, Bregog* hight,
 So hight because of her deceitful train,
 Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.
 But her old sire, more careful of her good,
 And meaning her much better to prefer,
 Did think to match her with the neighbour flood
 Which Allo hight, Broad-water called far;
 And wrought so well with his continual pain,
 That he that river for his daughter won:
 The dowre agreed, the day assigned plain,
 The place appointed where it should be done:
 Nath'less the nymph her former liking held;
 For love will not be drawn, but must be led,
 And Bregog did so well her fancy weld,
 That her good will he got, her first to wed.
 But for her father, sitting still on high,
 Did warily still watch which way she went,
 And eke from far, observed with jealous eye
 Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent.
 Him to deceive, for all his watchful ward,
 The wily lover did devise this slight;
 First into many parts his stream he shar'd,
 That whilst the one was watch, the other might
 Pass unesp'y'd to meet her by the way:
 And then, besides, these little streams so broken
 He underground so closely did convey,
 That of their passage doth appear no token
 Till they into the Mulla's water slide.
 So secretly did he his love enjoy:
 Yet not so secret but it was descryed,
 And told her father by a shepherd's boy,
 Who, wond'rous wroth for that so foul despight
 In great avenge did roll down from his hill
 Huge weighty stones, the which encumber might
 His passage, and his water-courses spill.
 So of a river, which he was of old,
 He none was made, but scatter'd all to nought,
 And, lost among those rocks into him roll'd,
 Did lose his name: so dear his love he bought."

But Bregog still retains his name,
 and though its course is scattered,
 forming no less than a junction of four
 streamlets, all inconsiderable, and hav-
 ing no object of interest, save the ruins
 of Castle Pook, to excite the curiosity
 of the peasantry, it has received an en-
 dearing place in the strains sung by

Spenser, and bids fair to

"Run for ever by the muse's skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still."

Having duly solemnized this marriage,
 the united rivers roll towards Doneraile,
 whither we follow their track.

"Thou, the most daintie paradise on ground
 Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does others happinesse envye;
 The painted flowers; the trees upshooting hye
 The dales for shade; the christall running by,
 And, that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
 The art which all that wrought appeared in no place."

* Bregog signifies false, or deceitful, according to Llhuyd.

Doneraile, once the chosen seat of Sir William St. Leger, Lord President of Munster, is now a considerable country town in the county of Cork ; but we have nothing to do with towns. The conflicting passions, the interested feelings, the pursuits and avocations which affect mankind, differ not wherever communities exist. We prefer to glide adown the stream, and look upon the placid water, now reflecting on its mirror-like surface comfortable farm-houses, or turning the busy wheels of the mills in the vicinity of Doneraile ; now skirting tasteful lawns, spread like verdant seas with wooded islands in front of the country mansions that crowd the scene. A handsome bridge of three arches spans the Mulla ere it waters Doneraile Park, the handsome seat of Viscount Doneraile. The grounds are kept with great care, and are worthy of it. The timber is highly ornamental. We dearly love woodland scenery, and feel the heart dilate, and our thoughts expand, when contemplating the leafy honours of the wide old woods. We call upon memory to recount what mighty men of yore have here sought rest and relaxation from the conflicts of words or weapons—from the tumults of the senate or the fray. The family of St. Leger is of great antiquity. In 1541, Sir Anthony St. Leger, Lord Deputy of Ireland, assembled a Parliament at Dublin, June 13th, 33 Henry VIII., which conferred on the King the title of King of Ireland ; the style heretofore used was Lord of Ireland. Many of the Irish chiefs, who hitherto lived in enmity with the English rulers, made their submissions ; and we find, in Mr. J. R. O'Flanagan's MS. work on the "Origin and Progress of the English Laws in Ireland," the following account of this distinguished statesman :

"St. Leger was a very politic man. He determined to adopt a different course from his predecessors in office ; instead of seeking to exterminate the Irish, or breaking truce with them, to conciliate and protect them as fellow-subjects. The effect was magical on the Irish chieftains ; their hearts were softened by kindly treatment, the reverse of what they had formerly experienced ; and, if it had not been for causes which speedily infused poison into the cup of joy—peace, civilization, and national prosperity, would have marked the wisdom of St. Leger's government. In a letter which the Irish Lords addressed to the King, on the 10th of April, 1546, preserved

in the State Papers, part 3, vol. iii. page 542, lamenting the departure of the good Lord Deputy, they use these words :—' O si majoribus nostris tales contigissent moderatores.' And in a communication from Sir Thomas Cusack, then Master of the Rolls, writing to Paget, Chief Secretary in England, he states the grief of the Irish Lords, 'even to weeping, for St. Leger's departure, because they found him so good and just in his proceedings, and, to his honour, would not suffer wrong to be done to them, so that, thanks be to God, those that would not be brought under subjection with 10,000 men cometh to Dublin with a letter.' What a lesson is contained in this fact !"

The civil wars of 1641 caused great destruction to life and property along the entire course of the Mulla. The mansion of the Lord President was burned down, and a very large portion of the town shared the same fate. The present dwelling of Lord Doneraile crowns the summit of a verdant hill, which slopes gently to the waters of Mulla. The house is a substantial, convenient one, and adjoining are the conservatories, stored with the choicest exotics. Several rustic bridges span the silvery stream as it winds through the demesne, and the openings of the trees afford views of exquisite beauty. In some places the grounds bear evidence of the power of the great storm in 1838, when the wind burst furiously on the tall clumps of forest trees, and ripped its way among the ranks. No force could withstand the onset. It tore up, shattered, and twisted the oldest trees as though they were osier boughs, causing many an open glade in the bosom of the ancient groves. At Creagh Castle, are the ruins of a castle, in good preservation. The entrance to the demesne is in the florid Gothic style, and of hewn limestone ; it is very handsome. The river winds near Saffron Hill, so called from the quantity of saffron which was formerly planted here when used by the Irish for dying their shirts. These garments, called *lein croich*, were common to the Celtic nations, and used by the Highlanders. Several antiquities were found in this neighbourhood, on Mr. Love's property, near a rath ; these consisted of three large urns, made of fine clay, dried by the fire ; each might contain about sixteen gallons ; they had a rich kind of pattern carved at the top and bottom. There is no doubt they were

funereal, for human bones were found in one. They soon crumbled when exposed to air, and the urns mouldered in a little time. A brass spur was also found, and some deer antlers. Several years ago, when we were wont to follow the glorious but sometimes dangerous sport of fox-hunting, we made acquaintance with a member of the Love family, who was quite a character. Many stories are told of him, which will be readily credited by those who knew the man. He lived, he said, in a house of three stories; one held his hunters, the second, himself and domestics, the third, his hounds. From some accident, this house caught fire, and, as Johnny Love was beloved by

“Man and baste,”

the whole country rushed to the rescue. While “the boys” were busy in quenching the flames, Johnny thrust his well-known hunting-cap out of the kennel window in the attic, and after a very unconcerned glance at the devouring element raging beneath, he pithily addressed the crowd—“Boys,” said he, “ye needn’t trouble yourselves—I’m insured.” Luckily, the boys could not understand much English, and the Insurance Company were relieved from the demand of Johnny’s personal representatives.

The river glides along a valuable tract of ground, all of which is reclaimed bog, producing the most luxuriant crops. The banks are enlivened by some extensive plantations, and once more a castled wall denotes where formerly ruled the chieftain of the district. How fully is the history of Ireland described in the monuments that remain of the former possessors of the land. We have the caverned dwelling of the Firbolg; the mound of the Tuatha-de-Danain; the pillar-stone of the Druid; the Dane’s rath; the Milesian cairn; the donjon keep of the Anglo-Norman; the pointed gables of the Elizabethan age; the square Peel* tower of the days of Cromwell; the mansion house of our own time; all speak, as in a written page, the pursuits, tastes, character of the eras and races by whom they were respectively erected. The castle next us is Ballynemona, the

seat of Garret Nagle, a fine specimen of a Milesian. The Nagles are of very ancient date in this country, and the celebrated Edmund Burke was nearly connected to them by marriage. They were also in a similar way allied to Spenser’s family. Sylvanus, the eldest son of Edmund Spenser, married Ellen Nagle, eldest daughter of David Nagle, of Monanimy. This castle of Ballynemona is a venerable tower, and forms a portion of the dwelling occupied by the family. The scenery around is very interesting. The banks being finely wooded, and the undulating nature of the ground preventing the eyes being wearied by any feeling of tameness in the general features of the landscape. Leaving the castle’s steep behind, we follow the course of the stream. Lower down the river is Wallstown. Cromwell granted this castle, and the landed property of the then proprietor, Mr. Wall, to one of his soldiers, named Ruddock. The river affords much pleasure to the admirers of picturesque scenery, from the beautiful bends of the stream, as it flows around. The banks are occasionally steep and well wooded, while rocks peep out through the vistas, and diversify the scene. Annsgrove, seat of the late General Hon. A. Grove Annesley, is built near the edge of a lofty ledge rising from the river’s brim. The grounds are extensive, and present great sylvan beauty; they are kept in perfect order, and display great taste in their arrangement. Doctor Smith† relates, that while digging the foundation of a barn here, several gigantic human bones, and, in particular, a great skull, were discovered; but, by the negligence of the workmen, they were not preserved. The Mulla now winds southerly, and a steep glen, with rocks bare and craggy, admits a passage to the murmuring stream. As we draw near to Castletownroche, the prospect we behold from the east bank is most picturesque. The river, gliding under the bridge, and plunging into the gloom of five bold arches, occupies the foreground. On one hand is a ridge of rock, steep and bare down the sides, but tall trees nod overhead, and shut out the sky, while opposite is the church with the town, the white

* Quere Peele.

† History of Cork, vol. ii. p. 337.

walls and clustered dwellings pleasantly seated on the side and summit of a steep hill. The back ground is occupied by a spacious mill turned by the river. From the opposite shore rises the bosom of a lofty height, tree-clad and turret-crowned. This is a portion of a fine castle built near the Mulla by the family of Roche, Lords Fermoy. It is now called Castle-Widenham, the seat of the late H. M. Smyth, brother to the Princess of Capua. We are much gratified to find that the portion of the dwelling lately erected is in perfect harmony with the ancient keep incorporated with it. This venerable tower rises high, and in proud majesty, over the surrounding woodlands, and, as we paced the battlements, we beheld on every side a panorama of equal extent and beauty.

The family who built this castle originally, and gave their name to tower and town, were distinguished for their birth and misfortunes. They were descended from David de-la-Roche, or de-Rupe, who lived in the reign of Edward II. They came to this country shortly after the English settled in it, and were created Lords Fermoy. By intermarriage with the houses of the Irish chieftains, they became identified with Ireland. In A. D. 1580 this castle was suddenly visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, who conveyed Lord and Lady Roche to Cork, where they remained for a short time in confinement on suspicion of disloyalty, but his lordship having disproved the charge, they were speedily restored to freedom. A stone imbedded in the church wall bears the following inscription, which, from the date, must refer to them:—

"Orate
Pro bono statu
Domini Maurici
Roche Vicecomes
de Fermoy et
Domine Elinorie
Maurice et
Pro Anima ejus
Anno Domini 1585."

How faithful this family have ever been to the monarchs of England is fully disclosed in the losses they sustained. In a petition preferred to the lords of the council in England, Anno 1614, it is set forth that, in Tyrone's rebellion, Lord Roche had three sons slain,

and many of his servants and followers. During the parliamentary war, in which the Roches were staunch royalists, the castle sustained many sieges; and, in 1649, was defended with great bravery for several days, by Lady Roche, against Cromwell's army, who raised a battery against it on the spot, since called Camp-hill. Having fallen into the hands of "the man Oliver," Lord Roche would not hold it on terms of submission to him, on which the estates were declared confiscated, and Maurice Lord Roche retired to Flanders, where his connexions procured for him the command of a regiment. Here he shared his scanty pay, barely enough to support himself and family, with the exiled prince, and, like many a deluded follower of the house of Stuart, expected the Restoration would have given back the estates to the rightful owners, as well as the throne to the rightful king; but justice formed no part of the character of the Second Charles. It is an axiom of our political faith that no immoral, dishonest private character can be the reverse in a public one; and it is no slander of the dead to say, both one and the other was Charles the Second. The Earl of Orrery, in a letter to the Duke of Ormond, dated January 14, 1667, recommends Lord Roche and his children to the Duke's care, in these words:—"It is a great grief to me to see a nobleman of so ancient a family left without any maintenance; and being able to do no more than I have done, I could not deny to do for him what I could do, to lament his lamentable state to your grace."

Adjoining the Castle-Widenham demesne are some tastefully laid out hanging gardens, belonging to another Mr. Smith, who has expended a large sum in making available every inch of surface on rocks rising from the bed of the river. Leaving those behind, the stream takes a circular sweep through a beautiful glen, enriched with luxuriant plantations, and, after flowing beneath the arches of Kilcummer-bridge, forms a confluence with the Avondhu, beside the majestic ruins of Bridgetown Abbey. Ballynadroghid, or Bridgetown, has disappeared, and no stone remains to point out where once the town stood. Of two bridges which formerly crossed the rivers, only one remains; and now that is tottering, and likely to follow its fellow: but here are the Abbey ruins in their strength

—and here is sculptured stone-work likely to last ;—for ages have rolled by since the chisel cut the stone, and the

cherub smiles still, and the hard lips mock at decay. The Abbey ruins are most extensive.

“Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown,
Matted and massed together—hillocks heap’d
O’er what were chambers—arch-crushed columns strewn
In fragments—choked up vaults, and sculpture steeped
In subterranean damp, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight.”

This Abbey, according to Archdall,* was founded in the reign of King John, by Alexander Fitzhugh Roche, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and supplied with canons regular from the Priory of Newtown, in the county of Meath, and the Abbey of St. Thomas, in Dublin. Edward I. confirmed the endowment; and the Roche family, on whose lands it stood, added considerably to the original foundation. When, in 1375, Edward III. issued his writ to the bishops and commons, to elect persons to assist him and his council, as well touching the government of the kingdom, as for aid and support in his wars, Thomas, then prior of this house, was one of those deputed for this purpose.

It was a lovely summer day, when, in company with some highly-gifted friends, we last visited the ruined Abbey. No envious cloud darkened the fair face of nature. Every object—the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the creatures of the earth—seemed to rejoice in a holiday. The wind lay hushed in some dark cave

where Eolus slumbers, and, as the two rivers met in their course, the greeting was gentle and subdued, as if each was unwilling to break the profound repose. Never was day more suited to the scene. The old walls were gleaming in the sunshine which streamed through the noble windows, the broken gables, and fissured cells. One might have deemed the emblazoned panes restored when the flickering light fell in golden rays upon the grass in the aisles. The air was so still, that creeping plants hung in natural festoons along the walls, without any perceptible motion, and wild flowers seemed to present themselves in conscious security on their slender stalks, and feared not the myriads of insects that filled the air with sound, while, poised on their wings, they rested overhead.

The ruins extend over some acres of ground. The most beautiful portion, by far, is the Abbey Church, which can vie with the most celebrated in any country. The architecture is, in Byron’s words—

“Of a rich and rare
Mixed Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal.”

Close to the high altar is a monument, supposed to be that of the founder, from a portion of a shield bearing a fish, yet distinguishable, and the arms of the Roches being, three roaches naint. Mr. Crofton Croker† remarks of this monument :—“The extreme wildness of construction in the arch is remarkable, the termination of one side being square and massive, the other straight and sharp. Irregularity seems to have been the designer’s chief object, and yet an uniformity of effect is preserved. About the middle of the

corner moulding, on the altar side, a head, in high relief, is most unaccountably placed, without anything similar to correspond as a balance.” In a small chapel adjoining is a tomb, inscribed, Theobald Roche, 1634, and several curiously sculptured grave-stones are strewn around. The whole body of the ruin is in a sadly neglected state, full of weeds and stones. Emerging from the chapel we found ourselves in a quadrangle; cloisters, the refectory, and other apartments, used as the habitation of the brethren,

* *Monasticon* Hib. 57.

† *Researches in South of Ireland.*

lie around. We spent several hours in exploring the time-worn walls, and, on departing, felt loath to leave so sweet a spot.

The Mulla has now merged in the Blackwater, and we must bid farewell; but ere we leave, we follow the combined streams a few hundred yards, and enter the demesne of Spenser's "Renny." We have already learned his family continued to reside here after his death. A good modern mansion is now standing in front of the abode of the Spensers, and majestic rocks frown boldly upon the stream. Continuing by the river side we find large plantations, and meet a giant oak, the object of our pilgrimage. There is a quiet, solitary stillness about this

spot, in unison with the poetic visions which may be supposed to haunt it. This majestic tree is called "Spenser's Oak," and beneath its shade the poet often rested. Tradition asserts that here he composed great part of the *Faerie Queene*; and, doubtless, here was much to calm his thoughts, and allow his mind to feed upon the delicious repast his intellectual store furnished. Waving trees are still around, and the voice of birds, not caged or confined within the walls of men's dwelling, but free denizens of the sky, carolling their songs louder as they approach that heaven, where all that is bright shall live eternally. Perhaps it was this very tree Spenser had before him when he penned these lines:—

"There grew an aged oak on the green;
A goodly oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely displayed,
But of the leaves they were disarrayed,
The body big and mightily pight,*
Thoroughly rooted and of wondrous height,
Whilom he had been the king of the field,
And moche† mast to the husband‡ did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine,
But now the grey moss marred his rime,
His bared boughs were beaten with storms—
His top was bald."

Truly, Spenser was the poet of nature; and honour to his memory while the Mulla flows.

O early lost, what tears the river shed,
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his oak-boughs hung each muse's lyre.

THE ALLO.

"What though like commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
But neither house nor hall,
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all."

From our earliest youth we loved the country—the homely country—as Herrick finely calls it, and no sport gave us more pleasure than to wander along the clearstreams, dabbling among

the pools for little fishes, sitting upon the sunny banks, dreaming bright dreams, or listening to the tales of the old chroniclers, who loved to speak of

"Fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course."

* Strongly fixed.

† Much.

‡ Husbandman.

To these childish pursuits we were indebted for much pleasure in older years. Many of the traditions we gathered then have proved of considerable value when turned to illustrate the local history now. In tracing the source of the legend we have been led to some hidden mine of statistical and topographical lore that otherwise might have continued hidden for ages. Old ballads, rudely chaunted, have preserved events ungleaned in the field of the historian, and from the peasant's lips have we heard narratives unrecorded by former explorers. This object led us to visit the localities in which Spenser had laid the scenes of his exquisite stanzas—the founts whence he drew his inspiration—the humble rills along which he rambled, and from the glassy depths of which he extracted the smooth harmony that gives its magic to his verse; we wished to see how far the reality corresponded with what we read, to find out with what truthfulness the scenes had been depicted, how much was due to imagination, how much to fact. These were among the motives which led us to Spenser's streams, and now we hear the "Strong Allo," or the "echoing river" tumbling from its cradle of hills.

A long chain of highlands form the boundary on the north of the County of Cork, and separate it from Limerick. They run through a primitive region, each height denoted by some appropriate name, as Knock Duff, the Black Hill; Knock Temple, the Hill of the Church, and so on; extensive bogs stretch their long dark surface from the foot of these hills, and through the glens, broken into patches where cultivation has successfully invaded the turf mould. This district is rich in geological subjects, and in the neighbourhood of the Red Bog a vein of culm has lately been discovered, but, like the rest of our national resources, the want of enterprise, or the absence of means, has hitherto kept it quite neglected. It is here the Allo has its birth. There are few habitations of any pretension in this wild region, Castle Ishen, the seat of Sir James Fitzgerald, and Glenfield, a mansion of the Boyle family, being almost the only ones. There are some ruins of the old castle near the former, but they have no claim to a detailed notice. This entire country once belonged to the powerful Fitzgeralds of Desmond, and a chain of castles, oc-

cupied by their chieftains and followers, defended the frontiers throughout this district.

The river flows due south to Kanturk, a very considerable town in the County of Cork. This place formerly belonged to the Mac Carthys, kings of Desmond, and a splendid Castle still rears its quadrangular sides about a mile south, commenced by Donough Mac Carthy in Queen Elizabeth's reign. It is a parallelogram, 120 feet in length, 80 in breadth, flanked by four square towers. It was built of such durable materials—the window-frames, coynes, beltings, and battlements of hewn stone, that it does not seem to have suffered much from the lapse of time, and has almost the same appearance as when the works were stopped; for a representation having been made to the Queen that this Castle was too important to belong to a private subject, and nothing short of a strong and regular fortress, the lords of the Council of England transmitted an order to this country to suspend the works. It would appear from history that so far from any cause of fear being justly entertained with reference to Mac Carthy's loyalty, a well-grounded confidence should have warded off suspicion, for this very Donagh Mac Carthy fought to the death against the insurgents, having been killed in Tyrone's rebellion, and his lands in Duhallow seized by his kinsman, Dermot Mac Carthy, who aided the rebel chief. In January, 1611, Cormac, the heir of Donagh, had the lands restored on petition to James I. The lands subsequently were ruled over by the Egmont family. Kanturk forms the confluence of the Allo and Dalua, or the river of two rapid streams which flows by Castle M'Auliffe to Newmarket, and after running under a handsome bridge at Kanturk unites with the echoing Allo.

The town of Kanturk and its neighbour Newmarket must possess considerable interest to the lovers of Irish bar eloquence, for both boast of a distinguished lawyer having his nativity in their respective precincts—Yelverton in Kanturk and Curran at Newmarket. It was not without some emotion we wandered to the latter town, and beheld the rushing Oon Dalua leaping from the dark recesses of the impending mountains. Minds do exist, souls dead to every fine impulse, that

would feel no patriot throb on the hills

“ That look o’er sea-born Salamis,”

or gaze with vacant air on the chapel of Tell, by the banks of Lake Lucerne. Thank heaven we are not of that despicable class! We feel the deepest reverence for every memorial of genius, and love to contemplate what once was great and glorious in men’s eyes, though its day is over, in the same way that we look on the western clouds which the sun, though sunk to his rest, still gilds, with his parting rays, the latest objects on which his bright beams rested. Here in this little street Curran played when a boy—here he walked as a man—one of the most celebrated of his time. Like Erskine, his soul was in his client’s cause; with the power of his eloquence he vindicated the right, appalled the unjust, compelled the strong arm of power to release the victim of tyranny, and coerced hostile juries to listen to the dictates of a terrified conscience. Like Erskine, and other distinguished advocates, he was not remarkable as a parliamentary speaker. It would have been impossible in one so gifted to have failed in his spirited addresses in the Irish House of Commons; but none of them equal his forensic efforts; in these he was unequalled and unapproachable. A small country mansion, on the brink of a glen near Newmarket, belonged to Curran, and was called the Priory.* This name originated from the convivial society of the wits of the day, called the Monks of the Screw, in which Curran held the office of Prior. He seems to have prided himself upon holding so prominent a place amongst the brethren, as the same name was given to his residence near Dublin. At this country seat he was wont to assemble a party of his friends after the close of the Munster circuit, to which he always went while a practising barrister, and, with the dear companions of his life, enjoyed the familiar intercourse which he enlivened by his gaiety, and elevated by his patriotism.

Tracking the course of the Dalua through the windings of the well

wooded hills that skirt its rapid way, we reach a wild and singularly picturesque region, a wide sylvan expanse, now unpeopled and solitary, where vegetation seems under some ban, and the very air chilled and unnatural. Here, in ancient days, ruled the MacCarthys, Kings of Desmond. Here were the wild deer hunted and the great boars slain. Trees in scanty patches yet cling to the earth with tenacious vitality, but they are stunted and deformed, as if struck by sudden and incurable blight. Heath and moorland seem to have banished vegetation from the soil, and, while the river murmured as if complainingly, on its fretful and tortuous course, hurrying through this sterile region, it rung in our ear like the voice of wailing spirits for the desolation of the land they loved. It is not wonderful that the country people preserve a strong superstitious feeling when traversing this tract. They rarely venture at night, or when the gray mantle of evening has fallen on the drooping day, for strange lights, they say, flicker across the plain, and suddenly illumine the broken walls and open casements of Castle M’Auliffe, a bare, bleak mass of shattered masonry that topples over the Dalua’s bed; and ere the eyes can follow the meteor ray, lo! gloom again has seized the chieftain’s dwelling, and all around is dark and drear.

Of course this castle has left its tradition, weird and strange enough in all conscience, and only that it has already occupied our pages, we should narrate it here. In our paper on the Blackwater† the reader will find the legend of Mealan M’Auliffe, as given in Mr. O’Flanagan’s Blackwater Guide. This castle is now ruined and lonesome; but it stands the only object that gives a life-like notion to the region where silence and solitude have fixed their awe-inspiring impress. We gladly leave this desolate scene.

Returning to the confluence of the river at Kanturk, the united streams glide past the majestic walls of Castle M’Donagh, and mingle with the rolling currents of the Blackwater, within sight of Clonmeen Castle.

Our wanderings beside the streams which Spenser sung are over. We have

* *Vide* Memoir of J. P. Curran, by Davis, xxxvi.

† DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, vol. xxvi. p. 444.

marked the localities which have been encircled with a halo of undying glory by the poet's lays. Other rivers mentioned by him have been described in previous papers. When presenting to the reader an account of the Funeheon, the Brackbawn, one of its tributaries,

called by the poet Molanna, came under our notice, so that to go over the same ground would be needless repetition. The source of this river is so beautifully described, we cannot resist inserting it again :—

“ For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oaks high mounted grows ;
That as a garland seems to deck the locks
Of some fair bride, brought forth with pompous shows,
Out of her bower, that many flowers strows ;
Lo, thro' the flowery dales she tumbling down,
Thro' many woods and shady coverts flows,
(That on each side her silver channel crown)
Till to the plain she comes whose valleys she doth drown.”

It is a great privilege to feel the beauty of the poet's language when describing the scenes he has so exquisitely painted. We regret our own poverty of expression hinders us from doing justice to the subject, and would willingly have entrusted the theme to abler pens. We fear our dull prose must have given a poor idea of the

scenery which stirred the imagination of Edmund Spenser ; but we must remember that the elevation of thought and felicity of expression in which the *Faerie Queen* is written, is quite beyond the reach of any modern writer ; and though ardently fond of Nature's beauty, we do not write poetry.

“ The curious bard examined every drop
That glistens on the thorn ; each leaf surveyed
That autumn from the rustling forest shakes
And marked its shape ; and traced in the rude wind
Its eddying motion. Nature in his hand,
A pencil dipped in her own colours placed
With which he ever faithful copies drew
Each feature in proportion.”

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JAMES M'GLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-ST.

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captivations of poetic enthusiasm. But have we not had treatises enough on the principles of architecture? Might not Mr. Ruskin have relied very well on the information already existing on these subjects among the educated classes, for whom his book is intended? Does it not look as if he meditated something monstrous and unexampled when he has recourse to this laborious process of prepossessing his reader's mind with abstract rules and dogmas before venturing on the disclosure of whatever substantive theory it is that he seeks practically to construct from the stones of Venice? Another ingenious writer, some short time since, considered a general systematisation of all human knowledge indispensable to an essay on the art of lighting architectural interiors by a clerestory. We cannot but think these elaborate preparations somewhat impertinent; but since we have them, let us make the best use of them we may.

Mr. Ruskin deduces all the parts of a building with scientific exactness, but, as the reader will observe hereafter, with very arbitrary exactions, from the two main constituents of wall and roof. The wall, with its basement and cornice, when gathered under a single point of pressure, becomes the pier or pillar, with its plinth and capital; the roof, accordingly as it is arched or angular, becomes the dome or the steeple. There is simplicity and quaintness in the arrangement; but we humbly conceive the pillar in architecture is not a cylindrical digit of wall, but a support originally thought of, and applied quite independently of the parietal enclosure, and not to be confounded with it in its details or proportions. Its capital properly bears no direct analogy to the cornice of the wall; although in some Romanesque buildings we may see a string course at either side of a window corresponding with the capitals of the window-shafts; but a pillar which should support the wallplate of the roof directly on its capital would be as inelegant as insecure. The Gothic and Romanesque builders, however, have adopted the same class of forms for their cornices and for the capitals of their columns; so that a Lombardic or Norman cornice may aptly enough be likened to a spread-out or unrolled capital; and generalising this analogy, Mr. Ruskin traces elegantly enough the various

forms of the Romanesque capital to the several sorts of headings, or top-finishings given by mediæval architects to their walls.

These being generally reducible to two types, the concave and the convex, Mr. Ruskin, as might be expected, classes all his capitals accordingly, and then, as these are overlaid or undercut respectively by their proper ornaments, subdivides and arranges his various examples, with the skill which might be expected from so great a master of analysis.

We make no objection; on the contrary, we are obliged by the pains and ingenuity which thus present us with a series of objects not seldom beautiful in themselves, and all in harmonious relation to one another; and are quite willing to accept as an axiom in Romanesque architecture, that in that style of building there are but two orders, viz., Romanesque Doric (the convex type), and Romanesque Corinthian (the concave type).

We do not say, "Barbarised Doric," and "Barbarised Corinthian." That would be to dogmatise; and we are now on a subject which has been too dogmatically treated by others for us to be led into so unprofitable a mode of argument; but we may be allowed, in passing, to say, that in our judgment neither the classic Doric nor the classic Corinthian has been rendered more beautiful by the Romanesque method of treatment. But surely Mr. Ruskin carries his theory to an irrational pitch, when, having deduced all Romanesque columnar decoration from two of the classic orders, he infers, that therefore the classic orders themselves are but two in number; and that what the eyes of cultivated lovers of beauty have rested on in almost all ages with peculiar delight, the eminently graceful Ionic, is not an order at all, but a debasement of one or both of the others, to be put out of the pale of pure architecture! not because its volutes want prototypes in nature; nor because its simplicity is deficient in variety; nor because its variety is inharmonious, or its ornamentation incongruous; but because the monkish architects of Pavia and Lucca, and the Byzantine and Arabic builders of Venice, and the freemasons of Metz and Cologne, have reproduced no Ionic designs, among the various shapes to which they moulded

their mediæval cornices and capitals! It is the mere fanaticism of prejudice that could lead an acute reasoner and finished appreciator of beauty so far from truth and moderation.

Mr. Ruskin will consider this a misrepresentation. It is insulting to the reasoning powers of an argumentative writer to say that he could fall into so glaring a *non sequitur*. But we do not misrepresent, and must say that here his reasoning faculty has failed him. It is true the Ionic is not to be found in the valley of the Nile; it is true it probably was imported into Attica with the silkworm from the banks of the Tigris or Choaspes. Is the order therefore less classic, or the conclusion that its rejection by semi-barbarian builders in the dark ages is condemnatory of its pretensions, the less unwarrantable? Mr. Ruskin, indeed, has not drawn that conclusion in so many words, but the Ionic being inconsistent with the mediæval method of making cornices out of unrolled capitals, and, *vice versa*, he has taken occasion to reject the intractable order as often as it might suggest itself in derogation of that idea.

"All European architecture, bad and good, old and new, is derived from Greece through Rome, and coloured and perfected from the East. The Doric and Corinthian orders are the roots, the one of all Romanesque, massy-capital buildings — Norman, Lombard, Byzantine, and what else you can name of the kind; the Corinthians of all Gothic, early English, French, German, and Tuscan. Now observe," &c.—c. i. s. xvii.

"I have said that the two orders, Doric and Corinthian, are the roots of all European architecture. You have, perhaps, heard of five orders, but there are only two real orders; and there never can be any more until doomsday. [And what then?] On one of these orders the ornament is convex—those are Doric, Norman, and what else you recollect of the kind. On the other the ornament is concave—those are Corinthian, early English, Danish, and what else you recollect of that kind. The transitional form, in which the ornamental line is straight, is the centre or root of both. All other orders are varieties of these, or phantasms and grotesques, altogether indefinite in number and species."—*Ibid.* s. xix.

"Of these phantasms and grotesques, one of some general importance is that commonly called Ionic, of which the idea

was taken (Vitruvius says), from a woman's hair curled, but its lateral processes look more like ram's horns; be that as it may, it is a mere piece of agreeable extravagance; and if, instead of ram's horns, you put ibex horns, or cow's horns, or an ass's head at once, you will have ibex orders, or ass's orders, or any number of other orders, one for every head or horn."—*Appendix*, 7.

Such are the disparagements to which the resistance of the Ionic order to this wall-and-column formula of Mr. Ruskin's exposes it. If it had been a continuous band of encircling ornament, capable of being rolled out and rolled up again to answer the exigences of the theory, we probably should not have had the exhibition of the asses' heads. But an alternation of scrolls and dice-boxes along a frieze would not suit; and so the order is cast into the Carlylian category of phantasms. Be it so: let us examine whether the wall-and-column formula, for which sacrifices so great must be made, exhibits any improvement on the *rationale* of ordinary architecture. The classical entablature is bounded by a straight line, whether the capital be bulbous or bell-shaped. The cornice, in truth, is the beam or lintel that is carried round the upper part of the building, spanning the apertures and giving a continuous bearing to the wall-plate, and is kept square for the essential purpose of sustaining the weight of the roof. It would be inconsistent with that purpose either to hollow it out or to give it a bulging outline; the columns sustaining it, when it rests on columns, might have compressed or aspiring capitals, according to the character of weight or lightness which the building should present, but these curved forms were confined to the extremity of the column, and never were permitted to carry their flowing and flexible lines into the rigid beam above them. In Egypt, indeed, and in Babylonia it was different; in Lydia too, and in the Lydian settlement of the Tyrrheni. There the cornice topped the wall with a graceful concave; but why? because the roof was flat, and there was no visible weight to be carried. But the mediæval builders, with the necessity for supporting roofs infinitely heavier, abandoned the rigid line of the classical frieze, and adopted, probably on the introduction of Arabic artists, the curved varieties. The same forms

thus stood for the outline of the capital and of the beam or lintel which it supported, a combination which we apprehend cannot be considered to possess either the propriety or the variety of the classical arrangement. It is, in truth, capital upon capital, like a charge of metal upon metal in heraldry; and so far from being an excellence, would rather seem to argue poverty of invention in the designer.

This, we conceive, might fairly be objected to the theory, if it held in all its applications; but although it is quite applicable to, for example, the early English style, in which the capital is merely a rolled up bundle of the cornice, it fails when applied to many of the heavier forms of capital which have no corresponding protuberance of cornice; just as many varieties of the cornice, the machicolated and underpropped, for example, never can have any corresponding projections incorporated with their associated columns.

These, however, being outside the limits of Mr. Ruskin's rule, will, of course, be rejected into the category of phantasms. We must be content to take what will come conveniently within it; and with these reservations and protests it will be found a sufficiently clear and certain guide to the most prevalent forms of Lombardic and Venetian decoration.

Mr. Ruskin having thus undertaken to evolve everything out of the consideration of the two elements of wall and roof, proceeds in the following order:—

The *wall-base* being the parent of all bases and pedestals.

The *wall-veil*, or flat of the wall, being the equivalent, in this theory, of the shaft of the column; but this assimilation is too far-fetched to be dwelt upon with any degree of emphasis. Thus we have no suggestion of the propriety of fluted decorations for the flats of wall-spaces or of banded or chequered ornamentation on the shafts of pillars. The theory would not bear to be pushed to that extent; but because a theory will not hold in all its parts, is not a philosophical reason for disregarding it so far as it does hold.

The *wall-cornice* being the parent, upon the questionable theory above adverted to, of all legitimate forms of capitals.

Then follow chapters on the *base*, *shaft*, and *capital* of the column. Let

us pause a moment, and ask ourselves why it is that the eye is pleased by the projecting stone circlet which surrounds the foot of the Corinthian or Ionic pillar. We cannot help thinking that there is something in the swelling outline that associates itself with the idea of compression; as if the weight above had squeezed the subjacent marble into flatter and wider dimensions. We see no reason to associate such an idea, either as regards the base or the Palladian frieze, with any sense of insecurity or weakness. It is said the swelling Palladian frieze suggests the idea of a plastic substance introduced among rigid ones, and is therefore improper. If so, the rounded projection of the plinth is open to the same objection, in a stronger degree, for it lies lower in the building, and, if it be a sense of having yielded somewhat and given under the superjacent weight that it conveys, its suggestion of weakness, if weakness it be, would be so much the more fundamental. But in truth these are rather forms of stability than of weakness; they are the curves at which a mass of red hot metal would harden and stand under similar pressure. The Doric column, which springs at once from its floor of stone, like a tree from the earth, has an air of rooted strength that is pre-eminently steady and unyielding; yet even the capital of the Doric column presents the curvature of a plastic substance under pressure. The downward-curling volutes of the Ionic and Corinthian capitals convey the same idea. All is not rigid even in the most rigid mode of good architecture. Grace combines with strength, the yielding with the resisting, in all. In reference to the suggestive meaning of these curved lines we are at issue with Mr. Ruskin: he finds in them the outline of certain natural objects, reproduced from a sense of their beauty in nature, the slope of certain mountains, the curve of the shell of the nautilus, the edge of the leaf of the salvia, &c. (as well have said at once the line of beauty of Hogarth). We recognise in them the outlines of compression.

But as yet we are only at the base of the column. Mr. Ruskin has a somewhat intolerant objection to pedestals, "a kind of columnar high-heeled shoe—a thing called a pedestal, and which is to a true base exactly what a Greek actor's cothurnus was to a

Greek gentleman's sandal." The vivacity of the attack in some degree reconciles us to the singularity of the illustration. But we cannot think that the column of the Place Vendôme would show to greater advantage if its plinth rested immediately on the pavement, instead of being, as it is, elevated on a pedestal. If that pedestal have any fault—and, perhaps, it is a fault only to an English-educated eye—it is its smallness in proportion to the great column which it supports. But detached or monumental columns are not to be subjected to the same rule with the pillars of a colonnade or portico. Mr. Ruskin himself allows of and applauds the "superb breadth" of the steps which form the "noble bases" of the two granite pillars of the Piazzetta, at Venice, which would be quite inadmissible in a pillared composition, and which, even as supporters of the detached columns in question, are better than pedestals, only because their effect is more barbaric, and in better keeping with the neighbouring objects. If Mr. Ruskin resent our use of the word barbaric, let us justify ourselves by saying, that we think a pedestal whose sides bear panels, indicating in inscription or in sculpture the purpose and occasion of the monument, is a more philosophical form of support than a flight of steps. We think it also more beautiful; and we know that among the more cultivated nations it has been the form of support usually chosen. These reasons, we conceive, are of greater weight than Mr. Ruskin's suggestion that we may consider every pillar of a colonnade to be supported by a series of unseen courses of masonry, and that, therefore, when a pillar stands alone, we ought to make these imaginary supports apparent.

Every one who has looked with attention at the shaft of a column will have remarked that the tapering from the base to the capital is not carried up in a straight line, but that it takes place more rapidly towards the top, so that the outline of the column is slightly convex. Here again we think we observe the idea of compression; but Mr. Ruskin traces the more rapid tapering at the top than at the bottom of the shaft to the mechanical convenience of the stonecutter, who will strike more boldly where he has most material to remove. Is so refined a

feature due to a cause so fortuitous, and to a necessity of art so artless? We cannot think so.

But Mr. Ruskin admits, however incompatible the admission may be with his theory of the origin of the convexity, that the Greek shaft was curved on æsthetic principles, and that the Egyptian and Norman shafts were not so curved, "the one because the best form had not been discovered, and the other because [from the want of sufficient lengths of stone] it could not be obtained." The Egyptian had already suggested the idea of a bundle of reeds tied together; and the uniform diameter of the Norman column admitted of several being set up side by side in similar contact. Hence the clustered columns of Norman and Gothic architecture, a feature which could never have arisen from the juxtaposition of any number of Greek tapering columns, between the upper parts of which there must always have been open spaces. Such we collect to be Mr. Ruskin's theory of the origin of clustered columns. We own we should rather suppose that the necessity of breaking the surface of a clumsy circular pier with some kind of fluting should have given the original suggestion. How the idea may have first presented itself to the mind of the artist is, after all, a matter of little moment. We have the fact that the Gothic builder set up a number of small columns where the Greek employed one; that the multitude of pilarets clustered together in one massive pier gave it the effect of one thick reeded column, and that the distinction between the separate shafts being lost in their minuteness, the addition of a capital to each became unnecessary, and the little shafts, half bedded in the bulk of the pier, and without separate capitals, came at last to constitute a mere series of mouldings, a transition which led to many beautiful effects in Flamboyant Gothic, but which our author mourns over with as much of anger as of sorrow. In the clustered column, however, the separate members of which possess their proper capitals and carry their respective arch-ribs, Mr. Ruskin discerns a moral propriety and significance very happily suggested, however a critic might be disposed to quarrel with some of the affected quaintnesses of the expression:—

"The idea of the shaft remains absolutely single in the Roman and Byzantine mind; but true grouping begins, in Christian architecture, by the placing of two or more separate shafts side by side, each having its own work to do; then three or four, still with separate work; then by such steps as those above, theoretically pursued, the number of members increases, while they coagulate into a single mass; some have finally a shaft composed of thirty, forty, fifty, or more distinct members; a shaft which, in the reality of its service, is as much a single shaft as the old Egyptian one; but which differs from the Egyptian in that all its members, how many soever, have each separate work to do, and a separate rib of arch or roof to carry; and thus the great Christian truth of distinct services of the individual soul is typified in the Christian shaft; and the old Egyptian servitude of the multitudes, the servitude inseparable from the children of Ham, is typified also in that ancient shaft of the Egyptians."

Grouped and clustered columns constitute so remarkable a portion of mediæval architecture, that in preparing us for a critical enjoyment of the Venetian churches and palaces, Mr. Ruskin could not pass hastily over the chapter devoted to them; yet, looking at the minuteness and variety of his illustrations, we cannot but think that we have here an amount of preparation disproportioned to the uses likely to be made of it. Here is a volume of upwards of 400 pages devoted to the exposition of a general theory of architecture, professedly designed to prepare us for appreciating the works of a single city and a particular period. If the porch be so wide how vast must be the building! And, after all, the exposition results in no canons of criticism. Here, for example, we have been reading of shafts, their convexities and collocations; and after an elaborate, and, to the reader a somewhat laborious disquisition, we arrive at the conclusion, that when clustered shafts run into mouldings by the disappearance of their capitals, it is a change for the worse. But we have no law to inform us of how we shall judge whether any of the shafts into which the stones of Venice have been chiselled is of the proper length, thickness, or degree of convexity, or whether any two or more of them have been collocated or clustered judiciously or effectively, save, indeed, the cursory

remark, that "as the whole value of such (clustered) pieces depends first, upon their being wisely fitted to the weight above them; and secondly, upon their working together, and one not failing the rest, perhaps to the ruin of all, he (the architect) must never multiply shafts without visible cause in the disposition of the members superimposed," and a reference to a "we shall see presently" for the limit of such disposition. But these proleptic demonstrations are extremely unsatisfactory.

The disposition to carp at Mr. Ruskin's performance increases on us as we proceed, and that in spite of our sense of the ability and ingenuity of the writer. Here, in the next chapter, on *capitals*, we have a considerable apparatus of geometrical demonstration, and four definite canons of the art at length laid down, viz.:—

1. The more slender the shaft the greater proportionally may be the proportion of the abacus (or top of the capital).

2. The smaller the scale of the building, the greater may be the excess of the abacus over the diameter of the shaft.

3. The greater the excess of the abacus, the steeper must be the slope of the bell, the shaft diameter being constant.

4. The steeper the slope of the bell, the thinner may be the abacus.

What are to be the conclusions deduced from these rules when practically applied to the shafts and capitals to be hereafter illustrated, we cannot divine; for Mr. Ruskin, while premising them, has also premised so comprehensive a context of qualifications, reserves, and provisos, that whether the rule or the exception is in any particular case to prevail, must rest very much in the humour of the critic when he comes to apply them.

"These four rules," says he, "are all that are necessary for general criticism; [then, if so, might he not very advantageously have put them in a preface, and set about criticising the stones of Venice without more ado? No; for observe] these are only semi-imperative—rules of permission, not of compulsion. Thus, law 1 asserts that the slender shaft *may* have greater excess of capital than the thick shaft; but it need not, unless the architect chooses; his thick shafts *must* have small excess, but his

slender ones need not have large. So law 2 says that as the building is smaller the excess *may* be greater, but it need not; for the excess which is safe in the large is still safer in the small. So law 3 says capitals of great excess must have steep slopes; but it does not say that capitals of small excess may not have steep slopes also, if we choose. And lastly, law 4 asserts the necessity of the thick abacus for the shallow bell; but the steep bell may have a thick abacus also."—"The reader must observe, also, that in the demonstration of the four laws I always assumed the weight above to be given [constant]. By the alteration of the weight, therefore, the architect has it in his power to relieve, and therefore alter, the forms of his capitals. By its various distribution on their centres or edges, the slopes of their bells and thickness of abaci will be affected also; so that he has countless expedients at his command for the various treatment of his design. He can divide his weights among more shafts; he can throw them in different places and different directions on the abaci; he can alter slope of bells or diameter of shafts; he can use spurred or plain bells, thin or thick abaci; and all these changes admitting of infinity in their degrees, and infinity a thousand times told in their relations."

Our four rules, therefore, are not so simple as they sound, and perhaps the student would feel himself as competent to form a judgment without them.

Chapters follow on the *arch*, on the *arch-load*, and the roof. In the first the reader is made acquainted with the theory of the cusped arch. The cusp is a projection inward, giving a double bend to the under side of the arch. It is as if the sides of the arch, after advancing a certain distance and, as it were, bowing towards one another, soared upward, and united at a higher point than that at first intended. The practice is of very frequent occurrence in Venetian architecture, but far oftener as the result of decorative taste than of architectural necessity; but the cusp does sometimes serve as a counterpoise, or load, on the inner face of the arch, preventing it spreading beneath the thrust of the keystone, and perhaps in that capacity it first suggested itself to the inventor. Mr. Ruskin lays down all these matters with an anxious minuteness, disproportioned, we should think, to any future use that he can make of the cusp in its statical application. In the chapter on the arch-

load we have a less ambitious explanation of the method resorted to for relieving the aisle arches of the weight of the clerestory wall and roof by secondary or vaulting shafting. The dissertation on the roof brings us by a ready sequence to the rationale of the buttress. The thrust of the roof vault has to be met either by adequate strength of wall or by an external prop. If we desire the open lantern work of a Gothic interior, our wall will be so pierced as no longer to have adequate strength, and we must resort to the expedient of propping up the roof from without. This is effected by the flying buttress, a sloping arch, or bar of masonry which conveys the thrust from the eave of the vaulted roof to the outer walls of the side aisles. Externally, it is a feature of highly picturesque effect; internally, it enables the architect to suspend an enormous weight by unseen supports at a great height over the heads of the congregation. We cannot but think that a sense of insecurity enters into the awful feeling inspired by such interiors; nay, that there is something of imposition in the imposing character of vaulted roofs upheld by unseen external props, although ostensibly supported only by the slender vaulting shafts of the interior. And although the buttressed cathedrals of France and England have lasted as long as the more simply built basilicas of Lombardy, in which the roof is upheld by a sufficient side-wall, we must ascribe their preservation rather to their good fortune than their actual strength: for a mischievous cannoneer directing a twenty-four pound shot along the line of stone bars which sustain the lateral pressure of any one of these propped edifices would bring the whole vault to the floor at a single discharge, while it would require the destruction of a great part of the side-wall of an unbuttressed building to let down the roof. Great ingenuity has, no doubt, been displayed in the arrangement of the points of pressure to which these stone conductors are applied, and in the loading of the stone bars themselves, either superimposed on, or suspended from them, to keep them from breaking up in the middle under the pressure of the thrust; but these expedients seem to be rather the artifices than the arts of construction; and however suitable they may be for edifices designed for the purpose of imposing on weak

minds by awe-inspiring accessories, they are in our judgment inconsistent with the sincerity alike of Protestant worship and of good architecture.

It is difficult to separate these subjects from religious considerations. St. Peter's appears to us a Protestant building as much as Westminster Abbey is a Roman Catholic one, in spite of the doctrines and rituals to which they are respectively dedicated. The one is open, spacious, self-sustained, and simple; the other narrow, gloomy, intricate, and mysterious. The one, while expanding, exhilarates the mind; the other, while uplifting, confines and overawes it. The one stands openly and avowedly on evident foundations; the other hangs its masses of stone overhead from props that are unseen and adventitious. The one is all art; the other, one-half artifice. We prefer the building, as we do the creed, which appeals to the private judgment of the man of ordinary intelligence, asking no blind confidence in the skill with which a subtle system of compensations and counterpoises may be arranged outside, but presenting its provisions for protection and shelter on the strength of its own visible and tangible means of support.

In our preference of the unbuttressed forms of Lombardic architecture over the propped edifices of Northern Europe, we are sustained by the concurring opinion of Mr. Ruskin, who felicitously enough compares the effect of these external appliances in one place to the appearance of a band of giants propping up the central wall with the butts of their lances, and in another to that of the shores which sustain a half-built ship in a dock-yard. We are not entitled, however, to plume ourselves at all ostentatiously on the accordance of our views on a particular point with those of Mr. Ruskin, seeing that with all our admiration for his genius, and all our willing acknowledgment of the many delights which we have received from his writings, we differ from him broadly and fundamentally in the whole theory of modern architecture, considering on our part that the adapted classical modes of building are more suitable in all respects to modern wants than any revival of the Tudesque, Arabesque, or Romanesque styles of the middle ages.

We affirm that the architecture of St. Paul's and Somerset House in London, and of the Bank, College, and

Custom House in Dublin; of Chatsworth in Derbyshire, and of Carton in Kildare, is the proper architecture of civilization in this age of the world.

We maintain that the architecture of the New Houses of Parliament is retrogressive, inappropriate, and, if we may use the word, barbaresque. We name the New Houses of Parliament not as a favourable specimen of the style we mean to impugn, but as a notable example of the results which may be expected to arise from a study and cultivation of the styles in which Mr. Ruskin delights. We delight in these styles too, but as efforts and memorials of barbaric energy, not as models for the imitation of men no longer living in feudal rudeness or in ecclesiastical slavery. If a proprietor have inherited a castle built in the time of the wars of the Barons or of the Roses, and would add to it, let him, if he will, disguise his supplementary apartments in the forms of towers, crown them with machicolations, and crenellate them with apertures for the discharge of imaginary arrows. If a convert to the religion of the twelfth century desire to signalise his return to the culture of images, let him, if he will, restore the ugliest Norman church, with all the most grotesque carvings he can find between Lisieux and Bayeux. We are not of the religion of the twelfth century, nor of its politics; neither is Mr. Ruskin. That gentleman appears to be an earnest Protestant and lover of liberty; a vigorous impugner of ecclesiastical assumptions; entirely reliant on the rights of private judgment, and possessed with all the characteristic political feelings of an Englishman. He, therefore, ought, we think, to go with us when we add—if a man, enjoying the protection of settled laws, and living in a peaceable country, desire to build a new mansion, let him look for his model in the buildings of a peaceful and refined period; if a Protestant Christian desire to erect a church, let him select a style of building which shall not favour mysticism or offer inducement to idolatry; if a man of genius, capable of imbuing the minds of a free people with a still greater love of beauty, of truth, and freedom, would desire that his countrymen should participate in the pleasures which he has taught his own eye to derive from the excellences of barbaric art, let him remind his disciples that

while the philosopher finds and enjoys its own peculiar beauty in the worthless weed as well as in the fairest flower of the garden, yet he never suffers his garden to be overrun with weeds; and warn them against the mistake of little naturalists, who look with indifference on a wheat-sheaf or an oak of the forest, but go into raptures over a parcel of slime from the bottom of a pond—let such a man extend the domain of taste as wide as he can without confusing its boundaries, or suffering the forms of art, suitable to the requirements of one age of the world and one stage of society, to usurp upon those which the consent of civilized nations has appropriated to another period and another social predicament. But Mr. Ruskin will not go with us in any of these suggestions. He thinks the mediæval state of society gave the proper ideas of construction for all modern imitation; that the appropriation of other forms to our civil and ecclesiastical edifices by the artists of the *renaissance* was an error and ought to be corrected; that the ducal palace of Venice, for example, is the model of constructive proportion in house architecture, and San Michele, of Pavia, a pattern for a church. His objections to the *renaissance* are urged with an almost abusive force of invective, and we have little doubt if this expression of our adherence to the school of Palladio, of Wren, and Chambers, should happen to meet his eye, Mr. Ruskin would at once set us down for uninstructed and perverse imbeciles. We owe too much to his genius to be intolerant of its excesses: we trust to the practical operation of Camdenism for opening the eyes of mediæval enthusiasts, and of Mr. Ruskin himself at no distant period, to the necessary alliance between forms and opinions. In the mean time, nothing can be more significant of the coming change than Mr. Ruskin's own undisguised alarm at the progress of Popish ideas in England. We would not say anything bitter to a man to whom we owe so many hours of sweet enjoyment—an enjoyment, too, whose sweetness depends so much on the entire reliance we have in the sincerity of the man; but we cannot help remarking that architectural Puseyism has had no more efficient promoter in England than John Ruskin, and that, until his alarm at the progress of dogmatical

Puseyism broke forth in this publication, no one not honoured with his personal acquaintance could have supposed him to be the decided Protestant he now appears to be.

We may make the same remark of Mr. Macaulay. His papers in the *Edinburgh Review* greatly assisted in producing that sentiment in the public mind which his "History of England" has been written to check. Sir James Stephen will probably be the next who will find himself compelled to warn the British youth against the fruits of his own fantastic culture in the same garden of opinion, as bitter apples of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Mr. Ruskin's irritation at the Romanising tendencies of the English vents itself in a singularly unreasonable aggression on Mr. Pugin. This gentleman has certainly produced a great many disagreeable buildings, but we suppose he has had monkish and fashionable mediæval warrant for them. The students and professors of Maynooth have the satisfaction, we dare say, of being able to silence any criticism of their halls and lodgings, by reference to something old enough and ugly enough to be counted an unimpeachable model. It is also true, we believe, that there are some ecclesiastics whose minds are clouded by æsthetical doubt, and whose eyes do not rest with complete satisfaction on these learned storehouses, or storehouses of learning. Mr. Pugin, however, could hardly have expected that his correctnesses would be exploded by such a bomb-shell, and from a battery in his rear, too, as has been projected into the midst of his piscinas and crockets by Mr. Ruskin. We extract the passage, not for the purpose of damaging Mr. Pugin, for the excess of its censure will rather react in that artist's favour in the minds of candid readers, but as a remarkable instance of the retributive reaction of enthusiasm, which punishes a man for his own extravagances, by making the self-same errors in another appear to him intolerable and disgusting:—

"It is of the highest importance, in these days, that Romanism should be deprived of the miserable influence which its pomp and picturesqueness have given it over the weak sentimentalism of the English people. I call it a miserable influence, for of all motives to sympathy with the Church of Rome, this I unhe-

sitatingly class as the basest. . . . the being lured into the Romish Church by the glitter of it, like larks into a trap by broken glass; to be blown into a change of religion by the whine of an organ-pipe; stitched into a new creed by gold threads on priests' petticoats; jingled into a change of conscience by the chimes of a belfry. I know nothing in the shape of error so dark as this, no imbecility so absolute, no treachery so contemptible. I had hardly believed that it was a thing possible, though vague stories had been told me of the effect, on some minds, of mere scarlet and candles, until I came on this passage in Pugin's 'Remarks on Articles in the Rambler':—

" 'Those who have lived in want and privation are the best qualified to appreciate the blessings of plenty; thus, to those who have been devout and sincere members of the separated portion of the English Church—who have prayed, and hoped, and loved, through all the poverty of the maimed rites which it has retained—to them does the realisation of all their longing desires appear truly ravishing. . . . Oh! then, what delight—what joy unspeakable!—when one of the solemn piles is presented to them, in all its pristine life and glory!—the stoups are filled to the brim the rood is raised on high; the screen glows with sacred imagery and rich device; the niches are filled; the altar is replaced; sustained by sculptured shafts; the relics of the saints repose beneath; the body of our Lord is enshrined on its consecrated stone; the lamps of the sanctuary burn bright; the saintly portraiture in the glass windows shine all gloriously; and the albs hang in the oaken ambries, and the cope-chests are filled with orphreyed bauderkins; and pix, and pax, and chrismatory are there, and thurible, and cross.'

"One might have put this man under a pix, and left him, one should have thought; but he has been brought forward, and partly received, as an example of the effect of ceremonial splendour on the mind of a great architect. It is very necessary, therefore, that all those who have felt sorrow at this should know at once that he is not a great architect, but one of the smallest possible or conceivable architects. . . . I am sorry to have to speak thus of any living architect; and there is much in this man, if he were rightly estimated, which one might both regard and profit by. He has a most sincere love for his profession, a heartily honest enthusiasm

for pixes and piscinas; and though he will never design so much as a pix or a piscina thoroughly well, yet better than most of the experimental architects of the day. Employ him by all means, but on small work. Expect no cathedral of him; but no one at present can design a better finial. That is an exceedingly beautiful one over the western door of St. George's; and there is some spirited impishness and switching of tails in the supporting figures at the impost. Only do not allow his good designing of finials to be employed as an evidence in matters of divinity, nor thence deduce the incompatibility of Protestantism and art."—pp. 370-2.

Mr. Ferguson, also, whose ambitious attempt at a classification of the cyclopædia has excited some attention among thinking men, receives a pretty severe handling, in the course of which Mr. Ruskin descends to the use of triple notes of admiration, as a means of expressing his dissent from Mr. Ferguson's technics, æsthetics, and phonetics. The inadequacy of a foppish arrangement to the wants of philosophy might have better been made to appear with less of verbal gesticulation.

Mr. Garbett, again, an ingenious writer on decorative architecture, who has had the boldness to question some of the dogmatical postulates of the "Seven Lamps," is treated with much slighting animadversion. In truth, Mr. Ruskin exhibits a degree of bad temper in this volume which greatly surprises and, we must own, grieves us; for it ought to be the wish of every lover of truth and beauty that the genius of the age, which seems best fitted for expounding and advancing the principles of just criticisms in the arts, should perform its office in entire freedom from disturbing or distorting influences.

Of course, these petulant sallies will produce angry replies. We must hope that none of the stones of Venice will be shattered in the collision. As yet we have not seen any of the retorts of the injured parties, and happily living outside of their arena, we possibly never shall.

One contemptible trifle only, half banter, half objurcation, called "Ruskinism,"* has reached our hands. We cannot affront any of the gentlemen

* "Something on Ruskinism; with a 'Vestibule' in Rhyme." By an Architect. London: Robert Hastings. 1851.

we have mentioned, by ascribing to him so unworthy a performance. We hope they will vindicate themselves in quite a different manner. Mr. Pugin must try and take his revenge by designing something which Mr. Ruskin himself will have to applaud. Mr. Ferguson, we dare say, has by this time handed over his phonetics to Major Rawlinson, and has learned to be indifferent to the fate of an unattainable theory. Mr. Garbett alone has been invited to the discussion of a tangible subject in dispute; and if he please to break a lance with his challenger, we promise him that the lists shall be fairly kept, so far as we may be witnesses of the tournament.

We have strayed from the tenor of our subject. It was at the chapter on the arch-load that we diverged into the disquisitions which fill the preceding pages. We return to our building, in which we have now ascended as high as the roof. Theoretically we should say that the true form of roofs in these climates must be regulated by the slope at which snow will slide off. But as far as regards the facility of getting rid of snow, most of our city roofs might as well be flat. We are quite agreed with Mr. Garbett that a gutter behind a parapet is merely a trap for damp. Let any one here in Dublin look at the Provost's house, or the house of the Dublin Society, the roofs of which terminate on the cornice, and compare the compactness and safety of such an arrangement with a leaded valley hidden behind a dwarf wall, at the back of which all the snow of a winter's day might accumulate undisturbed, and under which all the ends of the rafters are perpetually in danger of being rotted. Certainly the former is the more complete, as it is the cheaper and the more elegant arrangement. Speaking of roofs and snow-storms, let us remark that the arched overtures of many of our railway stations appear to have been designed without regard to the contingency of having to support any much greater pressure than that of their own weight. We should suppose that two feet in depth of snow would crush any of these bent plates of corrugated metal quite flat. Similar bad consequences might be apprehended from a lodgment of the same kind in the valleys of the lateral roofs of the Crystal Palace. Whether with or without a parapet, however, the roof of every edifice built

in this part of the world ought, we conceive, to form a prominent feature of its elevation. In rainless countries only can the eye rest with satisfaction on a flat covering. But the extreme high pitch of Gothic and Tudesque roofs is equally unpleasing. We have seen a five-story house in Bavaria, two of the stories of which were in the side-walls, and the rest in the roof. Mr. Ruskin ascribes the taste of the Transalpine nations for lofty roofs to other causes besides precaution against the lodging of snow; and we may remark, as corroborative of his theory, that these very high roofs are not found in Switzerland or the Tyrol.

"The true Gothic gable, as it is the simplest and most natural, so I esteem as the grandest of roofs, whether rising in ridgy darkness, like a grey slope of slaty mountains, over the precipitous walls of the northern cathedrals, or stretching in lowering breadths above the white and square-set groups of the southern architecture. But the difference between its slope in the northern and southern architecture is a matter of far greater importance than is commonly supposed, and it is this to which I would especially direct the reader's attention.

"One main cause of it, the necessity of throwing off snow, in the north, has been a thousand times alluded to; another I do not remember to have seen noticed, namely, that rooms in a roof are comfortably habitable in the north, which are painful *sotto piombi* in Italy; and that there is in wet climates a natural tendency in all men to lie as high as possible out of the damp and mist. These two causes, together with accessible quantities of good timber, have induced in the north a general steep pitch of gable, which, when rounded or squared above a tower, becomes a spire or turret; and this feature, worked out with elaborate derivation, is the key-stone of the whole system of aspiration, so called, which the German critics have so ingeniously and falsely ascribed to a devotional sentiment pervading the northern Gothic. I entirely and boldly deny the whole theory."—p. 146.

It is a theory which we have ourselves often doubted; but before venturing on an entire bold denial of it, we would desire some surer grounds on which to found a judgment than a speculative suggestion, that perhaps all spires were originally but conical tower roofs, and consequently, all pinnacles but imitation spires. We have

no love for the northern Gothic, but we cannot dissociate the village spire that points to heaven from a devotional sentiment and purpose. At the same time, every instructed eye will have remarked how essential it is to the good effect of a spire, that it should have sufficient breadth of base, and really cover the top of its tower. Buttress pinnacles, however, have no alliance with roof coverings, and undoubtedly contribute as much as spires to the effect of aspiration. Amiens breathes that sentiment as strongly as Salisbury; Cologne is perhaps already as aspiratory as it will be when the west towers shall receive their steeples. In general, where we have occasion to differ from Mr. Ruskin, our dissent is in a matter of judgment; here we are for once unable to go with him in feeling; he hurts us with an unexpected impeachment of the devotional sentiment of the mediæval builders themselves, which we own appears to us unjust, and unsustained by any probable evidence. We would not reproduce the buildings of those ages, because we would not revive their manners, or their modes of thought or worship; but we cannot look at what the middle age architects have done, and deny them credit for lofty thoughts, and effective methods of expressing them in their buildings. Mr. Ruskin says:—

“Our cathedrals were, for the most part, built by worldly people, who loved the world, and would have gladly stayed in it for ever; whose best hope was the escaping hell, which they thought to do by building cathedrals, but who had very vague conceptions of heaven in general, and very feeble desires respecting their entrance therein; and the form of the spired cathedral has no more intentional reference to heaven, as distinguished from the flattened slope of the Greek pediment, than the steep gable of a Norman house has, as distinguished from the flat roof of a Syrian one.”—p. 146.

This is hardly worthy of Mr. Ruskin's reputation, either as a philosopher or a writer; it is recklessly thought and carelessly expressed. Yet we agree with him in his conclusion, that the “white and square set groups of southern architecture” are preferable to the northern Gothic; but we would desire to cross the Alps to look at them in their proper places, and would as

little wish to see San Zeno's of Verona, or San Michele's of Pavia transported hither, as we would wish to see reproduced in this century the mediæval symbolisms of Chartres or Rouen. If we understand Mr. Ruskin aright, he would desire to reproduce in the British islands the Lombardo-Venetian forms and modes of church building and palace building, and holds that nothing is accomplished till he shall plant the Palazzo Ducale in the middle of Westminster. Against all this we protest in the name of peace and commerce, and of the freedom and comfort of modern life, which imperatively require a different species of lodging and accommodation for civilized men in their civic, social, and devotional congregations. But it would be a loss of much enjoyment to the world if it had not these monuments of the piety and magnificence of a former and different state of society to visit and contemplate. If these prelections of Mr. Ruskin will assist us to the more intelligent enjoyment of whatever is admirable in their structure or decoration, we will be well rewarded for the pains bestowed on his book, even though not the least of these may be our difficulty in sometimes preserving a temperate dissent from his opinions:—

“Circumstance and sentiment,” he goes on to say, “aiding each other, the steep roof becomes generally adopted and delighted in through the north; and then, with the gradual exaggeration with which every pleasant idea is pursued by the human mind, it is raised into all manner of peaks, and points, and ridges; and pinnacle after pinnacle is added on its flanks, and the walls increased in height, in proportion, until we get, indeed, a very sublime mass, but one which has no more principle of aspiration in it than a child's tower of cards. What is more, the desire to build high is complicated with the peculiar love of the grotesque which is characteristic of the north, together with especial delight in the multiplication of small forms, as well as in exaggerated points of shade and energy, and a certain degree of consequent insensibility to perfect grace and quiet truthfulness; so that a northern architect, could not feel the beauty of the Elgin marbles, and there will always be (in those who have devoted themselves to this particular school) a certain incapacity to taste the finer beauties of Greek art, or to understand Titian, Tintoret, or

Raphael; whereas, among the Italian Gothic workmen this capacity was never lost, and Nino Pisano or Orcagna could have understood the Theseus in an instant, and would have received from it new life."—p. 148.

Elsewhere he speaks of the loathing with which an eye habituated to the repose and clearness of Fra Angelico or Bellini, looks on the first paintings of Rubens which it encounters on a survey of the northern galleries; and it is true that while pleasure uniformly attends the transition from northern to Italian cities, a sense of rudeness and grotesque clumsiness affects us on returning among the Tudesque Gothic buildings. Few persons of sensibility have not experienced these impressions, and no one will deny that they furnish the strongest argument for the Italian style.

Passing from spires to towers, and omitting several chapters of ingenious and recondite dissertation on roof-cornices, buttresses, forms and fillings of apertures, &c., we are much struck by a comparative view, arranged to the same scale, of the tower of a modern British church and the campanile of St. Mark's, at Venice, placed side by side. The British tower, diminutive in size and pierced with small windows at top and large ones below, is propped round its four corners by eight spreading buttresses, stepped and coped, as if the pressure of the dome of St. Paul's were contained in their little belfry; the Venetian tower, nearly three times the height and thirty times the size, springs aloft like the stem of a tree, without a single projection to break the plumb line of its sides from the foundation to the cornice. It needs no buttress: it is strong enough to support itself:—

"The Venetian tower rises 350 feet, and has no buttresses though built of brick; the British tower rises 121 feet, and is built of stone, but is supposed incapable of standing without two huge buttresses at each angle. The St. Mark's tower has a high, sloping roof, but carries it simply, requiring no pinnacles at the angles; the British tower has no visible roof, but has four pinnacles for mere ornament. The Venetian tower has its lightest part at the top and is massy at the base; the British tower has its lightest part at the base, and shuts up its windows into a mere arrow slit at the top. What the tower was

built for at all must, therefore, it seems to me, remain a mystery to every beholder; for surely no studious inhabitant of its upper chambers will be conceived to be pursuing his employment by the light of the single chink on each side; and had it been intended for a belfry, the sound of its bells would have been as effectually prevented from getting out as the light from getting in."—p. 202.

We did not think the tower of St. Mark's had proportions so vast. Mr. Ruskin himself appears to have some misgivings as to its measurement; and cites Professor Willis as his authority for assigning it the prodigious elevation of 350 feet. The drawing which illustrates this part of the text is one of the most striking in Mr. Ruskin's volume; and the stern, strong Venetian tower lifting its belfry with so much directness of purpose in the midst of the variously decorated and fantastic edifices which surround its Piazza, looks like the genius of a vigorous and uncompromising criticism, standing apart from the crowd of minor writers, and exposing, at a height far above their reach, the examples of simplicity, of dignity, and self-reliance. Speaking of Mr. Ruskin's illustrations, it is due to him to declare that we have never been of the number who have derided his plates of the "Seven Lamps."

"They are black, they are overbitten, they are hastily drawn," we use Mr. Ruskin's own words, "but their truth is carried to an extent never before attempted in architectural drawing. It does not in the least follow that because a drawing is delicate, or looks careful, it has been carefully drawn from the thing represented; in nine cases out of ten careful and delicate drawings are made at home. It is not so easy as the reader, perhaps, imagines, to finish a drawing altogether on the spot, especially of details seventy feet from the ground: and any one who will try the position in which I have had to do some of my work—standing, namely, on a cornice or window sill, holding by one arm round a shaft, and hanging over the street (or canal at Venice), with my sketch-book supported against the wall from which I was drawing by my breast, so as to leave my right hand free—will not thenceforward wonder that shadows should be occasionally carelessly laid in, or lines drawn with some unsteadiness. But steady or infirm, the sketches of which these plates in the 'Seven Lamps'

are facsimiles, were made from the architecture itself, and represent that architecture with its natural shadows at the time of day at which it was drawn, and with every fissure and line just as they now exist; so that when I am speaking of some new point which perhaps the drawing was not intended to illustrate, I can yet turn back to it with perfect certainty that if anything be found in it bearing on matters now in hand, I may depend upon it just as securely as if I had gone back to look again at the building."—App. 8.

These remarks are apropos of a drawing of part of the façade of San Michele at Lucca, illustrative of what Mr. Ruskin calls *wall-veil decoration*. One of the blackest and most barbaric looking illustrations of the "Seven Lamps" was a drawing of one of the upper arches of the same façade. The delicacy and gracefulness of the present engraving are as conspicuous as are the darkness and rude energy of the former one. But no delicacy of treatment can reconcile the eye to such a style of decoration. Dogs, horses, nondescript monsters, wheels, trefoils, huntsmen blowing long trumpets, true-lovers' knots, stars, and chequers, inlaid in green travertine on the surface of the wall, constitute the ornament. The forms are of the rudest outline. The carvings on a New Zealander's war-club, or the designs of men and horses on a school-boy's slate, are fair examples of their artistic pretension. What their meaning may be, beyond an expression of the *vis rvida vitæ* of the Lombardic character, Mr. Ruskin does not profess to understand. But he is in love with them, and has drawn them with perfect accuracy. They are not peculiar to Lucca. All through Europe, the Christian architects of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries have indulged in the same freaks; but more fancifully and more rudely in Lombardy than elsewhere. Mr. Ruskin thus philosophises on the Lombardic temperament:—

"The Arab and Lombard are both distinguished from the Byzantine by their energy and love of excitement; but the Lombard stands alone in his love of jest. Neither an Arab nor Byzantine ever jests in his architecture; the Lombard has great difficulty in ever being thoroughly serious. But the Arabian feverishness infects even the Lombard in the south, showing itself, how-

ever, in endless varieties, with a refreshing firmness and order pervading the whole of it. The excitement is greatest in the earliest times, most of all shown in St. Michele of Pavia; and I am strongly disposed to connect much of its peculiar manifestations with the Lombard's habits of eating and drinking, especially his carnivorousness. The Lombard of early times seems to have been exactly what a tiger would be, if you could give him love of a joke, vigorous imagination, strong sense of justice, fear of hell, knowledge of northern mythology, a stone den, and a mallet and chisel. Fancy him passing up and down in the said den, to digest his dinner, and striking on the wall, with a new fancy in his head at every turn, and you have the Lombardic sculptor. As civilization increases the supply of vegetables, and shortens that of wild beasts, the excitement diminishes. It is still strong in the thirteenth century at Lyons and Rouen; it dies away gradually in the later Gothic; and is quite extinct in the fifteenth century."—App. 8.

San Michele's, at Pavia, is the richest in these rude decorations of all the Lombardic churches. "The state of mind represented by the west front is more that of a feverish dream than resultant from any determined architectural purpose, or even from any definite love and delight in the grotesque." The principal objects are "mermaids with two tails, strange large fish, apes, stags, bulls (?), dogs, wolves, and horses; griffins, eagles, long-tailed birds (cocks?), hawks, and dragons, without end, or with a dozen ends, as the case may be; smaller birds, with rabbits, and small nondescripts, filling the friezes; all alive, fiercely alive," springing, gripping, worrying, and tearing one another in the most grotesque disorder. From the cloister of St. Paul *extra muros*, at Rome, to the remotest isles of the Caledonian sea, the same extravagant taste pervaded the works of the twelfth century Christian architects. This is not the place to enter on any inquiry as to their meaning. Lord Lyndsay has not penetrated it, nor has Mr. Ruskin. Our author, however, has noted some of the more conspicuous examples with painful assiduity. Here is the sequence of these subjects in the quatre-foils of the west front of the Cathedral of Lyons:—

1. Elephant and Castle.
2. A huge head, walking on two legs, turned backwards, hoofed; the

head has a horn behind, with drapery over it, which terminates in another head.

3. A boar hunt.

4. A bird, putting its head between its legs to bite its own tail, which ends in a head.

5. A dragon, with a human head set on the wrong way.

6. St. Peter awakened by the angel in prison.

7. St. Peter led out by the angel.

8. The miraculous draught of fishes.

9. A large leaf, with two snails rampant, coming out of nautilus shells, with grotesque faces, and eyes at the ends of their horns.

10. A man, with an axe, striking at a dog's head, which comes out of a nautilus shell; the rim of the shell branches into a stem with two large leaves.

11. Martyrdom of St. Sebastian; his body very full of arrows.

12. Beasts coming to Ark; Noah opening a kind of wicker cage.

13. Noah building the Ark on shores.

14. A vine leaf, with a dragon's head and tail, the one biting the other.

15. A man riding a goat catching a flying devil.

16. An eel, or murena, growing into a bunch of flowers, which turns into two wings.

17. A sprig of hazel with nuts, with a squirrel in centre.

18. Four hares fastened together by the ears, galloping in a circle.

Were the builders mad? will probably be the first exclamation of the reader. If so, they were mad methodically; for you may see the same extravagances reproduced in fifty different cathedrals from Palermo to York. The figures are usually sculptured in *relievo*; but in some of the Lombardic churches, as at San Michele's of Lucca (from the façade of which we have been diverted into this excursion), the figures are, as we have said, designed in a species of mosaic. Nothing can exceed Mr. Ruskin's admiration for this "crazy front," as Mr. Cockerell has very justly, though greatly to our author's exasperation, ventured to call it. "It is not crazy; not by any means. The entire arrangement is perfect beyond all praise; and the morbid restlessness of the old designs is now appeased. Geometry seems to have acted as a febrifuge; for beautiful geometrical designs are introduced amidst the tumult of the hunt; and

there is no more seeing double, nor ghastly monstrosity of conception; no more ending of everything in something else; no more disputing for spare legs amid bewildered bodies; no more setting on of heads wrong side foremost." For these merits—rather negative, it must be owned—the inlaid grotesques of Lucca are adopted into distinguished favour, and propounded as the acme of "wall-veil" decoration. We confess we would prefer the horizontal and vertical "rulings" which our author condemns as among the worst barbarisms of modern art, to these wild huntsmen, and stags, with their interspersed geometrical figures of wheels and chequers in green travertine, over the surface of our church walls. Bands, and members of different coloured marbles, where the edifice is marble-built, may be introduced with gratification to the eye; and Mr. Ruskin gives several examples, aided by coloured illustrations, of that species of decoration. The Ducal Palace at Venice, with its chequers of rose-coloured marble introduced in lozenge patterns, as we see them in an humbler material on old brick buildings, is one of the most pleasing examples that will occur to the mind of the reader. The banded pattern, as we see it in the cathedral of Genoa, for example, is to our mind less pleasing; it seems to us to diminish the height of the building. A third, and we conceive a more legitimate method, is the introduction of different coloured marbles for the different members of the ornamentation; though this is in opposition to Mr. Ruskin's theory, that colour should be imparted to buildings in analogy to the practice of nature, which disposes the streaks and spots on animals, irrespective of their form, and with a consistent disregard of symmetry. The most agreeable specimens of parti-coloured building given by him are drawings of an arch of the Broletto of Como, and of an archivolt, rich with warm introduced brick-work, from Verona. In both these there is a partial adaptation of the coloured material to particular members of the construction. We must remember, however, that all these coloured buildings are seen under a brilliant sun, and in the midst of a warm-coloured landscape. In our fainter light, and surrounded by our more sombre scenery, they would probably appear out of harmony

with the landscape. A pure white edifice, under the sky of Italy, dazzles painfully; it needs all the discolourations of time to reconcile the eye to the glaring expanse of the west end of the Duomo at Milan. The circumstance at first seems singular, that warm-tinted buildings should not be seen to so great advantage under a cold atmosphere; but we think it will be found that as we travel northward from the shores of the Mediterranean, the eye reposes with greater delight on colder surfaces. We apprehend the proper place for the application of polychrome, whether by adventitious colour or by the employment of different coloured materials, is to the south of the Alps, or at least of the line of the Danube. The frescos which adorn the external walls of some of the dwelling-houses in Munich and in Verona, are similar in style and design, yet the effect is not the same. Not but that there is sun enough on the Bavarian plain; but the colour of the air itself, if we may so speak, is different; and all things at the two places are seen through different mediums. We cannot think that external colouring will ever prevail under the sun of the British islands. Still less do we apprehend that Mr. Ruskin, by any effort either of pen or pencil, will ever reconcile us to such inlayings on the outer walls of our churches as those of St. Michael's of Lucca. When we speak of our being reconciled, we mean the reconciliation to these ideas of the people at large of the British islands. For the aristocracy of Great Britain we do not pretend to vouch. Transalpine sympathies have so far alienated many of them from the religious and social principles of the age in which they were born, that it would be rash to speculate on their adhesion to any forms of faith, or any canons of taste. But for the mass of the middle classes, the examples of the great works of the last and of the earlier part of the present century, the ideas propagated by our standard writers, and, we think, the very sunlight and air in which they have their existence, combine to secure them against any further restorations of the mediæval kind. Whatever we may see in that taste now springing up around us here is the result, we should rather suppose, of an ignorant love of novelty than of any attachment to ex-

ploded ideas in faith or worship. For example, it is but the other day that in one of the outlets of Belfast, in the midst of factories, ship-yards, and railway termini, a bastard Gothic chapel was erected by certain silly Protestants. A place more unfit for rational worship, with a roof twice as high as its side walls, and windows not larger than the ventilating slits of a barn, could hardly have been devised. The builders, however, we suppose, were told it was after some approved model, although they might search far enough for such combinations of lancet windows and renaissance shafts as decorate its chancel end, but it seems that when the sculptured cross which was to have completed the effect of the eastern gable was put up, the worthy patrons, who had never contemplated anything beyond a tasteful old English church—just as they would order a tasteful old English, or Swiss, or Chinese gate-house—revolted at the only one of the details of their building that could be said to be in keeping; and the offending symbol had to be replaced by a crocket. The building, or vault, at present stands a monument of the restlessness of manufacturing aspirations, ever on the stretch after new patterns, and constantly falling into unconscious revivals of fashions exploded in the days of our grandfathers.

From the main walls and covering of the building, Mr. Ruskin proceeds to deal at great length with the theory of ornament, its expression, arrangement, distribution, and material. His search after formal principles ends, as we have already intimated, in the line of beauty of Hogarth, although he seems to have deluded himself into the belief that he finds the particular curve of his choice only in the outline of the Matterhorn mountain, and in the leaf of the *Salvia*; though why the curve should be anything the better on either account does not appear. In truth, there is a good deal of the foppiness of criticism in the distinctions and definitions of this portion of the volume; and with all its imposing arrangement of chapters, sections, and numbers, we find it anything but demonstrative. Mr. Ruskin's ill-will towards the artists of the renaissance breaks out with characteristic vehemence when he comes to speak of the employment of armorial and military trophies by way of decoration:—

"Paltry and false alike in every feeling of their narrowed minds, they attached themselves not only to costume without the person, but to the pettiest details of the costume itself. They could not describe Achilles, but they could describe his shield—a shield like those of dedicated spoil without a handle, never to be waved in the face of war. And then we have helmets and lances, banners and swords, sometimes with men to hold them, sometimes without; but always chiselled with a tailor-like love of the chasing or the embroidery;—show helmets of the stage; no Etna fire in the metal of them; nothing but pasteboard crests and high feathers. And these cast together in disorderly heaps, or grinning vacantly over keystones, form one of the leading decorations of Renaissance architecture; and that one of the best: for helmets and lances, however loosely laid, are better than violins, and pipes, and books of music, which are another of the Palladian and Sansovinian sources of ornament."—p. 208.

Truly, if the choice had to be made between violins and pipes on the one hand, and snails rampant and hares tied together by the ears on the other, we would rather be inclined to go with Palladio than with our author. But our business ought rather be to discover what is commendable than to turn the edge of these little sarcasms, which, after all, are no more than the allowable perquisites of genius. Here, in chapter XXI., from section 25 onward through several pages, we have a very able and instructive exposition of the rationale of gradation in ornament. Mr. Ruskin truly observes that there are points of distance too near for the enjoyment of the larger features of an edifice, yet too distant for an appreciation of the more minute ones, and that the same holds good in nature.

"It is exactly the same with regard to Rouen Cathedral or the Mont Blanc. We like to see them from the other side of the Seine, or of the Lake of Geneva; from the *Marché aux Fleurs*, or the Vale of Chamouni; from the parapets of the Apse, or the crags of the *Montaigne de la Côte*; but there are intermediate distances which dissatisfy us in each case, and from which one is in haste either to advance or to retire."

In a great work, therefore, the most the artist can achieve, or the critic expect, is, that it shall tell at certain

stages of our approach with successive cumulations of effect.

"The lesser ornament is to be grafted on the greater, and third or fourth orders of ornament upon this again, as need may be, until we reach the limits of possible sight; each order of ornament being adapted for a different distance. First, for example, the great masses—the buttresses and stories, and black windows and broad cornices of the tower, which give it make and organism, as it rises over the horizon half a score of miles away; then the traceries, and shafts, and pinnacles, which give it richness as we approach; then the windows, and statues, and knops, and flowers, which we can only see when we stand beneath it. At this third order of ornament we may pause in the upper portions, but on the roofs of the niches, and the robes of the statues, and the rolls of the mouldings comes a fourth order of ornament as delicate as the eye can follow when any of these features may be approached."—p. 245.

A want of regard to these considerations has made the New Houses of Parliament the blank, unsatisfactory object they unfortunately are. From their situation they can only be deliberately viewed from a considerable distance, or so very near that the eye can take in the details of no more than the lower story. Whatever excellence the river front possesses is calculated for an intermediate point, to which the spectator must resort by a boat, and where he cannot long tarry in the midst of the river traffic. At either of the convenient points of view we are in the predicament described by Mr. Ruskin, dissatisfied with too much or too little, and desirous either to advance or to retire. It is not so with the river front of Somerset House.

The subject of ornamentation is one of the most difficult and intractable that a writer can take up. Our tastes in these matters are very much the result of mere conventional and local fashion. What gratifies the eye of an educated Asiatic will in many instances offend that of an educated Englishman, and *vice versa*. How is the question to be decided between them? In point of utility or practical appropriateness the one object will probably be as little commendable as the other. That which pleases the Englishman will be found, however, to be generally more like the forms of nature. But the

most natural-looking wreaths of flowers in a carpet, for example, do not please so much as the kaleidoscopic patterns of Turkey or Persia; and the eye of the European and the Oriental alike would revolt from the most perfect painting of the human face or form on the draperies of our apartments or the costumes of our persons. In the same way, much as we may admire the delicate reproduction of fruits and flowers in the marble wreaths and pendants of a mantelpiece, we should generally be found to prefer forms less natural and more conventional in the main lines of our cornices, architraves, and other substantive parts of our dwellings. These, we generally feel, ought to remind us that they are artificial. We would not shape the ceilings of our rooms into the actual likeness of the roofs of caverns or of the interlacing boughs of the vegetable canopies of beasts and birds. Everything has to be straightened, stiffened, and symmetrised. The tendrils and flowers must be masonically metamorphosed into volutes and rosettes; the stems and boughs into pillars and arch-ribs of determinate dimensions and at regular distances. Nature must be subdued to art evidently and totally; and natural objects be admitted only as accessories, and separated from the work of our own hands by ostensories and glass shades and cases. These proprieties of decoration are felt and understood by everybody, and to a certain extent they are admitted by Mr. Ruskin; but to an extent much more limited, and with scope for the admission of natural objects much wider, than we can reconcile to our ideas of good art. Unfortunately for the progress of just criticism, Mr. Ruskin conceives that he can trace the genius of Popery in the formal semi-classical decorations of one period, and that of Protestantism in the flowing, irregular, and life-like wreaths and festoons of another. The analogy is not, in our judgment, either just or complimentary. It exercises, however, a powerful influence over Mr. Ruskin's mind, and if we rightly divine, will come prominently into play in his awarding of the architectural palm among the Venetian buildings. To illustrate what we mean let us make an extract from his preliminary dissertation on cornices:—

“Those cornices [speaking of ex-

amples in which what Mr. Ruskin calls the ‘naturalism’ of the sculpture is on the increase, although a classical formalism is still retained] are the Venetian ecclesiastical Gothic; the Christian element struggling with the formalism of the Papacy—the Papacy being entirely heathen in all its principles. That officialism of the leaves and their ribs [the leaves are accurately numbered and set sternly in their places; they are leaves in office, and dare not stir or move] means apostolical succession; and is already preparing for the transition to old Heathenism again and the Renaissance. Now look at the last cornice [one covered with a trailing growth of disorderly leaves], that is Protestantism—a slight touch of dissent [do not smile, good reader], hardly amounting to schism, in those falling leaves, but true life in the whole of it. The forms all broken through, and sent Heaven knows where; but the root held fast, and the strong sap in the branches, and, best of all, good fruit ripening and opening straight to heaven, and in the face of it, even though some of the leaves lie in the dust. Now observe this cornice [an example of mixed character]. It represents Heathenism and Papistry, animated by the mingling of Christianity and nature. The good in it, the life of it, the merits and belief of it, such as it has, are Protestantism in its heart; the rigidity and saplessness are the Romanism in it. It is the mind of Fra Angelico in the monk's dress—Christianity before the Reformation.”—p. 307.

Surely it is rash to ground a system of criticism on conceits so far-fetched; and even in admitting such conceits into the mind, observe how very opposite are the forms which they assume according to the cast of the minds which entertain them; thus, to compare small things with great, our own conceit, that St. Peter's is virtually a Protestant structure, proceeds on views diametrically opposed to those on which Mr. Ruskin declares that his cornice (the forms of which “are all broken through and sent Heaven knows where”) typifies the reformed religion with its slight touch of dissent; and we humbly conceive our reasons will bear examination equally well. It is but just, however, to add, that in the Venetian taste there is room for a much greater display of “naturalism” in decoration than in the styles adopted by modern civilisation; and even in the details of the renaissance we may introduce the forms of birds and flowers along with the leaves and tendrils of our scrollwork

with less offence. But we cannot admit that the gate of the Temple of Jupiter at Spalatro owes any of its beauty to its horses' heads and double-tailed mermaidens, or that the scrolls which surround the bronze doors of St. Peter's at Rome are aught the better for their snails and lizards.

To follow Mr. Ruskin through the minute criticisms on mouldings, cornices, capitals, and bases with which the rest of his volume is occupied would be tedious, and, like all other tedious demands on a reader's attention, unprofitable. We have no doubt his dissertation is far too elaborate for the immediate purpose he proposes, that, namely, of preparing his future students for an intelligent enjoyment of the "*Stones of Venice*;" but if the essay serve to put this branch of art on permanent foundations, its ill-adaptation for the immediate purpose of its author will be of little consequence. England is just now in urgent need of some settled principles of constructive and decorative taste. There has not been one handsome public building erected in London in the present generation. The Houses of Parliament are barbaric; the Royal Palace barbarous; the club-houses, and these are our best efforts, servile but imperfect copies of the mansions of Italian nobles. The churches, which ought to be the most prominent, as well as most permanent exponents of the national mind, are insignificant in size and position, perishable in material, and so varied in design, that all the religions of the world seem to have contributed to, and to be represented in the confusion. In the midst of this decay of taste, the Press teems with publications

devoted to the arts. Never was there so much writing, printing, and engraving about architecture, sculpture, and decorative design; never were the subjects of these labours so ill applied in practice. Improvements in mechanical aids have enabled us to procure, to transport, and to put together all the materials of architectural and decorative beauty with infinitely greater facility than our fathers could have done. Yet our fathers' works remain the only monuments of architectural splendour amongst us; while in merely decorative art, the most we can do is to revive the scroll works and grotesques of the base period of Louis XIV. Take up any of the illustrations, or go to the Crystal Palace, and look at the specimens themselves, of England's best efforts in decoration at the present day: you find what at first sight might seem the old furniture and hangings of Versailles, or Heidelberg, new furnished and cleaned for the occasion. There is richness, elaboration, finish, splendour, sumptuousness unexampled; but the amount of what our fathers would have pronounced bad taste is also without example. We do not think Mr. Ruskin will correct the mistaken notion of his countrymen on points of æsthetical beauty, by decrying Palladio and his pupils; but it is fortunate that men of genius have taken the alarm, and that the nation is not to be allowed to run riot in barbarism, under the delusion that it is advancing in the cultivation of the arts, without at least one eloquent voice of warning, however perversely the prophet may turn from the only quarter to which he can with safety point for example.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER.—NO. VIII.

STEPHEN GOSSON, STUBBES, COLLIER, BEDFORD, LAW, AND SOME LATER WRITERS AGAINST THE STAGE.

"There's nothing simply good, nor ill *alone*;
Of every quality *comparison*
The only measure is, and judge *opinion*," *

THIS short, aphoristic passage, from the poems of an eminent and learned Dean of St. Paul's in the olden time, introduces itself as peculiarly applicable to the subject we propose to devote a few pages to, and should never be lost sight of, whether we are dealing with the invective of a declared enemy, or the over-wrought panegyric of a zealous friend. In controversy on the good or evil of the stage, as in disputations of far higher importance, prejudice too often supersedes argument on both sides, while the simple groundwork of reason and fact is swept away, and forgotten in the fury of debate. When carried headlong on by a favourite hypothesis, we often strike in the dark with erring weapons and uncertain effect.

A hot controversialist directs his arrows against the abuses of the system or invention he attacks, and either loses sight of its advantages or denies their existence. This is peculiarly observable in the pages of Deistical as well as anti-theatrical writers. The first deny the inherent truth of revelation, because men have perverted it; the latter denounce the stage as essentially mischievous, because its evil tendencies have been too frequently indulged; but both have defeated themselves by their extreme violence. Celsus, Porphyry, and Julian assisted rather than impeded the early march of Christianity. The drama has been more strengthened by the attacks of its opponents than the zeal of its defenders. The moment any one assumes that a human institution must be evil, because it is not entirely good, the simplest mind at once detects the position to be a false one, which cannot be maintained.

The admixture of opposite qualities in the organization of the world is not

only inevitable, but, by the wisdom of Providence, is also advantageous. The deadliest poison forms an ingredient of the most healing medicine. The bee is taught by instinct to gather the sweetest and most pleasant honey from the harshest flowers and sharpest thorns. The most precious metals cannot be wrought to utility until their inherent richness is reduced by alloy. The natural world abounds in plants and simples which contain within themselves the elements of health and destruction. An unskilful mixture renders baneful what otherwise would be salutary. How beautifully this is expressed, and conveyed with moral application, by Shakspeare:—

"Within the infant rind of this small flower,
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
Two such opposing foes encamp them still,
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worse is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant."†

A *catalogue raisonné* of the authors engaged in the endless controversy on the stage would of itself occupy volumes, and a collection of their works would load the shelves of a large public library. A subject on which so much has been written, and so many opposite opinions delivered, will always be curious and interesting. Let us look briefly at a few *excerpts*, which may be taken as types of the class.

From Stephen Gosson, who began in 1575, down to the present day, the race of anti-dramatists has gone on in England in uninterrupted succession. They appear not to be tired out either by the triteness of the question, the obstinacy of the blind who refuse to see, the heavy inefficacy of their own arguments, or the rebutting force of the statements in reply. With less personal abuse, they might have proved

* Dr. Donne's Poems. 4to, 1633, page 27.

† Romeo and Juliet. Act 2, Scene 3.

more successful advocates; but we should have lost some ingenious argumentations, a good sprinkling of absurdity, with convincing evidence that intellects generally clear become very hazy and incoherent on particular topics.

This Stephen Gosson wrote, at different times, three several treatises in bitter condemnation of the stage, and led the way, as a trusty pioneer for an army of active followers in the same field. In 1575, he commenced his first attack in the "Schoole of Abuse," followed, in 1579, by the "Ephemerides of Phialo and Apologie for the Schoole of Abuse," and concluding, in 1581 with "Playes confuted in five Actions." The first tract was reprinted in 1841, by the Shakspeare Society (for the use of the subscribing members), and is, therefore, tolerably accessible; but, until then, a copy could very rarely be met with. The other two are not to be looked for, neither having appeared in a catalogue for many years. The last produced a large sum at the sale of Mr. Heber's Library in 1836; he obtained it for £6 in 1808. It is a very small volume in 24mo, with only fifty-one leaves.

Gosson was a scholar of Christ Church, Oxford, but left the university without completing his degrees, came to London, commenced poet, and wrote three plays, "Catiline's Conspiracies," "The Comedie of Captain Mario," and "Praise at Parting," a morality. None of these were ever printed. When he wrote them he was very young, and appears early in life to have changed his opinions. He obtained the living of Great Wigborough, in Essex, and afterwards that of St. Botolph's Without, in London. We learn from himself a few particulars as to the early incidents of his life, mentioned in his Address to the Reader, which commences the "Playes Confuted."

"Since my publishing the 'Schoole of Abuse,' two playes of my making were brought to the stage; the one was a cast of Italian devices, called '*The Comedie of Captain Mario*,' the other a moral, '*Praise at Parting*.' These they very impudently affirme to be written by me since I had set out my invective against them. I cannot denie they were both mine, but they were both penned two yeeres at the least before I forsoke them, as by their own friends I am able to

prove; but they have got suche a custome of counterfeiting upon the stage, that it is grown to a habite, and will not be lefte. Since the first printing of my invective to this day, I never made playe for them nor any other: therefore, if ever they be so shameless and graceless to belye me again, I beseech God, as he hath given me more wit to spende my time well; so to sende them more honestye to speake a truth. I could purge myself of this slander in many words, both how I departed from the city of London, and bestowed my time in teaching young gentlemen in the countrie, where I continue with a very worshipful gentleman, and read to his sonnes in his own house; but the men are so vaine, and their credite so light, that the least worde I speake is enough to choke them. He that reprehends a vice, and shunnes it not, snuffes the lampe to make it burne, but puts in no oyle to nourishe the flame. Therefore, as soon as I had inveighed against playes, I withdrew myselfe from them to better studies, which, so long as I live, I trust to follow."

In a short time his ascetic notions became so obnoxious to his patron, and were expressed so offensively, that he was dismissed from his employment, and then took orders. In the "Schoole of Abuse" (fol. 22, 23, edit. 1579), after having utterly condemned all plays, players, and poets whatever, Gosson suddenly recollects that a tragedy of his own is then acting; whereupon, not liking to praise his own offspring exclusively, he plunges at once into the following ludicrous contradiction:—

"It is well known that some players are sober, discrete, properly learned, honest householders, and citizens, and well thought of among their neighbours at home. And as some of the players are farre from abuse, so some of their playes are without rebuke, which are as easily remembered as quickly reckoned. The two prose bookes played at the Belsavage, where you shall find never a word without witte, never a line without pith, never a letter placed in vain. The Jew and Ptolome showne at the Bull, the one representing the greediness of worldly usurers: the other very lively describing howe seditious estates with their own devices, false friends with their own seconds, and rebellious commons in their own snares are overthrowne; neither with amorous gesture wounding the eyes, nor with slovenly talk hurting the ears of y^e chaste hearers. The Blacksmith's Daughter and Catiline's Conspiracies, usually br

in at the Theatre:* the first containing the treachery of Turks, the honourable bounty of a noble mind, and the shining virtue in distress: the last *because it is known to be a pig of mine own sowe*, I will speak the less of it, only giving you to understand that the whole mark which I shot at in that worke was to shewe the rewarde of traitors in Catiline, and the necessary government of learned men in Cicero, which foresees every danger that is likely to happen, and forestalles it continually ere it take effect. Therefore I give these playes the commendation that Maximus Tyrius gave to Homer's works. These playes are good playes, and sweet playes, and of all playes the best playes, and most to be liked, worthy to be sung of the Muses, or set out with the cunning of Roscius himself."

Bravo! worthy and consistent Master Stephen Gosson! A schoole of abuse! Why his own title is a palpable misnomer. The treatise should rather be called "A College of Panegyric." None of the plays so warmly praised here have been traced; what their actual merit was, or who the authors, we are even unable to conjecture. The mighty genius of Shakspeare had not yet dawned, nor had any brightening in the horizon given token of the coming effulgence.

Dr. Thomas Lodge replied to Gosson in a pamphlet defending the stage, which appears to have been privately printed, but of which we believe no copy is known to be in existence. This drew from Gosson the "Playes Confuted," in direct rejoinder, and in which he goes over all his old objections with renovated virulence. He attacks also "The Playe of Playes," acted on the 23rd February, 1581. The author is unknown, nor can I find any mention of the piece elsewhere. Our histriomastix winds up all with the following general broadside:—

"Playes are the inventions of the devil, the offsprings of idolatrie, the pompe of worldlings, the blossomes of vanitie, the roote of Apostacy, the foode of iniquitie, ryot, and adulterie—detest them. Players are masters of vice, teachers of wantonnesse, spurres to impuritie, the sonnes of idlenesse; so longe as they live in this order, loathe them.

God is merciful; his winges are spread to receyve you if you come betimes. God is just; his bow is bent, and his arrowe drawen, to send you a plague, if you staye too longe."

In 1585, and again in 1595, Philip Stubbes published his "Anatomie of Abuses," compared to which Gosson's Schoole of Abuse is gentleness itself. This is also a very scarce book; but in 1836 a small reprint, of one hundred copies, was issued, under the superintendence of Mr. W. B. D. D. Turnbull. Dr. Dibdin says of this notable production:—

"Stubbes did what he could to disturb every social and harmless amusement of the age. He was the forerunner of that snarling satirist, Prynne. His book contains a great deal of Puritanical cant and licentious language: vices are magnified in it, in order to be lashed; and virtues diminished, that they might not be noticed. Stubbes equals Prynne in his anathemas against plays and interludes; and in his chapters upon dress and dancing, he rakes together every coarse and pungent phrase, in order to describe these horrible sins with due severity. He is sometimes so indecent, that for the credit of the age and of a virgin reign, we must hope that every virtuous dame threw the copy of his book which came into her possession, behind the fire."†

The following short extract will fully develope the peculiar style of Stubbes's eloquence. He is speaking of the neglect of "Fox's Book of Martyrs:"—

"Whilst other toyes, fantasies, and bableries, whereof the world is full, are suffered to be printed, these prophane schedules, sacrilegious libels, and hethnical pamphlets (the authors whereof may vendicate to themselves no smal commendations at the hands of the Devil for inventing the same), corrupt men's minds, pervert good wits, allure to baudrie, induce to adulterie, suppress virtue, and erect vice; which thing how should it be otherwise? For are they not invented and excogitat by Belzebub, written by Lucifer, licensed by Plato, printed by Cerberus, and set a broche to sale, by the infernal furies, to the poisoning of the whole world?"‡

* The Belsavage, the Bull, and the Theatre, appear to have been the names of some of the popular play-houses; as also the Globe, Fortune, Blackfriars, &c.

† Bibliomania, pp. 366-67, and Note.

‡ Anatomie of Abuses, 4to. 1595, sig. P. p. 7.

The utter inconsistency of thus jumbling together Beelzebub with Plato, and Lucifer with Cerberus and the infernal Furies, is almost redeemed by its amusing originality.

Prynne, writing against the stage and all its appurtenances, chooses, nevertheless, to call his composition "A Tragedie," and divides it into acts and scenes, instead of books and chapters. He declaims furiously against the obscene language of plays; but mark how readily he finds an excuse for his own still grosser expressions:—

"He who stirres a noysome kennell, must needs raise some stench; he who would lively pourtraiture a divell, or a deformed monster, must needs draw some ghastly lines, and use some sordid colours; so he who will delineate to the life the notorious lewdnesse of plays, of play-hunters, is necessarily enforced to such immodest phrases, as may present it in its native vilenesse, else he shall but conceal or mask their horrid wickedness that none may behold it, nor rip it open that all may abhorre it. This is the only reason of those more uncivill or seemingly immodest passages and phrases that are here and there scattered in this discourse, which, *as they are for the most part the Fathers', or some other authour's, not mine owne, and so the more excusable, as necessity only hath enforced mee to them.*"*

Jeremy Collier inveighs against the indecency, or, as he elegantly terms it, the smuttiness of the English dramatists; but he has no difficulty in justifying his own similar offences:—

"I have ventured," says he, "to change the terms of *mistress* and *lover* for others somewhat more plain, but much more proper, and I don't look upon this as failure in civility. As good and evil are different in themselves, so ought they to be differently mark'd. Ill qualities ought to have ill names to prevent their being catching. To treat honour and infamy alike, is an injury to virtue, and a sort of levelling in morality. I confess I have no ceremony for debauchery; for to compliment vice, is but one remove from worshipping the devil."†

All which, being fairly interpreted, means, that worthy Mr. Collier may suit

his style to his subject as he pleases; but it is high treason, at least, in any one else to adopt the same practice. He sought to illustrate in himself the passage wherein Shakspeare says—

"That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy."‡

"The onset of Collier," says Dr. Johnson, in his life of Congreve, "was violent; those passages, which, while they stood single, had passed with little notice, when they were accumulated and exposed together, excited horror; and the wise and pious caught the alarm, and the nation wondered why it had so long suffered irreligion and licentiousness to be openly taught at the public charge."

Collier did good; the unwarrantable liberties indulged in by the dramatists of his day required a stern castigator. Dennis, Drake, and Filmer wrote replies which failed to confute him. Congreve and Vanburgh defended themselves without convincing others, and then began to reform their plays; Dryden alone pleaded guilty, in the preface to his Fables, published in 1700.

"I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly, and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal reason to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one."

To this he adds, as a qualifying codicil:—

"Mr. Collier sometimes, by a strained interpretation, *makes* the evil sense of which he complains. He hath too much horse-play in his raillery, and if the zeal for God's truth hath not eaten him up, it hath, at least, devoured some of his good manners and civility."

At an earlier period, Dryden still more emphatically placed his penitence on record in his "Ode on the Death of Mrs. Anne Killigrew."

* *Histriomastix*. Preface to the "Christian Reader."

† Preface to Collier's Short View, 1698.

‡ Measure for measure.

Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle were fined for uttering irreverent or indecent expressions on the stage; and the Master of the Revels began to exercise a much more rigid censorship on the new pieces offered for representation. Thus far Collier is entitled to rank as an improver of morals, and a general benefactor; but while, in his inordinate zeal, he endeavoured to batter to the ground the theatrical fabric, and ransacked (in imitation of Prynne) the pages of ancient philosophers, with the ponderous folios of early fathers, for passages he found, and others he invented, all seeming to prove that theatres were altogether abominations, equally disclaimed by the wisdom of men, and the ordinances of Heaven; with curious inconsistency he admits, at the same time, that "the abuse of a thing is no argument against the use of it;" that "the business of plays is to recommend virtue, and discountenance vice; to make folly and falsehood contemptible, and to bring everything that is ill under infamy and neglect;" that "instruction is the principal design of both tragedy and comedy;" and, in fine, "that the genius of man cannot invent anything more conducive to virtue, and destructive of vice, than the drama in its proper exercise." Truly, as Sir Walter Scott observes (life of Dryden), "there is a strange mixture of sense and nonsense in this celebrated treatise of Jeremy Collier."

It will, I believe, be admitted, that consistency is required to give moral weight to opinion, and that he who blows hot and cold with the same breath, is valueless as a friend, and not very formidable as an enemy. In the early ages of Christianity, the Fathers of the Church declared plays to be the inventions of Satan, and therefore unfit for Christian men. Ludovicus Vives, the learned and pious commentator on St. Augustine, affirms that the Devil invented logic. If so, by the same rule, reason and argument are unlawful. Those who denounce the stage, from its supposed heathen origin, to be consistent should give up the letters through which they convey

their opinions, as they too were invented by a pagan.

The good Fathers, who condemned the ancient dramatists as disciples of the arch-enemy, prohibited the reading of their works under heavy penalties, and ordered them to be burnt indiscriminately, to check the dissemination of ungodliness; but preserved a few copies for their own private edification, and quoted from them whenever it suited their purpose or improved their oratory. The works of Justin Martyr, Clemens of Alexandria, and Eusebius, contain many passages which are nowhere else to be found, and are equally remarkable for their poetical beauty, and the sound principles they inculcate. St. Chrysostom declared that "he would never cease until he had utterly dissipated and rent asunder the devilish theatre,"* yet he diligently studied all the dramatic poets; from that impure source, borrowed a style of eloquence which made him the most persuasive and admired preacher of his time; and such was his fondness for the comedies of Aristophanes that he slept with them under his pillow.† With all due respect for the zeal and piety of the Fathers, these, and other even more important contradictions, somewhat impugn the value of their authority. The fierce Tertullian lapsed into the heresy of Montanism, and forthwith aspersed the morals of the Orthodox Church, which before he had so resolutely defended.‡ The grave, the solemn Eusebius (to admit a mild interpretation of his words) implies that he has suppressed matters discreditable to his own people, and stated their case with partiality.§

The early Puritans, and the more recent Methodists, have sought to recommend their hymns by setting them to popular tunes and jigs, which their own preachers observed, were "too good for the Devil, who had no right to keep all the best music to himself." Shakspeare speaks of the formalist of his day as "singing psalms to horn-pipes," and more than one Methodist hymn is set to the air of "On Beds of Sweet Roses." The pious Wesley

* Hom. vii. in Matth. Tom. 2; Col. 60, D 61, B. C.

† Brumoy, Bishop Watson, Cumberland.

‡ De Jejuniis, C. xvii.

§ Euseb. Hist. Eccles., Lib. viii. C. 2. Gibbon for his own purposes colours this too highly.

once, in the pulpit, described himself in the well known ode of Anacreon, by merely substituting his own name.*

Tate Wilkinson, in his memoirs, mentions that Ned. Shuter, of facetious memory, was a constant attendant on Whitfield, and a liberal contributor to the tabernacle, in return for which, Whitfield gave out his benefit, and exhorted the flock to attend for that night only. I don't pretend to decide on the degree of credit to be attached to the authority; but Tate Wilkinson is probably as good an evidence on the one side, as the average of those cited on the other; and as a member of society, fully more respectable than two of their popular champions, Publius Ovidius Naso, and Jean Jacques Rousseau.

The Roman satirist says, "*Totus mundus exerceat histrionem.*"† Every body follows the trade of acting; or, as Shakspeare more beautifully amplifies the thought, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." This sentence, forming, perhaps, the truest and most comprehensive apology for the theatre, suggests the following imitation, Oh, Inconsistency, all mankind are thy disciples!

It seems quite loss of time to reply to any arguments against dramatic exhibitions founded on their being originally invented to honour heathen deities; or to go back to the objections of writers in the early centuries of Christianity. The stage denounced by them bears not the slightest similitude, either in origin or exercise, to the modern drama, as established among the civilized nations of Europe. We may say with Cicero, in alluding to the ancestry of Piso the *Ædile*, "*Quid enim simile habet præter nomen?*"‡ In what do they resemble each other beyond the name?

We might have supposed that Prynne and Collier had thoroughly exhausted all that research or patience could scrape together on their side of the question, but in 1719, the Rev. Arthur Bedford, Vicar of Temple Church in the city of Bristol,

put forth a book called "*The Evil and Danger of Stage Playes,*" in which most extraordinary production he cited seven thousand fresh instances of lewd and immodest passages taken out of plays of the current century alone; and a catalogue of fourteen hundred texts of Scripture, according to his interpretation, ridiculed on the stage. On this, D'Israeli shrewdly remarks (*Curios. of Literature*), "this religious anti-dramatist must have been more deeply read in the drama than even its most fervent lovers. His piety pursued too closely the study of such impious productions, and such labours were probably not without more amusement than he ought to have found in them."

The Rev. William Law, who entered on the field of controversy in 1726, alludes to the method adopted by Collier, and enlarged by Bedford, when he says:—

"If a person was to make a collection of all the wicked, profane, blasphemous, lewd, impudent, detestable things that are said in the playhouse, only in one season, it would appear to be such a mass of sin, as would sufficiently justify any one in saying, that the business of players is the most wicked and detestable practice in the world."§

By this process a very appalling congeries of objectionable matter may, without doubt, be accumulated, but such a mode of illustrating any argument will be found to cut with a double edge, and is at least as questionable as the expurgated edition of "*Martial*," Lord Byron speaks of, in which all the licentious epigrams are collected in an appendix; so that, as he says, you have them all together "at one fell swoop." The youthful mind is thus directed to the contemplation of a huge pile of impurity, which, in its original diffusion, might have produced little mischief, or perhaps have escaped notice altogether. I am not now becoming the apologist of abuse. I lament that the licentiousness complained of should exist at all; but again I repeat, nothing human is ex-

* D'Israeli, *Curiosit. of Lit.*, Ed. 1838, p. 221.

† Tit. Petron. *Arb. Satyr. Evagm.*, p. 521, Ed. 1669. This was affixed as a motto to the Globe Theatre in Shakspeare's time.

‡ Cic. *Orat. in Pisonem*.

§ Law's *Absolute Unlawfulness, &c.*, p. 10, Ed. 1726.

empt from it; in a greater or less degree it pervades every department of the social system, "as where's that palace, whereunto foul things sometimes intrude not?"

To set forward evil alone, and to suppress good, is to misrepresent truth. Let a man of average respectability be taken from the ranks of society. Let a censor be appointed to keep a register, for twelve months, of every act of folly, violence, or immorality, the object of his surveillance may be guilty of; but to take no note of any shining virtue, any noble or Christian sentiment, any good or benevolent action, by which faults and weaknesses may be redeemed or balanced. The portrait thus presented will be as revolting in its features, as faithless in the resemblance. Reason will at once discard the ungenerous libel, and perceive that nothing can be correctly drawn without a fair consideration of all its component qualities.

When George Colman was examined before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Dramatic Inquiry question, he was asked whether he disapproved of the number of expletive *dammes*, &c., scattered through John Bull. He replied that he did very much disapprove of them, but that he was then younger and less given to think seriously. "Then, Mr. Colman," said the chairman, "you repent of having written that comedy?" "No," answered the author, "I am not at all sorry to have made a good pudding, although I much regret there should be any bad plumbs in it." It is clearly impossible to act in one play, or bring together at one time, all the objectionable passages which may be culled from one thousand. If this could be done the purpose of playing would be sadly perverted, and on this plan everything good or useful would entirely change its character. Clothes are wholesome and decent, but if any one was to place his whole wardrobe on his back at once he would be smothered. Fire is both comfortable and salutary, but if all the coals in the cellar were heaped upon the grate together the house would be burnt down. It is good to be hospitable and entertain our friends, but the man who exhausts his fortune in a single banquet would have to imitate the suicide of Apicius to escape coming on the parish.

Law, in his celebrated treatise on

the "Unlawfulness of the Stage," builds much on the well known passage from Archbishop Tillotson's Sermon "On the Evil of corrupt Communications;" which passage he mutilates and quotes unfairly, giving entirely a different meaning to it by leaving out the context. In this example he has been followed by a whole legion of less eminent disciples. In Bishop Watson's charge to the clergy of his diocese in 1795, the following passage bears so directly on this point that it would be difficult to fall upon any reasoning more applicable:—

"When men are desirous of forming systems, they are apt to collect together a number of texts, which, being taken as abstract propositions, seem to establish the point; but which, when interpreted by the context, appear to have no relation to it. There is no greater source of error than this practice; it has prevailed in the Christian Church from the earliest ages, and it still prevails. By stringing together detached sentences, an Ausonius may compel the chaste Virgil to furnish materials for an indecent poem; and from the Bible itself a system of impiety might, by such means, be extracted."

In Coleridge's "Literary Remains," under the section so happily designated "Text Sparring," he introduces, from Dr. Donne, another very apposite quotation:—

"Sentences in Scripture, like hairs in horses' tails, concur in one root of beauty and strength, but being plucked out, one by one, serve only for springes and snares."

The practice of garbling quotations, to suit a particular purpose, cannot be too strongly reprehended. Those who adopt it are neither manly enemies nor honest reasoners. That such ultra-dogmatists as Prynne, Collier, Bedford, and the followers of that school, should fight with these weapons is natural, but that the author of two such rational works as the "Serious Call" and "Christian Perfection," should do so, is equally strange and sorrowful. Yet we may recollect (and it helps to solve the mystery), that Law, though a pious, worthy man, and a sound scholar, had suffered his vigorous mind to be darkly clouded by the visions of Jacob Behmen; and that he believed the speculations and edited the works

of that most inconceivable of all enthusiasts. Law was a non-juring clergyman, and this sacrifice of interest to conscience may be taken as a very fair test of integrity. He refused also to draw any emolument from the sale of his numerous works, and once, with much reluctance, received two hundred guineas from his bookseller. The elements of Jacob Behmen's Theology may be collected from his "Aurora" (published in 1612), but with this qualification, that he himself declares the mysteries of this book are incomprehensible to mere mortals, without the aid of special inspiration. As, in most matters, opinions are divided, so are they tolerably various in the case of Jacob Behmen, for while some writers consider him eminently wise and pious, others designate him, in flat terms, an Atheist. Nicholls (Lit. Anec.) calls Law himself "the celebrated *mystick*," and Dr. Rees pronounces him "a visionary."

Misquotation may proceed from three causes: ignorance, carelessness, or wilful prejudice; but as none of the parties implicated in the present case can be suspected of either of the two first, their advocates must deliver them from the latter and more serious charge, by such arguments as they may find most available.

Law classes the avocation of the actor in the same respectable category with that of the common thief. Dr. Witherspoon says plainly he would as soon sit in company with a highwayman. Dr. Styles affirms it to be impossible that an actor can be respectable; and the Rev. Mr. James declares that the opinion of mankind has consigned this wretched class of beings to infamy. All this is mere scurrilous abuse, and carries with it its own cure. We are reminded of the conversation between George III. and Dr. Johnson, on the subject of the Warburton and Louth controversy, in the library of Buckingham House. The King asked Dr. Johnson what he thought of it. He replied, "I do not know which of them calls names best." The King agreed with this, and added, "You do not think, then, Dr. Johnson, there was much argument in the case?" Johnson said, "he did not think there was." "Why, truly," rejoined the

King, "when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end."

The Rev. John Duncan, writing in 1787,* says, "the very design of plays obliges those who compose them to represent *none but vicious passions*." It is superfluous to comment on such a premise, which is a flight beyond even Collier or Bedford. In the same pamphlet he deals heavily in "judgments," a favourite topic with this class of writers, and quotes the burning of the theatre at Amsterdam while the audience were in it; the Burwell tragedy, in 1727, when eighty persons were burned in a barn while looking at a puppet show; and "a terrible fire in Wapping, by a pitch kettle boiling over, all hands belonging to the yard having run into the street to see a dancing bear." He sums up as follows: "If God had no hand in any of these evils, it is evident he had none in preserving them." It is certainly not easy to parry such a sweeping lunge as this, which may convince those who understand it, and affords a specimen of antithesis wide enough to embrace all human casualties.

Another favourite ground taken up by the anti-dramatists is, that plays must be evil because they represent fictitious events, and embody imaginary characters; consequently they are subversive of truth. Dr. Witherspoon carries this to the extent of saying, that "the habit of delineating bad passions, must convert the actor into the monster he represents; and that players, in consequence of their profession, appearing continually in an assumed character, or being employed in preparing to assume it, must lose all sense of sincerity and truth." It would be equally as reasonable to say that lawyers must cease to be honest, respectable men, because, in the exercise of their duties, they are frequently retained as the advocates of thieves, swindlers, and other malefactors. But if an actor is to become wicked by 'personating a bad character, it is but fair to admit he shall be restored to virtue by representing a good one; so that if the manager gives him an equal chance, his moral pretensions will be pretty much, at the end of the season, where they were when it began. According

* "Lawfulness of the Stage inquired into."

to Dr. Witherspoon's doctrine, poor Sandford must have been a monster of iniquity. He was the Spagnoletto of the stage in Charles the Second's time; and neither audience nor manager would tolerate him in anything but a deadly tyrant or a desperate cut-throat.* "A player," says Sir Richard Baker (*Theatrum Redivivum*, p. 43), "acts the part of Solomon, but is never the wiser for acting his part; why then should he be thought the wickeder for acting the part of Nero, or the more blasphemous for acting the part of Porphyrie." Plutarch quotes a saying of Gorgias,† who called tragedies, "such cheats, wherein he that did cheat was juster than he that did not cheat, and he that was cheated was wiser than he that was not cheated;" which apparent riddle Erasmus thus interprets in his apothegms: "Tragedy deceives us while it handleth feigned arguments with such artifice that we believe them true. And the poet, who by deceiving profits us, seems the more just, and that spectator the wiser, who, by feigned fable, learns what is truly honest and dishonest."

Plato objects to the poets generally, that by constantly embodying the actions of wicked men, whose sentiments they have a mind to express, they contract, at length, those corrupt manners which they represent daily in their imitations.‡ Quintilian, speaking of comedies, says, "Frequent imitation communicates itself at length to their morals."§ But neither Plato nor Quintilian, though wise in their generation, are uniformly infallible in their deductions.

Coming nearer to our own days, the two most unwearied of modern histrio-

mastiges are the Rev. W. Best, of Sheffield, and the Rev. Dr. Styles, of Brighton. Both have been in the field upwards of forty years, the one with an annual sermon, the other in an essay, multiplied through four or five editions.

Dr. Styles, in the first edition of his *Essay against the Stage*, tells young men to reject, in the choice of a wife, every woman who has been five times at the theatre in the course of the last two years of her life. "Avoid," says he, "a theatrical female as you would avoid the bite of a serpent."||

"They may do well for sisters or aunts,
But, believe me, they'll never make wives."

Here is indeed a truly original code of morality, which, while it protects wives from infection, allows sisters and aunts to imbibe poison without remorse.

It has been charged against Styles, and we believe with truth, that while issuing his diatribes against the stage, he was seen in the saloons and lobbies of Drury-lane and Covent Garden, which caused much remark, and no little merriment among the ungodly. For our part, we see nothing to object to in this. There can be no doubt, that the doctor's motive for thrusting his head into the lion's den could be no other than a very proper anxiety to see with his own eyes the vice he had described, and to verify his authorities by personal observation. Such experiments are highly honourable, although sometimes perilous, of which we once knew fatal and heroic instance. A young surgeon, in the Mediterranean army, during the last war, an enthusiast in medical science, inoculated himself with

* On the French stage the prescriptive costume of your regular stage villain is, or used to be, a pair of red stockings. In England he always assumes an enormous black wig and whiskers, which occasioned King Charles, who was swarthy and beetle-browed, to exclaim, "What is the reason we never see a rogue in the play but, odds fish! they clap me a huge black perriwig upon him, when it is well known the greatest rogue in England wears a fair one?" What personal friend or foe his Majesty alluded to it is now difficult to decide. Lord Shaftesbury has been often named as the complimented individual.

† *De Audiendis Poetis*. Gorgias was a famous orator and sophist of Leontium (now Lentini) in Sicily. He lived above 100 years, and died B. C. 400.

‡ Plato *De Repub.* l. iii.

§ Quint. *Inst. Orat.*

|| Dr. Styles's idea is not original. He might have found it in Juvenal:—

— "Cuneis an habent, spectacula totis,
Quod securus ames, quodque inde excerpere possis?"

But let it be remembered that Juvenal was a professed satirist, and wrote in an age of unexampled impurity.

the plague, and recovered. He repeated the experiment, and died. Both doctors played an unequal game, with the chances heavily against them. The divine was more fortunate than the son of Æsculapius, but the risk outweighed the profit. Had he fallen, his defeat would have brought more scandal on his cause than his essays have produced good.

Expediency appears to be the distinguishing shibboleth of the enemies of the stage in this long-protracted struggle, this never-ending *quæstio vexata*. Even theological rancour is exchanged for temporary harmony. Rigid Puritans, austere Calvinists, followers of Whitfield, Wesley, and evangelical Episcopalians, on this unhappy and excepted topic, make common cause with their deadliest opponents; and contract alliances with ancient Fathers, Popes, Cardinals, Roman Catholic Prelates, Jesuits, and Friars; to say nothing of heathen philosophers, and ribald poets; a community of opinion which, on every other occasion, they would shrink from, as from the touch of the torpedo, or the embrace of the boa-constrictor. They even go so far as to enlist ROUSSEAU in their ranks, and send him forth against us as one of their favourite champions.* The avowed deist, the half atheist, the pseudo-philanthropist, the devotee of nature, who, while he pretended to love the whole human race, abandoned his children to a foundling hospital, and endeavoured to justify his conduct on what he called moral principles; the coarse and sensual libertine, whose mock refinement and morbid sentimentality confound vice with virtue, and grossness with delicacy, until simple minds can scarcely distinguish the one from the other, or separate the truth from the falsehood; in fine, the wavering, "self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau," as he is justly denominated by a mighty genius of our own time, who too much, and too lamentably, resembled him in more than one point of character. I care little for his genius, as his admirers are pleased to call it, or his flow of language, or his ingenious subtleties: unsettled himself, his object is to unsettle his readers, and by arguing now on one side, and now on the other,

to leave the mind in a perpetual state of scepticism. Fortunately, he is little read in these days, but can such writings do any good? It is impossible; nor can we believe that any human being was ever made wiser, happier, or better, by these tormenting paradoxes, which excite and bewilder, but neither convince nor refresh the understanding. Christian ministers assert gravely, that the stage is opposed to the principles of Christianity, and support their assertion with the opinion of a profligate infidel, whose life illustrated his unbelief, and who alternately extolled or derided the Gospel of Christ and the character of its Divine founder.

If an advocate of the theatre tendered the evidence of Hume or Gibbon, who have both written in its favour, an *ululatus* would be raised about his ears, which would "make the welkin ring." He would be preached down, and proclaimed, at every market-cross: "What," they would exclaim, "must be the inherent weakness of the cause which is driven to such defenders?" But either Hume or Gibbon, in point of personal respectability, would outweigh a whole generation of Rousseaus. Both, although unhappily not Christian believers, were consistent and moral in conduct, honourable and amiable in all the relations of social life. It would equally insult their memories as men, and degrade their pretensions as scholars, to place them, for a moment, in comparison with the rambling, incomprehensible charlatan, whose mind was such a jumble that he scarcely knew what he thought or felt himself; who wrote to-day what he denied to-morrow; whose opinions were more variable than the shadow of the aspen, and whose best apology is to be found in the plea of a disordered intellect. Looking back on our early days, there are few things we regret more than the time we wasted in reading his sophistries, and the impression they then made on us. That Rousseau stands conspicuous in the ranks of our enemies, is a testimony in favour of the stage, at which we may rejoice exceedingly. We should have grieved sincerely to have found him in the list of its supporters; and if we had, we should as soon have thought of quoting Spinoza,

* It is distressing to see such respectable authorities as Rowland Hill and Hannah More condescending to the evidence of Rousseau.

Vanini, or Voltaire, on a question of theology.

The sum of all appears to be, that both parties, in this long quarrel, ran into extremes; the one extolling unduly what is rather recreation than discipline, and the other demanding abolition instead of wholesome censorship. People in general go to the theatre to be amused rather than sermonized, and while amusements are tolerated, with all its faults, it may rank among the highest and best.

As there are bad plays, so are there pernicious doctrines in morals, and sad mistakes in religious expositions. But the intrinsic qualities of anything cannot be altered because caprice, degeneracy, or wilful error may abuse them. The noblest arts and sciences have all been misapplied. The faculty of reasoning has been used to raise falsehood on the pedestal of truth. But is true religion less pure, because it has been misinterpreted? Is architecture criminal because the Tower of Babel was

once attempted? Is the sublime genius of Xeuxis or Apelles to be condemned because Chærophanes* and Parrhasius† painted licentious pictures? Is the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, or the "Last Supper" of Paul Veronese, less worthy of admiration, because Julio Romano invented designs too indecent to be even named? Or are the sublime compositions of Homer, Pindar, Virgil, or Milton to be banished, because Pietro Aretino prostituted the muse of poetry to illustrate the filthy efforts of an obscene painter?‡ If abuse be admitted as an argument for abolition, it will be difficult to affix a boundary, or name an exception to this overwhelming sentence. Little will be left to exercise the faculties or employ the time. Man will cease to be (as he has been sometimes described) a tool-making or even a cooking individual, and will sink literally down to the definition of Plato, *animal bipes implume*, a two-legged animal without feathers.

* Plutarch de Aud. Poetis.

† Plin. Lib. xxxv. ; Sueton. in Vit. Tib. C. xlv.

‡ See Vite dei Pittori, di Vasari. Pt. 3, p. 302. Romano would have been put to death by Pope Clement VII., if he had not fled from Rome and taken refuge at Mantua. (Lamotte's Essay on Poetry and Painting). The famous engraver, Marc Antonio of Bologna, took off prints from these designs of Romano, for which he was imprisoned, and released at the intercession of Cardinal Medicis. At the sack of Rome, by the Constable Bourbon, he lost every thing he was possessed of, and died a miserable vagrant. Of Aretino, it is some consolation to know that after many years of profligacy and infidelity, he became a sincere penitent, changed his name to Partenio Etiro (an anagram of Pietro Aretino), and produced many works of devotion and piety. See Baillet, Jugem. sur les Poetes. Tom. i. p. 133. The abuse of painting has been carried far beyond that of the stage. In addition to the instances we have named, select "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," by Rembrandt, "Lot and his Daughters," by Lorenzo Lotto, in the collection at Corsham House, and the whole series by Romain de Hooze, for Basnage's History of the Bible.

WARM WATER *versus* COLD; OR, A VISIT TO WARMBRUNN IN PRUSSIAN AND
GRÄFENBERG IN AUSTRIAN SILESIA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

As we approached the long-drawn-out village of Freiwaldau, lying in varied writhings in the windings of the valley, a great, clumsy, yellow, new house, seated on the rising ground beyond the little river, and in the neighbourhood of several others of respectable dimensions and recent construction, was pointed out to me by the little boor who drove me, as the "schloss," or residence of the great Priessnitz himself! This, I afterwards found out, was an error; for though it was, indeed, the property of Priessnitz, and built by means of some of his large accumulated gains, it has been let by him to another individual, who has turned it into a lodging-house, and carries on the water operations within it; for these, it seems, are practised in nearly all the great lodging-houses here, and not merely in one large central establishment, as in most of the German baths. As only simple fresh water is requisite, and this abounds hereabouts to a wonderful degree—a clear, full, rapidly-rushing stream running right down through the valley and village, and springs without number presenting themselves all around—nearly every house of moderate pretensions can accommodate its inmates with all the appliances necessary for "the water cure."

Freiwaldau is the post-town of Gräfenberg, and a very much more considerable place than the latter. When my driver had deposited me at the little inn, and for a good while after, I erroneously fancied myself in Gräfenberg, as it was thither I had bargained to be taken; but I found out afterwards that Freiwaldau is the point where all strangers, who have not already secured lodgings, stop; as it is here the inns, properly so called, are all situated. There have been much upwards of one thousand patients in Gräfenberg and Freiwaldau together this season, the number being, as I was assured, greater than had ever been known before; proof sufficient that there is a large and increasing portion of the public who

have unbounded confidence in the curative powers of water, as well as that the fame of the great apostle of the water-cure is by no means on the wane; however violently the former may have been impugned, or the latter attempted to be depreciated.

That water is really a very effective remedial agent, and one of the most generally applicable (though by no means the panacea some would fain have it to be), is now at length, I believe, admitted by all those who are enabled, by suitable knowledge and experience, to form a sound judgment on the matter. That it is a dangerous one if tampered with in a spirit of ignorance or temerity, is equally applicable to it and every other powerful and efficient remedy. When I speak of its indubitable efficacy in a large number of "the ills that flesh is heir to," I allude, of course, not merely to the use of water alone, however variously and energetically employed, but to its use in connexion with all the influences of diet, exercise, healthful air, prolonged release from business, and a general change of habits, by which its agency is so powerfully promoted. Without these simultaneous modifying conditions, indeed, not only are its chances of doing good immensely decreased, but the danger of its free employment indefinitely augmented.

With its shadowy and unsubstantial, though still fashionable, rival, Homœopathy, "the water cure" has nothing in common, except in the enforcement of a severe but rational system of diet, and in the circumstance that its most enthusiastic admirers have been generally those who, from ignorance of the human frame, and of the true nature and condition of its functions in health and disease, might be supposed to be the least competent judges of the relative value of remedies. Theoretical to the last degree, and resting on an exaggeration of an arbitrarily selected, insulated, and inadequate principle, homœopathy makes quite boundless demands on our faith as a science; and

when proceeding to practise, it is guided by such vague, fanciful, and childish analogies, and incredibly rash generalisations, as have, perhaps, never been equalled even in the lax logic of the noble band of charlatans. To read some of Hahnemann's own accounts of the grounds of his confidence in the imputed influences of certain pet remedies, where casual *coincidences* are triumphantly exhibited as indubitable and inevitable *effects*, is quite humiliating, and makes one blush for the gullibility of human nature, and its degrading proneness to the most ludicrous self-deception. A recent experiment on a very large scale, made in one of the hospitals of Vienna by one of the most fair and philosophical physicians there, seems to set the claims of this system of delusion for ever at rest. A very large number of patients with inflammation of the lungs were treated homœopathically, and again in an equally large number nothing was done beyond giving a little gum-water at the utmost, and the results were precisely the same; the number of deaths, which were small, identical; proving to a demonstration the entirely negative nature of the infinitesimal doses, when such are adhered to in good faith, and in conformity with the *pretensions* of the genuine homœopath. That potent drugs in very sensible and even deleterious quantities, and extremely concentrated form, are often administered by the *soi disant* infinitesimalist is now indubitable; and though such duplicity complicates the investigation and throws great additional difficulty in the way of the honest inquirer into the "infinitessimals of similarity," yet has it not, in the long run, prevented the detection of the flimsiness of the doctrine and utterly nugatory nature of the practice.

Still, like all other popular delusions, homœopathy has its grain of truth at bottom; and though this has been magnified most enormously, and the theory built on it most indiscriminately and erroneously applied, the thing has, nevertheless, done good, and more especially in England, by opening the eyes of the public to the possibility of doing without the incessant use of medicine in large and violent doses. There is much reason to think that Her Majesty's subjects have at least in nowise suffered in health and strength in consequence of the re-

duction in the millions of pills and draughts with which valetudinarians used to drench themselves withal; and that homœopathy, with its judicious regimen and negative medication, is quite a laudable piece of quackery, in comparison with that of Morisson and the drastic school. And even in internal inflammatory attacks it has indirectly done good service; the just appreciation of the powers of Nature having been largely, though unintentionally revived under its influence, and the important fact recognised, by means of comparative trials on an extensive scale—viz., that the employment of *just no medicine at all* is safer and more satisfactory in its results than the indiscriminate use of potent remedies, directed rather against the name of a disease than against the actual condition of the individual sufferer at the moment, or in due relation to the amount of his vital or reactive power. But, having now done its office, it is gratifying to learn, that like all other exaggerations, mystifications, and one-sided theories, homœopathy is little likely to maintain its ground much longer in the face of common sense and enlightened experience. Indeed it was not to be supposed that people should go on for ever believing, on the most inadequate proof, in the development of unheard-of powers in familiar medicines, and even in our simplest condiments in daily use, by the mere whimsical reduction of their dose to an inconceivably minute fraction; nor yet that they should for ever persevere in ignoring the powers of unaided and undisturbed nature.

Such ill-grounded and fantastic systems, though very attractive to amateur practitioners, as well from their boasted simplicity as from the facility and supposed safeness of their application to disease, are yet not without their dark side in the eyes of the true philanthropist; for the flattering reception they meet with from the public, so long as they are a novelty, holds out a premium to indolence, and damps the ardour of scientific investigation. And even eventually, when they have been exploded, their mischief is not at an end, as they leave the minds of their previous recipients less capable of faith in the true resources of art, and often utterly sceptical as to all the means for the diminution of physical suffering with which a boun-

tiful Providence has rewarded the earnest and persevering search of so many centuries.

From the dreamy character of the German mind, and the facility with which it yields itself up to shadowy proofs and faint analogies, one might have supposed that this fine-drawn theory would have found the most congenial soil in this country; yet, strange to say, it does not promise to take firm root even here. I recollect well, that when in this part of the world twenty years ago, it was in a very sickly, struggling condition; and the shoots which it has made in the intermediate period are already shrinking and dying away. I have it on the unquestionable authority of those who deal in the Hahnemannian medicine in the somewhat central city where I at present reside, that the demand for them is sadly on the wane; and another indication of its sensibly-felt decline may be detected in the circumstance of the recent attempt to bolster it up by combining its practice with that of the water cure, as has been done with remarkable *pecuniary* success by a well-known fugitive democratic divine who is now trading largely on the monstrous compound in that land of freedom and paradise of quacks—America.

To Gräfenberg persons of every kind and colour resort. Here are to be seen Russians, Italians, Spaniards, Germans, French, and English, in search of that easily forfeited and difficultly acquired treasure, health; nay, even two *black* men are on record amongst its recent visitors!

As my great object here was to see the renowned Priessnitz, the self-taught peasant doctor, although the day was already far advanced, I sallied forth in search of him, after having secured my quarters in the uncouth little inn in the square of Freiwaldau, and subsequently lost some time and temper at the post-office in the vain attempt to obtain a letter which I felt certain had already arrived. The ill-mannered, indolent official, however, would not look for it then, though it was soon afterwards discovered when it was too late, and sent after me to Dresden. Making my way across the town, and over the rapid stream behind it, I commenced the long and somewhat fatiguing ascent of about a mile and a half which leads up to Gräfenberg. At short intervals of a few

hundred yards, a succession of fountains springing from the rocks, or high banks, on the side of the road, was passed, each with an encouraging inscription—a stimulus to the hopes and continuous perseverance of the water-drinker. “Geduld!” (patience) over one; “Au génie de l’eau pure!” over another; “Glück auf!” (good luck) over a third, and so forth. At these the votaries of health are expected to drink frequently as they pass along, and to rush successively to farther and farther points as their strength augments. Although it was already nearly sunset, and the air felt damp and cold for the season, I met a number of gentlemen in light summer jackets, bare heads (and not even a hat in their hands), occasionally with wet bandages round their foreheads, and probably the like about their waists under their dress, posting away at a furious rate up and down the steep road! They were nearly all apparently full of health and spirits—some talking loudly and with much interest to their accompanying friends; others jodelling, “a la Suisse,” to their own echo, or an answering voice from the neighbouring heights; others singing gaily, and all obviously in the best humour with themselves and all the world—no bad signs of improved nerves and digestive organs, notwithstanding the traces of recent chronic disease which still lingered on the faces of some of them.

The wet roller passing over the stomach and quite round the trunk seems one of the most constant of all the various water applications here, and consists in a piece of very coarse towelling, about a foot broad and some ten or twelve feet long, one half of which length is dipped in cold water, well wrung out, and then wound tightly twice round the body, stretching from the lower ribs and pit of the stomach to the haunches; the remaining dry end being subsequently wound round in a similar manner over the preceding wet portion, and its pointed extremity made fast by a stout tape attached to it being passed round the waist and tucked in firmly. Thus, the under vestments are kept dry; and this closely applied binder, rejoicing here in the high-sounding name of “Neptune’s Girdle,” being so planned as to restrain evaporation, keeps the skin in a perpetual state of warm perspiration like a vapour bath. Every three or

four hours the damping process has to be renewed, so as to keep up a constant system of fomentation over the stomach, liver, and other abdominal organs, together with the spine and some of the most important nerves of animal life. This being continued throughout the whole day, and combined with almost incessant active exercise, the chances of a chill, or "cold-catching," are precluded; whilst amongst its common results is, eventually, the appearance of a small eruption, indicating sufficiently that the application is somewhat of a stimulant to the skin. Such counter-irritation, accompanied, as it generally is, by the tonic employment of cold water in other forms, is probably much more effective, in a great variety of cases, than the once so celebrated turpentine-and-acid liniment of St. John Long.

After passing a few scattered houses of humbler pretensions on the opposite side of the steep little valley up which the road winds, I came at length within sight of the huge, white, uncomfortable-looking, barrack-like house, stuck up high against the side of the hill, in which Priessnitz resides, and where he can lodge, feed, and bathe a whole regiment of patients. On ascending a flight of steps to the principal door one enters a waste, uninviting-looking hall, with a vast steaming kitchen in perspective at the end of it, whence issues a heat and vapour which conveyed, at least to the uninitiated, the idea of a hundred hot baths in preparation. And, indeed, although *cold* water is the staple here, yet, for very susceptible invalids and neophytes in the aqueous ceremonies, a proportion of tepid water, "just enough to take the cold off it," is permitted in many instances, or what is very expressively called here "*abgeschrecktes wasser*"—"water with the terror taken out of it."

Some uncouth-looking servant-girls, who would have done honour to the wilds of Connemara, were rushing about in confusion; and, in reply to my inquiries, declared their ignorance of the present whereabouts of the great high-priest of the water-mysteries, of whom I was in search; but at length someone recollected that he had recently been seen not far off, and kindly undertook to make him out and bring him to me. He was eventually discovered busied, I believe, in inspecting some bathing

operations, and made his appearance in a kind of linen undress, with all the look and manner of a hurried, hard-worked man.

At first sight he strikes one as harsh, reserved, and unprepossessing in a high degree. He is little above the middle size, has an upright, stiff, and somewhat military carriage, and is spare, but muscular and active-looking. He has a rigid cast of features; a firmly-compressed, determined mouth, intelligent eye, and well-formed forehead. His weather-beaten, yellowish complexion, and numerous and deep wrinkles, make him look old for his actual time of life, which is little above fifty.

After introducing myself and mentioning my object in coming hither, I spoke a few words with him, in order to ascertain whether his experience led him to think that a case of debility in a person in whom I was deeply interested, and whose symptoms I described to him as well as I could, was likely to derive benefit from the peculiar mode of treatment pursued at this place. But he very frankly replied, after a few practical inquiries which seemed to me to imply a knowledge of the nature of the case, that he had great doubts as to its applicability; and, moreover, declared his conviction that the present season (the beginning of October) was, at any rate, quite too advanced, and the weather already too cool for any person of weak circulation, and little reactive power in their constitution, to attempt commencing "the water-cure." Those who have made a beginning in summer, and already added materially to the general strength of their system by the process, may go on with it during the winter; for this watering-place is, in a more remarkable degree than any of the other baths of Germany, independent of season; some convalescents prolonging their stay throughout the whole course of the cold weather with safety and advantage.

Having thus gratified the desire I had so long felt to see this remarkable man, and obtained the opinion I came to seek, I felt nowise prompted to prolong the interview. Priessnitz was too much the man of business in his manner, looked too expressly the Atlas of the place, with endless heavy work on his shoulders, for my venturing needlessly on the dangerous ground of a protracted conversation. Nor was there in his reception aught which in-

vited familiarity or confidence. Though he is without anything of what is called manner or address, he seems, by mere force of character, quite at ease. Abrupt and unceremonious, he appears to be totally indifferent to pleasing; and, doubtless, finds in his "brusque," short, decided manner, a potent means of awing his patients, ensuring their obedience to his directions, and husbanding his own time; for with such a medical adviser few consultants would venture, I apprehend, on unnecessary prolixity. Indeed, from what I afterwards heard of him, he seemed to be by no means a general favourite with those who apply for his advice, though they have every confidence in his skill and sincerity, and faith in the generally successful result of his treatment.

His *table d'hôte* is on a grand scale in respect to the number of guests, the viands simple and substantial, and if not of the best school of culinary art, still sufficiently inviting for appetites previously sharpened by incessant exercise, mountain air, and the bracing influence of frequent draughts of the pure element. The two hotel keepers below at Freiwaldau, and the numerous lodging-houses, absorb the overflow from his establishment, and may even be preferred by those who would rather be in lower and more sheltered quarters, as well as by such timid souls as would dread being constantly at meal times, &c., under the Argus eye of the great hygienic autocrat of Gräfenberg. A severe, nay absolute, gastronomic code is, however, no peculiar characteristic of this place. The wholesome tyranny of the bath doctors over the stomachs of their patients at the various watering-places in Germany is notorious, at the Austrian ones in particular—Carlsbad for example; and resistance, or even remonstrance, is unheard of (unless, perhaps, on the part of a discontented Briton—an animal everywhere privileged to grumble). At least this was the established order of things prior to the "freiheit" movement, and if any relaxation of it was perhaps effected in the memorable year 1848, it has doubtless proved but momentary, and gone the way of all the other extorted liberties of that delusive period. What an advantage this absolute sway over the cooks must give to the German "Brunnen-Arzt," is obvious, and every one can see how much better chances of successful

results in their practice it must secure to them, than any of their brethren in English watering-places could pretend to, with our free notions, and indisputable right to injure ourselves.

In Priessnitz's rules of diet there is, as already hinted, much resemblance to those of the homœopathic school, which are of admitted excellence, and nearly what every judicious physician of the present day would, I suppose, approve, with the single exception, perhaps, of the exaggerated terror of stimulants, which are objected to here even in the most moderate quantities and least exceptionable forms. Thus tea, coffee, beer, and wine, and all fermented liquors, are prohibited by Priessnitz, as likewise pepper, and all other spices, with our food, and even warm soups are disapproved of. On the contrary, milk in all its forms is highly recommended, whether sweet or sour and clotted, creamy or skimmed, according to the taste of the palate, and the existing capabilities of the stomach. But sour milk, against which we have a groundless prejudice, is reckoned, on account of its cooling and light nature, peculiarly suitable in a great majority of cases. It is, indeed, a favourite family supper, eaten with sugar and toasted crumbs of bread, all through Germany, and one of the wholesomeness and palatableness of which I can, from frequent trials, give the most favourable account. Coarse rye bread, containing nearly all the bran, is strongly enjoined for daily use, both on account of its nutritious and of its highly aperient qualities; and so important does he consider its forming a part of our habitual food, that in places where coarse unsifted flour is not procurable, he advises his patients to manufacture it for themselves in a large coffee mill. And of all dietetic directions this is, I apprehend, the most valuable, having witnessed the wonderfully beneficial effects produced on the digestive organs of dyspeptic Londoners by a similar bread made of coarsely ground husky wheaten flour, such as that sold under the name of "unfermented brown bread," by Dodson, a well-known baker in Blackman-street, in the Borough, and which is generally accompanied by a printed recommendation bearing the signature of upwards of two hundred of the first medical names in the metropolis. If we could but be content to eat our

corn more nearly in the compound form in which nature presents it to us, as other animals are fain to do, in place of separating for use, with misplaced ingenuity, the finer, fairer looking, and more astringent portion, we should find the bread made of it not only more cooling, and wholesome, and conducive to muscular strength, but even more sapid and agreeable. It is in France, perhaps, that the fancy for an artificial bread of snowy whiteness is carried to the greatest extreme ; and can anything be more tasteless than the saltless clubs of bread which flank our plates at a Parisian *table d'hôte*, or the still more exquisitely fair *petits pains* which form the staple of a French breakfast ? Where there is great debility, or irritability of the stomach, of course the very brown, coarse bread alluded to is inapplicable, and Priessnitz then substitutes that of a lighter quality, enjoining great sparingness of diet, and allowing a very little flesh meat, or in some cases only rice and similar unirritating foods, with water alone for drink.

I have already mentioned what stress he lays on the enjoyment of fresh air and abundant bodily exercise, especially walking. In some instances, where persons are unable or unwilling to remain long a-foot, the cleaving or sawing of wood is substituted as a means of getting much exercise in a short period ! In order that all visitors, whether resident in the upper or the lower regions, may have equally easy access to his advice, he stations himself daily, at a given hour in the morning, in the market-place of Freiwaldau, and is ready there to be consulted by all comers.

It seems not improbable that, in process of time, when the great Priessnitz shall have passed away, Freiwaldau, with its regularly-educated doctors and more accessible situation, may become a formidable rival to the original and more orthodox establishment on the hill above ; if, indeed, this valuable remedy, when the influence of novelty and its energetic promulgator shall have ceased to exist, be not consigned once more to the comparative obscurity into which it had fallen, when this remarkable man brought it afresh, and with new modifications, under public attention. I say, "brought it afresh," because the curative agency of water, in more limited forms of application, had long been known, and va-

riously taken advantage of, long before his time. For, not to go back to classical times, nor yet to its universal employment in Mexico, in all kinds of disease, previous to the Spanish conquest by Cortes, it was used, as every one knows, with very happy results, by Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, fifty years ago, in many febrile disorders ; and with yet more unvarying success by the late Professor Macartney, of Dublin, as an external appliance in outward local inflammations, in severe lacerated wounds and bruises, and after painful surgical operations ; in which latter class of cases German surgeons, too, have been in the habit of having extensive recourse to it since early in the present century. But in referring to these patent facts in the history of "the water-cure," I would on no account be understood as wishing to detract from the high merits of Priessnitz, who, being a mere peasant, without character or any previous access to medical knowledge, worked out for himself the discovery of the value of water as a remedy, by dint of innate genius, and resolute experimenting combined ; ascertained the laws of its application in a large class of cases correctly ; and by courage under persecution, indomitable energy of character, and deep conviction of the importance of his mission to suffering humanity, made it known and popular in Europe, to an extent hitherto without parallel. Some thirty thousand patients have passed through his hands ; and, with his singular shrewdness and fine powers of observation, this immense amount of experience has not failed, in spite of his want of preliminary knowledge, to give him considerable tact in the discrimination of disease, at least in so far as to enable him, with tolerable certainty, to reject such cases as his treatment would be inefficacious or dangerous in, such as diseases of the heart or great bloodvessels, pulmonary consumption, and other organic affections. Still this tact is, of course, not unerring ; and as many desperate cases obtrude themselves on him, and their fatal tendency may not in every instance be detected by him, deaths do occur at Gräfenberg, as elsewhere ; and there is no doubt that a too violent and extremely protracted use of the remedy there, or subsequent to leaving it, has produced sometimes very sad results ; and amongst these, as a not

unfrequent one, his German antagonists reckon, I know not how truly, that very formidable affection, softening of the brain and mental derangement, as well as dropsical affections and dangerous over-distention of the bloodvessels. But, without meaning to come forward as the advocate of all Priessnitz's proceedings, I need scarcely remind my readers how unfair it would be to conclude, from the abuse of any thing, against its use in the manner and degree sanctioned by a judicious experience..

To give "the water cure" an adequate trial it is necessary, as Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has justly remarked, to employ it uninterruptedly for a very considerable period—several months, at the least, in most cases; and during such trial we should entirely abstain from all our usual occupations, give the mind repose, and make the religious observance of all the details of this treatment the chief and almost exclusive object of our existence. By the way, has Sir Edward held steadfast to his first love? Is he still faithful to the "*Genie de l'eau pure*?" In Germany there are grave doubts on this point. It is even whispered that he has been seen in the autumn of last year coquetting with the Naiads of Kreuznach, paying his homage to the "allopathic" charms of the water nymphs of the Nahe.

It would be interesting to trace, had we materials that could be relied on for the purpose, the progressive stages by which Vincent Priessnitz attained to his present celebrity and actual skill as a water doctor. It is commonly believed that his first essay was made upon his own person; that having fallen from a high-loaded wain in harvest time, or got a severe kick from a horse (for there are two versions), he had the misfortune to have some of his ribs broken, and that the accident being followed by considerable suffering, which the ordinary village practitioner was unable to alleviate, he had himself, at length, the happy thought to try what effect the continued application of cold water might have towards the relief of his painful symptoms. This he found so strikingly beneficial, that he began forthwith to treat the disorders of his neighbours' cattle with the same remedy, and with the best results; and eventually set to practising on the country people them-

selves in a similar manner, and with such unheard-of success as soon spread his fame into the upper ranks of society, through the remotest districts of Germany, and even into foreign lands. Others, again, say that he got the first hint of the water cure from an old farmer in the neighbourhood, who had long employed it in a quiet way.

The hills around Gräfenberg are on a much bolder scale than I had anticipated from any description I had previously happened to read; and ascents in all kinds and varieties, suited to all tastes and capacities, from the easiest to the most abrupt, from half an hour to half a dozen hours, may be had in the immediate neighbourhood, fitted at once to test, and gradually to develop the locomotive powers and the general strength of the system.

Night having already set in, as I returned from the little temple or summer-house which stands nearly opposite to Priessnitz's abode, and commands a fine view of the town and valley beneath, I was struck and much puzzled by the singular appearance of a bright light right opposite to me, some thirty degrees above the horizon, and looking like a gigantic fiery star. After much "wonderment" I learned at length from a passer-by, that it was the fire of a charcoal-burner at a great altitude on a lofty mountain standing just before me, which mountain was invisible in the general darkness. The "*Altwater*," one of the highest of the Sudites in this quarter, must have been close at hand; but whether visible from this point I am unable to say.

On returning to the "Crown Hotel" (*Gasthoff zur Krone*) I found a motley group of gentlemen at their frugal suppers, each having ordered, "*à la carte*," what he pleased, or rather what he had been told upon authority was most suitable to the precise nature or stage of his individual case—from a modest basin of bread and milk, or a simple "*Bouillon*," up to the grosser enjoyments of a German cutlet, or a "*bif stick à l'Anglaise*;" and all subsequently retired to rest at a very early hour. The society here struck me as being of a better medium quality than one generally meets with at the baths further north and westwards, and some of the Austrian "*bonhomme*" and suavity and polish of manner is recognisable even in such of the middle class as are amongst the visitors at this

place, and contrasts strongly with the harsher outline, supercilious air, and self-satisfied bearing of the cold, intellectual aspiring Prussian, when viewed in their summer resorts.

This same little "head inn," though rather meagre and homely in its furnishing, and very little distinguished by quick, handy, or willing service, is pretty clean, and affords a very fair simple diet, and good Hungarian wine, for those who dare drink it, with excellent bread and unsurpassable water. There was one point which was very characteristic of the place, and which, as I was already suffering from an incipient cold, struck me feelingly here, the total indifference to damp, and to drafts of air. The floor of my bedroom had a moist look, as if just recently mopped out; the stairs were steaming up a cold vapour, after being washed down; and windows were open, and breezes blowing in all directions, and nobody seemed to care, for everybody but myself was hardened, I presume, by the use of the water cure, against humidity, and steeled against cold currents by the incessant exposure to the mountain air.

The next morning was showery, but I found ample occupation for it, by subjecting myself to the bathing discipline of the place. "The Crown" has its own bath establishment, in a house a little to the rere of the hotel; but it was not without considerable difficulty that I could get either the indolent landlord or his gruff head-waiter to understand what I wanted, as they could not conceive how any one who was not about to undertake "the cure" should, from mere curiosity, subject himself to so disagreeable a process. Still I persisted against discouragement, and at seven o'clock, after walking about for some time, to make my blood circulate freely, and get up the animal heat, I was popped twice over head and ears in a butt of very cold water, sunk in the basement story of the bath-house, after previously, as directed, rubbing my head, face, and chest very well with the same fluid, as it flowed fresh from the spout by which the bath was supplied. I was then dried rapidly, well rubbed down, had the wet swathe, or "Neptune's Girdle," already described, wound several times firmly around me, and being dressed, was desired to walk vigorously for an hour or

more, drink some four or five glasses of cold water by the way, and then to breakfast with such appetite as I might have acquired.

As my hours, however, were numbered, and I had to start again by ten o'clock, I begged for permission to undergo, about an hour and a-half later, a bath in another and still more celebrated form, "the wet sheet," or "packing-up" bath (*nasse einpackung*), which is used in chronic diseases as a stimulant to excite the activity of the vessels of the skin; and in acute or inflammatory ones, to soothe or cool the patient, and relieve internal pain, in which latter case it must be continued for a considerable time, the sheet being left somewhat moister, and changed at short intervals,—as often, in fact, as it gets hot and dry, even to the third time, or more. Its use is almost always instantly succeeded by a general bath, or, at least, by moistening or washing the skin all over. This, which is, perhaps, one of the most generally applicable, effective, and safe of all the several water applications, was made as follows. In a sheet, which had been dipped in cold water, and afterwards *well wrung out*, I was rolled up carefully from head to foot, and laid out on a matress, a very coarse, thick blanket intervening, which last was likewise accurately wound round me twice, and skilfully tucked in around the throat as tightly as was consistent with free respiration, and turned over closely at the other end beneath the feet, and neatly packed up all down along the edge; so as that not a particle of moisture could escape by evaporation, nor yet air enter, during the half-hour that I was playing this mummy part; and thus the two only conceivable risks from this proceeding were fully obviated. The stimulant or exciting nature of the application of the moist sheet soon manifests itself in the increased force and quickness of the pulse, and augmented heat of the surface of the body, which ere long becomes bathed in steam, as well from the conversion of the dampness of the sheet into vapour, by the warmth of the body, as from the incipient perspiration from the skin itself. Thus, in place of lying shivering in the damp sheet, as one would inevitably do if not well thatched in with the great heavy woollen covering all round, I passed the prescribed time of my imprisonment

pretty comfortably ; the bath attendant coming in from time to inspect my forehead and colour of the cheeks ; for as soon as a slight perspiration on the former and flush on the latter are observable it is concluded that the operation has been carried far enough, and that reaction is fully established, and it is here rarely considered necessary to go the length of producing free perspiration, especially where no acute inflammation exists. Accordingly, at the end of half-an-hour, or thereabouts, I was pronounced to be “sufficiently done,” and liberated from my incarceration by the same skilful hand that had packed me up. How I should ever have been able to effect this for myself I know not—unless, perhaps, by letting myself roll over the side of the bed down on to the floor, where by continued evolutions I might, perhaps, eventually have succeeded in unwinding my cerements and regaining my liberty. Some previous knocks at the door, as I still lay in the chrysalis state, made me, in the temporary absence of the bath-man, rather anxious for the fate of my watch and purse, both of which lay conspicuously on the table, and for the time quite at the mercy of any one who had pleased to enter and take them ; as my legs and arms were for the moment as powerless and unavailing as those of a German child in its preposterous swaddling-clothes.

When thoroughly disentangled, and still in the warm steamy condition, as a mild substitute for the cold plunge-bath, another coarse wet sheet was thrown over me as I stood on the floor, and I was rubbed down through it so energetically that I thought I should be flayed alive in the process ! and whilst still tingling all over, and as red as a lobster from this rough handling, I was placed opposite an open window for an “air-bath,” with a dry sheet, which had just been substituted for the damp one, now thrown loosely around my shoulders, and flapped to and fro rapidly—in order, I suppose, to imitate the drying and exciting effect upon the skin of a light breeze of wind. And, finally, my attendant was upon the point of again swathing me with the watery girdle, but that having had enough of it in the morning to satisfy my curiosity, and being about to betake myself to my carriage in a few minutes to depart, I positively declined its repetition.

No one here thinks of drying his hair after the bath ; but as the formality of wearing a hat seems very generally dispensed with, the moisture is, no doubt, soon evaporated, and the head restored to its dry condition by the rapid walk along the windy hill side which immediately succeeds to “the trial by water.” “The Catch cold,” on which Voltaire makes so merry in his letters from England, and which he obviously looked upon as a disorder peculiar to Britain, seems here to be quite ignored ; and bare heads, wet hair, newly washed bed rooms, and damp sheets excite no apprehensions, or are not even noticed—an excellent testimony to the influence of the hardening system pursued ; the incessant alternation of cold air and cold water applications to the surface of the body must indeed, necessarily, render the nerves and vessels of the skin very much less sensible to the changes in the moisture and temperature of the surrounding atmosphere.

Two volunteered baths in one morning was a very promising beginning, and the bath-man was, of course, sorry to lose hold of so willing, industrious, and profitable a customer. I regretted much, indeed, myself, that my time would not allow me to go through, in my own person, with all the various forms of applying water here practised, in order to ascertain whether the tortures and annoyance inflicted by the water-doctor, even under skilful direction, fall very much short of those of the regular practitioner.

It is not my object here to make either an attack on, or a defence of hydro-pathy, and still less to give a detailed description of all the supposed peculiar resources of Priessnitz in particular, for the relief of disease, but rather, by confining myself to a few points in his practice of easy intelligibility and peculiar interest, to present something which may be acceptable to the general reader. As to his theory, if he had any very definite one, it is not easily ascertainable, for he has never himself entered into any detailed account of his system, and it is notorious that he is very reserved in respect to the enunciation of his principles. He seems, indeed, to have a strong aversion to the use of the pen, as even the replies to the numerous consultations sent him from a distance are rarely, if ever, in his own hand.

Priessnitz is, apparently, a thorough-

going Humoralist of the old-fashioned but ever popular school, and seems to believe that all diseases depend on one or other of these two conditions, viz., either on, first, a depraved state of the blood and other fluids of the body—Nature, if unaided, being often unable to correct or expel the morbid humours; or, secondly, on obstruction, or impediment to the circulation in particular organs: and he is persuaded that both these conditions can be removed in nearly all cases by the skilful and diligent use of water internally and externally. It has even been said that he ascribes certain innate mysterious vital and strengthening qualities to water itself, which it is supposed to be capable of imparting to the debilitated or disordered body on being brought frequently and perseveringly in contact with it! That the body generally is invigorated thereby, and the skin, the especial organ by which the supposed morbid matter is expelled, strengthened for its task, is firmly believed by him; and the eruptions which are liable to occur as a crisis to “the water cure” are triumphantly adduced in evidence of such increased expulsive power. To “obstruction” is referred all irregularity in the natural secretions, as well as hardening and swellings in the joints and other parts of the body, and also inflammations; and it is conceived that to combat these, water possesses both solving and cooling powers, according to the different modes of its application.

When Priessnitz wishes to excite or strengthen, he either makes an application of very cold water in considerable quantity for a very short time, and generally accompanied with friction or impulse, so as to enhance the reaction (as in the ordinary use of the cold bath, douche, or shower-bath, all of which he directs to be combined with energetic rubbing) or else he brings water in *very small quantity* in contact with the skin, and covers all up close and warmly, so as at once to retain the animal heat, and to prevent the escape of the water by evaporation, when once it becomes converted into steam by the warmth of the body. The latter mode of application is well exemplified in “the packing up in the *moist sheet*,” and on a smaller scale in “the Neptune’s Girdle,” already described. By such contrivances the action both of the heart and cutaneous vessels is stimulated; first, by the sudden im-

pression of cold which induces immediate reaction; and subsequently by the accumulating heat, and by the contact of the warm steam.

It is obvious, however, that when the whole body is thus enveloped, the process must not be carried the length of bringing out profuse perspiration, if we do not wish, as in acute affections, to induce a lowering and febrile effect.

On the other hand, where he wishes to diminish the action of the system, to calm the excited nerves, and reduce the pulse and the inordinate heat of the skin, as in fever and local inflammations, a more prolonged application of water is had recourse to; either by a peculiar modification of the bath, “the half bath” (afterwards to be described), or by “packing up in the *wet sheet*,” which is changed as often as it gets warm, and is made wetter than in the previously described instance, and thus the surface of the body is cooled down till a tendency to shivering is brought on. At the same time every effort is made to direct the flow of blood away from the diseased part towards the distant sound ones; as, for instance, in inflammation in the head, by applying the cold water and friction most especially to the lower part of the trunk and extremities, and simultaneously laying cold wet linen cloths over the suffering organ; at the commencement of the process especially, so as to prevent the sudden shock of the cold water sending the blood upwards.

In short, if we were to give unre-served credit to his worshippers, there is scarce any curable disorder under heaven which can resist the manifold powers of water, when judiciously applied, singly or in combination; for it is able, according to them, under its various forms of employment, to strengthen and brace the frame, to warm and to cool, to relax and to excite the body, as well as to draw away from it any peccant matters, and resolve nearly all the obstructions to which it is liable.

The cold “*douche*,” which is employed here so largely in rheumatism, gout, and many other local affections, is “enjoyed” at a short distance from the village, where natural falls of water of a sufficient height have been taken advantage of, and much expense obviated. This arrangement, moreover, necessitates a healthful walk before

and after its use, which must contribute much to its efficacy.

“*The half bath*” plays a very important part both in acute and chronic disorders. It consists in a wooden bathing vessel or wide shaped tub, in which one can sit at ease with his legs extended. Only so much water is used as will cover the bottom of it to the depth of eight or ten inches. When we wish to use it as a mild substitute for the plunge bath cold water is employed, and is very generally poured over the back of the bather as he sits therein; he, all the while he remains in it rubbing the surface of his body vigorously with his hand. But if it be employed as an antifebrile remedy, tepid water is commonly substituted, and all the while the patient occupies the bath he is actively rubbed with the water therein by two assistants; and more especially, as already explained, the sound parts of the body, towards which it is conceived desirable and practicable to draw away the force of the circulation from the suffering one. Thus the limbs are the parts chiefly rubbed in case of inflammation within the abdomen; the limbs and lower part of the trunk where there is inflammation of the chest; and where it is the head which is affected, all the subjacent parts. And this is persevered in till the feverish heat and general restlessness have been subdued, and a sense of incipient shivering and weariness have set in; and all this while cold applications are made to the peculiar seat of the disease. It is often requisite to recur several times, at short intervals, to this cooling and depressing process, “the packing up in the *moist* sheet” being interposed between each renewal of the bath, in order to maintain an agreeable temperature, to produce a soothing effect to the nerves, and to relax the skin. Those measures, judiciously directed and skilfully executed, are doubtless of great efficacy in relieving high fever and disposing to perspiration and healthful sleep. The cold plunge bath is, of course, not used at all in acute cases, and even in chronic ones Priessnitz disapproves highly of remaining long in it. The shudder which is felt on first entering it is not injurious, being the necessary precursor to reaction; but this bath should never be prolonged till the occurrence of the *second* shivering fit, indicative of incipient exhaustion.

“*The sitting bath*,” in which the legs project over the side of the tub, and are kept warm as well as the upper parts of the body by warm woollen coverings, is by some water doctors preferred in painful and inflammatory affections of the abdomen, to the “half bath” just described.

For constitutionally cold feet, the great remedy is the “*cold foot bath*” frequently employed, continued each time for about a quarter of an hour, and preceded and followed by active walking exercise. The feet must always be actually warm before its use, and after it they should be rubbed vigorously either against one another, or by the hand. The cold water stimulates the circulation within them, promotes a flow of blood towards them, and counteracts the debilitating effect of keeping them so habitually covered up and carefully dry. A tendency to bleeding from the nose and to toothache is supposed to be counteracted, and attacks of the former checked, by thus wetting the soles of the feet in a shallow layer of cold water, and by this and friction combined, determining the flow of blood down towards the extremities; and, as a general rule, the weaker and more nervous the patient, the less depth should the layer of water in such foot baths have.

“*The wet compress*” is a very favourite and effective antiphlogistic application in local inflammation, whether external or internal, and also in tumours and other cases where it is desirable to excite the action of the vessels of the skin. When the former is the object, the piece of linen to be applied is folded five or six double, thoroughly wet, left uncovered, and changed as often as it gets warm, and no longer fit, consequently, for the relief of the heat and pain of the subjacent part. When, on the contrary, it is used to stimulate and strengthen the part, the piece of linen is single, or at most double, *well wrung out*, so as to be rather damp than wet, and *carefully covered over* with a thick dry cloth of a sufficient number of plies to maintain heat and prevent evaporation. The knowledge of the true principle and mode of employment of this simple appliance is invaluable to every one, and worth, I am persuaded, ten times all the torturing lore possessed by our grandmothers of old in the preparation of hereditary salves and balsams

for swellings, wounds, and bruises. Against the use of the oiled silk external cover, which adds so much to the neatness of the application, so effectually retains the moisture, and keeps the adjacent garments dry, without making a great bulk of cloth over the part, the water doctors have an unaccountable prejudice, or, to speak more correctly, a prejudice founded on another prejudice—namely, that some morbid matter is drawn off by the water, and that this impenetrable covering prevents its ready escape. To the sportsman in distant moors, and others out of the way of surgical aid in case of accident, an acquaintance with the mode of using such “water dressings” is priceless; as in wounds accompanied with laceration, bruising, and intense pain, there is no safer or more effectual application. In attacks of internal inflammation in the chest as well as in the abdomen, it has long been acknowledged as a valuable subsidiary to other treatment, both by the Italian and Vienna schools of medicine, in the analogous form of huge poultices. These, like the above, in principle, are only local vapour baths, but of an unnecessarily unwieldy structure, and far inferior in facility of preparation, lightness, and convenience, to the jackets of French wadding or flannel, wet with warm water, and covered externally with oiled silk, employed by the ingenious Doctor Graves and others.

But this sketch of Priessnitz's remedies would be very imperfect, indeed, were I to say nothing of his formidable “dry perspiring apparatus.” Conceiving the old method of compelling perspiration by medicines and warm drinks to be very injurious to the stomach, and less expulsive of the fancied morbid matters than could be wished, he confines himself to piling over the body quantities of coverings, which, being bad conductors of heat, retain the animal warmth till its accumulation forces the skin in most cases, but not invariably, to break out into profuse sweat. The person who is to undergo this process is laid on a mattress, on which a very thick and long woollen blanket, capable of going twice round the body, and turning over near eighteen inches at head and feet, has been previously spread. In this he is wound up tightly by an attendant from the neck down, and it is then turned over under the feet, and drawn very

close about the head and shoulders, taking care only to leave ample room for the expansion of the chest in breathing. In many cases the upper portion of the blanket is made to include the head, and is continued closely over it from behind down as far as the forehead; an operation which obviously demands some adroitness on the part of the attendant. A light German feather bed, such as is used here in winter instead of a coverlet, is laid over the person from the chin to the toes, and sometimes a thickly quilted coverlet, with a wadding of cotton or wool interposed between its two surfaces, is placed over all. Half-a-glass of cold water is drank on first lying down, and the same beverage is sipped slowly from time to time afterwards as the instinct of thirst suggests.

Some desperate book-worms have contrived to spend the time of their confinement under this mountain of wool and feathers in study, turning over the leaves of their book, which is fixed up before them, with their tongue! a practice worthy of all condemnation, as injurious both to the head and eyes, and interfering with the free eruption of the perspiration.

This “dry packing up” is, no doubt, a very potent remedy, and often of excellent effect; but, on the whole, it is of much less general applicability and safeness, as well as less agreeable in its employment, than “the wet packing up.” It is evidently quite inadmissible when there is a decided tendency to congestion of the head and chest, or any suspicion of disease of the heart, or great blood vessels; and when it fails in relaxing the skin, must necessarily exasperate any existing feverishness, or nervous weakness. When the perspiration is supposed to have lasted long enough, in relation to the nature of the case, the patient is conducted instantly to the cold bath, keeping the woollen blanket around him till on the verge of it.

For an energetic patient, who wants to have plenty to do, there is no place like Gräfenberg. The hours never hang heavily on hand there, as at many a watering-place; ennui is, in fact, an impossibility, as is evident from the following sample of the mode in which the patient's day is occasionally filled up.

Rise at four o'clock in the morning; “dry packing up” and perspiration

till eight, followed immediately by "cold bath;" walk, and drink some glasses of cold water by the way; breakfast; rest an hour; walk to the "douche bath;" walk after it; dine at one o'clock; rest for two hours; walk again; "packed up dry" again for a three hours' perspiration, succeeded as before by "cold bath;" walk, supper, "sitting bath," and to bed!

Priessnitz has quite an antipathy to the whole tribe of doctors; and, indeed it is no wonder, both because he was frequently taken up for malpractice (possibly he may think at their instigation), in the early portion of his career (though always soon liberated again, on showing the simplicity of the means he employed), and because he seems conscientiously persuaded that their methods of treatment are a perpetual strife with and disturbance of Nature in her operations; whilst his own, he fancies, are ever in a state of happy harmony with her, seconding all her intentions, and giving vigour to all her efforts! Yet the doctors, good easy souls, have been forgiving, and no-wise deterred by his severity towards themselves, have loudly praised and adopted such portions of his practice as they could reconcile to their medical convictions, or convert into a means of benefit to their patients or of gain to themselves. So long ago as 1842, there were no less than forty "water-cure establishments" in Germany alone, and a large porportion of them under the direction of regular physicians; and the number since is considerably augmented. Amongst the most celebrated, are those of Ilmenau and Elgersberg, in Thuringia; Kreisch and Schweizermühle, in the Saxon Switzerland; Hohenstein, in the Erzgebirge; Lauterberg, in the Harz Mountains; and that of Dr. Schmidt, at Boppard, on the Rhine.

My return to Dresden by Neisse and Breslau occupied the greater part of two days. One of my most intelligent companions in the railway was a school-boy with his butterfly-net, on his way, like myself, to the capital of Saxony, whither his parents had recently removed with their family from Silesia for the benefit of education. My young entomologist, who seemed already more deeply read in the natural history of moths and sundry other winged insects than many a professor with us, had but

just returned from a pleasant tour through Spain, in company with his father and mother. They had accomplished it happily without any notable accident or interruption, still it was an exciting journey for so young a boy, and furnished him with many interesting anecdotes of adventure to relate.

Liegnitz, one of the first places of importance we passed after leaving Breslau, appeared, in the rapid glimpse we had of it as the train was stopping, a neat built town, well furnished with spires and public buildings, considering that it has scarce twelve thousand inhabitants. The Katsbach, which we crossed in approaching it, was the scene of Blucher's great victory over the French (subsequently to the disastrous Russian campaign), which gained him the title of Prince of Wahlstadt, from a small place a few miles to the S. E. of the town. "Wahlstadt," or "battle-field," got its name from a still more signal victory won in the olden time, some six hundred years ago, by the Duke of Silesia over the Tartar invaders.

Near Görlitz rises the Landskron, a pyramidical, basalt-crowned hill, very conspicuous for many a mile around, and much resorted to by tourists for its extensive view. There are several hills of the same name in Germany, generally, I believe, distinguished by their somewhat insulated position and command of prospect, lording it, as it were, over the subjacent territory like some crowned head.

Just beyond Löbau we came into the country of the Wends (or Serben, as they call themselves), the remnant of an old Slavonic tribe, part of whom, up to the year 1623, were subject to Bohemia, though originally quite a distinct branch of the great Sarmatian family. What remains of them now belongs partly to the kingdom of Saxony and partly to Prussia, and constitutes a great part of the population of Upper and Lower Lausatia (Die Lausitz). They entered Germany about the middle of the sixth century, settling in great force on the right bank of the Elbe, and more especially in the Mark of Brandenburg, but traces of them are still, it is said, to be met with in the costume of the peasantry much farther north—as in Mecklenburg, for example. They extended themselves gradually westward also, towards the Saale, and built several towns and vil-

lages, the names of which still betray their Slavish origin. The Russian-like termination in "itz" and "witz" is met with incessantly in the hamlets around Dresden; the national dress of Altenburg—the short, kilt-like petticoat, tall pointed cap, and peculiarly constructed boddice—has survived the original language of its inhabitants, and still indicates their descent unmistakably.

These Wends had obviously already made some progress in civilisation when they first arrived, and were very warlike in their character, and gave Charlemagne much trouble. They seem eventually to have become tributary to the Franks after much fighting. They often entered into alliance with the Bohemians and Hungarians against the Germans, till they were eventually entirely subdued at Merseburg by the Emperor Henry I., generally called "the Lion," in the year 934, and compelled to resign their towns to the victors, and confine themselves to the villages and to an agricultural existence. The prisoners of war became, in many instances, serfs of the nobility and of the monasteries, and every effort was made to Christianise them, but the undertaking proved one of great difficulty, as they adhered obstinately, though in secret, to many of their Pagan ceremonies and beliefs for long generations afterwards. They still retain somewhat of their original costume and manners, and their peculiar dialect is unaltered. They are considered an honest, true, and laborious set of people, but from long oppression in past ages are somewhat reserved and mistrustful in their manner with strangers. They are an intelligent, active, strong-built race, and, as I have heard on all sides, furnish some of the best soldiers in the Saxon army. Their women make excellent and affectionate nurses, and are often selected for these qualities by the rich citizens of Dresden and the neighbouring towns. Bautzen, the capital of Upper Lausatia, is their chief town. Muskau, which gives his title to the Prince who visited and wrote about England some years ago, and attained to an ephemeral celebrity there—half literary, half fashionable—also belongs to them, as does likewise Kothus, the capital of Lower Lausatia, which has appertained to the Mark for upwards of five hundred years.

The number of Wends still extant

in the two Lausatias amounts nearly to a quarter of a million, one-fifth of whom are subjects of Saxony. It is singular how their language has been able to maintain itself so long against the German, wedged in as they are amidst the Teutonic race, and inhabiting a country of so easy accessibility; to say nothing of the fact, that all the schools for the people enforce the use of the German tongue, and much of the preaching is in it likewise.

It was my good fortune to have amongst my companions in the railway a gentleman of the race we have been discussing, a dark-complexioned, keen-eyed man, of considerable cultivation, and most willingly communicative on all matters connected with his tribe, of which he seemed not a little proud. From him I learned that the language is perceptibly, though slowly, yielding to German,—retreating, it is said, from the circumference of their district at the rate of about a German mile in a century. He also mentioned that the better-educated classes feel much intellectual and literary sympathy with the other branches of the great "Slavish" family, but little of a political nature; little or nothing of the vague aspirations of the Croat tribes and Russians for the predominance of their race. He assured me further that to him it seemed that the Wendish language had a much closer resemblance to Russian, Polish, and Bohemian than "Platt Deutsch" has to ordinary German; so inconsiderably did they differ, indeed, that he could himself without difficulty, merely from his knowledge of his native Wendish, follow the sense of a conversation in any of the other "Slavish" languages. Till lately, if I understood him aright, they had no Bible in their own peculiar idiom, and felt highly thankful to the British Bible Society for providing them with one.

These Wends seem to be excellent farmers, and are generally content with their actual condition, and little disposed to take part in the restless, immature longings for political change by which all Germany is at present fevered. Their quick demonstrative manner contrasts strongly with the more phlegmatic tendency of the true German; and I was remarkably struck with the enthusiastic welcome which my agreeable companion received from such of his countrymen as were stand-

ing on the platform whenever he happened to alight from the railway, as well as the eager manner in which they rushed into conversation with him during the two or three minutes at their disposal.

Any one who is curious about the exact boundaries of the Wendish district will find them given in detail in "Bernhardi and Stricker's Sprachkarte von Deutschland, Cassel, 1849,"—a chart of all the various languages spoken within the German territories; a work got up at the period when the fashion of giving an exaggerated political importance to diversity of race was at its highest, and when the exciting of distrust and hostility between national families, originally distinct, indeed, but subsequently intimately united under one and the same government in community of interests, was esteemed a piece of unexceptionable patriotism.

Some way before we reached Bautzen my Wendish friend pointed out to me the village of Hochkirch, with the lofty church spire which gives it its name, seated on a slight eminence to the south of our route,—a spot celebrated for one of the fiercest onslaughts made on Frederick the Great's army during the whole of the "Seven Years' War." This distinguished warrior, though generally as wary as he was enterprising, was surprised here by the Austrians under General Dhaun, 30,000 of whom had come across the hills to the southward most suddenly and unexpectedly, and at a time when they were supposed to have been still far distant. They burst impetuously upon the Prussian host in

the night, as they lay sleeping in the greatest fancied security. The carnage was terrific. One of Frederick's greatest generals fell here, Marshal Keith, whose Scottish origin, by the bye, seemed quite to have escaped the recollection of my informant, the name being, indeed, in its form and termination not very unlike a German one. Though the sacrifice of life on the Prussian side was fearfully large, the great king did not lose his presence of mind, but retiring to a high ground, a little to the north of the scene of slaughter, seized, ere the night was out, on all the pumps and water-pipes in the neighbourhood, and as the tradition goes, mounting them on cart-wheels, so as to look at a distance like cannon, and distributing them judiciously amongst his real pieces of ordnance, imposed so effectually on the enemy that they did not venture, now that it was day, to make any further attack on any army so superior to their own in artillery, and, at length, so thoroughly on their guard.

After passing Bautzen little if anything of interest presented itself. In conclusion I may mention, in order to give some idea of the moderate expense of travelling here, that my whole journey from Dresden to Breslau, the Riesengebirge, Gräfenberg, and back again to the capital of Saxony—a circuit of about 700 miles, occupying twelve days—railways, carriages, inns, and guides included, did not much exceed seven guineas in all, or about twelve shillings a day.

W. B. J.

THE PARSON'S TWO VISITS.

VISIT THE FIRST.

TWENTY years is a long period in a man's life, but not so long that the friends of his youth should totally forget him: yet I find myself clean forgotten, as a thing out of mind, here in this good city of Dublin, by people whose every feature and turn of the head I can myself recollect as perfectly as if it were but yesterday we had parted at the College gate. I suppose the country air wears out the human face more rapidly than town-bred breezes; or else I have become misshapen, or my clothes disguise me. Yes, there is something in the cut of this brownish black surtout, with its gaping pockets, and in the demiculverin dimensions of the trowsers that reach to the small of my leg, exposing the well-darned worsted stockings below, which may place me beyond the pale of recognition. And my hat—dear me, now that I look at it in company with civilised hats, shaped upon the mould of fashion, I almost wonder how I know myself in such a castor; yet it was considered quite a flash sort of thing when I bought it for the last visitation at Mullinavat, and it is nothing, or only a trifle, the worse of the wear since then. A pretty penny it cost, too, being a “London hat, warranted waterproof in all climates.” But, as I said before, only look at it! a perfect cylinder, round as a drum, and of the same diameter from crown to hat band, with a brim of uniform proportion, turned up at the edge all round; and the fur! plague upon the rabbit that produced it, a cross-grained animal he must have been—in spite of brushing and smoothing its “raven down of darkness” with my coat sleeve perpetually, it stares in every direction like the feathers of a Friesland hen.

For all this, I am not quite reconciled to the notion of my old friend and contubernal, Tony Bolter, cutting me yesterday morning in the Hall of the Four Courts. “You have the advantage of me,” quotha. Well, as *Peter Van Homrigh* said, if I have, I suppose I must keep it. But Tony had some advantages of me in former days, of

which methinks it is pitiful that he should have retained so brief a recollection. Many a dreary night has he read by the light of my candle and warmed his toes beside my bright coal-fire, when you might have iced champagne, if you had it, in his grate. I have lent him my book on the cellar, when his own was stopped; and my shirts would scarcely have known which of us they belonged to, him or me, if the washerwoman's score had not come out of my pocket. I wrote the Latin verses that got him the premium from a better scholar than either of us. It was my blue coat with the gilt buttons he wore when he first went a-wooing of Miss Gilligan, the Smithfield salesman's daughter; and by the same token, he brought it back to me all smeared with tallow candle grease, after keeping it a whole week. Many's the turn he has taken out of my Wellingtons, when Wellingtons were thirty shillings a pair; and as for gloves, I do believe he never bought a pair during the whole of his undergraduate course. But Tony no longer shines in borrowed suits. He is a sleek and prosperous member of the bar, on the high road to eminence, and enjoys the reputation of being one of the most acute and lynxeyed of pleaders. His knowledge of law is profound, his memory most astonishing. He has never been known to forget a case in point. Strange how he should fail to remember a friend in need.

But the whole world is not composed of Tony Bolters. There are men with mindful faculties left, who can discover a form and face, once familiar, even in a suit of browny black. I cannot vouch from my own experience for many such: but to one at least let me do justice. Pierce Cronyn knew me at first sight, and acknowledged the old acquaintance with a squeeze of the hand that cannot be forgotten—should I live so long—for twenty years to come. Yet Pierce and I never were hand and glove together in the olden time. He was rather a black sheep in the college, being given to

oyster suppers at the Carlingford and leaving others sometimes to account for the shells. He also frequented town circles of rather ambiguous gentility, not scrupling sometimes to bring a bank clerk or a dandy haberdasher to breakfast at your table without invitation. He had moreover a fashion of borrowing your glasses and not even returning the fragments. As for books, he took them without any conscience and made open property of them. Therein his practice was borne out by examples in the highest and most orderly walks of university morality; but Pierce carried it to such an impudent excess, that when a student sent to him for his own *Demosthenes De Coronâ*, paid for with his own cash, only a month before—"Go back to your master (said Pierce to the *skip*) and tell him if he wants a *Demosthenes*, he had better do as I did, borrow one from somebody that knows no better."

If there was a row in the street, he was sure to be in the middle of it. It was his boast that he knew every corner of the Round Church watchhouse. The dean's porter made more morning calls at his door than upon any three young gentlemen of his standing; and twice was he before the Board, under circumstances strongly suggestive of his having broken lamps. He scaled the park wall repeatedly out of Nassau-street; and one night (or morning rather) having made a forcible entry through *Dominie Quayle's* window on the ground floor of *Number Three*, had the assurance to seat himself *vis-a-vis* to the poor old *Dominie*, as he dozed in his arm-chair before the fire, and helped himself to a tumbler of punch that stood ready made upon the table.

For these and such like pranks Pierce Cronyn was rather shunned by students of regular habits, and, therefore, was I the more surprised at the cordiality of his greeting after so long a separation. Still more strange did it seem to be invited, nay constrained, by him to adjourn forthwith to Jude's Tavern, and feast on lamb and salad. But not at all strange did it appear in the end, when I came to reflect on it, that he borrowed a pound of me to pay the waiter, putting the change into his own pocket, and carefully jotting down in his tablet the number of my bedroom at the *Hibernian Hotel*. This he did lest there should be any mistake about the delivery of the note he would

be sure to send me before I could possibly think of awaking out of my first sleep on the following morning, and therefore he made it a point to ascertain what *flat* I belonged to. It was no wonder (as he told me that evening), that he should make it a point always to have an eye out for an old friend; "For what," said Pierce, waxing pathological, "what is life without friendship? Next to the misery of having no dinner to eat, is that of sitting down to a meal like this, without a friend to share it with you." He said no word, but I dare say his sympathetic mind was not insensible of the zest which such reunions impart, when the friend is so fresh and green from the country as I was upon this occasion.

The numbers of old familiar faces that I encountered during this visit, without eliciting one spark of kindly recognition, was enough to put a man out of conceit with his own memory. Some passed me by apparently unconscious of having ever seen me before; others with an unmistakeable desire to seem as if they too forgot; and three or four with a careless good-humoured nod, as if we were in the daily habit of meeting in the same way. But Pierce Cronyn was the only one who made the slightest advance towards a renewal of former intimacy. Perhaps nobody else had a fancy for dining at Jude's.

Among my *cutters* were grandees of every calling and occupation, from the dignitary with shovel hat, who elbowed and frowned me out of his way at the bookseller's table, to the solemn Doctor Slop, sitting bolt upright in his britzka, and reading *Motherspoon on Pap*, as his panting nags swept him through the crowd. This is a new style of puffing; and should Colonel Sibthorpe's bill pass into a law for abolishing the *advertising-van nuisance*, it is to be hoped the police will act impartially and interfere with the pace of these whirling ministers of fate. The processions of *Pablo Fanque* are not more palpable in their intent. Old Richards never galloped through the streets. Perceval had one inflexible steady trot of four miles and a-half per hour; and Colles in his dusky *shay* moved with becoming gravity towards the patient's door. But now we are "fast men." It seems to be a perpetual race between Death and the Doctor. *Occupet extremum scabies!*

With a very willing mind and no great accession of respect for human kindness, as it exists in large towns, where its milk is chalk-and-water, I bade adieu one morning to the smoke, half angry that a little girl who cried watercresses, to the tune of twenty years ago, did not seem to know me for one of her customers. It is easy to philosophise on these matters, and to fancy his happiness who cultivates his own cabbages in some sequestered spot,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

But it is much easier to *be* one of these things than *do* the other. The

world is quite ready to perform its part. It will gratify the humour of those who profess to make hermits of themselves, and forget them to their hearts' content; but to forget the world and those whom we knew in the world, while they live, and move, and prosper before our eyes, this supposes a degree of callous indifference which will require some discipline of an unsophisticated nature. But be that labour mine. Resolved that this shall be my last visit to Dublin, I shake off the dust from my feet, and look, as I think, my last at the Wellington milestone; but *Dis aliter visum*.

VISIT THE SECOND.

FIVE more years have gone over my head and the hard gripe of Ireland's adversity, sparing none who depend on the soil, has left its traces deeply indented in the parson's frame. Of all classes it seems to be *the pleasure* of the legislature and of the government* that every burden shall press with double severity upon him. Not without cause, therefore, have these five years stamped wrinkles which another siege of Troy would scarcely have inflicted on a less care-harassed brow. Small blame now to any friend who forgets me. The unexpected chance which summons me again to Dublin is fraught with no fresh mortifications. The former lesson was a sharp one but salutary. Like the captive knight of Mrs. Hemans, my friends "have all passed by," and that dream of life is over.

"Don't be too sure of that, Master Parson; you shall go to town and, in spite of your brogues (whereof 'tis three you have), with that semi-sou'-wester, which you are pleased to dub a professional hat, and your cut-away zephyr of *Anno Domini* Forty-three, you shall meet plenty of friends not only willing but eager to greet you."

So said Nonpareil Leader, Esq., sole editor and chiffonier of the *Southern Oriflamme and Cisatlantic Commercial and Literary Intelligencer*. His word is like destiny, his scissors as decisive as those of Clotho. You were better have a bad epitaph after your death than his evil report while you live. Nevertheless, he is not infallible. He must wield a sunbeam, not a pen—yea, a vertical sunbeam—before he melts the ice that ribs the hearts of Dublin tufthunters.

But the *Southern Oriflamme* was right. Its peculiar sources of prescience misled it not, for on my arrival in Dublin, just a week after this prediction, curiosity having drawn me into the Hall of the Four Courts, the eye of Tony Bolter fell upon me like that very sunbeam I had been speaking of. He was shouldering an enormous bag through a besieging corps of attorneys, who vainly attempted to bar his passage into the Court of Chancery; but what the distributors of briefs could not effect my presence seemed to accomplish, for he returned quickly into the Hall, and made his way through the crowd towards the thick-ankled Themis, beneath whose dusty shadow

* Tithe rentcharge is liable to a *whole poor-rate*, on the equally absurd and false pretence, that a clergyman stands in the same position as a proprietor of land who occupies his own estate. In addition to this iniquity, it is further charged with the *Rate-in-Aid*; and in 1847 a special clause was introduced into an amended Act of Parliament, to charge clerical income with the *Labour Rate*, which is levied with County Cess, for repayment of advances expended in destroying the highroads and landmarks in 1846. The reason given by Attorney-General Monahan for moving this clause was, that the original *Labour Rate Act* had not taxed the clergyman, and the Government was, therefore, obliged to repair the omission by a distinct enactment.

I was standing. Never suspecting myself to be concerned in such a movement, I edged away towards the door which abuts the quay, not willing to come in contact with him ; but just as I reached the outer circle, a smart accolade from the open palm of my learned friend brought me round, and, before I could prevent further aggression, my right hand was tightly clasped in both of his.

"Come, come, Master Dobbs, you're not going to cut your old chums in this way. How are you, old fellow ? 'Tis a thousand years since we met."

"No, no, Mr. Bolter, pardon me, only five, I think."

"Mister be hanged ! Always Tony to you, my dear boy—Anthony Bolter, Esq., to all the world. How fresh and young you do look, to be sure (*gives me a poke in the ribs*). Lucky dogs, you country parsons, who have nothing to do but sniff the pure air and prosper on the fat of the land. Eh ? (*another punch.*) Ah ! to look at you, it seems but yesterday when we graduated together, and Barrett charged us at the door of the Library 'not to stale the books.' Ha, ha, ha ! don't you remember ?"

I was astounded at his assurance, and could not comprehend what he meant, while he ran on—

"By the way, talking of Barrett, who would insist that there was no difference between Lawless the porter and Guinness's porter, because they both frothed at the lips and were always drunk (*Potus et Exlex*), I have been guilty of an atrocious confusion of identity in your regard, for which I have been most impatient to make atonement. Think of my stupid—nay, worse, my ungrateful—memory, in having mistaken you, in a moment of perplexity, when my dull brain was wrought with things forgot, ay, mistaken you—I fear the excuse is even worse than the offence—for that lachrymose and dubious character whom we used to call *Doleful Dobbs* !"

"Oh ! that was it—was it ?"

"Yes, on my honour. It is best to be ingenuous. I did you that injustice whilst smarting under the failure of a demurrer, on which I had set my heart in Common Pleas ; but you hadn't passed three minutes when the enormity of the blunder flashed upon my mind, and I ransacked every hotel in town, hoping to find you, and ask par-

don on my bended knees. What could you have thought ? How thoroughly you must have despised me !

"I own I was a good deal hurt, but —"

"Hurt, my dear friend ! To be sure you were—enraged, if you retained the same recollection of old times as I did immediately afterwards—as I do now—but you were not unrevenged."

"Well, I am delighted at this explanation ; it takes a weight off my heart, by allowing me to think better of human nature."

"That is so like you, warmhearted and confiding. You forgive me then ?"

"O no more about forgiving. You must forgive me, if you go to that, for having harboured a hard thought so long. I forget everything but that you are now Tony again."

"Tony again and for ever. You dine with me to day ; nay, I take no refusal—

'Sic te ignovisse putabo.'

On no other condition can I deem myself forgiven."

His mind being set at ease on this point, he went back to his attorneys, and I found the circle of my bar friends forthwith rapidly enlarged. To have been poked twice in the ribs by the holder of that great black bag, was a magical mnemonic. I got half-a-dozen more punches before I left the hall, and began to fear the fate of the human football in Vathek, so many knuckles seemed to itch for a dig at my sides.

In the streets I was recognised a dozen times by men who had passed me five years before as if they had never seen me ; and several others, whose faces were unknown even to myself, touched their hats as they passed.

At the bookseller's where all the literary loungers of the city congregate towards the fall of evening, friends greeted me, and strangers sought my acquaintance. A doctor of divinity offered me a chair ; a member of the Royal Irish Academy invited me to a *soirée* ; and I was offered tickets for a Choral, a Philharmonic, and a Madrigal concert.

Crossing Sackville-street, where no intermediate post or pillar occurs to break the current of locomotion, a light machine, drawn by two prancing nags, came tearing along. Fear rooted me

to the spot, on the very line they were taking; but the eagle-eye of Dr. Slop—for it was his britzka—spied me over his book, and he called a halt. “Step in,” he cried, “it is good for sore eyes to see you. When did you come to Ireland? Where shall I set you down? I am so delighted, you cannot think. Do step in.”

“I cannot think of delaying you in your transit to your patients; you are in such breathless speed, it must be a case of life and death.”

“My dear friend,” said the Doctor, with a confidential wink, “patients can wait.”

“I did not suppose *your's* could.”

“Bah! don't you know there is often great cry and little wool? Besides, the patient who cannot wait for me can generally go on very well without me. But my patient is all the town—

“ ‘Cherchez le bijou,
Vous le trouverez partout.’ ”

So name your quarter, 'tis all one to me.”

Having spoken, he waited not to ask if my heart was with his in the proposed arrangement, but with his obstetric paw pulled me into his chariot, out of which he would by no means deliver me till I had promised to dine with him the next day.

He laid down his volume, which was still “*Motherspoon on Pap*,” an illustrated edition, having the last number of *Punch* cunningly interleaved with the text.

Pierce Cronyn was not the last to recognise me with a reproachful reminiscence of my having gone out of town on the former occasion without my money, which, to my no less pleasure than surprise, he drew forthwith out of his pocket and paid me on the spot; another invitation to Jude's, however, was thankfully but firmly declined.

The dinner at Tony Bolter's was the crowning work of my amazement. He had extemporised a company of three silk gowns, half a dozen juniors, and a Fellow of the University, to grace my reception. Mrs. Bolter was the most amiable woman of rank I had ever seen in my life, my experience in that line having been previously limited to those “fair defects of nature” who live in episcopal palaces, and are privileged, beyond all members of their sex, to wear gloves. Amongst that class I had seen a great deal of conde-

scension, quite enough, indeed, to set any poor vicar beside himself, but the urbanity of the *city madam* was more familiar and assuring. At least, to me she was all affability, though I thought she threw the smallest possible infusion of vinegar into the smile with which she rewarded a smart witticism of Mr. Brogan of the Connaught bar. As a college friend of Tony's, on whose lips my name had ever been a household word, she could not make too much of me, and her example was contagious. I felt myself to be quite the lion of the table, and was not a little amused at being asked seriously, by a fashionable lady, the wife of a Queen's Counsel, “How many of my daughters would go to the *Drawing Room* the following winter?” If she could have seen them scouring the churn, or separating the sound potatoes from the “black” ones for the family breakfast, how impertinent would such a question have appeared to her!

After the ladies had retired I found myself an object of equal deference to their lords. My opinion was anxiously sought about the great *surplice question*, which at that time agitated the Church. I got out of the difficulty like a much greater man, by recommending a mixture of colours, which suggestion was hailed by a learned gentleman, next door but one to a sergeant, as a most happy and original solution of a grave question. Another of the guests, an eminent blackletter man, was highly enlightened by my views of what the law ought to be about glebe-house instalments and dilapidations; and it was the general feeling of the company, pretty emphatically expressed on all hands, that the Church only wanted plenty of clergymen of my just and moderate way of thinking to be a most popular institution. In fine, between the fumes of my friend Tony's good wine and the flatteries of his good company, I could scarcely walk erect into the drawing-room where the ladies expected us at tea.

And here I found a seat vacant for me on the sofa beside mine hostess, who entertained me for the rest of the evening with a very particular description—which was, no doubt, highly interesting to her maternal feelings—of the religious impressions of her eldest son, a youth of three and twenty, at that time on a visit with his uncle in the country. So decided was his cha-

racter, that nothing, not even the most brilliant prospects of eminence open to his fine talents in other walks of life, could divert his mind for a moment from the resolution he had formed of taking orders in the Church. All this was very pleasant to hear, and I rejoiced at it, I trust with perfect sincerity; but as the young gentleman was not a parishioner of mine, nor had I ever seen him that I could recollect, I could not perceive the necessity of telling me the same thing three times over. It was, however, interesting to see so grand a lady, as Mrs. Bolter unquestionably was and is, so wholly absorbed, in the midst of the distractions of high life, by her domestic affection, for which I honoured her the more, while I would have excused a less pertinacious expression of the sentiment.

It was by strenuous opposition, mingled with some entreaty, that I succeeded in preventing this excellent lady from despatching a servant to my hotel to fetch my trunk and carpet-bag, that she might instal me as a permanent guest in her family. The purple room was mine; and it was unkind in so old a friend of "dear Tony's" to go to an hotel within three streets of his house. She knew, for she blessed Providence she never forgot a kindness, how many obligations her husband owed me since our earliest days, and was not insensible how I had contributed to her own felicity upon a certain occasion.

This she said with a smile, which brought to mind the tarnished honours of my blue coat with the bright brass buttons; that last piece of finery I had possessed before the irrevocable vows which consigned my outer man to a perpetual coating of rusty black.

Not before I had promised to make Merrion-square my inn, on all subsequent visits to the metropolis, was I permitted to return to my old caravanserai behind the mail-coach office, where, from five in the morning till noonday, a perpetual succession of public conveniences used to murder sleep. It is said that all that has been changed now, and, with the exception of a railway parcel cart and one or two antediluvian coaches, so melancholy that they want heart to make a noise, nothing remains above ground to disturb the ghost, or awaken the memory of a glory departed.

If my ruminations, in returning to

the same quarter on a former occasion, were busied with bitter fancies, they now found nothing to chew upon but the sweetest and most aromatic of realities. What a happiness it was that I had made this visit to Dublin, where the misanthropical mists which were fast settling around me had been scattered by the blessed sunshine of a single forenoon. I was mistaken then in suspecting that the world was cold and kindless; and they are only bilious malcontents, and deserve no doubt to be neglected or avoided, who go about complaining that people are changed, that advancement spoils many a frank nature and freezes many a warm heart. There is nothing in threadbare garments or hobnailed shoes to make old acquaintance be forgot, or cause either levite or lawyer to pass by on the other side. The fault is not in "*the stars*," those great luminaries which adorn a happy world, but it lies in the rusticated fancies and suspicions of those who have lived long secluded from the society that civilises and enlarges the mind. Shut up in a narrow circle, we expect too much. Do we want, as Billy Sheridan used to say, the *beau monde* to jump down our throats?

These reflections brought me into the coffee room of the Hibernian Hotel, where, as I waited for *boots* to conduct me to bed, I took up the evening paper, and read the following announcement among the intelligence which may be considered the *Court Circular* of the Dublin press:—

"We have authority to give a most unqualified contradiction to an absurd report which appeared in the morning papers of this day, to the effect that the Rev. Denis Dobbs is to be exalted to the bench of bishops, on the occasion of a vacancy which is expected to occur, in the natural course of events, within a few days. There never was the slightest ground for the rumour, which probably originated in the ridiculous vanity of the reverend postulant himself, and was given to the public through the columns of the *Southern Oriflamme*, a journal conducted by a very particular and unscrupulous friend of his own."

I had read of a sweep once, who being transposed in a moment of time out of a chimney pot on the top of a very tall house, and planted up to the neck in a mud bath attached to a pork-butcher's

yard in Whitechapel, sang out, "My eyes, but here's a go!" Fortunately for me I had not been made aware that I ever stood so high as the chimney-pot; but surely had I known all that the morning papers said about me, the downfall of mere ambition could not have given a more violent start to my system, than it received from the blaze of light which now made all the adventures of this remarkable day as clear as the history of *Christopher Sly*. It was a stunner; and the image of Edmund Kean in *Othello* rose up before me as he cried, so as nobody before or since ever did or ever could cry, "Oh fool, fool, fool!" Oh Mrs. Bolter, Mrs. Bolter, how shall I ever look you in the face again after masquerading for the whole length of an evening upon your sofa, in sleeves of invisible lawn, and extorting from you the praises of that dear serious boy, who, as I have since learned, instead of being on a visit to his uncle, was at that time undergoing a sudorific process, at the private residence of Mr. Dycer, for a hurdle race that was to come off in the Phoenix Park the following week. And Tony too, thou friend of my youth, where are you? Can you ever forgive me that last magnum of port, of the same parcel which you had first broached for Lord Chancellor Manners? As for Pierce Cronyn's pound note, it scared my conscience to such a degree that I even feared a prosecution for taking money under false pretences. The only imposition that rested lightly upon my inward monitor, was that which had been practised upon Dr. Slop, for he was an impostor himself, and I half resolved to see it out with him and eat his dinner according to arrangement. There were two words, however, to that bargain, for, before I was out of bed the next morning, a note was put into my hand from the intended *Amphitryon*, acquainting me that a patient who "could not wait" would engross all

his time, but hoping that the next time I came to town I would "give him a day."

My reveries on these persons and things were interrupted by a question put in a loud and abrupt tone, "Who is this parson Dobbs that had his own consent to be a bishop, as soon as the lawful owner would be so obliging as to make a vacancy? Who is he, or what is he?" The question proceeded from one of two gentlemen who sat at a table behind the door, and whom I had not noticed on entering the room.

"I'll tell you sir," I exclaimed, starting forward in an excited manner; "his name you know; his person it seems you do not, nor is it his desire that you should. But this much may satisfy your curiosity for the present. He is one of the most surprising oculists that have appeared in the city of Dublin since the days of Adams, though unlike that remarkable operator, I doubt if his patients would be glad to see him.* He has, in the course of a single morning, restored the vision of at least one dozen short-sighted persons of eminence, to such a degree of clearness that they have been enabled to distinguish a most commonplace object with the naked eye."

A loud horse-laugh from one of the gentlemen prevented anything I might have had to add in the shape of further explanation. His back was turned to me, so that I was for a moment at a loss to know whom to thank for this new phase of "Dublin manners;" but after the first burst of hinnulation was over, he wheeled round in his chair and revealed the beaming and glossy countenance of Nonpareil Leader, Esq. My disgust was immeasurable. "You, Mr. Leader," I thus addressed him, "you, sir, are the last man who should indulge in such demonstrations of jollity upon this occasion."

"And why not, my good friend?" he replied, with dauntless audacity. "If any one has a right to be jolly (more jolly than yourself, I mean)

* The late Sir William Adams made a predatory excursion into Ireland about the year *Twelve*, and picked up some heavy fees, to the great discomfiture of our resident oculists. Whether it was on this account, or that his operations were not permanently successful, it was invidiously said, that most of his subjects went incurably blind in a few months after they had been in his hands. It was during the prevalence of such a report that Macklin showed Richards a letter he had received from Sir William, saying, that he could spare a month to revisit Ireland, if encouraged by his brethren of the faculty so to do. "Write to the fellow," said old *Rough-and-Ready*, "and tell him his former patients would be very glad to see

upon such an occasion, why specially exclude so humble an individual from that privilege?"

"Listen to me, sir, and then ask why," I answered, and then, half breathless with vexation, related all the events of the day to the minutest particular, being interrupted several times, in spite of my indignation, by bursts of laughter from my auditors, in which, to tell the truth, I often had to join myself.

"Well," with provoking calmness, inquired my literary persecutor, as soon as I had finished, "is that all?"

All! The insatiate monster, as if even he could desire more.

"Yes, sir, it is all; what more would you have?"

"I really cannot see that I have done you any injury," he proceeded with an air of beneficent candour for which I could have knocked him down with the greatest pleasure. "And I think you will find yourself of the same opinion when we have together dispassionately reviewed the several entertaining incidents you have so graphically described."

The cool, sardonic rascal!

"Did you not, may I ask, receive, along with numerous civilities above all appreciation, three concert tickets, upon the credit of the preferment which I had bestowed upon you?"

"No," I sulkily answered, "I did not accept them."

"Well, surely that is not my fault. I did my best for you, and I am afraid it is too late to repair the error now. You may walk into Hodges and Smith's to-morrow without sinking under a shower of cards of any kind; that I promise you. But secondly, did you not enjoy your rapid excursion through the principal squares and places in the *pilentum* of the renowned Doctor Slop? Come now, be ingenuous, was it not delightful to be whirled along among the flower of our gentry, to attract their inquiring glances—

"Monstrari digito et dicier, hic est?"

"It was pleasant enough," said I, gruffly.

"To be sure it was, my dear friend, and it was the *Southern Oriflamme* did it all. You are in my debt for that lift at any rate."

I owned that it might be so.

"And now," he proceeded, "tell me, I pray you, did not the hospitable Mr.

Cronyn pay you the pound, which you had long since given up as a Pennsylvanian obligation? If there were such a thing as honour or gratitude in the world, one half of that pound would be mine by right, for you would never have seen the ghost of it if Pierce did not calculate on his great revenge at the visitation dinners, as your registrar or possibly your vicar-general."

That was likely enough.

"And now, the greatest is behind. Who got you poked in the ribs all round the hall of the Four Courts, fêted in Merrion-square, and asked by one of the leading women of ton at the Irish Court to bring your daughters to the Drawing-room?"

"You did," I exclaimed, with a gesture of impatience.

"Yes, that I did, and did it well. That was my crowning work. And now, if it be to injure one's friend to procure for him all sorts of polite and disinterested attentions, to obtain for him the *entrée* of musical re-unions which money cannot command, to recover his bad debts, place a well-appointed carriage at his disposal, and make him the premier guest at the most exclusive table in the metropolis, if these be injuries, I have wronged you deeply, and I ask your pardon."

There was no resisting the good humour of the satirical rogue, so we parted as good friends as ever, on the express stipulation that I was not to be made a bishop again.

It was a solace to my mortified sensibilities, on being aroused from sleep next morning in number *Forty-five* (the very same number which Pierce Cronyn had never been able to find out), and recalled to consciousness by the din and dissonance of a coach company just on the point of departure for the fair of Mullingar—some squabbling, some laughing, one gentleman requesting the porter to "throw him up that bulldog like a good fellow, and take care he *would not bite him*," while another, with stentorian lungs, was objurgating the same porter for a thief, and threatening to have him up before the Lord Mayor for the value of a silk umbrella abstracted from his luggage:—It was consoling to feel assured by these familiar sounds that I had not made Merrion-square my inn the night before, as I had been so sweetly importuned to do. Just imagine what a pleasant breakfast-party

we should have had when *Saunders's News-Letter*, with the frightful *eclaircissement*, came to be laid upon the table.

Business has obliged me to revisit the town thrice during the lustral period which has passed since that one day of my *lionized* existence. The first time I encountered Tony Bolter (it was scarcely three months after I had eaten his salt) he did not quite cut me. That would have been too barefaced, but he did something worse—gave me two fingers and a glove to shake, which, as half a loaf is better than no bread, I seized with so hard a grip, that he is hardly to blame for having never tendered such another pledge of familiarity from that day to this. As for punching my fat sides, and rallying me about the parson's easy life, or bringing the *Barrettiana* of old times to recollection, "No more of that, Hal, if you love me." Our conversation was brief and dry—"Ah,

how d'ye do?" "Long in town?" "Nice weather," "Good day," and there an end. We exchanged a nod about a year afterwards; but now I "have the advantage" of Tony once more, as thoroughly as I possessed it on the occasion of my first journey some ten years ago. I ought to mention that the interesting young scamp, his son, is gone on an exploring cruise to California.

Doctor Slop flourishes in his immortal britzka, and his dark eye flashes right and left over the margin of the immortal Motherspoon, but its beams never alight upon me—he reads and he rides away. I remember his pressing instances that the very next time I came to town I positively must give him a day, but he seems to have forgotten it. The man has come, but not the day, and I see better reason than ever to subscribe to my friend's aphorism, that a great cry may sometimes be where there is little wool.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A FOREST RIDE.

WHILE I was dressing, a note was handed to me from the Curé, apologising for his departure without seeing me, and begging, as a great favour, that I would not leave the Chateau till his return. He said that the Count's spirits had benefited greatly by our agreeable converse, and that he requested me to be his guest for some time to come. The postscript added a suggestion, that I should write down some of the particulars of my visit to Ettenheim, but particularly of that conversation alluding to the meditated assassination of Buonaparte.

There were many points in the arrangement which I did not like. To begin, I had no fancy whatever for the condition of a dependant, and such my poverty would at once stamp me. Secondly, I was averse to this frequent intercourse with men of the Royalist party, whose restless character and unceasing schemes were opposed to all the principles of those I had served

under; and finally, I was growing impatient under the listless vacuity of a life that gave no occupation, nor opened any view for the future. I sat down to breakfast in a mood very little in unison with the material enjoyments around me. The meal was all that could tempt appetite; and the view from the open window displayed a beautiful flower-garden, imperceptibly fading away into a maze of ornamental planting, which was backed again by a deep forest, the well-known wood of Belleville. Still I ate on sullenly, scarce noticing any of the objects around me. I will see the Count, and take leave of him, thought I, suddenly; I cannot be his guest without sacrificing feeling in a dozen ways.

"At what hour does Monsieur rise?" asked I, of the obsequious valet who waited behind my chair.

"Usually at three or four in the afternoon, sir; but to-day he has desired me to make his excuses to you. There

will be a consultation of doctors here ; and the likelihood is, that he may not leave his chamber."

"Will you convey my respectful compliments, then, to him, and my regrets that I had not seen him before leaving the Chateau?"

"The Count charged me, sir, to entreat your remaining here till he had seen you. He said you had done him infinite service already, and indeed it is long since he has passed a night in such tranquillity."

There are few slight circumstances which impress a stranger more favourably, than any semblance of devotion on the part of a servant to his master. The friendship of those above one in life is easier to acquire than the attachment of those beneath. Love is a plant whose tendrils strive ever upwards. I could not help feeling struck at the man's manner, as he spoke these few words ; and insensibly my mind reverted to the master who had inspired such sentiments.

"My master gave orders, sir," continued he, "that we should do everything possible to contribute to your wishes ; that the carriage, or, if you prefer them, saddle-horses, should be ready at any hour you ordered. The wood has a variety of beautiful excursions ; there is a lake, too, about two leagues away ; and the ruins of Mont-erraye are also worth seeing."

"If I had not engagements in Paris," muttered I, while I affected to mumble over the conclusion of the sentence to myself.

"Monsieur has seldom done a greater kindness than this will be," added he, respectfully ; "but if Monsieur's business could be deferred for a day or two, without inconvenience——"

"Perhaps that might be managed," said I, starting up, and walking to the window, when, for the first time, the glorious prospect revealed itself before me. How delicious, after all, would be a few hours of such a retreat!—a morning loitered away in that beautiful garden ; and then, a long ramble through the dark wood till sunset. Oh, if Laura were but here ; if she could be my companion along those leafy alleys ! If not *with*, I can at least think *of* her, thought I ; seek out spots she would love to linger in, and points of view she would enjoy with all a painter's zest. And this poor Count, with all his riches, could not derive in a whole

lifetime the enjoyment that a few brief hours would yield to us ! So is it almost ever in this world : to one man the appliances, to another the faculties for enjoyment.

"I am so glad Monsieur has consented," said the valet, joyously.

"Did I say so ? I don't know that I said anything."

"The Count will be so gratified," added he ; and hurried away to convey the tidings.

Well, be it so. Heaven knows my business in Paris will scarcely suffer by my absence ; my chief occupation there being to cheat away the hours till meal-time. It is an occupation I can easily resume a few days hence. I took a book, and strolled out into the garden ; but I could not read. There is a gush of pleasure felt at times from the most familiar objects, which the most complicated machinery of enjoyment often fails to equal ; and now the odour of moss-roses and geraniums, the rich perfume of orange flowers, the plash of fountains and the hum of the summer insects, steeped my mind in delight ; and I lay there in a dream of bliss that was like enchantment. I suppose I must have fallen asleep ; for my thoughts took every form of wildness and incoherency. Ireland ; the campaign ; the Bay of Genoa ; the rugged height of Kuffstein, all passed before my mind, peopled with images foreign to all their incidents. It was late in the afternoon that I aroused myself, and remembered where I was ; the shadows of the dark forest were stretching over the plain ; and I determined on a ride beneath their mellow shade. As if in anticipation of my wishes, the horses were already saddled, and a groom stood awaiting my orders. Oh, what a glorious thing it is to be rich ! thought I, as I mounted ; from what an eminence does the wealthy man view life. No petty cares nor calculations mar the conceptions of his fancy. His will, like his imagination, wanders free and unfettered. And so thinking, I dashed spurs into my horse, and plunged into the dense wood. Perhaps I was better mounted than the groom, or perhaps the man was scarcely accustomed to such impetuosity. Whatever the reason, I was soon out of sight of him. The trackless grass of the alley, and its noiseless turf, made pursuit difficult in a spot where the paths crossed and recrossed

in a hundred different directions; and so I rode on for miles and miles without seeing more of my follower.

Forest riding is particularly seductive; you are insensibly led on to see where this alley will open, or how that path will terminate. Some of the spirit of discovery seems to seal its attractions to the wild and devious track, untrodden as it looks; and you feel all the charm of adventure as you advance. The silence, too, is most striking; the noiseless footfalls of the horse, and the unbroken stillness, add indescribable charm to the scene, and the least imaginative cannot fail to weave fancies and fictions as he goes.

Near as it was to a great city, not a single rider crossed my path; not even a peasant did I meet. A stray bundle of fagots, bound and ready to be carried away, showed that the axe of the woodman had been heard within the solitude; but not another trace told that human foot-step had ever pressed the sward.

Although still a couple of hours from sunset, the shade of the wood was dense enough to make the path appear uncertain, and I was obliged to ride more cautiously than before. I had thought that by steadily pursuing one straight track, I should at last gain the open country, and easily find some road that would reconduct me to the Chateau; but now I saw no signs of this. "The alley" was, to all appearance, exactly as I found it—miles before. A long aisle of beech-trees stretched away in front and behind me; a short, grassy turf was beneath my feet; and not an object to tell me how far I had come, or whither I was tending. If now and then another road crossed the path, it was in all respects like this one. This was puzzling; and to add to my difficulty, I suddenly remembered that I had never thought of learning the name of the Chateau, and well knew that to ask for it as the residence of the Count de Maurepas would be a perfect absurdity. There was something so ludicrous in the situation, that I could not refrain from laughing at first; but a moment's reconsideration made me regard the incident more gravely. In what a position should I stand, if unable to discover the Chateau. The Curé might have left Paris before I could reach it; all clue to the Count might thus be lost; and although these were but im-

probable circumstances, they came now very forcibly before me, and gave me serious uneasiness.

"I have been so often in false positions in life, so frequently implicated where no real blame could attach to me, that I shall not be in the least surprised if I be arrested as a horse-stealer!" The night now began to fall rapidly, so that I was obliged to proceed at a slow pace; and at length, as the wood seemed to thicken, I was forced to get off, and walk beside my horse. I have often found myself in situations of real peril, with far less anxiety than I now felt; my position seemed at the time inexplicable and absurd. I suppose, thought I, that no man was ever lost in the wood of Belleville; he must find his way out of it sooner or later; and then, there can be no great difficulty in returning to Paris. This was about the extent of the comfort I could afford myself; for, once back in the capital, I could not speculate on a single step further.

I was at last so weary with the slow and cautious progression I was condemned to, that I half determined to picquet my horse to a tree, and lie down to sleep till daylight. While I sought out a convenient spot for my bivouac, a bright twinkling light, like a small star, caught my eye. Twice it appeared, and vanished again, so that I was well assured of its being real, and no phantom of my now over-excited brain. It appeared to proceed from the very densest part of the wood, and whither, so far as I could see, no path conducted. As I listened to catch any sounds, I again caught sight of the faint star, which now seemed at a short distance from the road where I stood. Fastening my horse to a branch, I advanced directly through the brushwood for about a hundred yards, when I came to a small open space, in which stood one of those modest cottages, of rough timber, wherein, at certain seasons, the gamekeepers take refuge. A low, square, log hut, with a single door, and an unglazed window, comprised the whole edifice, being one of the humblest, even of its humble kind, I had ever seen. Stealing cautiously to the window, I peeped in. On a stone, in the middle of the earthen floor, a small iron lamp stood, which threw a faint and fickle light around. There was no furniture of any kind; nothing that bespoke the place as in-

habited; and it was only as I continued to gaze that I detected the figure of a man, who seemed to be sleeping on a heap of dried leaves, in one corner of the hovel. I own that, with all my anxiety to find a guide, I began to feel some scruples about obtruding on the sleeper's privacy. He was evidently no "Garde de chasse," who are a well to-do sort of folk, being usually retired sous-officiers of the army. He might be a poacher, a robber, or perhaps a dash of both together—a trade I had often heard of as being resorted to by the most reckless and abandoned of the population of Paris, when their crimes and their haunts became too well known in the capital.

I peered eagerly through the chamber, to see if he were armed; but not a weapon of any kind was to be seen. I next sought to discover if he were quite alone; and although one side of the hovel was hidden from my view, I was well assured that he had no comrade. Come, said I to myself, man to man, if it should come to a struggle, is fair enough; and the chances are I shall be able to defend myself.

His sleep was sound and heavy, like that after fatigue; so that I thought it would be easy for me to enter the hovel, and secure his arms, if he had such, before he should awake. I may seem to my reader, all this time, to have been inspired with an undue amount of caution and prudence, considering how evenly we were matched; but I would remind him, that it was a period when the most dreadful crimes were of daily occurrence. Not a night went over without some terrible assassination; and a number of escaped galley slaves were known to be at large in the suburbs and outskirts of the capital. These men, under the slightest provocation, never hesitated at murder; for their lives were already forfeited, and they scrupled at nothing which offered a chance of escape. To add to the terror their atrocities excited, there was a rumour current at the time, that the Government itself made use of these wretches for its own secret acts of vengeance; and many implicitly believed that the dark assassinations of the "Temple" had no other agency. I do not mean to say that these fears were well founded, or that I myself partook of them; but such were the reports commonly circulated, and the impunity of crime cer-

tainly favoured the impression. I know not if this will serve as an apology for the circumspection of my proceeding, as, cautiously pushing the door, inch by inch, I at length threw it wide open. Not the slightest sound escaped as I did so; and yet, certainly before my hand quitted the latch, the sleeper had sprung to his knees; and with his dark eyes glaring wildly at me, crouched like a beast about to rush upon an enemy.

His attitude and his whole appearance at that moment are yet before me. Long black hair fell in heavy masses at either side of his head; his face was pale, haggard, and hunger-stricken; a deep, drooping moustache descended from below his chin, and almost touched his collar-bones, which were starting from beneath the skin; a ragged cloak, that covered him as he lay, had fallen off, and showed that a worn shirt and a pair of coarse linen trousers were all his clothing. Such a picture of privation and misery I never looked upon before nor since!

"Qui va là?" cried he, sternly, and with the voice of one not unused to command; and although the summons showed his soldier training, his condition of wretchedness suggested deep misgivings.

"Qui va là?" shouted he again, louder and more determinedly.

"A friend—perhaps a comrade," said I, boldly.

"Advance comrade, and give the countersign," replied he rapidly, and like one repeating a phrase of routine; and then, as if suddenly remembering himself, he added with a low sigh, "There is none!" His arms dropped heavily as he spoke, and he fell back against the wall, with his head drooping on his chest.

There was something so unutterably forlorn in his look, as he sat thus, that all apprehension of personal danger from him left me at the moment, and advancing frankly, I told him how I had lost my way in the wood, and by a mere accident chanced to descry his light as I wandered along in the gloom.

I do not know if he understood me at first, for he gazed half vacantly at my face while I was speaking, and often stealthily peered around to see if others were coming; so that I had to repeat more than once that I was perfectly alone. That the poor fellow was insane seemed but too probable; the

restless activity of his wild eye, the suspicious watchfulness of his glances, all looked like madness, and I thought that he had probably made his escape from some military hospital, and concealed himself within the recesses of the forest. But even these signs of over-wrought excitement began to subside soon; and as though the momentary effort at vigilance had been too much for his strength, he now drew his cloak about him, and lay down once more.

I handed him my brandy flask, which still contained a little, and he touched it to his lips with a slight nod of recognition. Invigorated by the stimulant, he supped again and again, but always cautiously, and with prudent reserve.

"You have been a soldier," said I, taking my seat at his side.

"*I am* a soldier," said he, with a strong emphasis on the verb.

"I, too, have served," said I; "although, probably, neither as long nor as creditably as you have."

He looked at me fixedly for a second or too, and then dropped his eyes without a reply.

"You were probably with the Army of the Meuse?" said I, hazarding the guess, from remembering how many of that army had been invalided by the terrible attacks of ague contracted in North Holland.

"I served on the Rhine," said he, briefly; "but I made the campaign of Jemappes, too. I served the King also—King Louis," cried he sternly. "Is that avowal candid enough; or do you want more?"

Another Royalist, thought I, with a sigh. Whichever way I turn they meet me—the very ground seems to give them up.

"And could *you* find no better trade than that of a Mouchard?" asked he, sneeringly.

"I am not a Mouchard—I never was one. I am a soldier like yourself; and, mayhap, if all were to be told, scarcely a more fortunate one."

"Dismissed the service,—and for what?" asked he, bluntly.

"If not broke, at least not employed;" said I, bitterly.

"A Royalist?"

"Not the least of one, but suspected."

"Just so. Your letters—your private papers ransacked, and brought in evidence against you. Your conversations with your intimates noted down and attested—every word you dropped

in a moment of disappointment or anger; every chance phrase you uttered when provoked, all quoted; wasn't that it?"

As he spoke this, with a rapid and almost impetuous utterance, I, for the first time, noticed that both the expressions and the accent implied breeding and education. Not all his vehemence could hide the evidences of former cultivation.

"How comes it," asked I eagerly, "that such a man as you are is to be found thus? You certainly did not always serve in the ranks?"

"I had my grade," was his short, dry reply.

"You were a Quarter-master,—perhaps a sous-Lieutenant?" said I, hoping by the flattery of the surmise to lead him to talk further.

"I was the Colonel of a dragoon regiment," said he, sternly; "and that neither the least brave nor the least distinguished in the French army."

Ah! thought I, my good fellow, you have shot your bolt too high this time; and in a careless, easy way, I asked, "what might have been the number of his corps?"

"How can it concern you?" said he, with a savage vehemence. "You say that you are not a spy. To what end these questions? As it is, you have made this hovel, which has been my shelter for some weeks back, no longer of any service to me. I will not be tracked. I will not suffer espionage, by heaven!" cried he, as he dashed his clenched fist against the ground beside him. His eyes, as he spoke, glared with all the wildness of insanity, and great drops of sweat hung upon his damp forehead.

"Is it too much," continued he, with all the vehemence of passion, "is it too much that I was master here? Are these walls too luxurious? Is there the sign of foreign gold in this tasteful furniture and the splendour of these hangings? Or is this"—and he stretched out his lean and naked arms as he spoke—"is this the garb?—is this the garb of a man who can draw at will on the coffers of Royalty? Ay!" cried he, with a wild laugh, "if this is the price of my treachery, the treason might well be pardoned."

I did all I could to assuage the violence of his manner. I talked to him calmly and soberly of myself and of him, repeating over and over the assurance

that I had neither the will nor the way to injure him. "You may be poor," said I, "and yet scarcely poorer than I am—friendless, and have as many to care for you as I have. Believe me, comrade, save in the matter of a few years the less on one side, and some services the more on the other, there is little to choose between us."

These few words, wrung from me in sorrowful sincerity, seemed to do more than all I had said previously, and he moved the lamp a little to one side that he might have a better view of me as I sat; and thus we remained for several minutes staring steadfastly at each other without a word spoken on either side. It was in vain that I sought in that face, livid and shrunk by famine—in that straggling matted hair, and that figure enveloped in rags, for any traces of former condition. Whatever might once have been his place in society, now he seemed the very lowest of that miserable tribe whose lives are at once the miracle and shame of our century.

"Except that my senses are always playing me false," said he, as he passed his hand across his eyes, "I could say that I have seen your face before. What was your corps?"

"The Ninth Hussars, 'the Tapa-geurs,' as they called them."

"When did you join—and where?" said he, with an eagerness that surprised me.

"At Nancy," said I, calmly.

"You were there with the advanced guard of Moreau's corps," said he, hastily; "you followed the regiment to the Moselle."

"How do you know all this?" asked I, in amazement.

"Now for your name; tell me your name," cried he, grasping my hand in both of his—"and I charge you by all you care for here or hereafter, no deception with me. It is not a head that has been tried like mine can bear a cheat."

"I have no object in deceiving you; nor am I ashamed to say who I am," replied I. "My name is Tiernay—Maurice Tiernay."

The word was but out, when the poor fellow threw himself forward, and grasping my hands, fell upon and kissed them.

"So, then," cried he, passionately, "I am not friendless—I am not utterly deserted in life—you are yet left to me, my dear boy."

This burst of feeling convinced me that he was deranged; and I was speculating in my mind how best to make my escape from him, when he pushed back the long and tangled hair from his face, and staring wildly at me, said, "You know me now—don't you? Oh, look again, Maurice, and do not let me think that I am forgotten by all the world."

"Good heavens!" cried I, "it is Colonel Mahon!"

"Ay, 'Le Beau Mahon,'" said he, with a burst of wild laughter; "Le Beau Mahon, as they used to call me long ago. Is this a reverse of fortune, I ask you?" and he held out the ragged remnants of his miserable clothes. "I have not worn shoes for nigh a month. I have tasted food but once in the last thirty hours! I, that have led French soldiers to the charge full fifty times, up to the very batteries of the enemy, am reduced to hide and skulk from place to place like a felon, trembling at the clank of a gendarme's boot, as never the thunder of an enemy's squadron made me. Think of the persecution that has brought me to this, and made me a beggar and a coward together!"

A gush of tears burst from him at these words, and he sobbed for several minutes like a child.

Whatever might have been the original source of his misfortunes, I had very little doubt that now his mind had been shaken by their influence, and that calamity had deranged him. The flighty uncertainty of his manner, the incoherent rapidity with which he passed from one topic to another, increased with his excitement, and he passed alternately from the wildest expressions of delight at our meeting, to the most heartrending descriptions of his own sufferings. By great patience and some ingenuity, I learned that he had taken refuge in the wood of Belleville, where the kindness of an old soldier of his own brigade—now a Garde de Chasse—had saved him from starvation. Jacques Caillon was continually alluded to in his narrative. It was Jacques sheltered him when he came first to Belleville. Jacques had afforded him a refuge in the different huts of the forest, supplying him with food—acts not alone of benevolence, but of daring courage, as Mahon continually asserted. If it were but known, "they'd give him a peloton and

eight paces." The theme of Jacques' heroism was so engrossing, that he could not turn from it; every little incident of his kindness, every stratagem of his inventive good nature, he dwelt upon with eager delight, and seemed half to forget his own sorrows in recounting the services of his benefactor. I saw that it would be fruitless to ask for any account of his past calamity, or by what series of mischances he had fallen so low. I saw—I will own with some chagrin—that, with the mere selfishness of misfortune, he could not speak of anything save what bore upon his own daily life, and totally forgot *me* and all about me.

The most relentless persecution seemed to follow him from place to place. Wherever he went, fresh spies started on his track, and the history of his escapes was unending. The very fagot-cutters of the forest were in league against him, and the high price offered for his capture had drawn many into the pursuit. It was curious to mark the degree of self-importance all these recitals imparted, and how the poor fellow, starving and almost naked as he was, rose into all the imagined dignity of martyrdom, as he told of his sorrows. If he ever asked a question about Paris, it was to know what people said of *himself* and of *his* fortunes. He was thoroughly convinced that Buonaparte's thoughts were far more occupied about him than on that empire now so nearly in his grasp, and he continued to repeat with a proud delight, "He has caught them all but *me*! I am the only one who has escaped him!" These few words suggested to me the impression that Mahon had been engaged in some plot or conspiracy; but of what nature, how composed, or how discovered, it was impossible to arrive at.

"There!" said he, at last, "there is the dawn breaking! I must be off. I must now make for the thickest part of the wood till nightfall. There are hiding-places there known to none save *myself*. The bloodhounds cannot track me where I go."

His impatience became now extreme. Every instant seemed full of peril to him now; every rustling leaf and every waving branch a warning. I was unable to satisfy myself how far this might be well-founded terror, or a vague and causeless fear. At one moment I inclined

to this—at another, to the opposite impression. Assuredly nothing could be more complete than the precautions he took against discovery. His lamp was concealed in the hollow of a tree; the leaves that formed his bed he scattered and strewed carelessly on every side; he erased even the foot-tracks on the clay; and then gathering up his tattered cloak, prepared to set out.

"When are we to meet again, and where?" said I, grasping his hand.

He stopped suddenly, and passed his hand over his brow, as if reflecting. "You must see Caillon; Jacques will tell you all," said he, solemnly. "Good bye. Do not follow me. I will not be tracked;" and with a proud gesture of his hand he motioned me back.

Poor fellow! I saw that any attempt to reason with him would be in vain at such a moment; and determining to seek out the Garde de Chasse, I turned away slowly and sorrowfully.

"What have been *my* vicissitudes of fortune compared to *his*?" thought I. "The proud colonel of a cavalry regiment, a beggar and an outcast!" The great puzzle to me was, whether insanity had been the cause or the consequence of his misfortunes. Caillon will, perhaps, be able to tell me his story, said I to myself; and thus ruminating, I returned to where I had picqueted my horse three hours before. My old dragoon experiences had taught me how to "hobble" a horse, as it is called, by passing the bridle beneath the counter before tying it, and so I found him just as I left him.

The sun was now up, and I could see that a wide track led off through the forest straight before me. I accordingly mounted, and struck into a sharp canter. About an hour's riding brought me to a small clearing, in the midst of which stood a neat and picturesque cottage, over the door of which was painted the words "Station de Chasse—No. 4." In a little garden in front, a man was working in his shirt sleeves, but his military trowsers at once proclaimed him the "Garde." He stopped as I came up, and eyed me sharply.

"Is this the road to Belleville?" said I.

"You can go this way, but it takes you two miles of a round," replied he, coming closer, and scanning me keenly.

"You can tell me, perhaps, where

Jacques Caillon, Garde de Classe, is to be found?"

"I am Jacques Caillon, sir," was the answer, as he saluted in soldier fashion, while a look of anxiety stole over his face.

"I have something to speak to you about," said I, dismounting, and giving him the bridle of my horse. "Throw him some corn, if you have got it, and then let us talk together;" and with this I walked into the garden, and seated myself on a bench.

If Jacques be an old soldier, thought I, the only way is to come the officer over him; discipline and obedience are never forgotten, and whatever chances I may have of his confidence will depend on how much I seem his superior. It appeared as if this conjecture was well founded, for as Jacques came back, his manner betrayed every sign of respect and deference. There was an expression of almost fear in his face as, with his hand to his cap, he asked, "What were my orders?"

The very deference of his air was disconcerting, and so, assuming a look of easy cordiality, I said—

"First, I will ask you to give me something to eat; and, secondly, to give me your company for half an hour."

Jacques promised both, and learning that I preferred my breakfast in the open air, proceeded to arrange the table under a blossoming chesnut-tree.

"Are you quite alone here?" asked I, as he passed back and forward.

"Quite alone, sir; and except a stray fagot-cutter or a chance traveller who may have lost his way, I never see a human face from year's end to year's end. It's a lonely thing for an old soldier, too," said he, with a sigh.

"I know more than one who would envy you, Jacques," said I, and the words made him almost start as I spoke them. The coffee was now ready, and I proceeded to make my breakfast with all the appetite of a long fast.

There was indeed but little to inspire awe, or even deference in my personal appearance—a threadbare undress frock and a worn-out old foraging cap were all the marks of my soldierlike estate; and yet, from Jacques's manner, one might have guessed me to be a general at the least. He attended me with the stiff propriety of the parade, and when, at last, induced to take a seat, he did so full two yards off from

the table, and arose almost every time he was spoken to. Now it was quite clear that the honest soldier did not know me either as the hero of Kehl, of Ireland, or of Genoa. Great achievements as they were, they were wonderfully little noised about the world, and a man might frequent mixed companies every day of the week, and never hear of one of them. So far, then, was certain it could not be my fame had imposed on him, and, as I have already hinted, it could scarcely be my general appearance. Who knows, thought I, but I owe all this obsequious deference to my horse? If Jacques be an old cavalry-man, he will have remarked that the beast is of great value, and doubtless argue to the worth of the rider from the merits of his "mount." If this explanation was not the most flattering, it was, at all events, the best I could hit on; and with a natural reference to what was passing in my own mind, I asked him if he had looked to my horse?

"Oh, yes, sir," said he, reddening suddenly, "I have taken off the saddle, and thrown him his corn."

What the deuce does his confusion mean, thought I; the fellow looks as if he had half a mind to run away, merely because I asked him a simple question.

"I've had a sharp ride," said I, rather by way of saying something, "and I shouldn't wonder if he was a little fatigued."

"Scarcely so, sir," said he, with a faint smile; he's old, now, but it's not a little will tire him."

"You know him, then," said I, quickly.

"Ay, sir, and have known him for eighteen years. He was in the second squadron of our regiment; the Major rode him two entire campaigns!"

The reader may guess that his history was interesting to me, from perceiving the impression the reminiscence made on the relator, and I inquired what became of him after that.

"He was wounded by a shot at Neuwied, and sold into the train, where they couldn't manage him; and after three years, when horses grew scarce, he came back into the cavalry. A sergeant-major of lancers was killed on him at 'Zwei Brucken.' That was the fourth rider he brought mishap to, not to say a farrier whom he dashed to pieces in his stable."

Ah, Jack, thought I, I have it; it is a piece of old-soldier superstition about this mischievous horse has inspired all the man's respect and reverence; and, if a little disappointed in the mystery, I was so far pleased at having discovered the clue.

"But I have found him quiet enough," said I; "I never backed him till yesterday, and he has carried me well and peaceably."

"Ah, that he will now, I warrant him; since the day a shell burst under him at Waitzen he never showed any vice. The wound nearly left the ribs bare, and he was for months and months invalided; after that he was sold out of the cavalry, I don't know where or to whom. The next I saw of him was in his present service."

"Then you are acquainted with the present owner?" asked I, eagerly.

"As every Frenchman is!" was the curt rejoinder.

"Parbleu! it will seem a droll confession, then, when I tell you, that I myself do not even know his name."

The look of contempt these words brought to my companion's face could not, it seemed, be either repressed or concealed; and although my conscience acquitted me of deserving such a glance, I own that I felt insulted by it.

"You are pleased to disbelieve me, Master Caillon," said I, sternly, "which makes me suppose that you are neither so old nor so good a soldier as I fancied; at least, in the corps I had the honour to serve with, the word of an officer was respected like an 'order of the day.'"

He stood erect as if on parade, under this rebuke, but made no answer.

"Had you simply expressed surprise at what I said, I would have given you the explanation frankly and freely; as it is, I shall content myself with repeating what I said—I do not even know his name."

The same imperturbable look and the same silence met me as before.

"Now, sir, I ask you how this gentleman is called, whom I, alone of all France, am ignorant of?"

"Monsieur Fouché," said he, calmly.

"What! Fouché, the Minister of Police?"

This time, at least, my agitated looks seemed to move him, for he replied, quietly—

"The same, sir. The horse has the brand of the 'Ministere' on his haunch."

"And where is the *Ministere*?" cried I, eagerly.

"In the Rue des Victoires, Monsieur."

"But he lives in the country, in a Chateau near this very forest."

"Where does he not live, Monsieur? At Versailles, at St. Germain, in the Luxembourg, in the Marais, at Neuilly, the Battignolles. I have carried despatches to him in every quarter of Paris. Ah, Monsieur, what secret are you in possession of, that it was worth while to lay so subtle a trap to catch you?"

This question, put in all the frank abruptness of a sudden thought, immediately revealed everything before me.

"Is it not as I have said?" resumed he, still looking at my agitated face; "is it not as I have said—Monsieur is in the web of the Mouchards?"

"Good heavens! is such baseness possible?" was all that I could utter.

"I'll wager a piece of five francs I can read the mystery," said Jacques. "You served on Moreau's staff, or with Pichegru in Holland; you either have some of the General's letters, or you can be supposed to have them, at all events; you remember many private conversations held with him on politics; you can charge your memory with a number of strong facts; and you can, if needed, draw up a memoir of all your intercourse. I know the system well, for I was a Mouchard myself."

"You a police spy, Jacques?"

"Ay, sir; I was appointed without knowing what services were expected from me, or the duties of my station. Two months' trial, however, showed that I was 'incapable,' and proved that a smart sous-officier is not necessarily a scoundrel. They dismissed me as impracticable, and made me Garde de Chasse; and they were right, too. Whether I was dressed up in a snuff-brown suit, like a Bourgeois of the Rue St. Denis; whether they attired me as a farmer from the provinces, a retired maitre-de-poste, an old officer, or the conducteur of a diligence, I was always Jacques Caillon. Through everything, wigs and beards, lace or rags, jack-boots or sabots, it was all alike; and while others could pass weeks in the Pays Latin as students, country doctors, or 'notaires de village,' I was certain to be detected by every brat that walked the streets."

"What a system! And so these

fellows assume every disguise?" asked I, my mind full of my late rencontre.

"That they do, Monsieur. There is one fellow, a Provençal by birth, has played more characters than ever did Brunet himself. I have known him as a laquais de place, a cook to an English nobleman, a letter-carrier, a flower-girl, a cornet-a-piston in the opera, and a Curé from the Ardèche."

"A Curé from the Ardèche!" exclaimed I. "Then I am a ruined man."

"What! has Monsieur fallen in with Paul?" cried he, laughing. "Was he begging for a small contribution to repair the roof of his little chapel, or was it a fire that had devastated his poor village? Did the altar want a new covering, or the Curé a vestment? Was it a canopy for the Fete of the Virgin, or a few sous towards the 'Orphelines de St. Jude?'"

"None of these," said I, half angrily, for the theme was no jesting one to me. "It was a poor girl that had been carried away."

"Lisette, the miller's daughter, or the schoolmaster's niece?" broke he in, laughing. "He must have known you were new to Paris, Monsieur, that he took so little trouble about a deception. And you met him at the 'Charette rouge' in the Marais?"

"No; at a little ordinary in the Quai Voltaire!"

"Better again. Why half the company there are Mouchards. It is one of their rallying-points, where they exchange tokens and information. The labourers, the beggars, the fishermen of the Seine, the hawkers of old books, the venders of gilt ornaments, are all spies; the most miserable creature that implored charity behind your chair as you sat at dinner, has, perhaps, his ten francs a day on the roll of the Prefecture! Ah, Monsieur! if I had not been a poor pupil of that school, I'd have at once seen that you were a victim, and not a follower; but I soon detected my error — my education taught me at least so much!"

I had no relish for the self-gratulation of honest Jacques, uttered, as it was, at my own expense. Indeed I had no thought for anything but the entanglement into which I had so stupidly involved myself; and I could not endure the recollection of my foolish credulity, now that all the paltry machinery of the deceit was brought before me. All my regard, dashed as it

was with pity for the poor Curé; all my compassionate interest for the dear Lisette; all my benevolent solicitude for the sick Count, who was neither more nor less than Mons. Fouché himself, were anything but pleasant reminiscences now, and I cursed my own stupidity with an honest sincerity that greatly amused my companion.

"And is France come to this?" cried I, passionately, and trying to console myself by inveighing against the Government.

"Even so, sir," said Jacques. "I heard Monsieur de Talleyrand say as much the other day, as I waited behind his chair. It is only 'dans les bonnes maisons,' said he, 'that servants ever listen at the doors; depend upon it, then, that a secret police is a strong symptom that we are returning to a monarchy.'"

It was plain that even in his short career in the police service, Caillon had acquired certain shrewd habits of thought, and some power of judgment, and so I freely communicated to him the whole of my late adventure from the moment of my leaving the Temple to the time of my setting out for the Chateau.

"You have told me everything but one, Monsieur," said he, as I finished. "How came you ever to have heard the name of so humble a person as Jacques Caillon, for you remember you asked for me as you rode up?"

"I was just coming to that point, Jacques; and, as you will see, it was not an omission in my narrative, only that I had not reached so far."

I then proceeded to recount my night in the forest, and my singular meeting with poor Mahon, which he listened to with great attention and some anxiety.

"The poor Colonel!" said he, breaking in, "I suppose he is a hopeless case; his mind can never come right again."

"But if the persecution were to cease; if he were at liberty to appear once more in the world —"

"What if there was no persecution, sir?" broke in Jacques. "What if the whole were a mere dream, or fancy? He is neither tracked nor followed. It is not such harmless game the bloodhounds of the Rue des Victoires scent out."

"Was it, then, some mere delusion drove him from the service?" said I, surprised.

"I never said so much as that," re-

plied Jacques; "Colonel Mahon has foul injury to complain of, but his present sufferings are the inflictions of his own terror; he fancies that the whole power of France is at war with him; that every engine of the Government is directed against him; with a restless fear he flies from village to village, fancying pursuit everywhere; even kindness now he is distrustful of, and the chances are, that he will quit the forest this very day, merely because he met you there."

From being of all men the most open-hearted and frank, he had become the most suspicious; he trusted nothing nor any one; and if for a moment a burst of his old generous nature would return, it was sure to be followed by some excess of distrust that made him miserable almost to despair. Jacques was obliged to fall in with this humour, and only assist him by stealth and by stratagem; he was even compelled to chime in with all his notions about pursuit and danger, to suggest frequent change of place, and endless precautions against discovery.

"Were I for once to treat him frankly, and ask him to share my home with me," said Jacques, "I should never see him more."

"What could have poisoned so noble a nature?" cried I; "when I saw him last he was the very type of generous confidence."

"Where was that, and when?" asked Jacques.

"It was at Nancy, on the march for the Rhine."

"His calamities had not fallen on

him then. He was a proud man in those days, but it was a pride that well became him; he was the colonel of a great regiment, and for bravery had a reputation second to none.

"He was married, I think?"

"No, sir; he was never married!"

As Jacques said this, he arose, and moved slowly away as though he would not be questioned further. His mind, too, seemed full of its own crowding memories, for he looked completely absorbed in thought, and never noticed my presence for a considerable time. At last he appeared to have decided some doubtful issue within himself, and said—

"Come, sir, let us stroll into the shade of the wood, and I'll tell you in a few words the cause of the poor Colonel's ruin—for ruin it is! Even were all the injustice to be revoked tomorrow, the wreck of *his* heart could never be repaired."

We walked along, side by side, for some time, before Jacques spoke again, when he gave me, in brief and simple words, the following sorrowful story. It was such a type of the age, so pregnant with the terrible lessons of the time, that although not without some misgivings, I repeat it here as it was told to myself, premising that however scant may be the reader's faith in many of the incidents of my own narrative—and I neither beg for his trust in me, nor seek to entrap it—I implore him to believe that what I am now about to tell was a plain matter of fact, and, save in the change of one name, not a single circumstance is owing to imagination.

CHAPTER XLIV.

AN EPISODE OF '94.

WHEN the French army fell back across the Sambre, after the battle of Mons, a considerable portion of the rear, who covered the retreat, were cut off by the enemy, for it became their onerous duty to keep the allied forces in check, while the Republicans took measures to secure and hold fast the three bridges over the river. In this service many distinguished French officers fell, and many more were left badly wounded on the field; among the latter was a young captain of dragoons, who, with his hand nearly severed by a sabre cut, yet found

strength enough to crawl under cover of a hedge, and there lie down in the fierce resolve to die where he was, rather than surrender himself as a prisoner.

Although the allied forces had gained the battle, they quickly foresaw that the ground they had won was untenable; and scarcely had night closed in when they began their preparations to fall back. With strong picquets of observation to watch the bridges, they slowly withdrew their columns towards Mons, posting the artillery on the heights around Grandrengs. From

these movements, the ground of the late struggle became comparatively deserted, and before day began to dawn, not a sound was heard over its wide expanse, save the faint moan of a dying soldier, or the low rumble of a cart, as some spoiler of the dead stole stealthily along. Among the demoralising effects of war, none was more striking than the number of the peasantry who betook themselves to this infamous trade; and who, neglecting all thoughts of honest industry, devoted themselves to robbery and plunder. The lust of gain did not stop with the spoil of the dead, but the wounded were often found stripped of everything, and in some cases the traces of fierce struggle, and the wounds of knives and hatchets, showed that murder had consummated the iniquity of these wretches.

In part, from motives of pure humanity, in part, from feelings of a more interested nature—for the terror to what this demoralisation would tend, was now great and wide spread—the nobles and gentry of the land instituted a species of society to reward those who might succour the wounded, and who displayed any remarkable zeal in their care for the sufferers after a battle. This generous philanthropy was irrespective of country, and extended its benevolence to the soldiers of either army; of course, personal feeling enjoyed all its liberty of preference, but it is fair to say, that the cases were few where the wounded man could detect the political leanings of his benefactor.

The immense granaries, so universal in the Low Countries, were usually fitted up as hospitals, and many rooms of the Chateau itself were often devoted to the same purpose, the various individuals of the household, from the “seigneur” to the lowest menial, assuming some office in the great work of charity; and it was a curious thing to see how the luxurious indolence of chateau life became converted into the zealous activity of useful benevolence; and not less curious to the moralist to observe how the emergent pressure of great crime so instinctively, as it were, suggested this display of virtuous humanity.

It was a little before day-break that a small cart drawn by a mule drew up beside the spot where the wounded dragoon sat, with his shattered arm

bound up in his sash, calmly waiting for the death that his sinking strength told could not be far distant. As the peasant approached him, he grasped his sabre in the left hand, resolved on making a last and bold resistance; but the courteous salutation, and the kindly look of the honest countryman, soon showed that he was come on no errand of plunder, while, in the few words of bad French he could muster, he explained his purpose.

“No, no, my kind friend,” said the officer, “your labour would only be lost on me. It is nearly all over already! A little farther on in the field, yonder, where that copse stands, you’ll find some poor fellow or other better worth your care, and more like to benefit by it. Adieu!”

But neither the farewell, nor the abrupt gesture that accompanied it, could turn the honest peasant from his purpose. There was something that interested him in this very disregard of life, as well as in the personal appearance of the sufferer, and, without further colloquy, he lifted the half-fainting form into the cart, and disposing the straw comfortably on either side of him, set out homeward. The wounded man was almost indifferent to what happened, and never spoke a word nor raised his head as they went along. About three hours’ journey brought them to a large old-fashioned chateau beside the Sambre, an immense straggling edifice which, with a façade of nearly a hundred windows, looked out upon the river. Although now in disrepair and neglect, with ill-trimmed alleys and grass grown terraces, it had been once a place of great pretensions, and associated with some of the palmiest days of Flemish hospitality. The Chateau d’Overbecque was the property of a certain rich merchant of Antwerp, named D’Aerschot, one of the oldest families of the land, and was, at the time we speak of, the temporary abode of his only son, who had gone there to pass the honeymoon. Except that they were both young, neither of them yet twenty, two people could not easily be found so discrepant in every circumstance and every quality. He the true descendant of a Flemish house, plodding, commonplace, and methodical, hating show and detesting expense. She a lively, volatile girl, bursting with desire to see and be seen, fresh from the restraint of a convent at Bruges, and

anxious to mix in all the pleasures and dissipations of the world. Like all marriages in their condition, it had been arranged without their knowledge or consent; circumstances of fortune made the alliance suitable; so many hundred thousand florins on one side were wedded to an equivalent on the other, and the young people were married to facilitate the "transaction."

That he was not a little shocked at the gay frivolity of his beautiful bride, and she as much disappointed at the staid demureness of her stolid-looking husband, is not to be wondered at; but their friends knew well that time would smooth down greater discrepancies than even these; and if ever there was a country, the monotony of whose life could subdue all to its own leaden tone, it was Holland in old days. Whether engaged in the active pursuit of gain in the great cities, or enjoying the luxurious repose of Chateau life, a dull, dreary uniformity pervaded everything—the same topics, the same people, the same landscape, recurred day after day; and save what the season induced, there was nothing of change in the whole round of their existence. And what a dull honeymoon was it for that young bride at the old Chateau of Overbecque! To toil along the deep sandy roads in a lumbering old coach with two long-tailed black horses—to halt at some little eminence, and strain the eyes over a long unbroken flat, where a windmill, miles off, was an object of interest—to loiter beside the bank of a sluggish canal, and gaze on some tasteless excrescence of a summer-house, whose owner could not be distinguished from the wooden effigy that sat, pipe in mouth, beside him—to dine in the unbroken silence of a funeral feast, and doze away the afternoon over the "*Handelsblatt*," while her husband smoked himself into the seventh heaven of a Dutch Elysium—Poor Caroline! this was a sorry realisation of all her bright dreamings! It ought to be borne in mind, that many descendants of high French families, who were either too proud or too poor to emigrate to England or America, had sought refuge from the Revolution in the convents of the Low Countries; where, without entering an order, they lived in all the discipline of a religious community. These ladies, many of whom had themselves mixed in all the elegant dissipations of the court,

carried with them the most fascinating reminiscences of a life of pleasure, and could not readily forget the voluptuous enjoyments of Versailles, and the graceful caprices of "*La Petit Trianon*." From such sources as these the young pupils drew all their ideas of the world, and assuredly it could have scarcely worn colours more likely to fascinate such imaginations.

What a shortcoming was the wearisome routine of Overbecque to a mind full of all the refined follies of Marie Antoinette's court! Even war and its chances offered a pleasurable contrast to such dull monotony, and the young bride hailed with eagerness the excitement and bustle of the moving armies—the long columns which poured along the high road, and the clanking artillery, heard for miles off! Monsieur D'Aerschot, like all his countrymen who held property near the frontier, was too prudent to have any political bias. Madame was, however, violently French. The people who had such admirable taste in "*toilette*," could scarcely be wrong in the theories of government; and a nation so invariably correct in dress, could hardly be astray in morals. Besides this, all their notions of morality were as pliant and as easy to wear as their own well-fitting garments. Nothing was wrong but what *looked* ungracefully; everything was right that sat becomingly on her who did it. A short code, and wonderfully easy to learn. If I have dealt somewhat tediously on these tendencies of the time, it is that I may pass the more glibly over the consequences, and not pause upon the details by which the young French captain's residence at Overbecque gradually grew, from the intercourse of kindness and good offices, to be a close friendship with his host, and as much of regard and respectful devotion as consisted with the position of his young and charming hostess.

He thought her, as she certainly was, very beautiful; she rode to perfection, she sung delightfully; she had all the volatile gaiety of a happy child, with the graceful ease of coming womanhood. Her very passion for excitement gave a kind of life and energy to the dull old Chateau, and made her momentary absence felt as a dreary blank.

It is not my wish to speak of the feelings suggested by the contrast be-

tween her husband and the gay and chivalrous young soldier, nor how little such comparisons tended to allay the repinings at her lot. Their first effect was, however, to estrange her more and more from D'Aerschot, a change which he accepted with the most Dutch indifference. Possibly, piqued by this, or desirous of awakening his jealousy, she made more advances towards the other, selecting him as the companion of her walks, and passing the greater part of each day in his society. Nothing could be more honourable than the young soldier's conduct in this trying position. The qualities of agreeability which he had previously displayed to requite, in some sort, the hospitality of his hosts, he now gradually restrained, avoiding as far as he could, without remark, the society of the young Countess, and even feigning indisposition, to escape from the peril of her intimacy.

He did more—he exerted himself to draw D'Aerschot more out, to make him exhibit the shrewd intelligence which lay buried beneath his native apathy, and display powers of thought and reflection of no mean order. Alas! these very efforts on his part only increased the mischief, by adding generosity to his other virtues! He now saw all the danger in which he was standing, and, although still weak and suffering, resolved to take his departure. There was none of the concealed vanity of a coxcomb in this knowledge. He heartily deplored the injury he had unwittingly done, and the sorry return he had made for all their generous hospitality.

There was not a moment to be lost; but the very evening before, as they walked together in the garden, she had confessed to him the misery in which she lived by recounting the story of her ill-sorted marriage. What it cost him to listen to that sad tale with seeming coldness—to hear her afflictions without offering one word of kindness; nay, to proffer merely some dry, harsh counsels of patience and submission, while he added something very like rebuke for her want of that assiduous affection which should have been given to her husband.

Unaccustomed to even the slightest censure, she could scarcely trust her ears as she heard him. Had she humiliated herself, by such a confession, to be met by advice like this! And was it *he* that should reproach her for the very faults his own intimacy had engendered! She

could not endure the thought, and she felt that she could hate, just at the very moment when she knew she loved him!

They parted in anger—reproaches, the most cutting and bitter, on her part; coldness, far more wounding, on his! Sarcastic compliments upon his generosity, replied to by as sincere expressions of respectful friendship. What hypocrisy and self-deceit together! And yet deep beneath all lay the firm resolve for future victory. Her wounded self-love was irritated, and she was not one to turn from an unfinished purpose. As for him, he waited till all was still and silent in the house, and then seeking out D'Aerschot's chamber, thanked him most sincerely for all his kindness, and affecting a hurried order to join his service, departed. While in her morning dreams she was fancying conquest, he was already miles away on the road to France.

* * * * *

It was about three years after this, that a number of French officers were seated one evening in front of a little café in Freyburg. The town was then crammed with troops moving down to occupy the passes of the Rhine, near the Lake of Constance, and every hour saw fresh arrivals pouring in, dusty and wayworn from the march. The necessity for a sudden massing of the troops in a particular spot compelled the Generals to employ every possible means of conveyance to forward the men to their destination, and from the lumbering old diligence with ten horses, to the light charette with one, all were engaged in this pressing service.

When men were weary, and unable to march forward, they were taken up for twelve or fourteen miles, after which they proceeded on their way, making room for others, and thus forty, and even fifty miles, were frequently accomplished in the same day.

The group before the café were amusing themselves criticising the strange appearance of the new arrivals, many of whom certainly made their entry in the least military fashion possible. Here came a great country wagon, with forty infantry soldiers all sleeping on the straw. Here followed a staff-officer trying to look quite at his ease in a donkey-cart. Unwieldy old bullock-carts were filled with men, and a half-starved mule tottered along with a drummer-boy in one pannier, and camp-kettles in the other.

He who was fortunate enough to secure a horse for himself, was obliged to carry the swords and weapons of his companions, which were all hung around and about him on every side, together with helmets and shakos of all shapes and sizes, whose owners were fain to cover their head with the less soldierlike appendages of a nightcap or a handkerchief. Nearly all who marched carried their caps on their muskets, for in such times as these all discipline is relaxed, save such as is indispensable to the maintenance of order; and so far was freedom conceded, that some were to be seen walking barefoot in the ranks, while their shoes were suspended by a string on their backs. The rule seemed to be "Get forward—it matters not how—only get forward!"

And with French troops, such relaxation of strict discipline is always practicable; the instincts of obedience return at the first call of the bugle or the first roll of the drum; and at the word to "fall in!" every symptom of disorder vanishes, and the mass of seeming confusion becomes the steady and silent phalanx.

Many were the strange sights that passed before the eyes of the party at the café, who, having arrived early in the day, gave themselves all the airs of ease and indolence before their way-worn comrades. Now laughing heartily at the absurdity of this one, now exchanging some good-humoured jest with that, they were in the very full current of their criticism, when the sharp, shrill crack of a postillion's whip informed them that a traveller of some note was approaching. A mounted courier, all slashed with gold lace, came riding up the street at the same moment, and a short distance behind followed a handsome equipage, drawn by six horses, after which came a heavy "fourgon," with four.

One glance showed that the whole equipage betokened a wealthy owner. There was all that cumbrous machinery of comfort about it that tells of people who will not trust to the chances of the road for their daily wants. Every appliance of ease was there; and even in the self-satisfied air of the servants who lounged in the "rumble" might be read habits of affluent prosperity. A few short years back, and none would have dared to use such an equipage. The sight of so much indulgence would have awakened the fiercest rage of popular fury; but already the high fever

of democracy was gradually subsiding, and bit by bit men were found reverting to old habits and old usages. Still each new indication of these tastes met a certain amount of reprobation. Some blamed openly, some condemned in secret; but all felt that there was at least impolicy in a display which would serve as pretext for the terrible excesses that were committed under the banner of "Equality."

"If we lived in the days of Princes," said one of the officers, "I should say there goes one now. Just look at all the dust they are kicking up yonder; while, as if to point a moral upon greatness, they are actually stuck fast in the narrow street, and unable from their own unwieldiness to get further."

"Just so," cried another; "they want to turn down towards the 'Swan,' and there isn't space enough to wheel the leaders."

"Who or what are they?" asked a third.

"Some commissary-general, I'll be sworn," said the first. "They are the most shameless thieves going; for they are never satisfied with robbery, if they do not exhibit the spoils in public."

"I see a bonnet and a lace veil," said another, rising suddenly, and pushing through the crowd. "I'll wager it's a 'danseuse' of the Grand Opera."

"Look at Merode!" remarked the former, as he pointed to the last speaker. "See how he thrusts himself forward there. Watch, and you'll see him bow and smile to her, as if they had been old acquaintances."

The guess was so far unlucky, that Merode had no sooner come within sight of the carriage-window, than he was seen to bring his hand to the salute, and remain in an attitude of respectful attention till the equipage moved on.

"Well, Merode, who is it?—who are they?" cried several together, as he fell back among his comrades.

"It's our new adjutant-general, *parbleu!*" said he, "and he caught me staring in at his pretty wife."

"Colonel Mahon!" said another, laughing; "I wish you joy of your gallantry, Merode." "And worse, still," broke in a third, "she is not his wife. She never could obtain the divorce to allow her to marry again. Some said it was the husband—a Dutchman, I believe—refused it; but

the simple truth is, she never wished it herself."

"How not wish it?" remarked three or four in a breath.

"Why should she? Has she not every advantage the position could give her, and her liberty into the bargain? If we were back again in the old days of the Monarchy, I agree with you, she could not go to court; she would receive no invitations to the 'petits soupers' of the Trianon, nor be asked to join the discreet hunting-parties at Fontainebleau; but we live in less polished days; and if we have little virtue, we have less hypocrisy."

"Voilà!" cried another, "only I, for one, would never believe that we are a jot more wicked or more dissolute than those powdered and perfumed scoundrels that played courtier in the King's bedchamber."

"There, they are getting out, at the 'Tour d'Argent!'" cried another. "She is a splendid figure, and what magnificence in her dress!"

"Mahon waits on her like a laquais," muttered a grim old lieutenant of infantry.

"Rather like a well-born cavalier, I should say," interposed a young hussar. "His manner is all that it ought to be—full of devotion and respect."

"Bah!" said the former; "a soldier's wife, or a soldier's mistress—for it's all one—should know how to climb up to her place on the baggage-wagon, without three lazy rascals to catch her sleeve or her petticoats for her."

"Mahon is as gallant a soldier as any in this army," said the hussar; "and I'd not be in the man's coat who disparaged him in anything."

"By St. Denis!" broke in another, "he's not more brave than he is fortunate. Let me tell you, it's no slight luck to chance upon so lovely a woman as that, with such an immense fortune, too."

"Is she rich?"

"Enormously rich. *He* has nothing. An emigré of good family, I believe, but without a sous; and see how he travels yonder."

While this conversation was going forward, the new arrivals had alighted at the chief inn of the town, and were being installed in the principal suite of rooms, which opened on a balcony over the "Place." The active preparations of the host to receive such distinguished guests—the hurrying of servants here

and there—the blaze of wax-lights that shone half way across the street beneath—and, lastly, the appearance of a regimental band to play under the windows—were all circumstances well calculated to sustain and stimulate that spirit of sharp criticism which the group around the café were engaged in.

The discussion was, however, suddenly interrupted by the entrance of an officer, at whose appearance every one arose and stood in attitudes of respectful attention. Scarcely above the middle size, and more remarkable for the calm and intellectual cast of his features, than for that air of military pride then so much in vogue amongst the French troops—he took his place at a small table near the door, and called for his coffee. It was only when he was seated, and that by a slight gesture he intimated his wishes to that effect, that the others resumed their places, and continued the conversation, but in a lower, more subdued tone.

"What distinguished company have we got yonder?" said he, after about half an hour's quiet contemplation of the crowd before the inn, and the glaring illumination from the windows.

"Colonel Mahon, of the Fifth Cuirassiers, General," replied an officer.

"Our Republican simplicity is not so self-denying a system, after all, gentlemen," said the General, smiling half sarcastically. "Is he very rich?"

"His mistress is, General," was the prompt reply.

"Bah!" said the General, as he threw his cigar away, and, with a contemptuous expression of look, arose and walked away.

"Parbleu! he's going to the inn," cried an officer, who peered out after him; "I'll be sworn Mahon will get a heavy reprimand for all this display and ostentation."

"And why not?" said another. "Is it when men are arriving half dead with fatigue, without rations, without billets, glad to snatch a few hours' rest on the stones of the Place, that the colonel of a regiment should travel with all the state of an eastern despot?"

"We might as well have the Monarchy back again," said an old weather-beaten captain; "I say far better, for their vices sat gracefully and becomingly on those essenced scoundrels, whereas they but disfigure the plainness of our daily habits."

"All this is sheer envy, comrades," broke in a young major of hussars, "sheer envy; or, what is worse, downright hypocrisy. Not one of us is a whit better or more moral than if he wore the livery of a King, and carried a crown on his shako instead of that naked damsel that represents French Liberty. Mahon is the luckiest fellow going, and, I heartily believe, the most deserving of his fortune! And see if General Moreau be not of my opinion. There he is on the balcony, and she is leaning on his arm."

"Parbleu! the Major is right!" said

another; "but, for certain, it was not in that humour he left us just now; his lips were closely puckered up, and his fingers were twisted into his sword-knot—two signs of anger and displeasure, there's no mistaking."

"If he's in a better temper, then," said another, "it was never the smiles of a pretty woman worked the change. There's not a man in France so thoroughly indifferent to such blandishments."

"*Tant pis pour lui*," said the Major; "but they're closing the window-shutters, and we may as well go home."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE CABINET OF A CHEF-DE-POLICE.

WHATEVER opinion may be formed of the character of the celebrated conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru, the mode of its discovery, and the secret rules by which its plans were detected, are among the great triumphs of police skill. From the hour when the conspirators first met together in London, to that last fatal moment when they expired in the Temple, the agents of Fouché never ceased to track them.

Their individual tastes and ambitions were studied; their habits carefully investigated; everything that could give a clue to their turn of thought or mind well weighed; so that the Consular Government was not only in possession of all their names and rank, but knew thoroughly the exact amount of complicity attaching to each, and could distinguish between the reckless violence of Georges and the more tempered, but higher, ambition of Moreau. It was a long while doubtful whether the great General would be implicated in the scheme. His habitual reserve—a habit less of caution than of constitutional delicacy—had led him to few intimacies, and nothing like even one close friendship; he moved little in society; he corresponded with none, save on the duties of the service. Fouché's well-known boast of, "Give me two words of a man's writing and I'll hang him," were then scarcely applicable here.

To attack such a man unsuccessfully, to arraign him on a weak indictment, would have been ruin; and yet Buonaparte's jealousy of his great rival pushed him even to this peril, rather than risk

the growing popularity of his name with the army.

Fouché, and, it is said also, Talleyrand, did all they could to dissuade the First Consul from this attempt, but he was fixed and immutable in his resolve, and the Police Minister at once addressed himself to his task with all his accustomed cleverness.

High play was one of the great vices of the day. It was a time of wild and varied excitement, and men sought, even in their dissipations, the whirlwind passions that stirred them in active life. Moreau, however, was no gambler; it was said that he never could succeed in learning a game. He, whose mind could comprehend the most complicated question of strategy, was obliged to confess himself conquered by *ecarte*! So much for the vaunted intellectuality of the play table! Neither was he addicted to wine. All his habits were temperate, even to the extent of unsociality.

A man who spoke little, and wrote less, who indulged in no dissipations, nor seemed to have taste for any, was a difficult subject to treat; and so Fouché found, as, day after day, his spies reported to him the utter failure of all their schemes to entrap him. Lajolais, the friend of Pichegru, and the man who betrayed him, was the chief instrument the Police Minister used to obtain secret information. Being well born, and possessed of singularly pleasing manners, he had the *entrée* of the best society of Paris, where his gay, easy humour made him a great favourite. Lajolais, however, could never pene-

trate into the quiet domesticity of Moreau's life, nor make any greater inroad on his intimacy than a courteous salutation as they passed each other in the garden of the Luxembourg. At the humble restaurant where he dined each day for two francs, the "General," as he was distinctively called, never spoke to any one. Unobtrusive and quiet, he occupied a little table in a recess of the window, and arose the moment he finished his humble meal. After this he was to be seen in the garden of the Luxembourg, with a cigar and a book, or sometimes, without either, seated pensively under a tree for hours together.

If he had been conscious of the "espionage" established over all his actions, he could scarcely have adopted a more guarded or more tantalising policy. To the verbal communications of Pichegru and Armand Polignac, he returned vague replies; their letters he never answered at all, and Lajolais had to confess that, after two months of close pursuit, the game was as far from him as ever!

"You have come to repeat the old song to me, Monsieur Lajolais," said Fouché one evening, as his wily subordinate entered the room; "you have nothing to tell me, eh?"

"Very little, Monsieur le Ministre, but still something. I have at last found out where Moreau spends all his evenings. I told you that about half-past nine o'clock every night all lights were extinguished in his quarters, and, from the unbroken stillness, it was conjectured that he had retired to bed. Now it seems that, about an hour later, he is accustomed to leave his house, and crossing the Place de l'Odeon, to enter the little street called the 'Allée de Caire,' where, in a small house next but one to the corner, resides a certain officer, 'en retraite'—a Colonel Mahon of the Cuirassiers."

"A Royalist?"

"This is suspected, but not known. His politics, however, are not in question here; the attraction is of a different order."

"Ha! I perceive; he has a wife or a daughter."

"Better still, a mistress. You may have heard of the famous Caroline de Stassart, that married a Dutchman named D'Aerschot."

"Madame Laure, as they called her," said Fouché, laughing.

"The same. She has lived as Mahon's wife for some years, and was as such introduced into society; in fact, there is no reason, seeing what society is in these days, that she should not participate in all its pleasures."

"No matter for that," broke in Fouché; "Buonaparte will not have it so. He wishes that matters should go back to the old footing, and wisely remarks, that it is only in savage life that people or vices go without clothing."

"Be it so, Monsieur. In the present case no such step is necessary. I know her maid, and from her I have heard that her mistress is heartily tired of her protector. It was originally a sudden fancy, taken when she knew nothing of life—had neither seen anything, nor been herself seen. By the most wasteful habits she has dissipated all, or nearly all, her own large fortune, and involved Mahon heavily in debt; and they are thus reduced to a life of obscurity and poverty—the very things the least endurable to all her notions."

"Well, does she care for Moreau?" asked Fouché, quickly; for all stories to his ear only resolved themselves into some question of utility or gain.

"No, but he does for her. About a year back she did take a liking to him. He was returning from his great German campaign, covered with honours and rich in fame; but as her imagination is captivated by splendour, while her heart remains perfectly cold and intact, Moreau's simple, unpretending habits quickly effaced the memory of his hard-won glory, and now she is quite indifferent to him."

"And who is her idol now, for, of course, she has one?" asked Fouché.

"You would scarcely guess," said Lajolais.

"Parbleu! I hope it is not myself," said Fouché, laughing.

"No, Monsieur le Ministre, her admiration is not so well placed. The man who has captivated her present fancy is neither good-looking nor well-mannered; he is short and abrupt of speech, careless in dress, utterly indifferent to woman's society, and almost rude to them."

"You have drawn the very picture of a man to be adored by them," said Fouché, with a dry laugh.

"I suppose so," said the other with a sigh; "or General Ney would not have made this conquest."

"Ah! it is Ney, then. And he, what of him?"

"It is hard to say. As long as she lived in a grand house of the Rue St. Georges, where he could dine four days a week, and, in his dirty boots and unbrushed frock, mix with all the fashion and elegance of the capital; while he could stretch full length on a Persian ottoman, and brush the cinders from his cigar against a statuette by Canova, or a gold embroidered hanging; while in the midst of the most voluptuous decorations he alone could be dirty and uncared for, I really believe that he did care for her, at least, so far as ministering to his own enjoyments; but in a miserable lodging of the 'Allée de Caire,' without equipage, lackeys, liveried footmen ——"

"To be sure," interrupted Fouché, "one might as well pretend to be fascinated by the beauty of a landscape the day after it has been desolated by an earthquake. Ney is right! Well, now, Monsieur Lajolais, where does all this bring us to?"

"Very near to the end of our journey, Monsieur le Ministre. Madame, or Mademoiselle, is most anxious to regain her former position; she longs for all the luxurious splendour she used to live in. Let us but show her this rich reward, and she will be our own!"

"In *my* trade, Monsieur Lajolais, generalities are worth nothing. Give me details; let me know how you would proceed."

"Easily enough, sir; Mahon must first of all be disposed of, and perhaps the best way will be to have him arrested for debt. This will not be difficult, for his bills are everywhere. Once in the Temple, she will never think more of him. It must then be her task to obtain the most complete influence over Moreau. She must affect the deepest interest in the Royalist cause: I'll furnish her with all the watch-words of the party, and Moreau, who never trusts a man, will open all his confidence to a woman."

"Very good, go on!" cried Fouché, gathering fresh interest as the plot began to reveal itself before him.

"He hates writing; she will be his secretary, embodying all his thoughts and suggestions; and, now and then, for *her own guidance*, obtaining little scraps in *his* hand. If he be too cautious here, I will advise her to remove to Geneva, for change of air; he likes

Switzerland, and will follow her immediately."

"This will do; at least it looks practicable," said Fouché thoughtfully; "is she equal to the part you would assign her?"

"Ay, sir, and to a higher one, too! She has considerable ability, and great ambition; her present narrow fortune has irritated and disgusted her; the moment is most favourable for us."

"If she should play us false," said Fouché, half aloud.

"From all I can learn, there is no risk of this; there is a headlong determination in her, when once she has conceived a plan, from which nothing turns her; overlooking all but her object, she will brave anything, do anything to attain it."

"Buonaparte was right in what he said of Necker's daughter," said Fouché, musingly, "and there is no doubt it adds wonderfully to a woman's *head*, that she has no *heart*. And now, the price, Master Lajolais; remember that our treasury received some deadly wounds lately—what is to be the price?"

"It may be a smart one; she is not likely to be a cheap purchase."

"In the event of success—I mean of such proof as may enable us to arrest Moreau, and commit him to prison——" He stopped as he got thus far, and paused for some seconds—"Bethink you, then, Lajolais," said he, "what a grand step this would be, and how terrible the consequences if undertaken on rash or insufficient grounds. Moreau's popularity with the army is only second to one man's! His unambitious character has made him many friends; he has few, very few enemies."

"But you need not push matters to the last—an implied, but not a proven guilt would be enough; and you can pardon him!"

"Ay, Lajolais, but who would pardon *us*?" cried Fouché, carried beyond all the bounds of his prudence, by the thought of a danger so imminent. "Well, well, let us come back; the price—will that do?" And taking up a pen he scratched some figures on a piece of paper.

Lajolais smiled dubiously, and added a unit to the left of the sum.

"What! a hundred and fifty-thousand francs!" cried Fouché.

"And a cheap bargain, too, said the other; for, after all, it is only the price of a ticket in the Lottery, of which the great prize is General Ney!"

"You say truly," said the Minister; "be it so."

"Write your name there, then," said Lajolais, beneath those figures; that will be warranty sufficient for my negotiation, and leave the rest to me."

"Nature evidently meant you for a *Chef-de-Police*, Master Lajolais."

"Or a Cardinal! Mons. le Ministre," said the other, as he folded up the paper, a little insignificant slip, scrawled over with a few figures, and

an almost illegible word; and yet pregnant with infamy to one, banishment to another, ruin and insanity to a third.

This sad record need not be carried further. It is far from a pleasant task to tell of baseness unredeemed by one trait of virtue—of treachery, unrepented even by regret. History records Moreau's unhappy destiny—the pages of private memoir tell of Ney's disastrous connexion; our own humble reminiscences speak of poor Mahon's fate, the least known of all, but the most sorrowful victim of a woman's treachery!

SCENES AND STORIES FROM THE SPANISH STAGE.—NO. IV.

BY D. F. MCCARTHY.

CALDERON'S "CONSTANT PRINCE."

[EL PRINCIPE CONSTANTE.]

It is to be regretted, for many reasons, that Shelley did not yield to that strong temptation to which he refers in one of his letters to Leigh Hunt. While endeavouring to dissuade his friend from translating the "*Aminta*" of Tasso, when he had the capacity "to *write* *Amintas*," and thus exercise his fancy "in the perpetual creation of new forms of gentleness and beauty," he thus alludes to the fascination which he then thought himself strong enough to resist, but to which he afterwards submitted, too seldom indeed, for his own enjoyment and popularity.

"With respect to translation," he says, "even *I* will not be seduced by it, although the Greek plays, and some of the ideal dramas of Calderon (with which I have lately, and with inexpressible wonder and delight, become acquainted), are perpetually tempting me to throw over their perfect and glowing forms, the grey veil of my own words." That this modest figure is totally inapplicable to the translations which Shelley afterwards produced, is now well known. His translated poetry is,

no doubt, clothed in a more subdued drapery of words than that "flaming robe of verse" in which most of his original conceptions are enfolded; but perhaps no other English poet's style could so well bear those occasional diminutions of splendour which the necessary restrictions of translation occasion. His scenes from Calderon's *El Magico Prodigioso* do not look pale even beside the original of that wonderful drama, which, to be seen in its proper place, says a modern French writer, should be represented in a cathedral, when the reverberations of the organ, now roaring like the thunder, and now sweetly plaintive like the evening wind, are hushed under the vaulted roofs, and the waxen tapers seem to weep, as they are shaken to and fro by the wind from the great doors of the temple.* Nothing in the entire range of English translated poetry can surpass in grace, and exquisite appreciation of the spirit of the original, the scene from this drama where Justina is tempted by the Demon. This scene, as well as the more powerful and fantastic one from Faust

* Philarete Chasles, "*Etudes sur l'Espagne*," p. 76.

(the Walpurgis Nacht), the unapproachable superiority of which has been acknowledged by most of the subsequent translators of that poem, make us feel a deep regret that English literature was not enriched, and the brief life of this great but unfortunate poet rendered calmer and happier by the fruits of more frequent recreation-rambles into the enchanted regions of foreign song.

Translation, as a distinct branch of the poetical art, has fallen, perhaps not undeservedly, low in the opinion of the public. Writers who would be capable of raising it to its proper position have not only to struggle against their own instincts, which prompt them to original composition, but to overcome the not unreasonable dislike of being classed with the Tates and the Hoolees, with whom, as translators, the public seem to be very well content. A few men of exalted genius, however, have been found to overcome both difficulties. Coleridge and Shelley, if they have not contributed very largely to this department of our literature, have shown, in the little they have left us, "how divine a thing" translation may be made. They have taken away the despair which began to be felt of English poetry ever being able to produce any of those perfect facsimiles of foreign works of genius which form so important and interesting a portion of German literature. Translations we have had in abundance—monotonous and drowsy versions—such as those of Hoole, or "elegant mistakes" like that of Pope; but translations living and breathing with the inner soul, murmuring the ravishing melodies, and wearing either the identical forms of their originals, or something that approached them in dignity or grace (if we except portions of Chapman, Fairfax, and Dryden), were unknown to English literature until the present century. The power and capacity of the English language for the nervous and musical utterance of the deepest or sublimest thought—the most ethereal fancy and the gayest humour, according to its own forms and modes of expression—was seen from the beginning; but its capability of following the lighter and quicker melody of foreign song, with all the mazy involutions and capricious extravagances which the southern muse, in particular, delights to indulge in, seemed at least very doubtful.

The sturdy independence of the English muse was, it must be confessed, national and characteristic. What George Wither wrote of himself is equally applicable to her:—

"For I will for no man's pleasure
Change a syllable or measure;
Pedants shall not tie my strains
To 'your foreign' poets' veins—
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please."

And, accordingly, acting on this principle, no matter what the external form of the few foreign visitants from the land of song, which the sturdy muse thought worthy of naturalization within her own dominion, instead of allowing them to move about in the flowing and graceful costume in which alone they would feel at ease, and look to advantage, they had to assume the stiff and awkward dress which the intolerance and tyranny of English fashion pronounced to be the *ton*. The English muse, too, allowed herself a variety of motion and a range of enjoyments that it did not grant to her foreign sisters. She had the clear, picturesque, narrative style of Chaucer, blended, at it were, of the graceful *abandon* of the older *fabliaux*, and the characterization of the great native drama which was then unborn. She had the quicker rhythm of Gower, and in the lyric lightness of Herrick and Carew's love songs, some faint prophetic scintillations of Prior and Moore. For tragic elevation she had "Marlow's mighty line," softened and modulated by others; and for the purposes of a less appalling interest, or for a comedy in which passing events and ordinary passions were elevated into the ideal region of poetry, bounding and leaping with the exuberance of young life and animal spirits, in the careless and loosely cinctured blank-verse of Beaumont and Fletcher. Shakspeare "warbled his native wood-notes wild," as if it were great Pan himself that had reappeared among men, whose presence was announced by such enchanting melodies as had not been heard on this earth since happy shepherds in Arcadian woods could see

"The hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken."

Would that there were now any means to woo him back, any invocation to which he could listen. Then would we say with Keats—

"Be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine."—

With Milton, the muse, to harmonise with his great theme, "moves in melodious time" with its deep solemn peals of sustained harmony, making us fancy we hear

"The bass of Heaven's deep organ blow."

It was thus capable, so far as original composition went, of every variety of expression, of every form of grace, and every degree of power and elevation; but, some way or other, this versatility seems to have utterly abandoned it when attempting the labour of translation. Any adventurous spirit who would have the courage to examine the five or six awful volumes of translated verse, in Johnson or Anderson's collection of the "British Poets," will have the melancholy spectacle of beholding one of the most fearful limbos to which the unfortunate

"Souls of poets dead and gone"

have ever been doomed by the cruel ingenuity of man. There they lie—Greeks and Romans—satirists and songsters—sharp-tongued epigrammatists from Arragon, and honey-sweet Sicilian Idyllists from the shadows of Mount Hybla—inspired Lusitanian creators of epics, and love-languishing Italian narrators of the tales of chivalry—all undergoing the same strict and excruciating purgatory of "the heroic couplet." No wonder that between the narrow edges of this sparingly-opened measure, the spirit of foreign poetry should charm us so little, confined, as it is, like the dainty Ariel, under the tyranny of Sycorax, within the rift of this "cloven pine." To set it free, and restore it to its proper shape—"To make gape the pine, and let it out"—to change those "groans" that

"Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears"—

into the heavenly sweetness of the same spirit's varied song, when at liberty, floating on "the bat's back," or resting "in the cowslip's bell," must be the work of many poetical Prosperos. No knight of poesy's faëry world had ever a more benevolent achievement before him than to liberate those captive minstrels from the leaden fetters and narrow limits of this dreary and monotonous versification. To give back into their longing hands the native

instruments, to whose accompaniment their songs were originally sung, the harp and the lyre, the lute and the guitar, and to substitute for the "creaking wire" of the English imitators of Boileau, the soft and varied melody of "flutes and soft recorders," are labours of necessity and love, which must be achieved ere English-translated verse can compete, either with the perfection of English original poetry, or with the photographic fidelity of German translation.

The great poet—one of whose most beautiful dramas we are about to analyse—presents, perhaps, at the same time, a greater amount of difficulties and rewards to the translator than any other foreign writer of equal rank. To reproduce the varied measures of his versification—the long-continued series of assonances, and the polished rhymes in which, says an acute German critic, Calderon's language rings forth, as it were, in ever-changing peals of harmonious chimes,* is an attempt which no writer, however eminent, could despise; and which one of our humble pretensions would absolutely shrink from making, but for the wonderful fascination and pleasure of the employment. To translate Calderon—to clothe, in English words, his poetry—which, as Schlegel truly says, "whatever the subject may ostensibly be, is an unceasing hymn of joy on the splendours of creation," seems to awaken all the glow and rapture—the enthusiasm and excitation of the most fervid original composition. As it is an intense and irrepressible admiration of all that is beautiful, sublime, and beneficent in nature itself that impels the true poet to express his gratitude and wonder, so, in reading the magnificent descriptions of these same attributes in the ever-vivid delineations of Calderon, we forget the artifice of the poet—we forget that it is a picture, and not the reality, that we are surveying. We forget everything but the wondrous melody of the versification, which, however, even adds to the delusion, falling on our ears, as it does, like that sweet and solemn accompaniment which the ever-musical wind—the Æolian harp of the world—breathes continually forth, as the great pano-

* Ulrici's "Shakspeare and his Relation to Calderon and Goethe," p. 507.

rama of creation revolves before us. In his pages we feel the dazzling glory of the sun that we can scarce behold, the deep blue of the sky, the azure freshness of the sea, the snow-white foam of the waves, the myriad colours of the flowers, all blended, contrasted, confused in a brilliant maze of splendour, which, in its combination, Nature itself does not equal, and in its separate beauties cannot surpass. It is because the poetry of the young English poet, to whom we referred in the beginning of this article, partakes more largely of this characteristic of Calderon than that of any other writer with whom we are acquainted (totally opposed as the two poets are in every other respect), added to his wonderful command of language and exquisite lyrical taste, that we believe he was pre-eminently fitted for complete success in a task which must now be left to very inferior hands.

Without going the extreme length which the enthusiastic admiration of the particular drama we have made the subject of this paper has led one German critic at least (Schulze, in his "*Leben des Standhaften Prinzen*," Weimar, 1811),* who places this play beside the *Divina Commedia*, all critics appear unanimous in their high estimate of its poetical and artistic merits. Sismondi warms for a moment in the midst of his cold and ungenial analysis, and acknowledges it to be "one of the most moving plays of Calderon," perhaps influenced by the unqualified approbation of Bouterwek, a writer to whom, in the Spanish portion of his work, the accomplished Genevese was under more obligations than he acknowledges. "The tragedy of Don Fernando, entitled *El Principe Constante*," says Bouterwek, "displays all the lustre of Calderon's genius. The unities of time and place are lost sight of in the unity of the heroic action, into which Calderon has infused the purest spirit of pathos, without departing from the Spanish national style of heroic comedy;" while Mr. Ticknor, the last and best historian of the literature of Spain that has yet appeared, devotes several pages to its analysis, which, as usual, is characterised by the calm good sense and complete

knowledge of his subject, so remarkable throughout his entire work.

"Its plot," says Mr. Ticknor, "is founded on the expedition against the Moors in Africa, by the Portuguese Infante, Don Ferdinand, in 1438, which ended with the total defeat of the invaders before Tangier, and the captivity of the prince himself, who died in a miserable bondage in 1443—his very bones resting for thirty years among the misbelievers, till they were, at last, brought home to Lisbon, and buried with reverence, as those of a saint and martyr. This story Calderon found in the old and beautiful Portuguese chronicle of Joam Alvares and Ruy de Pina; but he makes the sufferings of the prince voluntary, thus adding to Ferdinand's character the self-devotion of Regulus, and so fitting it to be the subject of a deep tragedy, founded on the honour of a Christian patriot."†

The light lyric melody and sparkling beauty with which the play begins, scarcely prepare one for the gloom and suffering that are to follow. The scene opens in the gardens of the King of Fez, beside the blue waters of the sea. ZARA, one of the Moorish attendants on his daughter, the Princess Phenix, enters with some Christian captives, whom she orders to sing beneath the windows of the princess, who has but just arisen to her toilet, and has not yet descended to the garden.

ZARA.

Sing from out this thicket here,
While the beauteous Phenix dresses,
Those sweet songs, whose air expresses
Fond regrets:—which pleased her ear
Often in your cells—those strains
Full of grief and sentiment.

FIRST CAPTIVE.

Can music, whose strange instrument
Was our clanking gyves and chains,
Can it be our wail could bring
Joy unto her heart? our woe
Be to her delight?

ZARA.

'Tis so,
She from this will hear you; sing.

SECOND CAPTIVE.

Ah! this anguish doth exceed,
Beauteous Zara, all the rest,
Since from out a captive's breast,

* Ticknor's "Spanish Literature," vol. ii., p. 349, note 31.

† "Spanish Literature," vol. ii. p. 349.

(Save a soulless bird's indeed)
Never has a willing strain
Of music burst :—

ZARA.

But have not you
Yourselves sung many a time ?—

THIRD CAPTIVE.

'Tis true,
But then it was no stranger's pain
To which we hoped some ease to bring,
- It was our own too bitter grief
For which in song we sought relief :—

ZARA.

She is listening now—then sing :—

THE CAPTIVES SING.

Age doth not respect
The fair or the sublime—
Nothing stands erect
Before the face of time.

The song of the captives is interrupted by the entrance of ROSA, another of the attendants on the princess, who announces the approach of her mistress, coming (as she says, with the usual poetical exaggeration on such occasions) to gladden the expecting flowers

Like a second morn,
Young Aurora newly born.

The captives are accordingly permitted to retire, and the princess enters, attended by other maidens, among whom are ESTRELLA and ZELIMA, still assisting her in arranging the last graces of the almost completed toilet. She of course receives their compliments on her appearance, Estrella exclaiming that she had never appeared more lovely than on that occasion, while Zara insists that to her, and not to the brightness of the morning, should be attributed the beauty that surrounds them :—

ZARA.

Let the dawn, so purely bright,
Boast no more, this garden owes
To her its beauty, that the rose
Draws from her its purple light
Or the jessamine its whiteness.

The princess wishes for the glass in which to survey herself, which as it is presented to her occasions a new compliment. "Thou shouldst not," says Estrella,

Attempt to find
Specks the pencil ne'er designed
In its artificial brightness.—

The reply of the princess is the first intimation we receive of her being under the influence of some vague feeling of unhappiness, which, though it cannot be defined, is powerful enough to destroy the effect of all those external advantages.

PHENIX.

What does loveliness avail me
(If indeed 'tis mine to vaunt it),
If my joy of heart be wanted,
If life's happiest feelings fail me ?

"How dost thou feel?" inquires Zelima; to which she replies, in one of those passages of verbal refinement so difficult to be adequately rendered :—

PHENIX.

If I but knew,
Ah ! my Zelima, how I feel,
That certain knowledge soon would steal
Half of the grief that pains me through ;
I do not know its nature wholly,
Although it robs my heart of gladness ;
For now it seemeth tearful sadness
And now 'tis pensive melancholy ;
I only know, I know I feel,
But what I feel, I do not know,
The sweet illusions mock me so.

ZARA.

Since those gardens cannot steal
Away your oft-returning woes,
*Though to beauteous spring they build
Snow-white jasmine temples, filled
With radiant statues of the rose,*
Come unto the sea and make
Thy bark the chariot of the sun.

ROSA.

And when the golden splendours run
Athwart the waves, along thy wake,
The garden, to the sea, will say
(By melancholy fears deprest),
The sun already gilds the west,
How very short has been this day !

The three lines spoken by Zara, which we have italicised, close as they are to the original, scarcely give the exact idea of Calderon. We have translated this passage in three or four different ways, which, with the original, we beg to subjoin in justice to Calderon, and to our own conscientious if not successful attempts at rendering his meaning.

CALDERON.

Que á la primavera hermosa
Labran estatuas de rosa
Sobre templos de jazmines.

(First Attempt.)

Though to beauteous spring they twine
Garlands of the jessamine,
Round radiant statues of the rose.

(Second Attempt.)

Though to beauteous spring they raise
Jasmine temples all ablaze
With radiant statues of the rose.

(Third attempt, which we have adopted.)

Though to beauteous spring they build
Snow-white jasmine temples, filled
With radiant statues of the rose.

The line in Rosa's speech, "The garden, to the sea, will say" (*El jardín al mar dirá*), is perhaps the most oriental and poetical fancy that we have yet met in this beautiful scene. But something far more fanciful and more exquisitely beautiful still remains behind. Perhaps even in Calderon it would be difficult to find a passage which, within the same compass, contains a greater number of beauties than the one we are about to lay before the reader. It is in reference to this passage that Bouterwek alludes in his

history, as follows:—"The beautiful flights of fancy which occur at the commencement of the piece are worthy of particular attention. There Calderon has painted his favourite images in his comparison of waves with flowers." In justice to Calderon we give the original, and as some compensation for our own version, the beautiful and perfect German translation of Augustus W. Schlegel, which we believe will be acceptable to many of our readers:—

CALDERON.

Pues no me puede alegrar,
Formando sombras y lejos
La emulacion, que en reflejos
Tienen la tierra y el mar;
Cuando con grandezas sumas
Compiten entre esplandores
Las espumas á las flores,
Las flores á las espumas;
Porque el jarden, envidioso
De ver las ondas del mar,
Su curso quiere imitar;
Y así el zefiro amoroso
Matices rinde, y olores,
Que soplando en ellas bebe,
Y hacen las hojas que mueve
Un oceano de flores;
Cuando el mar, triste de ver
La natural compostura
Del jardin, tambien procura
Adornar y componer
Su playa, la pompa pierde,
Y á segunda ley sujeto,
Compite con dulce efeto
Campo azul y golfo verde,
Siendo, ya con rizas plumas,
Ya con mezclados colores,
El jardin un mar de flores,
Y el mar un jartlin de espumas;
Sin duda mi pena es mucha,
No la pueden lisonjear
Campo, cielo, tierra y mar.

SCHLEGEL.

Nein, es kann mich nicht erfreu'n
Wettstreit zwischen See und Matten,
Wie sich in verlorn'ne Schatten
Ferne Widerscheine streu'n,
Wann auf den bestrahlten Räumen,
Prangend wie in Heiligthumen,
Schäume ringen mit den Blumen,
Blumen ringen mit den Schäumen;
Weil der Garten voller Neid,
Wie er sieht des Meeres Wellen,
Nachzuahmen strebt ihr Schwellen;
Und der linde Zephyr leiht
Farb' und Schmelz, dort eingesogen,
Wieder ihm, und so umsäuselt
Bildet Blum' und Laub, gekräuselt,
Einen Ocean von Wogen.
Wann das Meer, betrübt zu sehen,
Wie der Garten zierlich pranget
Von Natur, nun auch verlangt
Ihm an Schmuck nicht nachzustehen,
Muss, vom fremden Schein versucht,
Die gewohnte Pracht es dämpfen;
Und so sieht man lieblich kämpfen
Blaue Flur und grüne Bucht;
Da sie beid' an krausen Säumen
Der gemischten Farben warten,
Wird ein Blumenmeer der Garten,
Und das Meer ein Beet von Schäumen.
Gross gewisslich, ist mein Schmerz,
Da nicht lindern die Beschwerde
Flur und Himmel, Meer und Erde.

OUR OWN.

Ah! no more can gladden me
Sunny shores, or dark projections,
Where in emulous reflections
Blend the rival land and sea;
When, alike in charms and powers,
Where the woods and waves are meeting—
Flowers with foam are seen competing—
Sparkling foam with snow-white flowers.

For the garden, envious grown
 Of the curling waves of ocean,
 Loves to imitate their motion.
 And the amorous zephyr, blown
 Out to sea from fragrant bowers,
 In the shining waters laving
 Back returns, and makes the waving
 Leaves an ocean of bright flowers :
 When the sea too, sad to view
 Its barren waste of waves forlorn,
 Striveth swiftly to adorn
 All its realm, and to subdue
 The pride of its majestic mien.
 To second laws it doth subject
 Its nature, and with sweet effect
 Blends fields of blue with waves of green.
 Coloured now like heaven's blue dome,
 Now plumed as if from verdant bowers,
 The garden seems a sea of flowers,
 The sea a garden of bright foam :
 How deep my pain must be, is plain,
 Since nought delights my heart or eye,
 Nor earth, nor air, nor sea, nor sky.

This exquisite exaggeration of tenderness, melancholy, and fancy, is interrupted by the entrance of the King with a portrait of TARUDANTE, Prince of Morocco, in his hand. After gently alluding to the sadness of his daughter, which had now begun to be noticed by

the entire court, he presents her with the portrait of the Prince, who he informs her is himself on his journey to Fez, for the purpose of making her an offer of his hand and crown. Do not, says the King, referring to the picture—

Reprove

The ambassador who pleads his suit,
 Do not doubt that he, though mute,
 Bringeth messages of love.

As the Prince of Morocco had taken the precaution of sending ten thousand horsemen to assist the forces of the King of Fez in his contemplated siege of Ceuta, a town that he was most anxious to wrest from the Portuguese, he had the father of his intended bride completely in his interest. The poor Princess is overwhelmed with surprise and consternation, and an exclamation, which is not heard by her father, puts the reader or spectator in possession of a fact which he has probably surmised, that nothing but Love could have given expression to such a strain of "sweet and bitter fancy" as they have been hearing or reading above. The object of this passion is MULEY, the principal general of her father as well as his nephew, who is, at this moment, absent on the above-mentioned expedition against Ceuta, as we shall presently see. The uncertainty of the King ever consenting to their union, even before this new com-

plication, will sufficiently account for the sadness of the Princess. She is obliged to accept the portrait of her suitor, which she says (*aside*) her hand but not her heart receives. At this moment the report of a cannon is heard in the bay, which announces the return of the General, and Muley enters immediately after, bearing his truncheon of command. He is graciously received by the King and Princess, and is called on by the former to give an account of his expedition. The King and the Princess, as well as the ladies in attendance on the latter, sit down, and Muley proceeds to give the following long and elaborate narration. The reader must be struck, if we have not totally obscured the beauty of the original, by the series of magnificent pictures which paint the advancing armada of the Portuguese princes:—

MULEY.

With two galleasses* only,
 By command, my lord, of thee

* "My father hath no less
 Than three great argosies, besides two *galleasses*,
 And twelve light gallies."—*Shakspeare*.

I departed to examine
 All the coasts of Barbary,
 With the intention of approaching
 That famed city of the south,
 Known of old time as Eliza,
 And which nearly at the mouth
 Of the Herculean strait is founded,
 Ceido is its latter name,
 For this Hebrew word and Ceuta
 In the Arabic are the same.
 Both expressive but of beauty,
 Or the ever-beauteous town—
 That fair town, that, like a jewel,
 Heaven has snatched from out thy
 crown.

Through, perhaps, Mahomet's anger,
 Through the mighty prophet's wrath,
 Which, opprobrium of our valour!

Now a foreign ruler hath.
 Where we tamely gape and gaze at,
 Where our slavish eye-sight sees,
 Floating from its topmast turrets,
 Banners of the Portuguese.

'Neath our very eyes prescribing
 Limits that our arms deride—

'Tis a mockery of our praises,
 'Tis a bridle to our pride,
 'Tis a Caucasus, which, lying
 Midway, doth the stream detain
 Back thy Nile of victory turning
 From its onward course to Spain.

Hither, then, I went with orders
 To examine, and to see
 What the form and disposition
 Of the place to-day might be ;
 How, with less expense and danger,

You might undertake its siege.
 May heaven grant its restoration
 Quickly unto you, my liege !

Though it be delayed a little
 By a threatened new disgrace ;
 For this doubtful undertaking
 To another must give place,

Far more pressing and important,
 Since the thousand swords and spears
 That for Ceuta you have marshall'd
 Must be drawn around Tangiers.

For that threatened city weepeth
 Equal suffering, equal woe,
 Equal ruin, equal trouble—

This, my gracious lord, I know.

For one morning on the ocean,
 When the half-awaken'd sun,
 Trampling down the lingering shadows

Of the western vapours dun,
 Spread his ruby-tinted tresses
 Over jessamine and rose,
 Dried with cloths of gold, Aurora's
 Tears of mingled fire and snows,
 Which to pearls his glance converted.

It was then, that, in the light
 Of the horizon, a vast navy

Rose upon my startled sight :
 First (so many a fair illusion

Oft the wandering seaman mocks),
 I could not determine truly

Whether they were ships or rocks ;
 For, as on the coloured canvas,

Subtle pencils softly blend
 Dark and bright, in such proportions
 That the dim perspectives end ;
 Now, perhaps, like famous cities,
 Now, like caves or misty capes,
 For remoteness ever formeth
 Monstrous and unreal shapes.
 Thus, athwart the fields of azure,
 Lights and shades alternate fly ;
 Clouds and waves in rich confusion,
 Intermingling sea and sky,
 Mock the sight with fair deceptions.
 So it was, while I, alone,
 Saw their bulk and vast proportions,
 Though their form remained unknown.
 First they seemed to us uplifting
 High in heaven their pointed towers,
 Clouds that to the sea descended,
 To conceive in sapphire showers
 What they would bring forth in crystal
 And this fancy seemed more true,
 As from their untold abundance
 They, methought, could drink the blue
 Drop by drop. Again, sea-monsters
 Seemed to us the wandering droves,
 Which, to form the train of Neptune,
 Issued from their green alcoves.
 For the sails, when lightly shaken,
 Fanned by zephyrs as by slaves,
 Seemed to us like outspread pinions,
 Fluttering o'er the darkened waves ;
 Then the mass, approaching near,
 Seemed a mighty Babylon,
 With its hanging gardens pictured
 By the streamers floating on.
 But, although our certain vision
 Undeceived, becoming true,
 Showed it was a great armada,
 For I saw the prows cut through
 Foam, that, sparkling in the sunshine,
 Like the fleece of snow-white flocks,
 Rolled itself in silver mountains,
 Curdled into crystal rocks.

He continues at great length to describe the manner in which he discovered the object of this formidable expedition, and informs the king that the fleet conducts an army of fourteen thousand soldiers, under the command of the two Portuguese princes, Don Fernando and Don Enrique, for the purpose of besieging Tangiers.

The indignation of the King may be conceived, not only at the interruption to his own projects, with regard to Ceuta, but at the audacity of the Portuguese in thus daring to attempt the conquest of Tangiers also. He at once determines to give the most decided resistance to the invaders, and issues immediate orders to that effect. Muley is to advance rapidly along the coast with a troop of light horse, in order, by skirmishing with the enemy, to keep them in check until the arrival of the

King himself, with the great body of the army. Having given those orders, he retires, leaving Muley and the Princess alone. The portrait of a strange cavalier which Muley beholds in the hands of his mistress, of course fills his breast with jealous alarms, to which he gives expression in the following lines, through which we have kept up one recurring rhyme, in humble imitation of the echoing harmony of the original :—

MULEY.

Though I must depart, yet I,
Lady, first would let thee hear,
Since my death approacheth near,
The malady with which I die.
And although my jealous fear
Disrespectful seem to thee,
Since my disease is jealousy,
Courtesy must disappear.
What picture—(ah ! fair enemy !)
Is this your beauteous fingers bear ?
What is his happy name, declare ?
This favoured being, who is he ?
But no ; let not your tongue eclipse
The pain your touch hath made me bear ;
Since in your hand, I see him there,
You need not name him with your lips !

The Princess is naturally indignant at this mode of address, and tells him that although she permits his love and attention, as her servant and suitor, she has given no permission to him to offend her, as he has done. Muley apologises in this manner :—

MULEY.

'Tis true, fair Phenix, yea, I see
That this is not the mode or style
Of speaking to you ; but the skies
Know, when jealous thoughts arise
Respect is overborne a while.
With utmost caution—secret pride—
I've hid the passion that I feel ;
But, though my love I could conceal,
My jealousy I cannot hide—
In truth I cannot.

PHENIX.

Though your crime
Deserves not to be satisfied,
Still will I, through wounded pride,
Satisfy you this one time.
Friends, their friendship ne'er should lose,
When a word might keep it still.

MULEY.

And can you speak that word ?

PHENIX.

I will.

MULEY.

God grant thee ever happy news !

She accordingly tells him the circumstances under which she was induced to receive the portrait, as well as the name, rank, and pretensions of his rival. These explanations rather add to the uneasiness of the General, and his reproaches and repinings break out anew. He insists that on no account she ought to have accepted the portrait, as she thus gave encouragement to the suit of his rival :—

PHENIX.

Could I prevent it ?

MULEY.

Yes, 'tis plain.

PHENIX.

How ?

MULEY.

Some excuse you well could feign.

PHENIX.

What could I do ?

MULEY.

You could have died,
As I would gladly do for thee.

PHENIX.

'Twas force prevailed.

MULEY.

A mere pretence—

'Twas fickleness.

PHENIX.

'Twas violence.

MULEY.

Nor violence.

PHENIX.

What could it be ?

MULEY.

Absence has been my hope's dark tomb ;
And since I cannot be secure,
Nor fix your changing fancy sure,
I must return and meet my doom.
Thou wilt return, fair Phenix, too,
Once more to grieve me to the heart.

PHENIX.

We now must separate : depart.

MULEY.

My soul first separates in two.

PHENIX.

Thou to Tangiers, and I shall wait
In Fez—to hear thee make an end
Of your complaints.

MULEY.

And I'll attend,
If I am spared till then by fate.

PHENIX.

Adieu ! for it is heaven's decree
We taste this bitter parting's woe.

MULEY.

But listen—wilt thou let me go,
Nor give that portrait up to me ?

PHENIX.

'Twere thine but for the King's request.

MULEY.

Release it—justice doth demand
That I should pluck from out thy hand
Him who has plucked me from thy breast.
[*Exeunt.*]

The scene changes to the sea coast near Tangiers, with the Portuguese fleet at anchor. Amid the sound of trumpets and the various noises attendant on the disembarking of so great an armament, DON FERNANDO lands, followed by his brother, DON ENRIQUE, DON JUAN COUTINO, a Portuguese nobleman, and a large body of soldiers, successively, from the ships. As each of the brothers reaches the shore, he exclaims in language characteristic of the part he is made to perform through the play. From the manner in which Calderon paints the character of Don Enrique, we seldom remember, as Mr. Ticknor remarks, that he was the highly-cultivated prince who did so much to promote discoveries in India.

FERNANDO.

I must be first, fair Africa, to tread
Upon the sandy margin of thy shore;
That as thou feelest on thy prostrate head
The weight of my proud footsteps trampling
o'er,
Thou may'st perceive to whom thy sway is
given.

ENRIQUE.

I am the second whom the swift waves bore
To tread this Africa!

[*He stumbles and falls.*]

Preserve me, Heaven!

Even here my evil auguries pursue.

FERNANDO.

Let not, Enrique, thy stout heart be riven
By fancied omens as weak women do;
This fall should waken hopes and not alarms.
The land a fitting welcome gives to you,
For, as its lord, it takes you to its arms.

ENRIQUE.

The sight of us the Moorish herd appals,
And they have fled, deserting fields and
farms.

JUAN.

Tangiers has closed the gates around its
walls:

FERNANDO.

They all have fled for safer shelter there.
On you, Don Juan, Count Miralva, falls
The duty of examining with care
All the approaches of the land, before
The sultry sun, overcoming with its glare
The temperate dawn, oppres and wound us
more.

Salute the city; call on it to yield;
Say 'tis in vain to squander human gore
In its defence; for though each conquered
field

Ran red with blood, and burning blew the
wind,
And 'neath our tread the tottering ramparts
reeled,
We still would take it.

This is, perhaps, rather in "Ercles'
vein." Don Juan replies in the same
style.

JUAN.

You will quickly find
I'll reach its gates, although, volcano-like,
With thickest clouds it strikes the bright sun
blind,
And lightnings flash and bolts around me
strike!
[*Exit.*]

As there is but one step from the
sublime to the ridiculous, this seemed
to Calderon a fitting opportunity for
the introduction of the "droll" or buf-
foon of the play (the *gracioso*). Ac-
cordingly BRITO, a Portuguese common
soldier, enters soliloquising in this man-
ner on the miseries of being "cabin'd,
cribb'd, confin'd" on board ship.

BRITO.

Thanks be to God! that April and sweet May
Once more I walk on, and that, as I like,
Without unpleasant reelings and dismay
I go about upon the solid ground.
Not as just now at sea, when, yea or nay,
Within a wooden monster's caverns bound,
Though light of foot I could not get away
Even when in greatest fear of being drown'd.
So little weary of the world am I,
O dry-land mine! Obtain for me I pray
That I may never in the water die,
Nor even on land till near to the last day.

ENRIQUE (*to Fernando.*)

Why dost thou listen to this fool?

FERNANDO.

And why

Against all reason dost thou persevere
In vague forebodings and unreal grief!

ENRIQUE.

My soul is full of some mysterious fear,
That Fate frowns darkly is my fixed belief;
For since I saw fair Lisbon disappear,
Its well-known heights fast fading one by
one—
Of all the thoughts that haunt me Death is
chief!
Scarcely had we our enterprise begun,
Scarcely had our ships commenced their on-
ward chase,
When, in a paroxysm, the great sun,
Shrouded in clouds, concealed his golden face,
And angry waves in foaming madness wreck'd
Some of our fleet. Where'er I look, I trace
The same disaster; o'er the sea project
A thousand shadows. If I view the sky,
Its azure veil with bloody drops seems
fleck'd.

If to the once glad air I turn mine eye,
Dark birds of night their mournful plumage
wave.

If on the earth, my fall doth prophesy,
And represent my miserable grave.

FERNANDO.

Let me decipher with affectionate care,
And so your breast from dark forebodings
save,

These fancied omens from earth, sea, and air:
'Tis true we lost one ship amid the main;
That is to say, that we had troops to spare
From the great conquest we have come to
gain.

The purple light that stains the radiant sky
Foretells a day of jubilee, not pain.
The monstrous shapes that round us float or
fly,
Flew here, and floated ere we came; and
thus

If they reveal a fatal augury,
It is to those who live here, not to us.
These idle fancies and unfounded fears
Came from the Moors, so darkly credulous;
Not from the enlightened minds of Christian
seers.

Those who believe in them may feel alarms,
Not those who shut them from their doubting
ears.

We two are Christians; we have taken arms,
Not through vainglory, nor the common
prize

With which young Fame the soldier's bosom
charms;

Nor that, perchance, in deathless books, men's
eyes

Hereafter read of this great victory.

The faith of God we come to aggrandise;

Whether it be our fate to live or die,

Be His alone the glory and the praise.

'Tis true, we should not God's dread ven-
geance try

Too rashly; but his anger knoweth ways
To curb the proud, and make the haughty
bend.

You are a Christian; act a Christian's part:
We come to serve our God, and not offend.

With the return of Don Juan, the
verse abandons the solemn stately
march, that we have endeavoured to
imitate above, and resumes the more
rapid movement of the *assonance*, for
which, throughout this play, we have
substituted the following measure:—

JUAN.

My lord, obeying

Your commands, I sought the walls;

And when crossing o'er the mountain,

Where the sloping verdure falls,

I beheld a troop of horsemen

Riding by the road of Fez—

Riding with such such wondrous fleetness

That the startled gazer says,

Are they birds? or are they horses?

Do they fly, or do they bound?

For the air doth not sustain them,
And they scarcely touch the ground.
Even the earth and air were doubtful
If they flew, or if they ran.

FERNANDO.

Let us hasten to receive them,
Placing foremost in the race
Those who bear the arquebusses;
Let the horsemen next advance,
With the customary splendour
Of the harness and the lance.
On, Enrique! fortune offers
Now a noble opening fight.
Courage!

ENRIQUE.

Am I not thy brother?

Nothing can my soul affright,
Nor the accidents of fortune,
Nor the countenance of death! [*Exeunt.*]

BRITO, alone.

I must somehow act the soldier,

And *keep guard* upon—my breath!

What a very noble skirmish!

How they spill their blood and brains!

It is best, from under cover

To survey this "Game of Canes!"—
[*Exit.*]

The horsemen that Don Juan de-
scribes above form the squadron under
the command of Muley. They are
speedily routed by the Portuguese, and
Muley himself is taken prisoner by Fer-
nando. After a short intermediate
scene, they enter the stage together,
Fernando being in possession of the
Moorish general's sword. The descrip-
tion of a war-horse in the following
scene may be compared with that which
we have given in our analysis of Calde-
ron's *Physician of his own Honour*,
published in this Magazine, in the Au-
gust number for 1849; or with the more
elaborate one in the first act of *The
Scarf and the Flower*, also by Calde-
ron, which we trust soon to add to
our specimens of Spanish dramatic
poetry:—

FERNANDO.

In this desolate campagna,

Where, devoid of sense or breath,

Lie so many dead, or rather

In this theatre of death,

You alone, of all your people,

You alone, brave Moor, have stood;

All have fled, and even your war-horse,

After shedding seas of blood,

'Mid the dust and foam encircled,

Which it raised, and which it laid,

Leaves you here to be a trophy,

By my valorous right-hand made,

'Mid your late companion's horses,

Loosely flying o'er the ground.

I am prouder of this conquest,

Which to me doth more redound,

Than to see this broad campagna,
 As with bright carnations crowned;
 For so great has been the flowing
 Of red blood on all around,
 That my eyes, through deepest pity,
 At beholding nought but dead—
 Nought but ever new misfortunes—
 Nought but ruins round me spread,
 O'er the desert plain went seeking
 One green spot amid the red,
 In effect, my arm subduing
 Your courageous strength to mine,
 'Mid the horses loosely flying,
 One I seized, who was, in fine,
 Such a prodigy, a wonder,
 That, although he had for sire
 Even the wind, his proud ambition
 Claimed adoption of the fire;
 Falsely thus, by both denying
 His own hue, which being white,
 Said the water, "'tis the offspring
 Of my sphere so silver white.
 I alone could thus have moulded
 Such a form of curdled snow!"
 Like the wind he went in fleetness,
 Lightning-like flashed to and fro;
 Like the swan his dazzling whiteness,
 Speckled like the snake with blood,
 Proud of his unrival'd beauty,
 Fearless in his haughtier mood;
 Full of spirit in his neighing;
 In his fetlocks firm and strong,
 In the saddle, on his haunches,
 You and I thus borne along—
 On a sea of blood we entered,
 Through whose cruel waves we steered,
 Like an animated vessel,
 For his head a prow appeared,
 Breaking through the pearl-hued water.
 And his mane and tail did float,
 Blood and foam besprinkled over,
 So that once again a boat,
 Wounded by four spurs, he bounded,
 As if heaven's four winds impelled,
 He at length fell down exhausted
 By the Atlas he upheld.
 For so great are some misfortunes,
 That even brutes themselves must feel,
 Or it may be, that some instinct
 Through his softened soul did steal,
 Saying, "Sad Arabia journeys,
 And with joy departeth Spain;
 Can I then betray my country,
 Swelling the proud conqueror's train?
 No, I do not wish to wander
 One step further from this spot."
 And since thou thyself art coming
 In such sorrow, though 'tis not
 By the mouth or eyes acknowledged,
 Still the smothered fire appears,
 Of the bosom's hid volcanoes,
 By those flowing tender tears;
 And the burning sighs thou heavest,
 Wonderingly my valour views,
 When I turn me round, how fortune
 With one single blow subdues
 Valour such as thine. Another
 Cause, methinks, must sadden thee;

Since it is not just nor proper,
 Even though for liberty,
 That the man should weep so fondly,
 Who so heavily can wound, &c.

MULEY.

Thou art truly valiant, Spaniard,
 Victor both in act and word,
 With the tongue as skilled to conquer,
 As to conquer with the sword;
 For my life was thine, when lately
 With the sword, my race among,
 You subdued me, but this moment,
 Since you take me with the tongue,
 Even my soul is thine; with reason
 Must my life and soul confess
 They are thine, and thou their master.
 For your arms and your address,
 Cruel now, and now too clement,
 'Twice my soul have captive made.
 Moved with pity to behold me,
 Spaniard, you the cause have prayed
 Of the burning sighs I'm breathing.
 And although I own that woe,
 When repeated, is accustomed
 To grow lighter, still I know
 That the person who repeats it
 Wisheth that it should be so;
 But my woe is such a master
 Of my pleasures, that to keep
 Them from any diminution,
 Though itself be wide and deep,
 It would rather not repeat it;
 But 'tis needful I obey;
 Grateful for the care you've shown me.
 I am called the Cheik Muléy,
 And the King of Fez's nephew.
 Of an illustrious race and high,
 Boasting many a Bey and Pasha.
 But misfortune's son am I;
 Being on life's early threshold
 Folded in the arms of death,
 On that plain, where many Spaniards
 Found their graves, I first drew breath;
 Hopeless boon to me that breathing!
 For at Gelves, which you know,
 I was born the year that witnessed,
 There, thy nation's overthrow.
 To attend the King my uncle,
 Came I young, but since increase
 Day by day my pains and sorrows,
 Cease enjoyments, wholly cease!
 I to Fez came, and a beauty,
 Whom since then my wondering eye
 Worshipped, in the house adjoining
 Lived, that I might, near her, die.
 From the early years of childhood,
 (For this love of mine became
 Soon so constant, Time was powerless
 To consume or quench its flame,)
 We grew up beside each other.
 Love within our childish hearts
 Was not like the rapid lightning,
 Which with greater fury darts
 On the tender, weak, and humble,
 Than upon the proud and strong;
 So that he to show the varied
 Powers that to his love belong

Struck our hearts with different arrows;
 But as water in its course
 Dropping down on stone, doth mark it,
 Not indeed through its own force,
 No, but by continual falling,
 So those tears of mine, for aye
 On her heart's-stone downward dropping,
 Finally did work their way
 To it, though than diamond harder.
 And by dint of constant love,
 And through no excelling merits,
 Finally did make it move.
 In this state I lived a season,
 Oh! how swift has been its flight!
 Tasting, in their sweet aurora,
 Many an amorous delight—
 In an evil hour I left her,
 Left her! more I need not say,
 Since in my absence came another
 Lover, all my peace to slay;
 He is happy, I am wretched.
 He is present, I away.
 I a captive, he a freeman.
 Ah! our fates how different,
 Since your arm hath made me captive,
 See how justly I lament.

FERNANDO.

Valiant-hearted Moor and gallant,
 If thou adorest as you say,
 If, as you speak, thou idolizeth,
 If thou dost love as you display;
 If thou art jealous as thou sigheth,
 If thou dost fear with true dismay,
 If thou dost love as thou dost suffer,
 Thou sufferest in the happiest way,
 And the acceptance of your freedom
 Is all the ransom you must pay.
 Return at once unto thy people,
 And this unto your lady say,
 "That you receive me as your servant,
 A knight of Portugal doth pray;"
 If she pretends her obligation
 For this, to me, some price must pay,
 I give to thee whatever is owing,
 So let her love the debt repay.
 And thine be all the arrears of interest.
 And see thy horse which lately lay
 Exhausted on the ground, hath risen
 Refreshed and rested by our stay;
 And since I know love's longing nature,
 And how the absent brook delay,
 I wish no longer to detain you,
 Mount on thy steed and go away.

The Moor expresses himself most grateful for this extraordinary act of generosity on the part of his unknown captor, and implores that he will, at least, let him know the name of one to whom he is so much indebted. Fernando declines saying more than that he is a man of noble birth. Muley takes his departure, recommending his generous enemy to the protection of Allah, and vowing that, should ever an opportunity arise, he will endeavour to

repay some of the debt of gratitude he owes him. Scarcely has he gone, when Fernando is surprised by hearing the sound of martial instruments proceeding from a different direction from that in which the enemy had fled. His brother, Don Enrique, enters, and explains to him the critical position of the Portuguese army, being almost entirely surrounded by the junction of the auxiliaries of the Prince of Morocco with the forces under the command of the King of Fez, which had just come up. Fernando determines to fight bravely to the last, and the battle begins anew. Several skirmishes take place, Moorish and Portuguese officers appearing on the stage engaged in single combat, and disappearing after the interchange of some words of courtly challenge. This part of the play, particularly the comic scenes, in which Barro, imitating the discretion of Sir John Falstaff, in the first part of *Henry IV.*, lies on the stage as if he had been slain, and is unceremoniously walked over by the advancing and retreating combatants, remind one very much of Shakspeare's delightful "History." Brito's adventures in this act are terminated by his suddenly rising from the ground as two Moors are about throwing him into the sea, along with the bodies of the slain. They are so frightened that they run away, Brito valiantly pursuing them, sword in hand, and exclaiming that —

"Even though dead, we still are Portuguese."

Before this, however, Fernando had been taken prisoner by the King of Fez, and the other Portuguese generals, seeing their prince and leader in the hands of the enemy, laid down their arms. The first act terminates by the courtly exultation of the Moorish King at having taken so illustrious a prisoner, and the departure of Don Enrique, whom he permits to return to the Portuguese court, with the terms on which alone he will ever release Don Fernando from his captivity—namely, the unconditional surrender of Ceuta to the Moorish crown.

The opening of the second act represents a lonely mountain district near Fez, in the vicinity of the royal gardens. The Princess Phenix enters in a state of much alarm, calling for her attendants, who do not make their appearance. Muley, who, it would seem, had been watching an opportu-

nity of speaking to her, presents himself in their place.

PHENIX.

Etrella ! Zara ! Rosa ! no,
No one answers to my calling !

MULEY, *entering*.

One attends thee, like the falling
Shadow which a sun doth throw
Off its radiant disk. For thou
Dost a sun to me appear—
Who am the shadow that it hath.
As I roamed this mountain path,
Thy sweet voice re-echoed near.
What hath happened, lady ?

PHENIX.

Hear,

If I can its nature state :
Flattering, free, ungrateful, glides
Sweet and smooth, with peaceful tides,
A crystal fountain, all elate
With waves of molten silver plate.
Flattering, for it proffereth
Speech enough, yet doth not feel ;
Smooth, for it can well conceal ;
Free, for loud it uttereth ;
Sweet, because it murmureth ;
And ungrateful, for it flies !
To that fountain's shady place,
Wearied with a wild beast's chase,
Came I with a glad surprise,
For its fresh green canopies
Promised rest and relaxation ;
Being upon one side bound
By a gentle hillock, crowned
With (as if for jubilation)
Wreaths of jasmine and carnation,
Which a shade of crimson light
Flung upon my emerald bed.
Scarcely had I rendered
Up my soul to the delight
Of solitude, when, 'mid the bright
Leaves, did me a sound alarm ;
I attentive looked, and saw
An ancient dame of Africa—
A spirit in a human form,
Marked with all that can deform—
Wrinkles, scowling, haggard, dark—
A living skeleton, a shade ;
But as if with features made
Of a tree's trunk, rude and stark,
Wrapt in rough, unpolished bark ;
With mingled melancholy and
Sadness—doleful passions these,
That my heart's blood she might freeze
She did take me by the hand,
I, to be like her, did stand
Tree-like, rooted to the ground ;
Ice ran freezing through each vein
At her touch, and through my brain
Venomed horror flew its round.
She, with scarce articulate sound,
Thus appeared to speak to me—
" Hapless woman ! fated woe !
Since, with all thy beauteous show,
All the graces crowning thee,
Thou a corse's prize must be !"

Thus she said, and thus I live
Sadly since, or rather die,
Waiting till the prophecy
Which that tree-like fugitive
Did with doubtful meaning give—
Which that prophet, through the force
Of Fate fulfilled without remorse—
Is fulfilled by destiny.
Woe is me ! for I must be
The worthless guerdon of a corse ! [Exit.

Muley remains soliloquising on this extraordinary apparition, and explains the prophecy in accordance with his own feelings of depression and despair, seeing in it only the success of his rival, which is to be purchased by his own death. Shortly after Don Fernando (who is still treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness by the King) enters, accompanied by some Christian captives, who are undergoing all the rigours of slavery. They address him as follows :—

FIRST CAPTIVE.

From the royal gardens near,
Where we work, we saw your Grace
Lately going to the chase,
And together we come here,
At your feet, in tears, to throw us.

SECOND CAPTIVE.

'Tis the only consolation
Heaven doth grant our situation.

THIRD CAPTIVE.

It, in this, doth pity show us.

FERNANDO.

Friends, come, let my arms enfold you ;
And, God knows, if I, with these,
Could your necks a moment ease
Of the knots and bonds that hold you,
They would give you liberty
Even before myself. But Heaven
May this punishment have given
As a favour, it may be,
As a blessing, if we knew it.
Fate may better grow ere long ;
No misfortune is so strong
But that patience may subdue it.
Bear with that whatever sorrow,
Time, or fortune makes you see ;
For that fickle deity,
Now a flower, a corse to-morrow,
Ever changing o'er and o'er—
Your's may alter in a trice ;
But, oh ! God, to give advice
To the needy, and no more,
Is not wisdom. I would give
Gladly aught that would relieve you,
But, alas, I've nought to give you ;
You the want, my friends forgive.
I, from Portugal, expect
Succour—it will quickly come ;
Yours will be whatever sum
May be sent for that effect.

He continues, by assuring them, that he only values liberty in order to give it to them, and bids them, in the name of God, return to their allotted tasks, in order to remove any grounds of complaints from their temporary masters. They accordingly retire, blessing him over and over again for his condescension and kindness. Muley, who has been a spectator of the foregoing scene, thus addresses the Prince:—

MULEY.

I have stood with admiration,
Seeing the humane affection
With which you the deep dejection
Of these captives' situation
Have relieved.

FERNANDO.

My grief was shown
Truly for the hapless state
Of these captives. By their fate
I may learn to bear my own;
It may be, perhaps, that some
Day the lesson I may need.

MULEY.

Says your Highness this indeed?

FERNANDO.

Born an Infante, I have come
To be a slave; and thus, I fear,
That from this, I yet may know
Even a lower depth of woe;
For the distance is less near
From an Infante, a king's brother,
And a captive, than can be
'Twixt degrees of slavery.
One day followeth another,
And thus sorrow follows sorrow,
Pains with pains thus intertwine.

MULEY.

Would no heavier pain were mine!

For you, your Highness, he continues, will in a few days return to your native country, and thus happily terminate the cause of your forebodings. But for the removal of my source of unhappiness, there is no hope. Fernando replies that he has been now some time at the Court of Fez, and Muley has not given him any information as to the progress of his suit. Muley is divided between the secrecy which he owes to the Princess, and the confidence which he should repose in a friend to whom he is under such obligations, and endeavours to satisfy both by thus playing upon the name of his mistress:—

Without equal is her scorn,
So the grief my heart doth prove,
For the Phenix and my love
Were without their fellow born.

In seeing, hearing, and concealing
A Phenix, is my every thought;
A Phenix every love-distraught
Apprehension, fear, and feeling;
It is a Phenix that doth ope
The source of every pain and tear.
To feel I merit her, yet fear
A Phenix, also is my hope.
The passion that I late revealed
Is now the Phenix, I discover;
Thus, as a friend, and as a lover,
I both have spoken and concealed. [*Erit.*]

Fernando sees very clearly through the thin disguise, but is interrupted in his remarks by the entrance of the King, who invites his presence to the cheering scene of the hunt:—

THE KING.

By this mountain's brow your Highness
Have I to overtake you ridden,
That before the sun in coral
And in pearly clouds is hidden,
You the struggles of a tiger
In the meshes might admire,
For a circle now is closing
Round it by the huntsmen.

FERNANDO.

Sire,

Every moment art thou planning
Means of pleasing me. If this
Is the way thy slaves thou fêtest,
They will not their country miss.

The King replies, that he cannot do too much to show his respect for a captive of such dignity. As they are withdrawing, Don Juan Coutino, who had continued the faithful companion of the Prince in his captivity, enters, and announces the entrance of the long-expected Portuguese vessel into the harbour:—

DON JUAN.

Come, my lord, unto the sea-shore,
And behold the fairest creature
That the hand of art e'er fashioned,
Or the mystic power of nature.
For, but now, a Christian galley
To our port has come; so fair,
That although her darken'd bulwarks
Black and mournful colours wear,
Still, the wonder is, how sorrow,
Thus, the eye, like gladness, charms.
From her topmasts gaily flutter
Portugal's emblazoned arms;
Since their Infante is a captive,
Thus they mourn his slavery—
Thus express the people's sorrow,
Though they come to set him free.

Fernando has a presentiment that this is not the cause of the emblems of

sorrow which his friend describes. Enrique shortly afterwards enters, clothed in the deepest mourning, and holding an open paper in his hand. After asking permission of the King, the brothers embrace. Fernando inquires the cause of Enrique's mourning, and says, if it only meant that he should continue in his captivity, a gala dress would be more in keeping with the cheerfulness with which he was determined to suffer everything for his country. The silence of Enrique, however, when he inquires after the health of their brother, the King of Portugal, alarms him. Thou art mute, says Fernando.

ENRIQUE.

Since our sorrows, when repeated,
Doubly touch affliction's cord,
I desire that you should feel them
Only once. Attend, great lord,
[To the King.]

For, although a rustic palace
This wild rugged mountain be,
Still, I ask you, give *me* audience,
To this captive liberty,
And attention to my tidings.
Torn, and tempest-tossed, the fleet
Which, with empty pride, so lately
Trode the waves beneath its feet,
Leaving here in Africa—
Thine and his own thoughts the prey—
The Infante's person taken,
Back to Lisbon took its way.
From the moment that King Edward
Heard the tragic news he pined,
For his heart was covered over
With a sadness, and his mind
Passing from the melancholy
Which oppressed it first, gave way
To a lethargy, and dying,
Gave the lie to those who say
Human sorrows are not mortal—
(Ah! how vainly this is said!)
For our brother, Don Fernando,
For the King himself is dead!

This sudden intelligence not only overwhelms the affectionate heart of Fernando, but moves even the King of Fez to a momentary tenderness; Enrique proceeds with his narration, and mentions that the last wishes of the late monarch, as inserted in his will, were that, for the ransom of Don Fernando, Ceuta should be forthwith surrendered to the Moors; Don Alphonso, who has mounted the throne of Portugal, has given him full authority to carry this project into execution,

and he is about entering into this matter, and referring to the powers which he carries with him, when he is interrupted by Fernando. As the tragic circumstances of the drama arise out of the determination expressed by Fernando in this speech, it would be desirable to give it in full, but its extreme length forbids us. For ourselves, we do not see anything in this address but what is worthy of a high spirited gentleman, patriot, and Christian; but to those who would be inclined to follow the opinion of Simondi, who on other occasions has stigmatised such sentiments as fanatical and extravagant, we would say with the French writer already quoted, that those who condemn the expression of religious enthusiasm, and an exaggerated idea of personal and national honour in Calderon, condemn everything that constitutes the originality and truth, the soul, the strength, and the grandeur of the Spanish drama."

A few passages will show the spirit and tendency of the speech above referred to. Fernando, after referring to the clause in his brother's will directing the surrender of Ceuta for his ransom, which he insists could never have been the literal intention of the late monarch, but only an extreme testimony to the intense anxiety which he felt for the liberation of his brother, and that to effect this object the most extraordinary sacrifices should be made, short of compromising their honour and their religion, thus continues.—Would it be right, he says, to abandon a city which professes the true faith, and which has consecrated so many churches to the service of God?—

That these sovereign temples, which
Are the Atlases of Heaven,
All their golden glories rich,
Where the sun of grace is shining,
Should give place to Moorish shades,
And that their opposing crescents,
Through the churches' long arcades,
Thus should make these sad eclipses?
Is it right the sacred walls
Of their chapels become stables,
And their holy altars stalls?
Or if this should not so happen,
Turn to mosques! My cheek grows pale;
Here my tongue grows mute with horror,
Here my frightened breath doth fail,
Here the anguish overwhelms me;

For the thought doth through me send
 Such a thrill, my heart is cloven,
 And my hair doth stand on end,
 And my body trembles over,
 For it was not the first time
 Stalls and stables gave a lodging
 Unto God. But oh! the crime
 Of becoming mosques! It seemeth
 Like an epitaph—a wide
 Mark of infamy undying—
 Saying, here did God abide,
 And the Christians now deny it,
 Giving it a gift instead
 To the demon! Scarcely ever
 (As is ordinarily said)
 Does a man offend another
 In his own house. Can it be,
 Crime should enter thus God's mansion,
 To offend him there? and we—
 We ourselves become his escort—
 We admit his impious rout—
 And, to let the demon enter,
 Driving the Almighty out?

He continues for some time longer
 thus reasoning upon the religious as-
 pect of the contemplated surrender of
 this Christian city, and then refers in
 a spirit of humanity and equality,
 which too seldom finds expression on
 the Spanish stage, to the injustice of
 sacrificing the interests and happiness
 of many for the preservation of the life
 of one person, however exalted his
 rank and station:—

Who am I? Am I then greater
 Than a man? for if to be
 An Infante makes distinction,
 I'm a slave. Nobility
 Cannot be a slave's advancement.
 I am one; then wrong is he
 Who doth call me an Infante.
 And, if so, who gives advice,
 That the poor life of a captive
 Should be sold at such a price?
 Death is but the loss of being,
 I lost mine amid the fight;
 That being gone, my life departed—
 Being dead, it is not right
 That so many lives should perish
 For the ransom of a corpse!
 So, these vain and idle powers,
 Thus I tear without remorse.

He accordingly destroys the written
 authority which Enrique had brought
 then, turning to surrender of Ceuta;
 then, turning to the King, he submis-
 sively presents himself as his slave.
 To his brother he says, "Return, En-
 rique, to Portugal, and say that I lie
 buried here in Africa as in my grave;
 for I shall so fashion my life for the fu-
 ture as if in reality I had died." And

then concludes with this passionate ad-
 dress to all things, animate and inani-
 mate around him:—

Christians, dead is Don Fernando;
 Moors, a slave to you remains;
 Captives, you have a companion,
 Who to-day doth share your pains;
 Heavens, a man restores your churches
 Back to holy calm and peace;
 Sea, a wretch remains, with weeping
 All your billows to increase;
 Mountains, on ye dwells a mourner
 Like the wild beasts soon to grow;
 Wind, a poor man with his sighing
 Doubleth all that thou canst blow;
 Earth, a corpse within thy entrails
 Comes to-day to lay his bones.
 For King, brother, Moors and Christians,
 Sun and moon, and starry zones,
 Wind and sea, and earth and heaven,
 Wild beasts, hills—let this convince
 All of ye, in pains and sorrows,
 How to-day a Constant Prince
 Loves the Catholic faith to honour,
 And the law of God to hold.

The wrath of the King may be con-
 ceived at this unexpected frustration
 of all his wishes, at the very moment
 when they were about being fulfilled
 but for the obstinacy of Fernando.
 The martyrdom of the unfortunate
 Prince now begins. He is compelled
 to kiss the King's feet; he is forced
 to endure the most insulting and op-
 probrious epithets; and he is, finally,
 handed over to Selim, the officer who
 has the slaves under his immediate con-
 trol, with directions that, in no respect,
 should his treatment be different from
 that of the others; black bread, with
 brackish water, is to be his food; a
 humid dungeon his sleeping place; and
 the convict dress, instead of the rich
 and appropriate raiment which he had
 been hitherto permitted to wear. With
 these orders he is led away. Enrique
 is allowed to return to Portugal, with
 the King's defiance and challenge to
 the Portuguese to come and rescue
 their prince, and the scene closes with
 the secret determination of Muley now,
 at length, to show his gratitude by res-
 cuing Fernando from his miserable
 condition.

The next scene presents Don Fer-
 nando working in the King's garden,
 dressed as a slave and in chains. Other
 slaves are seen engaged upon their
 various tasks, and so little conscious
 are they of the presence of the prince
 that they sing snatches of a romance
 of which he himself is the hero:—

To the conquest of Tangiers,
Gainst the tyrant King of Fez.
The Infante Don Fernando,
Did the king his brother send.

Affected at so strange an incident, he gives way a little to his feelings; when they encourage him to bear his brief captivity with patience, as the prince, Don Fernando, had promised to liberate all the captives, and to bring them back with him to their native country. One of the slaves, whose duty it was to water the flowers, requests Fernando to assist him in that occupation, and to fill two pails of water at the pond, to which Fernando consenting, retires. Shortly after, his faithful friend and follower, Don Juan Coutino, enters the garden in search of him, and asks the very captives to whom he had been speaking if they had seen him, to which, of course, they reply in the negative. On his return, carrying the two pails of water, he is at once recognised by Don Juan, whose sudden exclamation reveals his rank to the astonished captives. Fernando regrets this, as he had hoped to live unknown among his fellow-sufferers, sharing all their labours and trials. They fall at his feet, ask pardon for their unintentional disrespect, and address him by his titles. He raises them up, assures them that they have not offended him, and refuses to have any title but that of their fellow-captive and friend. This scene is terminated by the entrance of Zara, with a basket, in which she directs the captives to collect some flowers for the Princess, who is about entering the garden. Fernando volunteers to undertake this duty, and he retires, followed respectfully by the others. As they go out at one side the Princess Phenix and her attendant, Rosa, enter at the other.

PHENIX.

Have you ordered they should choose me
Some fresh flowers?

ZARA.

I so have ordered.

PHENIX.

In my troubled and disordered
State, their colours may amuse me.

ROSA.

Lady, I in wonder lose me,
Seeing fantasies continue
Thus to melancholy win you.

ZARA.

What controls thee thus, what law?

PHENIX.

Ah, it was no dream I saw
When I lay with frozen sinew,
But my own impending woe.
When a wretch doth dream with pleasure
That he owns some wished for treasure,
Zara I am and know
That his bliss is only seeming;
But if he continues dreaming
That his fortune hath forsaken,
And that ruin hath o'ertaken,
Through both good and evil wind
Through his dreams, the wretch doth find
But the last when he doth waken!

In this mood she is startled by the appearance of Fernando returning with the flowers. "Why art thou so disturbed?" asks the Prince. "At seeing you," she replies, "in such a miserable condition." "Ah! I can believe that true," says Fernando, and thus continues:—

FERNANDO.

Wishing, lady, upon you
To attend in humble duty,
I have brought thee flowers, whose beauty
Typify my fate, senora,
They are born with Aurora,
And they perish ere the dew.

PHENIX.

When this *marcel* came to light
It was given a fitting name.

FERNANDO.

Is not every flower the same
That I bear thee in this plight?

PHENIX.

It is true, but say whose spite
Caused this novelty?

FERNANDO.

My fate

PHENIX.

Is it then so strong?

FERNANDO.

So great:—

PHENIX.

You afflict me.

FERNANDO.

Do not grieve.

PHENIX.

Why?

FERNANDO.

Because a man doth live
Death and fortune's abject mate.

PHENIX.

Are you not Fernando?

FERNANDO.

Yes.

PHENIX.

Changed by what?

FERNANDO.

The laws that wring
Captive souls.

PHENIX.

By whom?

FERNANDO.

The King.

PHENIX.

Why?

FERNANDO.

My life he doth possess.

PHENIX.

To-day I saw him thee caress.

FERNANDO.

And yet he doth abhor me now.

PHENIX.

How can it be that he and thou
So late conjoined, twin stars of light,
But one short day could disunite?

FERNANDO.

These flowers have come to tell thee how.

The exquisite sonnet with which
Fernando illustrates his meaning, as
well as the succeeding one by the
Princess, are, as Routerwek remarks,
so beautiful and so perfectly in Calde-
ron's style, that we must gratify the
reader with the original, however dan-
gerous it may be to our own humble
version.

*Estas, que fueron pompa y alegria,
Despertando al albor de la manana,
A la tarde serán lastima vana,
Durmiendo en brazos de la noche fria.
Este matiz, que al cielo desafía,
Iris listado de oro, nieve y grana,
Sera escarmiento de la vida humana,
Tanto se emprende en termino de un dia
A florecer las rosas madrugaron,
Y para envejecerse florecieron,
Cuna y sepulcro en un boton hallaron.
Tales los hombres sus fortunas vieron,
En un dia nacieron y espiraron ;
Que pasados los siglos, horas fueron.*

These flowers awoke in beauty and delight,
At early dawn when stars began to set—
At eve they leave us but a fond regret—
Locked in the cold embraces of the night.
These shades that shame the rainbow's arch
of light,
Where gold and snow in purple pomp
are met,
All give a warning man should not for-
get,
When one brief day can darken things
so bright.

'Tis but to wither that the roses bloom—

'Tis to grow old they bear their beau-
teous flowers—One crimson bud their cradle and their
tomb.

Such are man's fortunes in this world of ours ;
They live, they die, one day doth end
their doom,
For ages past but seem to us like hours !

PHENIX.

Horror, terror, make me fear thee ;
I nor wish to see nor hear thee.
Be thou then the first of those
Whose woe hath scared another's woes.

FERNANDO.

And the flowers ?

PHENIX.

If they can bear thee

Emblems of mortality,
Let them broken, scattered be,
They must know my wrath alone.

FERNANDO.

For what fault must they atone ?

PHENIX.

Like to stars they seem to me ;

FERNANDO.

Then you do not wish them ?

PHENIX.

No ;

All their rosy light I scorn.

FERNANDO.

Why ?

PHENIX.

A woman is, when born,
Subject to life's common foe,
And to fortune's overthrow,
Which methought the star did figure.

FERNANDO.

Are the stars like flowers ?

PHENIX.

'Tis so.

FERNANDO.

This I do not see, although
I myself have wept their rigour.

PHENIX.

Listen.

FERNANDO.

Speak, I wish to know.

PHENIX.

*Esos rasgos de luz, esas centellas,
Que cobran con amagos superiores
Alimentos del sol en resplandores,
Aquello viven, que se duelen dellas,
Flores nocturnas son, aunque tan bellas,
Efimeras padecen sus ardores :
Pues si un dia es el siglo de las flores,
Una noche es la edad de las estrellas.
De esa pues primavera fugitiva
Ya nuestro mal, ya nuestro bien se infiere,
Registro es nuestro, ó muera el sol, ó viva.
? Que duracion habra, que el hombre espere ?
? O qué mudanza habrá, que no reciba
De astro, que cada noche nace y muere ?*

PHENIX.

These points of light, these sparkles of pure fire,

Their twinkling splendours boldly torn away

From the reluctant sun's departing ray,
Live when the beams in mournful gloom retire.

These are the flowers of night that glad Heaven's choir,

And o'er the vault their transient odours play.

For if the life of flowers is but one day,
In one short night the brightest stars expire.
But still we ask the fortunes of our lives,
Even from this flattering spring-tide of the skies—

'Tis good or ill, as sun or star survives.

Oh! what duration is there? who relies
Upon a star? or hope from it derives,
That every night is born again and dies?
[Exit.

We must now hasten to the catastrophe. Muley, who had been waiting for the departure of the Princess, now advances, and, in a speech too long for insertion, offers Fernando the means of escaping. Before the prince has time either to accept or reject the proposition, the King enters the garden, and Fernando and Muley, to quiet suspicion, separate. This has the contrary effect. The king, seeing their confusion, at once suspects the nature of their conversation, and in an artful address to his general, wherein he pretends that there is a conspiracy among the captives to liberate the prince, throws upon him the entire responsibility of securing his person; and thus makes Muley's fidelity to himself a point of honour. His struggles between gratitude and loyalty are very well described; his reply to Fernando, who, after the departure of the king, rejoins him:—

Suffering

In a blind and dark confusion,
And between my friend and king;
Seeing friendship thus and honour,
With each other battling;
If to thee I should be loyal,
I to him must traitor be;
If to him continue faithful,
Fail in gratitude to thee.

Fernando advises him to obey the laws of honour rather than yield to the dictates of friendship; and promises, in order to preserve that honour intact, that even should another person offer him his freedom, he will not accept it. This generosity decides the fluctuating Moor. He presses the Prince to accept

the proposed means of escape, and it is only by the firm determination of Fernando that he reluctantly desists. At this point the second act terminates.

The third act opens with an appeal to the mercy of the king, by Muley, who, although prevented from assisting Fernando in the way that he would wish, by the honourable scruples of the Prince himself, still does not neglect doing whatever else is in his power towards mitigating the severity of his treatment. His description of the condition of the unfortunate Fernando is very vivid:—

MULEY.

Fernando, whose unhappy fate
Survives his glory, once so great,
Still lives, but in such abject thrall,
That him the wondering world doth call
A miracle of adverse fate,
Feeling the wrath—a better word
Perhaps would be the boundless power—
Of thy imperial crown, my lord,
And victim of his pride—this hour
Doth feel a misery so abhorred,
That he in such a place doth lie
So lonely and so vile, that I
Will not offend your ears to name;
And there, infirm, and poor, and lame,
He asketh alms from passers-by;
For as your orders were that he
Should sleep but in a dungeon's murk,
And on your steeds attendant be,
And in the prison quarters work;
And none should give him food, we see
Him so reduced from what he has been,
His pallid cheek so worn and wan;
His tottering limbs, that make him lean
Upon a staff; all changed or gone
His princely air, his royal mien;
Passing the chilly night away
In stony cells, as he begun,
Still firm in his resolve. When play,
At length, the pure beams of the sun,
Who is the father of the day,
His fellow-slaves (how grieved therewith!)
Upon a miserable mat,
Lifting him, place him, worn and weak,
Upon (since I the name must speak)
A dung-heap! for neglect begat
A state so loathsome, none will let
Him near their homes; and so he lies,
A sight no eye can e'er forget.
Shuddering, the gazer from him flies,
Nor feels compassion, nor regret.

Muley proceeds at still greater length to describe the piteous condition of the unfortunate captive, to which the King merely replies "'Tis well." His daughter also comes to implore his mercy and forgiveness for the prince, whom he interrupts with the common argument by which tyrants of all ages

and countries endeavour to excuse the treatment that the martyrs of patriotism, of conscience, and of liberty, always receive at their hands.

KING.

Oh! Phenix, cease, be silent, stay,
Who is it that Fernando then
Thus makes an outcast among men?
Thus slowly killeth day by day;
If he, for being madly brave,
And obstinate in a wild resolve,
Thus pines away, a lonely slave,
And sees the tardy days revolve—
'Twas he himself the sentence gave,
Not I who doomed him to this woe;
Is it not in his power to go
From out this misery and live?
A word can do it.

A messenger enters and announces the approach of two ambassadors, one from the King of Portugal, the other from the King of Morocco. They enter and pay their respects to the King of Fez. They prove to be Alphonso and Tarudante themselves. The former declares the object of his mission to be, that since Don Fernando cannot be brought to consent to the surrender of Ceuta, the value of that city should be estimated, twice the amount of which the King of Portugal offers for his ransom. This proposal he makes in a friendly spirit, says Alphonso, still speaking in his character of ambassador.

ALPHONSO.

Which if you refuse, with bolder
Front he'll come to set him free,
For upon the smooth-white shoulder
Yonder of the labouring sea,
Towns arise amid the water
Of a thousand war-ships built,
And he swears with fire and slaughter
Him to free, and thee subdue—
Leaving all these bright plains covered
O'er with crimson blood, so that
What the rising sun discovered
Green-hued emeralds dewy wet,
He will leave behind him lying
Rubies red when he doth set.

Tarudante thinks this threat an insult to the whole Moorish race, and accordingly takes up the gauntlet. Not to be outdone by the Christian ambassador in oriental boasting, he improves upon the characteristic fancy in the last lines of Alphonso's speech. Let your King come hither, he says:—

TARUDANTE.

But in a space
Shorter than from night till morn,
He will see his veins' warm purple
Soon these verdant hills adorn;
So that even the heavens will think
They must have forgot to form
Any flower except the pink.

The two kings are about settling their dispute by a direct appeal to arms, but are prevented by the King of Fez, who, on discovering the rank of the pretended ambassadors, offers them both the hospitality of his court. Alphonso declines the proposed courtesy, and says he but waits the answer to his proposal. It is given very promptly and very briefly, and is a direct refusal. He then declares war, and, as he retires, hopes soon to terminate his quarrel with Tarudante in the field. The latter then declares that the object of his visit to the court of Fez is to claim the promised hand of the princess, and to bring her with him to Morocco as his affianced bride. The impending war prevents his making any stay in Fez, and it is finally arranged that the princess is to accompany him escorted by a guard of honour, the command of which is given to her unhappy and despairing lover Muley.

The next scene represents a street in Fez; Fernando, now in the last stage of decrepitude and decay, is borne in by Don Juan, Brito, and some other captives, and placed upon a mat in the sunshine. Fernando in a gentle and feeble voice addresses them, and then raising his thoughts to God, he expresses his gratitude to him for the common gifts of nature.

FERNANDO.

Place me here where I can view,
With gladdened heart and will subdued,
The cloudless light of heaven's pure blue;
O mighty Lord! so great and good,
To thee what boundless thanks are due!
When Job, as I, in anguish lay,
He curses on the day did pray,
But then it was because of sin
Which he had been engendered in;
But I, far different, bless the day
For all the graces God doth cheer
Our hearts through it—for it is clear
That every beauteous roseate hue,
And every beam that gilds the blue
But living tongues of fire appear
To praise and bless him without end.*

* This idea is more beautifully developed in the singular play of Calderon, "The Purgatory of Saint Patrick," a complete translation of which, by the present

And the diamond, in whose presence
 Even the loadstone turns away
 From its beloved north, thus showing
 How its true king it doth obey,
 Is so noble, that the treason
 Of its lord it cannot hide,
 And its hardness, which the burin
 Finds too flinty to divide,
 Of its own accord dissolveth
 Into small and shining dust.

He then proceeds to apply those images in support of his prayer to the King, which is, that he should take pity on him, not, indeed, by granting him his life, but by condemning him to death in a more expeditious way than by the slow process of neglect and want. He has a new series of fancies to illustrate this part of his appeal, taken from the resemblance between a cradle and a coffin; but they are much less poetical and more forced than those he has already given. He concludes by asking the King that if he will not listen to him through pity, let him do so through anger; and then with great ingenuity draws an argument or illustration from all those images which, in the earlier part of his address, he had used for the other purpose:—

If, through pity, thou dost slight
 This request, let anger move thee.
 Art thou a lion? then 'tis right,
 That thou roar and tear in pieces
 Him who in thy wrathful mood
 Injures, wrongeth, and offends thee.
 Art thou an eagle? then you should
 Wound with vengeful beak and talons
 Him who would dare despoil thy nest.
 Art thou a dolphin? then be herald
 Of storms to move the seaman's breast,
 How that the sea this huge world furrows.
 Art thou a kingly tree? then show
 Through all your bare and naked branches,
 How wildly Time's dark tempests blow—
 The ministers who work God's vengeance.
 Art thou a diamond? then by
 Thy own dust make deadliest poison,
 Weary thyself out in wrath; but I,
 Though I suffer greater torments,
 Though I greater rigours see,
 Though I weep still greater anguish,
 Though I go through more misery,
 Though I experience more misfortunes,
 Though I more hunger must endure,
 Though my poor body have no covering
 But these few rags; and this impure
 Dungeon be still my only dwelling,
 All for the faith my soul derides;
 For it is the sun that lights me,
 For it is the star that guides!

All however is in vain. The King is

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as inflexible as the Prince himself; no change is made in his condition, and he at length dies, the victim of his own high-spirited sense of honour; with a mind unshaken, and with an heroic constancy, says Mr. Ticknor, that sustains our interest in his fate to the last extremity. When it is too late, the Portuguese army intended for his liberation arrives. The news of his death has not yet transpired; and when his ghost appears to Alphonso and Enrique, the night the army effect a landing on the coast of Fez, dressed in the habit of the religious order to which he belonged, and with a burning torch in his hand, they are for a time ignorant that it is but his shade. The impression produced by this apparition, says Bouterwek, gives the finishing touch to the romantic pathos of the foregoing scenes. As Alphonso and Enrique are deliberating on the impending battle, a trumpet sounds, and the voice of Fernando is heard within:—

FERNANDO.

Great Alphonso, to the attack! war! war!

ALPHONSO.

Hear you not these mingled voices breaking
 The silence, and the swift sad night winds
 waking?

ENRIQUE.

Yes, and with them, too, do I hear the rattle
 Of arms and trumpets charging to the battle.

The ghost of Fernando then enters, in the manner above described, and promises them the assistance of heaven. He says he himself will lead them—

And with this flame-bespangled
 Torch, from the streaming orient disentangled,
 Before the army gliding
 Thus shall I go, the light your footsteps
 guiding:—

With their supernatural conductor they approach the walls of Fez. On their march they interrupt the escort under the command of Muley, and take prisoners Tarudante, the Princess Phenix, and Muley himself. To the sound of mournful music they advance towards the city, when Fernando disappears, telling them, with his farewell words, still to effect his liberation. As they approach, the King and his attendants appear upon the walls. When the death of the Infante is announced, the Portuguese princes now understand

that it was the shade of their brother they had seen, and that his wishes were to have his mortal remains removed and buried in a Christian temple. An exchange is then made, the Moorish prisoners being given up for the dead body of the Prince, whose coffin is let down with great reverence and solemnity from the walls. The only condition Alphonso imposes is that the King would grant his consent to the marriage of his daughter with Muley, as a reward for his friendly services towards Fernando. To this the King consents, at the same time granting freedom to all the Christian slaves then in Fez. Then, as Alphonso partly addresses

them, and partly the audience, according to the usual termination of Spanish plays, when a short epilogue is generally put into the mouth of one of the principal characters; the coffin of the martyred Prince is tenderly raised

To the solemn sound and sweet
Of trumpets' and the drums' low music—

and is borne on the shoulders of his late companions in captivity to the ships. The marvellous conclusion of the whole, says Mr. Ticknor, by which his consecrated remains are saved from Moorish contamination, is in full keeping with the romantic pathos and high-wrought enthusiasm of the scenes that lead to it.

SLINGSBY IN SCOTLAND.

Carrigbawn, August 20th, 1851.

AND so, my dear Anthony, you want to know what took me to Scotland. Now I must say that, according to my notions of liberty, an honest gentleman may, if the fancy takes him, exercise his powers of locomotion in any direction and to any extent, without being called to account either by impertinent strangers or inquisitive friends. How know you, Mr. Poplar, what reason I may have for touring? I may be bilious, or splenetic, or dyspeptic. I may be wrong in my liver, or, worse still, in my *heart*—(Heigh ho! Anthony, you know nothing of this derangement). Let me tell you, that for an atrabilarious man who sits much over his books, there is nothing of such recuperative efficacy as travel; inasmuch that the learned Rhasis, in his second tract, prescribeth "*Mutare de loco in locum, itinera et voagia longa et indeterminata, et hospitare in diversis diversoriis*;" and entirely with this agreeth the great physician Celsus, who enjoineeth to the melancholick, "*Varium vitæ genus*;" and, to live sometimes in the country and sometimes in the city. Then, again, if the disease be love-melancholy, there is nothing for it but travel. The worthy Savonarola declares his conviction on this head, to say nothing of the highest of all authorities on the subject, I mean, of course, Ovid, who took a tour all the way to Athens (as did likewise that other master of the art of love, Propertius), as an antidote to the tender passion;—

"Magnum iter ad doctas proficisci cogor Athenas,
Ut me longa gravi solvat amore via."

How know you, Mr. Poplar, that I may not have gone gadding, not by reason of any distemper of mind or body, but rather from being uncommonly well in both,—"*mens sana in corpore sano*,"—the very best possible case for a man to be in who wishes to enjoy travel and be stimulated and charmed with variety. And as that delectable old rolling-stone, Fynes Morison, says, somewhere, "*Peregrination charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy that never travelled, and pity his case that, from his cradle to his old age, beholds the same still—still, still the same, the same.*"

Well, Anthony, I fear that you will be scarce satisfied with my reserve touching my touring; and I think I hear you pressing me, as Poins did the fat old knight at the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap—"Come, your reason, Jack, your reason?"

Now I might answer you as Falstaff did his interrogator,—"*What, upon compulsion? No, were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason on compulsion.*"

Well, then, as I have reduced you to a proper state of submissiion, you shall know all about it in a trice. The cause of my rambling arose in this manner.

But I must rest my fingers for a moment, and then I shall tell you on another sheet of paper.

“For mercy’s sake, my dear Bridget, do step down stairs and find out what is the matter. Pluto is barking as if the house were beset with thieves. Hollo! there goes the hall bell—make haste or the wire will be snapped in pieces. In the name of wonder who can be coming here at this time of night?”

Bridget was soon at the door, and having interrogated the person outside, she proceeded to open it. By the time I came down, for I had just retired to my bed-room for the night, two figures stood in the hall, and, as I brought the light of my taper to bear on them, I discovered they were no others than Jack Bishop and my cousin Absalom Freke.

“In heaven’s name, Jack,” said I, “what is all this about? No one ill I trust? Nothing wrong, eh?”

“Don’t be alarmed, Jonathan,” said Jack, with an affectation of mock solemnity that at once reassured me. “Compose yourself—do now—there’s a good soul.”

“Absalom,” said I to his companion, “will you condescend to inform me to what I am indebted for the honour of this very seasonable visit?”

“Don’t say a word about it, my dear fellow,” said Jack, anticipating the answer of the other. “We are always ready to oblige you, and should not have minded dropping in if it were midnight.”

I saw it was hopeless to make Jack explain himself till it should be his own good pleasure to do so; I accordingly led the way to the parlour.

“In the first place, Jonathan, be so good as to get us a glass of cherry brandy, for I assure you these summer nights are very chilly, and we intercepted a most unreasonable amount of dew, which might have been very useful to the earth, but was quite thrown away upon us.”

“By the way, Jonathan,” added Absalom, “you may as well take off your night-cap, for I guess you are not likely to make much use of it for some time. We have no objection, however, to your *robe de chambre* at present.”

I placed the liqueur on the table, when Jack helped himself, and hobbled-nobbed Absalom, which the other returned with inimitable coolness. Seeing my patience nearly worn out, Bishop opened the matter of his visit.

“Do you chance to have a change of linen in the house?”

“And a second pair of—ahem—unutterables?” added Absalom.

“I have both. Pray, gentlemen, have you any particular desire to take an inventory of my wardrobe? If you are in want of anything of that sort, or an old rackcomb, or tooth-brush, I shall be happy to accommodate you.”

“Come, Jack,” said Absalom, “you must not try Jonathan too far. Tell him at once what brought us.”

“Well then, Jonathan, we merely turned in to ask you to step up to town with us to-night in the mail. Nay, hear me out, my dear fellow. You must know that Absalom and I have made up our minds to have a run through the Scotch Highlands, and we cannot possibly go without you. The *Ariel* sails to-morrow at noon, so there is no time to be lost. Bridget will put a few necessities in your bag while you dress yourself for the journey.”

“And then we shall have half-an-hour or so to discuss our arrangements over a glass of toddy and a cigar,” added Absalom.

Were I disposed to resist I should have found it no easy matter to do so effectually; but in truth the proposition chimed in agreeably enough with my own inclinations. A few minutes sufficed to pack my bag and put me in travelling order; in the same time a cheerful fire was kindled in the grate, whereon a small copper kettle commenced to sing most pleasingly, and on my return to the room we sat down to business.

“Now listen to our arrangements,” said Bishop. “Absalom here, who is a mighty traveller by sea and land, and has a wonderful genius for topography and accounts, shall be purse-bearer and cicerone. He shall have unlimited powers—fiscal and geographical; he shall discourse hosts and hostesses; reason with waiters; coax chambermaids to take the best care of us by night; he shall prescribe our routes—dictate our outgoings and incomings—project our dinners,—and pay our bills——”

“And in consideration of these manifold services,” said Absalom, “he is to travel free of all charges and expenses.”

"I said not that, Absalom—I said not that," cried Jack Bishop, laughing; "but I said that you were to carry the purse and settle the accounts."

"And that," added I, "with a little good management on his part, will be, I suppose, much the same thing. Well, what is to be your office, Jack?"

"Oh, as for me, you see I shall have a world of things to do. I shall have to minister to the delectation of all parties; I shall put myself *en rapport* with everything which may afford pleasure; I shall say a great many good things, and eat a great many good things; I shall have a bright look-out for all beautiful objects of nature, animate and inanimate; I shall sing songs, tell stories, and do my share of the flirting with any sentimental young ladies whom Heaven shall be pleased to throw in our way. I shall have a terrible hard task of it, shan't I?"

"And now, Jonathan," said Absalom, "hear your vocation."

"Well," said Bishop, "in the first place, you are to be our reporter."

"There can be no vocation more honourable," said I, "and I accept it with pride. Some of the choicest spirits, the most genial, the most social, the best informed men, and the most agreeable companions I have ever met, belonged to the fourth estate."

"You say true, Jonathan, and you must take care to approve yourself worthy of your position. It will be your duty to take down all the good things *I* say, and all the wise things that Absalom says. If you say anything foolish yourself, you may in your discretion omit it. You must give some pretty descriptions of the country—a touch here and there—a light and a shade, a rock, or a tree, or a cascade; but remember that you are not to write a tour-book, but a transcript of our sensations, our impressions, our moralisings upon all we see; besides, if you find yourself 'i' the vein,' you may now and then tag a few rhymes together, or knock off a song, and if I'm in force, I shall sing it, and Absalom shall do audience and applaud."

"Upon my word, my friends, I think the arrangements are admirable. So now let us drink a bumper to our happy wanderings, before we start to meet the mail."

Thus it was, dear Anthony, that I set out for the Highlands upon as short notice and as scant preparation as even Yorick had for his sentimental journey. We all endeavoured to discharge the parts assigned to us as best we might. The shortcomings of each were, however, made up by the willing aid of the others; and we have much to look back to with pleasure. We each jotted down whatever occurred to him during the day, and compared notes in the evening. Thus we often were able to see the same object in different lights, according to our several tastes and habits of thought. My duty was to collect the opinions of all, and preserve the record of our transactions; and as I am in a communicative vein, I may as well give you a peep at them. I find our first day's touring thrown into a dramatic form as follows:—

Scene, Crianlarich Inn, PERTHSHIRE. 10 o'clock, p.m. A room up stairs. The tourists are seated at a table covered with a dirty cloth, whereon are the remnants of a demolished supper of ham rashers, a plate of bannocks, a bottle of whiskey, &c.

BISHOP (*rises and hobbles over to the fire*).—Ech, sirs, how my banes ache! gin I had anither mile to gang I doubt they wad na hae carried me. Pshaw! this comes of having an overline ear. Here I am not twelve hours in these Highlands, and I have contracted the brogue incurably. Poke up the peat, Absalom, like a good youth, and let us have a wee bit licht.

ABSALOM.—My bones are well enough, but my jaws are aching consumedly; tough work that flesh-grinding, Jonathan.

SLINGSBY.—Why, rather so. That hog must have been a sturdy fellow in his day. I can now form some notion of the softness of pig iron.

BISHOP.—I have a strong suspicion, could we get at his pedigree, he would turn out to be the very *Calydonian* boar that Meleager killed.

ABSALOM.—Oh, what a barbarous pun. Come, fill your glasses, and let me hear what you think of the Highlands. What have you on your notes, Jonathan.

SLINGSBY (*reads*).—Dumbarton, Balloch, Loch Lomond, Ardvoirlich, Glenoch.

ABSALOM.—Dumbarton Rock has peculiar interest for Irishmen. A veracious

legend declares that St. Patrick, after preaching with great success through the surrounding country, was sailing down the Clyde to his native district, when the evil genii of the place spied him from the top of the hill on the right bank of the river. "There goes that canting monk, Patrick the Psalm-singer, said one, "kidnapping every soul he meets from us." "Fling a wave over him," said another, "and wash him down into the lee-scuppers." "Catch the bald-headed gaberlunzie up in a guffaw of wind, and pitch him into the water," said a third. "Fling down a rock upon the ship," said a fourth, "and sink him and his crew to the —." This last proposition took the fancy of the company mightily; so they whipped the top off the hill as easily as you'd snap a man's bonnet off his *pow*, and down they hurled it at the little vessel. They were capital fellows at throwing; but holy hands were watching to turn the rock aside, and it fell short of the ship and flopped into the water, where you saw one-half of it rising above the tide near Dumbarton.

BISHOP.—At all events 'tis a picturesque rock, and rises with a fine effect from the Clyde. He must have been a daring fellow, that Crawford, who scaled it by night. Ay, and it is worth while scaling it now in the day time for the fine view one gets from its summit—the Clyde, the vale of the Leven, the hills of Arrochar, and Ben Lomond; but, pass on, the town is not worth speaking of. There are some fine reaches along the Leven, and it is worthy of being celebrated by better lines than those of Smollet.

ABSALOM.—I must say that the Leven appeared highly interesting just at the spot where we saw a couple of dozen young lassies washing clothes in its stream, with their garments tucked up tidily about them.

BISHOP.—Poaching on my manor, Absalom! Be so good as to confine yourself to your own duties. What next, Jonathan?

SLINGSBY.—From Dumbarton by railway to Balloch.

BISHOP.—Pass all that over, Jonathan. Railways are the bane of all sight-seeing tourists. They are very well to transport you from place to place, but the interval is all a blank. Cuttings that shut out the scenery from your view, while, when you do get a glimpse of the country, it seems fleeing away from you—trees, hills, streams, and houses all hurrying by without leaving one lasting impression on the memory. Whistling, screaming, snorting, and puffing of the engine; rattling and swaying of the carriages; helter-skelter, hurry, and confusion banish all contemplation and musing. Now for Loch Lomond.

SLINGSBY (*reads*).—"The bright sun of a lovely fervid summer day shone down upon us as we stepped on board the vessel that traverses daily the Queen of Scottish Lakes. What pen shall describe its beauties, what eye could weary of its ever-varying charms! as we clove the ample expanse of its southern waters—"

BISHOP.—Well, well, my dear Jonathan, I make no doubt you have written a very glowing description, but we will not trouble you for it just at present; but tell us briefly what you think of it.

SLINGSBY.—I think that, take it all in all, it has a mass and variety of beauties crowded on its bosom and along its shores that render it surpassingly beautiful. An epitome of all that is sublime, bold, and grand, of all that is peaceful, soft, and rich, it reminds one of the congregated images of natural loveliness which Hogg has grouped together with such poetic splendour in his exquisite legend of Kilmeny, in the "Queen's Wake":—

"She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys, and hoary piles,
And marled seas, and a thousand isles.
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun, and the sky, and the cloudlet gray,
Which heaved, and trembled, and gently swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward plain,
A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth,
Like peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth."

BISHOP.—Well, what say you, Absalom. You have seen a great deal of the world in your day. How has Loch Lomond affected you?

ABSALOM.—It is not the first time that I have seen it, and, therefore, my feelings have not the vividness of a first impression as your's and Jonathan's have, but they are, perhaps, not the less just on that account. Loch Lomond, is, beyond all question, a superb sheet of water, and rich in all the accessories of fine scenery; yet, somehow, I cannot help feeling that the vastness of the scene rather diminishes the general effect. The mind is forced to wander from shore to shore, and thus takes in the picture in detail, but is not able to grasp all its features in one panoramic view. In this respect I think the more condensed field of vision which our own Killarney Lakes present gives them a great advantage over the Scottish Queen.

BISHOP.—I am not so sure of that, Absalom. It is true, that like the great mosaics in St. Peter's, you must not scan each spot separately, or you will have no sense of the beauty and form of the mass; but once get at the proper *point de vue*, and the magnitude adds to the grandeur and majesty of the picture.

SLINGSBY.—This is a very debateable question; and great names have ranged themselves on either side. Wordsworth, whose profound knowledge of nature and keen appreciation of her beauties all will acknowledge, thinks with Bishop; while Professor Wilson, an authority little inferior, has broken a lance with the Bard of Rydal on this point, and, as many consider, very successfully. There was an American gentleman on board to-day, whose opinion may be esteemed unprejudiced. He has just been at Killarney, and gives it decidedly the preference.

ABSALOM.—I wish with all my heart, that the English and the foreigners who visit England in such numbers annually would come and see the beauties of our lovely Ireland. I have never yet known a man who had seen Killarney or the county Wicklow express himself disappointed. Well, Jonathan, what more have you jotted down?

SLINGSBY *resumes his reading* :—

“ ‘ It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet, as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea,’

as we step ashore at Glenfalloch. The moon shines out with a mild lustre, replacing the fading splendour of the vanishing sunbeams. We hold a council of war. Shall we stop—shall we go on, and whither? Killin, our originally intended resting-place, is too far distant for pedestrians to reach to-night; Absalom is imperious, and refuses to defray the expense of a car.”

BISHOP.—Ay, that he was, Jonathan, though there were two voices against him.

SLINGSBY, *resuming* :—“ So we took up our baggage, and slinging it upon a stick between us, preferred to breast the steep road that wound up the hill of Glenfalloch, having a five-miles march before us, to the inn of Crianlarich.”

ABSALOM.—It was a pleasant walk, though the ascent was somewhat steep; but the moon shone down through the mists of night on the wooded and rocky pass; and the river, running along upon our right, made sweet music in the gloaming.

BISHOP.—Jonathan, make a memorandum that Absalom, in virtue of his office of cicerone, stalked on before, by way of showing us the road, and left the baggage to you and me to carry. No wonder he found it a pleasant walk.

SLINGSBY.—Mem. also that Jack Bishop contrived continually to slide the aforesaid baggage along the stick, from his own side, till he transferred three-fourths of the load to me.

BISHOP.—A slander, Absalom—a vile slander; but let it pass. However, we contrived to cross the moor, and housed ourselves in this wayside inn, and have refreshed ourselves upon the flesh of a venerable patriarchal boar, cereal paste-board, called bannocks, and blazing hot whiskey, with the true smell and flavour of the peat upon it.

ABSALOM.—Now, Jack, what have you done to-day in your vocation?

BISHOP.—Well, let me see. Why, I philosophised and moralised. I studied a and manners.

SLINGSBY.—Girls and gallantry, I rather think, Jack. Why, you kept fluttering about from lass to lass on board the packet, like a butterfly amongst flowers.

BISHOP.—Nay, Jonathan, you overrate my poor abilities. First, I tried to sentimentalize a little with that sweet girl with the pink bonnet and the blue eyes; but it was no go. She was *tout eprise* of that frank, handsome young *militaire*; and as it was evidently a genuine *affaire du cœur*, I withdrew to a reverent distance. God forbid that, in sport or earnest, I should meddle in such matters.

ABSALOM.—Well, what of the two sunburnt beauties in the straw hats?

BISHOP.—Ay, *two*; that was the difficulty. *One* of them was decidedly *de trop*; and I threw out a signal of distress to Jonathan, who came to the rescue.

SLINGSBY.—A very conversible young lady from Edinburgh, who entertained me much with descriptions of society in the two great cities of Scotland. I was particularly amused by her account of the jealousy with which they regard each other. The Edinburghers affect all the airs of aristocracy, and look down on the vulgar, trading people of Glasgow, with their horrid, bustling, noisy, dirty streets, and their mechanical habits. The worthy citizens of Glasgow return the kindness tenfold; and bless God that they are not proud and poor, idle and indolent—that their public buildings are not empty, their squares desolate, and their town as silent, solitary, and untenanted as a city of the dead.

BISHOP.—Well, *my* friend was a painter, and a bit of a poetess too, if I may judge from the eloquent felicity of her descriptions of the lovely scenery through which we passed. Her father, she told me, is a professional man in Edinburgh, and his position has made him intimate with many of the celebrities of modern Athens—Wilson and the Chamberses, Alison, and others. I assure you she sketched their *physique* and *morale* with great liveliness and fidelity.

ABSALOM.—But what became of Little Pink-bonnet?

SLINGSBY.—Ah! we lost her at Inversnaid. From what I could collect, she lives somewhere up thereabouts; and the young man, I imagine, was seeing her so far towards her highland home. I chanced to see a very tender leave-taking as I was looking at the waterfall beyond the inn; I thought she would have wept as the young man touched her brow with his lips; but he said cheerily, “Come, dear Emmeline, no sighing or tears; we’ll meet soon again, you know.”

BISHOP.—That’s the right way to settle these matters, depend upon it. A hopeful heart, and a smiling face, and no snivelling, Jonathan.

SLINGSBY.—I think so, too; and here’s a song thereupon, which I put together in the packet.

BISHOP.—Let’s read it, Jonathan. All right; come, now for an impromptu air—Absalom, pay attention, and be ready to applaud.

I.

Give me not thy sighs at parting,
 True-loved Emmeline;
 Let no tear-drop, sadly starting,
 Dim those eyes of thine.
 Sighs and tears may suit those ever,
 Who hopeless meet and hopeless sever;
 But grief and gloom should darken, never,
 O’er those who love as we,
 Emmeline!
 O’er those who love as we.

II.

Let thy sunny eyes discover
 Love’s trustful sweetness now,
 As my lips bend fondly over
 To touch thy bright fair brow.
 Smiles and vows, breathed low and sweet,
 Not sighs and sorrowing tears, should greet
 Those who part, and hope to meet
 With hearts unchanged as ours,
 Emmeline!
 With hearts unchanged as ours.

ABSALOM.—Bravo, Jack! you have certainly extemporised a very original air. In the first place, it has no particular melody, which is a great advantage in managing the words; and next, no two phrases in the music are similar, which evidences fertility of genius and a freedom of composition. And now, let us all to bed, for we must be astir early in the morning.

“Mary! Jeanie! Maggie! Annie! or whatever is your name, come here, girl; don’t be frightened, I only want a tub of water!”

’Twas the voice of Absalom ringing through the lonely inn of Crianlarich. Bishop and I, who slept in the same room, were up in a moment; and in a reasonable time we were all assembled in the room where we supped on the preceding evening.

“Now,” said Absalom, “we breakfast at Luib; so look sharp, for time is precious.”

“And how far off may that desirable locality be?” asked Jack.

“Just seven miles and a bittock,” was the reply. “I have been prowling about the stable-yard, and have negotiated the hire of a market-car and a bare-legged gillie to drive the pony.”

“Has the car springs, Absalom?” asked Bishop; “for look, if it has not, I would prefer to walk. In the one case you may get a blister on your foot——”

“But in the other,” said I, finishing the sentence reputably, “your whole body is in danger of being reduced to a gelatinous substance.”

“It is certainly elevated on certain pieces of rigid iron, which may be denominated springs by courtesy; but never mind, it will give you all the better appetite.”

This matter being arranged, and the rashers of the Calydonian boar paid for, we clambered into the cart, Absalom and the gillie in the front, and Bishop and myself in the hinder part, seated on chairs and smoking cigars; and so we jogged along, at first slowly, till the pace of the poney was somewhat accelerated by the incessant proddings of Absalom’s walking-stick. Traversing a wild stretch of land, we soon came in sight of Loch Dochart, lying beneath us to the left, while the Braes of Balquhiddler rose high on the right in the distance, and nearer still the lofty Benmore. Bishop was in excellent force, and contrived to amuse himself with the simplicity of our rustic charioteer, who detailed to him the wonders of the moving island of Loch Dochart; and so, in due time, we reached our destination.

When we had breakfasted, Absalom spread out his chart upon the table, and thus delivered himself:—

“Now, gentlemen, commences our pedestrian performance; I shall arrange with the hostess to forward our baggage to Aberfeldy, which we must reach to-night. It is just eight miles to Killin; thence we shall proceed along the shore of Loch Tay, which will afford us a delectable ramble of some sixteen miles more to Kenmore, from which Aberfeldy is but six miles distant.”

“That is to say,” said Bishop, “my good Absalom, you prescribe to us a stroll of some thirty miles; well, we shall have good appetites for supper. Pray when do you propose that we shall dine?”

“As to dinner,” replied Absalom dictatorially, “I would have you to understand that, unless under very peculiar circumstances, I do not mean that you shall indulge in any such absurdity. It is a meal particularly to be eschewed——”

“I would rather hear you say *chewed*,” interjected Jack, with mournful comicality.

“Particularly avoided, I say,” continued the other, “by the pedestrian, inasmuch as it knocks up his marching powers for the rest of the day; but I shall allow you a moderate roadside refection, in the way of a sandwich, with which I shall take care our worthy hostess shall supply us. You have got *aqua vite* in your flasks, and springs shall not be wanting among the hills to contribute the *aqua fontana*. And now grasp your sticks, fling your plaids across your shoulders, and be trudging, for it is near nine o’clock.”

Off we started at a good round pace and in high spirits. The day was as delightful as heart could wish; warm and sunny, yet tempered with the fresh breezes from the mountain. Before long our plaids became rather burthensome

to us, and Bishop and myself began to regret that we had not sent them with our baggage.

"You would have done very foolishly," said Absalom, "they may be a little troublesome just now, but depend upon it you will not be sorry to have them when the evening is coming. But in the name of all that is comical did any one ever see plaids put on in such fashion? Why Jonathan you have wrapped yours round you for all the world as an old woman would put on a cloak; and, look there at Bishop, one end flung over his shoulder and the other trailing along the road as an Irishman drags his coat through a fair when he is looking for a fight."

Hereupon Absalom took upon himself to *bush* us, and seizing me he proceeded to wind the scarf over one shoulder and under the opposite arm, and then round the waist, and then in some other direction, till he had me swathed up as neatly as an Egyptian mummy. Bishop watched the operation with an ominous silence and a discontented look, and as Absalom approached him he started back with a refractory gesture.

"Haud aff your hans frae me, mon, I tell ye. Haud aff your hans—may the muckle deil flee awa' wi' me gin I'se let ye wind all that wool about me—do ye tak me for an auld wife's spindle? Na, na, ye maun e'en let me gae my ain gaet."

While Absalom and Bishop were disputing this point with peculiar pertinacity, an old highland shepherd came up towards us on his way to Luib. He was a spare, hale, hardy fellow, who trudged along with a step little impaired by years. Bishop caught sight of him and cried—

"There now, Absalom, that's something like a natural way of wearing a plaid and I shall forthwith patronise it."

Jack went up to the old man, who very cheerfully indoctrinated him in the manner of putting the scarf round his shoulder, and arranging the ends in such a fashion that they formed a very convenient pocket, as appeared by the old man having a pair of carding combs stowed away in that manner.

This point being settled, we pushed on through Glen Dochart, having the river on our left, beyond which there was a stretch of fine hill scenery, and right ahead the lofty summit of Ben Lawers.

"Now, Jonathan, there's what I call a picture," said Bishop, as we approached the straggling little village of Killin. "How beautifully that river winds through the low grounds! How impetuously it rushes round that island, out of whose rocks you see the firs shooting up so luxuriantly. There now it goes dashing over those rocky steps and down by the saw-mill, and under the bridge."

"And see," said Absalom, "farther on, that sweet, placid stream that glides down through Glen Lochy, and mingles its waters with the Dochart, and then they both flow on through verdant banks and overhanging trees to Loch Tay."

"Ay, Sir, 'tis beautiful—such a picture, too, we sometimes find in human existence. Some gentle being committing her calm and placid life to him who hastes impetuously through every obstacle to take her to his bosom, and then her gentleness tempers his ardour, and his energy sustains her weakness, and so they go on together, each the better of the other, through the flowers and the verdure of the world, till they pass away into the gulf that absorbs us all."

"Upon my word, Jonathan, that's mighty sentimental, be so good as to make a note of it."

"Shall we make a pilgrimage to Fingal's grave?"

"Fudge," said Bishop, "leave Fingal to Macpherson. But step aside for a moment into that beautiful fir-clothed island. What's this square, dingy pile in the midst of the gloom of those magnificent pines?"

"Oh, that's the tomb of the Macnabs."

"And very snug-lying it is, upon my word. But look at this fir-tree by the side of the river, what an extraordinary specimen of spontaneous grafting."

"That branch, no doubt, was splintered by a storm, and so hung across the other tree, and the constant swaying to and fro rubbed off the bark of each, till the two trees became united."

"A very good illustration," said Bishop, "of what patience and perseverance will do, and how many an ill-assorted couple contrive to rub down their differences, and jog on comfortably through life. So set that down in your notes against your high-flown simile, Jonathan."

After we had walked a few miles along the beautiful shore of Loch Tay, Bishop drew up at a gate which led into a verdant field, sloping downward to the lake.

"Not another foot will I go forward, Absalom, till I have had that 'moderate road-side refection' which you promised this morning. Remember we had nothing since we set out, but a bottle of ale, and another of porter, at Killin."

"For which I paid the extravagant sum of one shilling a bottle," growled Absalom.

"Well, no matter: turn in here now, and we'll discuss our sandwiches on the green-sward, and rest for half-an-hour or so. What say you, Jonathan?"

"With all my heart," said I; "the smell of them has been titillating my nostrils, and stimulating my stomach, this half-hour."

"I wish," said Jack, when we had finished our sandwiches, "we had a bottle or two of mine host of Killin's costly porter."

"We must be contented with Absalom's *aqua fontana*, and a dash of Glenlivet in it," said I.

"Just call it water, Jonathan, weak, washy water; your fine names will not make it go down a whit more pleasantly. What says the Scottish bard Ferguson of this same *aqua fontana* :—

"This is a name that doctors use,
Their patients' noddles to confuse;
Wi' simples clad in terms abstruse
They labour still,
In kittle words to gar you roose
Their want of skill

"But we'll hae nae sic clitter-clatter,
And, briefly to expound the matter,
It shall be called guid caller water;
Than whilk, I trow,
Few drugs in doctors' shops are better
For me or you."

"A capital *drug*, sir, is this same water, I admit; but then you must administer it, like all drugs, cautiously, and in small quantities. I would as soon prescribe a pint of laudanum as a pint of water, in a single dose."

"Come, Jack, no more of your grumbling, but give us a song," said Absalom.

"A song—a song! What! with my stomach full of water? Were I to attempt such a folly, I would produce a sound just like the gurgling of a water-pipe."

"Well, Jonathan, have you anything for us, while we rest our limbs, and look around us."

"I'll try. Do you remember the little island in Loch Dochart, that the gillie told us floats about?"

"Ay, Jonathan, like a toast in a tankard."

"Well, then, I'll endeavour to call to mind a legend which I read concerning its origin in some ancient Scottish chronicler; so listen :—

THE FLOATING ISLAND.

A LEGEND OF LOCH DOCHART.

ONE night in midsummer, a long, long time ago—so long ago that I may not venture to assign the date—the moon shone down, as it might have done last night, over the wild, lone shore of Loch Dochart. Upon a little promontory on its southern margin stood a girl, meanly clad, wasted, and wayworn. In her arms she bore a little babe, wrapped up in the folds of a plaid; and as she bent her thin, pallid face over that of the child, her rich, long, yellow hair fell in a shower around her, unconfined either by *snood* or *curch*. One might have taken her for Magdalene, in her withered beauty, her penitence, and her grief; but other than Magdalene, in her passionate despair. She looked around her, and a shudder shook her feeble frame. Was it the chill of the night mist?—it might be; for

as her eye wandered away towards the hills beyond, northward, the mists were creeping along their sides, and she saw the moonlight gleaming on a lowly cot, amid a fir grove. 'Twas the home of her parents, the home of her happy childhood, her innocent youth. She looked again at the little one in her bosom; it slept, but a spasm of pain wrung its pale, pinched, sharp features. It appeared to be feeble and pining, for sleepless nights and days of grief and tears had turned the milk of the mother to gall and poison, and the little innocent drank in death—death, the fruit of sin in all climes and ages. Gently she laid the little one by the margin of the water, amid the green rushes; and the breeze of night sweeping by murmured plaintively to them, and caused them to sigh, and rock to and fro around the infant. Then the poor mother withdrew a space from the babe, and sat her down upon a white stone, and covered her face with her long, thin, bloodless hands. She said in her heart, as Hagar said, "Let me not see the death of the child." And she wept sore, for the poor girl loved the babe, as a mother, like her, only can love her babe, with a wild, passionate, absorbing love, for it is her all, her pearl of great price, which she has bought with name and fame, with home and friends, with health and happiness, with earth and, it may be, with heaven. And she thought bitterly over that happy home, where a few months since, in the gloaming of the autumn's eve, she sat on the heathery braes, and tripped along the brink of the warbling burn, or milked the kine in the byre, or sang to her spinning-wheel beside her mother, near the ingle. Next came the recollection of one who sat beside her in the braes, and strayed with her down the burn; who won her heart with his false words, and drew her from the holy shelter of her father's roof, to leave her in her desolation amongst the southern strangers. And now, with the faithfulness—though not with the purity or trustfulness—of the dove, she was returning over the waste of the world's dark waters to that ark which had sheltered her early years—from which no father had sent her forth. That ark is in sight; but the poor bird is weary from her flight, and she would even now willingly fold her wings and sink down amid the waters, for she is full of shame and fear and sorrow. Ah! will her father "put forth his hand and take her in, and pull her in unto him into the ark," with the glory of her whiteness defiled, her plumage ruffled and drooping? Ah! will her mother draw her again to nestle within her bosom, when she sees the dark stain upon her breast, once so pure and spotless? The poor girl wept as she thought these things—at first wild and bitterly, but at length her sorrow became gentler, and her soul more calm, for her heavy heart was relieved by the tears that seemed to have gushed straight up from it, as the dark clouds are lightened when the rain pours from them. And so she sobbed and mused in the cold, dreary night, till her thoughts wandered and her vision grew dim, and she sank down in slumber—a slumber like that of childhood, sweet and deep. And she dreamed that angels, pure and white, stood around: and, oh! strange and charming, they looked not on her as the unfallen ones of the world—the pure and the sinless in their own sight—looked upon her through the weary days of her humiliation—scornfully, loathingly, pitilessly; but their sweet eyes were bent upon her full of ruth, and gentleness, and love; and tears like dew-pearls fell from those mild and lustrous orbs upon her brow and bosom, as those beautiful beings hung over her, and those tears calmed her poor wild brain, and each, where it fell upon her bosom, washed away a stain. Then the angels took the little one from her breast, and spread their wings as if for flight; but she put forth her arms to regain her child, and one of the bright beings repressed her gently, and said—

"It may not be—the babe goes with us."

Then said she to the angel, "Suffer me also to go with my child, that I may be with it and tend it ever."

But the angel said in a voice of sweet and solemn earnestness, "Not yet—not yet. Thou mayest not come with us now, but in a little while shalt thou rejoin us, and this our little sister."

And the dreamer thought that they rose slowly on the moonlit air, as the light clouds float before a gentle breeze at evening; then the child stretched forth its arms towards her with a plaintive cry, and she awoke and sprang forward to where her child lay. The waters of the lake rippled over the feet of the mother, but the babe lay beyond in the rushes at the point of the promon-

tory where she had laid it. The bewildered mother essayed to spring across the stream that now flowed between her and the island, but in vain; her strength failed her, and as she sank to the earth she beheld the island floating slowly away upon the waveless bosom of the lake, while eldritch laughter rang from out the rushes, mingled with sweet tiny voices soothing with a fairy lullaby the cries of the babe that came fainter and fainter on the ear of the bereaved mother, as the little hands of the elfin crew impelled the floating island over the surface of Loch Dochart.

Some herdsmen going forth in the early morning found a girl apparently lifeless lying on the edge of the lake. She was recognised and brought to her early home. When she opened her eyes her parents stood before her. No word of anger passed from the lips of her father, though his eye was clouded and his head was bowed down with sorrow and humiliation. Her mother took the girl's head and laid it on her bosom—as she had done when she was a little guileless child—and wept, and kissed her, and prayed over her. Then after a time she came to know those around her and where she was, and she started up and looked restlessly around, and cried out with a loud and wild cry, “My child! Where is my child?”

Near the spot where she had been discovered was found a portion of a baby's garment. The people feared the child had been drowned, and searched the loch along its shores. Nothing, however, was found which could justify their suspicions; but, to the astonishment of the searchers, they discovered in the midst of the lake a small island, about fifty feet in length, and more than half that in width, covered with rushes and water-plants. No one had ever seen it before, and when they returned with others to show the wonder, they found that it had sensibly changed its position. The home-returned wanderer whispered into her mother's ear all her sin and all her sorrow. Then she pined away day by day. And when the moon was again full in the heavens, she stole forth in the gloaming. She was missed in the morning, and searched for during many days, but no trace could be found of her. At length some fishermen passing by the floating island, scared a large kite from the rushes, and discovered the decaying body of the hapless girl. How she had reached the island none could say,—whether it drifted sufficiently near the land to enable her to wade to it in her search for her babe, and then floated out again from the shore; or whether beings of whom peasants fear to speak had brought her there. The latter conjecture was, of course, the one more generally adopted by the people, and there are those who say that at midnight, when the moon shines down at the full upon Loch Dochart, he who has sharp ears may hear the cry of a baby mingling with elfish laughter and sweet low songs from amidst the plants and rushes of the floating island.

It was near sunset when we entered the pretty village of Kenmore. If the truth must be told, we found ourselves by no means disposed for further walking. Yet each was unwilling to be the first to propose what the others would have gladly acceded to. Bishop, with his usual readiness, broke the ice.

“Absalom, my dear fellow, I fear you're very tired. I've been watching you for some time, and I pronounce you decidedly *groggy* on the off leg.”

“I'm as fresh as any of you,” retorted Absalom; “though I admit I have got a blister on my right foot.”

“Ah, I knew there was something amiss. So, Jonathan, I think we had better stop where we are to-night. Remember how much our comforts depend upon our friend.”

But Absalom was determined to go forward, so we had to compromise the matter by taking the stage-coach to Aberfeldy.

“Well, what work have you cut out for us to-day, Absalom?”

“Why, first, there's ‘the Birks,’ you know; and the Falls of Moness. This will take some time, for I promise you that you will wish to linger about these sweet sylvan bowers. After that —”

“A moderate refection,” said Bishop.

“Pshaw! Jack. How you interrupt one with your carnalities. After that

I think we cannot do better than follow the guidance of that river which has travelled with us from Loch Tay. I propose, therefore, that we go to Dunkeld, of which my memory retains most happy recollections."

"Be it so; and now for 'the Birks.'"

"What is that stupid-looking girl about, Absalom? Why is she walking on before us with her head poking down to the ground?"

"That's the guide, Jonathan."

"What! can we not stray through these pleasant groves, or sit by the falling waters, without having our privacy infringed and our thoughts distracted by the silly or impertinent remarks of such folk."

"Poor thing!" said Jack, who had been making an inspection of her eyes and tried her conversational powers, "she is not likely to interfere much. She will just answer you when questioned, and look at you when she can't help herself."

"There are guides," said Absalom, "for several purposes in Scotland, and you are rarely permitted to go anywhere without them. First, because the proprietors rent out those natural beauties, which should be free to all men to look at; and next, lest you may run away with anything, you are placed under guard."

"I can understand, when one visits a mansion or a demesne, the propriety of the servant or the woodranger attending, but here it is preposterous, except for the purpose of levying a disreputable tax upon tourists. Do they think we mean to steal the birches to make brooms, or to drink up the Moness?"

I sat upon the rustic seat where Burns had so often sat, and I looked around upon the scene which he has painted with such exquisite fidelity—the foaming stream with the mists rising from it, the fragrant shaws, the flower-crowned cliffs, and the yellow sunshine blinking through the birch and hazel, the ash and the fir—and I could almost fancy that the charm of his presence was still fresh upon them all. Glorious privilege of genius—how godlike thy power! how noble thy mission! immortalising that from which thou drawest thine own immortality; mingling thy own soul with the soul of Nature, and living ever a portion, as it were, of that physical beauty which thou didst feed on long after the form which thou hast animated is mingled with its kindred dust! Who has ever wandered by the banks of the Ayr or the Doon, through the Birks of Aberfeldy, or Braes of Ballochmyle, and did not feel that Burns was an essential part and parcel of each of them—the *genius loci* who gave to its sunshine a purer light, to its shades a holier gloom, to its trees a tenderer green, and to its flowers a richer hue, making the air more fresh and the song of the birds more sweet—that would not confess, were the spell of that spirit off his heart, that he had seen many a spot as fair, yet seen it without as keen a pleasure, and left it without as deep a sigh. A bulfinch at this moment broke out into a delicious warbling high above my head, and broke my musings. I looked up and saw him upon the spray of a mountain ash that overhung the rock above me, and I repeated involuntarily the lines of the poet:—

"While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy."

As we returned towards the town our minds were full of these influences.

"What a vast deal has the genius of Burns done for his country," said Absalom, "even in the matter of attracting hundreds to visit the spots which he has made celebrated throughout the world."

"And Scott still more," said Bishop; "those wondrous descriptions of scenery scattered through his novels and his poetry, and the classic charm that he has thrown around a thousand spots scarce heard of before his time, have turned a stream of wealth, rich as Pactolus, in upon his native land."

"I have often regretted that Moore has done so little for his own country in that way. The mass of his songs are not essentially Irish. Had he sung the romantic legends of Ireland, or the natural beauties of the South and the West, who shall say how beneficial would have been the influence of his muse. A few sweet lines upon the Meeting of the Waters,—a tender song on St. Kevin's Kathleen—have led many an English visitant of Dublin to wander to those spots

in Wicklow and discover innumerable beauties of nature lying all about that exquisite region."

"Come, Absalom," said Jack, "pay the *land tax* and let us be jogging."

"Well here we are at Dunkeld, a capital location for to-night. So do, my dear fellow, order something good for supper, and we'll just take a stroll through the demesne, and have a look at the falls of the Braan."

Off we set accordingly, and the shades of the evening were deepening into twilight as we returned to the inn and sat down to supper. When we had finished I stirred up Bishop.

"Well, Jack, what have you to say for yourself after all the fine things you have seen to-day?"

"Why, Jonathan, I have not yet very well put my thoughts in order; for, to say the truth, they were turned so topsy-turvy at the falls of the Bran, that it will take a few minutes to sort and label them. Oh, yes—first, the Cathedral—no great things; the demesne—magnificent; and the falls of the Bran flog all nature!"

"Explain yourself, Jack; the fall is not so bad if it was let alone, but I can't quite agree with your commendation."

"Why, now, Jonathan, you're becoming very strange in your notions. I appeal here to Absalom, who is a reasonable sort of body, if he ever saw anything half so grand as my lord duke's kaleidoscope."

"Well, Jack, as you appeal to me, I must say I thought it very ingenious and handsome."

"Bravo, Absalom. Now let *me* describe it. When that very gentlemanly and well-dressed person who did us the favour to take our three shillings as an extorted benevolence towards paying the interest on the Duke's debts, pushed Ossian and Bran into the wall and I entered the apartment, I gave myself up for lost, such a rush of water in every direction, above, below, and around me. I looked out of the window and saw the Bran itself in a very natural and reasonable sort of way tumbling down the rocks when it came to the edge. Well, Sir, I looked into a mirror near me, and what was my astonishment to see the stream dashing right up the rocks back again, and the whole scene turned upside down, reminding me of Mr. Quilp's little boy that was always standing on his head outside the door. Here you saw it running to the right, there to the left; horizontally in this place, and at an angle of forty-five degrees at that. Look where you would you saw nothing but water dashing, and gliding, and creeping, and crawling about you till you sobbed and shuddered as if in a dry shower-bath. I protest I feel yet quite hydrophobic. Watch me well, my dear boys, and if you see the least sign of foam upon my lips, or think by my voice that I am going to bark, seize me, for the love of heaven, and just smother me between two feather beds."

We laughed, of course, at Jack's splenetic sally, and yet I am disposed to agree with him. That room of mirrors,

—— "ill-graced
With baubles of theatric taste,"

is an outrage on nature, "ever averse to pantomime;" and however it may dazzle or surprise at first sight, is sure, upon reflection, to shock the judgment and to leave no pleasurable sensation on the memory.

The mists of morning hung heavily over the Tay as we trudged along its eastern bank, but after a few hours' contest the sun scattered the enemy in every direction, and sent it flying from the field; then he signalized his triumph by lighting up flood and field, hill, and dell, and forest, till they all glittered, and gleamed, and smiled in every imaginable hue of beauty.

"My dear Absalom," said Bishop, when we were about a mile from Moulinearn, "you walk remarkably fresh to-day. There's no keeping up with you."

"Well, I do feel pretty stout. Is anything wrong with you, Jack?"

"Oh, no; but—ah—just a twitch in the side now and then. What would you think, Absalom, of pushing on and ordering the breakfast, and Jonathan I will be up by the time all's ready."

Absalom assented, and struck out at a slapping pace. When he was out of earshot, Bishop said—

“Now, wasn’t that a good dodge? You and I will come in so cool to our breakfast. I hate to take my meals when I’m blown, or to eat them in haste like a Jewish passover. Absalom is a lankish fellow, and it does him no harm.”

When we entered the inn all was in readiness.

“Venison steaks, by Nimrod,” said Jack, raising the cover from a smoking dish, “and salmon fresh and curdy. My dear Absalom, was it not a most fortunate thing that you thought of going on before us. Sly dog, sly dog, I suspect you scented those good things, or, maybe, you’re taking to second sight.”

Off again after breakfast by the beautiful banks of the Tummel, the pretty village of Pitlochrie, and, after a detour to the falls of Tummel, through the pass of Killicrankie, and so to Blair Athol. As we approached the inn a travelling chariot stood before the door, about which half a dozen men, some in kilts and others in trews, were congregated, while mine host, followed by his waiters, were bustling with respectful officiousness to and fro, transferring the luggage into the hall. Absalom put himself in communication with one of the bystanders, and learned that the newly-arrived were Lord John Russell and his lady, with their son, who were proceeding to visit Her Majesty at Balmoral. As soon as the bustle had subsided somewhat, we contrived to get accommodation, and then strolled down the river at the back of the inn. We came up with a party of three persons, one an elderly man, with a pale and somewhat care-worn countenance; he had a white hat, and was amusing himself and his companions, a lady and a little boy, by flinging flat stones along the surface of the mill-pond, so as to make them rebound off the water, or, as it is called by boys, making “ducks and drakes.” We at once recognised the Prime Minister of Great Britain, and, respecting his privacy, and, indeed, much approving of the harmless manner in which he was occupied, we left him to his recreation. And why should not a prime minister make ducks and drakes? Is it not better than making geese and fools, as ministers have in all ages made of mankind? Why should not a weary, hard-worked man put off his cares and a great man his greatness before his wife and child, as a hero puts off his panoply and puts on his *robe-de-chambre* before his valet. Good, my lord, you are very right. Shy away these little slates on the water. May you not only throw off care, but even learn a lesson in philosophy and physics. How heavy bodies, though naturally inclined to fall, may rebound again and again on the waters of life when one thinks they are just going to sink for ever, *if they can be only kept going along*; but the stone is sure to stop sooner or later, and then down it goes, my lord, if it has nothing but water to rest on.

We had scarcely sat down to our evening meal when a young man entered the room, and unslinging from his shoulder a portfolio he placed it with his hat and walking-stick upon a side-table, and asked what he could have for supper. The arrival of the premier and his suite had not only monopolised most of the attendance, but what was worse, had attracted the greater proportion of all eatable things within the sphere of his influence. The waiter, accordingly, knowing the nakedness of the land, adroitly answered the question by asking another—“What would you like, Sir?” Absalom, having a natural talent for anything connected with the commissariat, saw how matters stood in a moment, and to the relief of the servant, and no doubt of the traveller too, invited the latter to join us. The young man readily assented, and we were speedily upon those terms of freedom and good fellowship which travellers generally contrive to establish amongst each other, unless they be very shy or very stupid. There is an instinct in travelling which induces this; superseding the slow and cautious process by which men under other circumstances approach each other and reciprocate cordiality or confidence. When a man enters the public-room of an inn he feels that he is a member of that family which the casualties of wayfaring reconstructs from day to day of different materials. He is on an equality with all around him; he has cast his contribution into the common stock and is entitled to draw upon it freely; and as he knows there is little time for formalities he puts himself in communication with his neighbours as speedily as he may. It is wonderful what fusions take place in this way. What kindness is drawn out of the heart. What intimacies are established, that survive the casualty that creates them. What invitations are given and accepted. How freely the stores of knowledge and experience of

older traveller are placed at the disposal of the younger; and how often in after life we look back with pleasure to some acquaintance formed at the fire-side of the inn. Our companion was an artist from one of the southern shires, and had been wandering through the highlands with his portfolio and his pencil. He had a thorough enthusiasm for his art, and a great pride in the beauties of his native country, upon which he dilated very agreeably, and we were soon comparing our several opinions and impressions of the scenery which we had visited. We spoke of the country through which we had passed during the day in terms of admiration.

"What think you of Killiecrankie?"

"In my opinion," said I, "it is the finest thing of the kind I have ever seen."

"Did you see it from the road only?"

"No, we went along the river."

"Then you *did* see it in reality. They who travel by coach, as most tourists do, have little notion of the loveliness of the pass of Killiecrankie. Tufted and overgrown with a profusion of birch trees springing from the clefts of the rocks, the river is in many places hidden from the sight, and makes its presence known only by its deafening roar; then it suddenly bursts upon the sight, rolling over a precipice, and lashing the waters of a deep pool into a sea of foam, throwing up amid the romance around a scene of gloomy magnificence. Fancy the perils of that pass when threaded by the soldiers of Mackay, before the fine military road was engineered above it, as they picked their steps along a rugged footpath, hanging over a tremendous precipice, over which one false step would inevitably precipitate them."

We were soon quite at home with Mr. Lindsay, and it was agreed that we should all proceed through Glen-Tilt to Castletown-Braemar in the morning.

"Well, how shall we manage? we have no pass."

"Pass be ——," said Bishop, who was waxing quite jolly, hobnobbing the artist. "Sir, the man betrays the cause of the public who condescends to acknowledge the right of this ill-conditioned laird to shut up one of Nature's thoroughfares; one might as well close the Straits of Gibraltar. No, it is a sacred inheritance which I have received from my forefathers and I will transmit unimpaired to my posterity. I will fight my way through the pass, though the Duke and all the bare brecks of Blair Athol stood before me."

We all laughed most heartily at Jack's valiant resolution, and agreed to stand to him.

"Who's for seeing the Falls of the Bruar by midnight?"

"What do you take us for, Jonathan?—to go tramping three miles and back after our day's work; not I, faith, they shall be 'Bruar unvisited' for me. Listen, friends, to my reasons:"—

I.

From far Dunkeld to-day we've stumped,
By Tay and Tummel travelled;
O'er many a burn and brae we've jumped,
And many a maze unravelled.
And now we've reached Blair Athol town,
Just twenty miles—no fewer;
You coolly say, "Let's trudge away
To see the falls of Bruar."

II.

What's Bruar but a waterfall?
And falls we've seen already;
Moness, and Tummel, and the Bran,
Till one's head feels unsteady.
My feet are sore, I'll walk no more,
I'm not so green, if you are;
Whate'er betide, I'll here abide
To-night, nor see the Bruar.

III.

There's famed Glen Tilt right in our way,
 A path of blood and danger ;
 For Athol's breeless Duke doth keep
 The pass against the stranger.
 To meet this cock in his own walk
 's a blue look out—no bluer ;
 Let's keep our strength to force this pass,
 Nor seek the falls of Bruar.

IV.

He bares his ducal breast to fib
 With coves and chimney-sweepers ;
 They mill the chiel—his claret tap,
 And bung up both his peepers.
 Then why should we not have a spree—
 None pluckier are, or truer ;
 We'll try a fall with this fierce Gael,
 Nor heed the falls of Bruar.

“ Hurrah, Bishop. When did you turn poet ? ”

“ *Turn* poet ! What do you mean, Sir ? Poetry is a divine gift ; an aura, an inspiration, not a trade ; men say, *turning* tinker, or judge, or prime minister, or emperor, but POET—never ! But here's my inspiration—brandy, with just enough of vapour from a cigar to create a spiritual mirage that begetteth all shapes and hues of the beautiful :—

“ *Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum ?* ”

“ Ay, Jack, and you might add, upon the same authority—

“ *Quid non ebrietas designat,
 In prælia trudit inermem.* ”

“ I say, what do you mean, Mr. Slingsby—what do you mean, Sir ? ”

“ Oh, no offence I assure you. Absalom, will you see Jack to his room, for I fear he's getting quite ——,” I whispered. “ Good night, Mr. Lindsay.”

After you have passed the plantations and woods of the demesne of Athol Castle, and have left the town some three miles behind you, when the pass is becoming wilder in the Valley of the Tilt, you may perceive on your right hand a small stream. It is the overflowing of a spring that rises a little up the hill side, and creeps unobserved till it gains the crest of a mossy rock, over which its sparkling waters fall trickling into a rustic basin beneath. You must not pass this unnoticed, even though its cool brightness should not tempt you to drink of it. Know that this is a fountain famous through many an age, and now more famed than ever ; nay, it has been fortunate beyond the usual fate of things of ancient and high descent, whether it be ancient blood or ancient water ; for while those generally go down in the world, this fountain has risen very much of late, and its Naiad is now absolutely at the top of the aristocracy of fountain deities. In a word, this little spring was long known as “ the Duke's Well,” being resorted to, as they say, immemorially by the Dukes of Athol, for the peculiar excellence of its water ; and when her Majesty, Queen Victoria, honoured Athol Castle with a visit, and with that love of wild Scottish scenery which has induced her to make a highland home amongst its mountains, rambled into Glen Tilt, she, too, stopped at the little well and drank of its waters, and lo, it is now “ the Queen's Well.”

When we came up to the well, we found two persons there, who apparently had reached it but a few minutes before us. One was a thickset, youngish man, dressed in a suit of shepherd's plaid, and mounted on an old white poney. The other demands a more particular description. He was a thin, tall, muscular man,

as straight as an arrow and as lithe as whalebone, with keen grey eyes, sharp as a hawk's, a hooked nose, and high jaw-bones, over which was strained a skin as brown as a berry. His age was apparently under sixty, though he told us afterwards he was much beyond it. He was attired in an old wood-ranger's suit, which fitted rather tightly to his person; and altogether reminded me of the Leather Stocking of Cooper. He doffed his bonnet, and invited us to a glass of the water.

"Ye'll nae meet sic anither spring the day, your honour," said he, "as the Queen's Well," as he reached me a drinking-horn of the water.

"And I protest it's growing very hot, Absalom," said Bishop, "so we'll just sit down a-while, and hae a crack wi' this unco' decent body."

So we all sat down on the grass.

"Her Majesty, after she once got the taste o' this water," said the old man, "took sic a likin' till't that she garred them bring a bottle of it to the Castle ilka morning."

"That story," whispered Absalom, "is as apocryphal as what the Egyptians affirm of their beloved Nile, that the Sultans of Constantinople are daily supplied with it, and that its waters refresh the inhabitants of Paradise."

The old man, however, was warmed by the subject, and spoke with so much enthusiasm of the visit of the Royal family to the Castle and the well, that we all insensibly caught fire from him.

"Gentlemen," said Bishop, drawing out his flask, "let us all drink her gracious Majesty's health. Mr. Lindsay, fill up with Glenlivet."

"Not a drop of fluid, save that from the Queen's Well, shall pass our lips on such an occasion. More cool than sherbet, more precious than the wine which Houris pour in golden cups to the faithful in Paradise, shall be the pure stream that touched the lips of our Queen."

"Come, Mr. Bishop," said Lindsay, "I'll give you a few verses of a friend of mine on this very Well, if you'll promise us a song after it."

"That I will," said Jack; "and Jonathan will tag a line or two for me. I never compose before dinner."

"Be it so," said I; "and now, Mr. Lindsay, we are waiting."

THE QUEEN'S WELL.

I.

In lone Glen Tilt a trickling stream
Steals through the heathery mountain,
And, gathering on the moss-crowned rock,
Leaps down—a tiny fountain.

II.

The mountaineer that stalks the deer,
From steep Bengloe returning,
His thirst allays from out that fount,
When summer's heats are burning.

III.

And many a time have Athol's lords
Paused by that limpid water,
And cooled their lips, and laved their hands,
Red with the wild-deer's slaughter.

IV.

And noble dames, and maidens bright,
Upon the sward reclining,
Have watched the streamlet, as it fell,
And caught its waters shining.

V.

The spirit of that well, I ween,
From out her crystal waters,
Full many a beauteous face hath seen
Of Scotia's wives and daughters.

VI.

A nobler, fairer far than these
Now stands beside the fountain.—
Pour down thy purest, brightest drops,
Cool, caverned in the mountain!

VII.

A Queen—the Queen of many lands,
From ocean stretched to ocean;
A Queen—the Queen of countless hearts,
That love with deep devotion.

VIII.

No diadem of gold or pearls
Her sunny hair entwineth;
No jewelled zone beneath her breast
Her graceful form confineth.

IX.

No crownèd sceptre in her hand,
No purple robes enfold her;
Rich in the charms of womanhood,
In simple guise behold her.

X.

On one of noblest form and mien,
One pearly hand reposing;
A bright-eyed boy smiles in her face,
The other hand enclosing.

XI.

And round her sport, in childish glee,
A sister and a brother;
She stands a Queen—ay, more than Queen,
A happy wife and mother.

XII.

Her brow is bright, her eye is light,
Light as that glittering fountain;
She looks as if she aye had been
A child of flood and mountain.

XIII.

The chalice now is in her hand,
And smiling round her brightly,
Her red lips touch the crystal brim,
And sip the cool draught lightly.

XIV.

Pass round the cup. First to the Prince
Pass round that limpid water;
Then pass it to the little lips
Of each fair son and daughter.

XV.

Pass round that cup with rev'rent love,
Let each true hand retain it;
On bended knee, with bonnet doffed,
Let peer and peasant drain it.

XVI.

'Tis done! Let cheers from loyal hearts
Ring through the mountain heather.
The brotherhood of human wants
Binds queen and liege together!

"Bravo! bravo! Now, Bishop, your song."

"Wait a moment till Jonathan and I confer on the melody. Ay, that 'll do very well. Now I'm all right. Fill your horns, gentlemen. Come, old fellow, what's your name?"

"Archy Macbeth, your honour."

"All hail, Macbeth! You, neighbour, in the plaids, fill up! No heel taps!"

"HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER."

I.

Come fill up your goblets, my boys, fill them up
With the bright drops that flow from the fountain;
To the toast that I give you must drain every cup,
If that cup were as large as a mountain.
Here's the mightiest monarch on whom the sun shines,
Long, long may her people possess her;
VICTORIA REGINA! The Queen of the isles—
Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her!

II.

Come fill up again. Though the juice of the vine,
In such goblets, might turn a man heady;
A draught pure as this will not harm, I opine,
Nor make loyal toppers unsteady.
Here's the truest of mothers, the fondest of wives,
May heaven with its blessings caress her;
And the loveliest woman we've seen in our lives—
Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her!

III.

Let others get drunk upon Hock or Champagne,
Chateau Margaux, Madeira, or Claret;
Britannia, you know, boys, alone rules the main,
And her element 's water, I'll swear it.
Then here's to the monarch of water and wave,
May no trial or sorrow e'er press her,
May she live in the hearts of the true and the brave—
Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her!

"Now then, take the fire from me—

"HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER."

Hip! hip! hurrah! Hurrah! hurrah!! Hoo-rah. One cheer more,
Hoo-rah-h-h!

And truly we made the hills ring as far as old Bengloe, and the red deer start away to their summits.

"Come," said Absalom, "we've a long walk before us; so let us be moving."

THE LAST OF THE MACARTHYS.

I.

It was an ancient castle,
And proudly did it stand,
With tall grey towers that solemnly
Looked forth o'er sea and land.
The robe of dewy twilight
Has wrapped about its brow,
And many a tree waved round it
The green and shady bough.

II.

And forth a stately noble
Came from the gate alone ;
The spreading lawns, the green arcades,
The towers were all his own ;
Well might he pace on proudly,
And pausing in his bliss,
Marvel if all the earth might hold
A fairer scene than this.

III.

But, lo, he stands to listen,
For on the night breeze near
The sound of a low, fitful wail,
Comes sighing on the ear.
That plaintive tone he follows,
Until his steps are led
To where a stately cedar tree
Uprears its graceful head.

IV.

There kneeled an old man weeping,
Beside that lonely tree,
His white hairs lay upon the ground,
A piteous sight to see.
Who art thou, hoary stranger,
The wond'ring Baron said,
And the old man lifted tremblingly
His grey and downcast head.

V.

I am a houseless wanderer
In the cold world alone,
I was the lord of all that realm
Which now is named thine own.
I held it from my fathers,
A long and lordly line,
The land was won in their good days,
And it was lost in mine !

VI.

With this old hand I planted
In boyhood's blythest years,
This tree which now in sad old age
I water with my tears.
I have but drooped and withered
As it hath reached its prime,
And now I come to look on it,
And weep for the last time.

VII.

For Fate hath dealt unkindly
With me and with my race,
The green isle where my fathers dwelt
Gives me no hiding place.
I go to wear away mine age,
Far from my land of birth,
The last of the Macarthys,
And alone upon the earth.

VIII.

His face the old man covered
His bitter tears to hide,
How should he brook that they were seen
By the chieftain at his side.
In the place where he was nurtured,
And where his fathers slept,
He was a houseless wanderer,
He hid his face and wept !

IX.

Oh wealth, oh power, are traitors
In what the heart condemns,
And the cold world teaches selfishness
To those who wear her gems.
The Baron turned him on his heel,
Cold and unmoved was he,
And he left the old man weeping
Beside the lonely tree.

THE CHURCH OF ROME IN HER RELATIONS WITH SECULAR GOVERNMENTS.*

WE are old enough to remember Alexander Knox, the pious, erudite, and eloquent; whose speculations in matters of religion embraced all that is good in Puseyism, and whose views of civil policy undeniably promoted the cause of what was called Catholic Emancipation. It is among the privileges which years have purchased, to recollect the aphorisms of such a man, and to judge his arguments by the testimony which time has borne to them.

Mr. Knox, we believe, was the most eminent of those speculating politicians who, in latter days, have legislated on the *promissory principle*. Assuming that all men are subject to the same influences, as they were partakers of the same nature, he argues that Roman Catholics could be won to the common cause of country by giving them an adequate interest in it, and could be induced to renounce the acrimony and estrangement of an intolerant religion, by legislation conceded and carried out in a spirit of generosity and confidence.

“Romanism, Sir,” said he, in one of those philosophical outpourings of conversational eloquence by which he so often captivated and carried away his hearers, “Romanism is kept together in these countries not by internal cohesion but by external compression; relieve it from the pressure of unwise laws, deprive it of the strong argument for resistance it finds in the intolerance of your desolating statutes, and you will have withdrawn from it the mainstay which binds it as a permanent and a powerful system.” This, we believe, was the assurance which won to the cause of “emancipation” its most effective supporters, which made it popu-

lar with those whose lives gave to their arguments and predictions the most constraining authority. This was, we need scarcely observe, the assurance which finally prevailed over the strong prejudices and the strong reasons of British Protestants zealous to defend and maintain the constitution, civil and religious, of their country. How it has sped, how the promises made on behalf of Roman Catholics by those who acted as sponsors for them on their “Emancipation,” have been kept, we need not remind our readers.

We do not call up these reminiscences in a spirit of complaint, nor do we charge upon the memory of the upright men who, self-deluded, misled others by their example and their eloquence, the evil they were unconsciously instrumental in accomplishing. They never contemplated the attainment of the object on which they had set their hearts, at so enormous a cost as that by which their ends were attained. They never imagined that the measure which they regarded as a triumph of civil and religious liberty was but to date a new epoch in the system of favoritism, changing its direction, but certainly not improving its character. Least of all, did they foresee that the triumph of “Catholic Emancipation” involved ruin to the party which had withstood it—ruin in that most hopeless of all forms, where reputation and power are overthrown together.

It was the fatality of Catholic Emancipation, that those who represented the principle of opposition to it were the parties by whose secret contrivance it was carried. Had the leaders of the Tory party relinquished office when they felt themselves divested of power,

* “Reports from the Select Committee appointed to report the Nature and Substance of the Laws and Ordinances existing in Foreign States, respecting the Regulation of their Roman Catholic Subjects in Ecclesiastical Matters, and their Intercourse with the See of Rome, or of any other Foreign Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction; with an Appendix. Also, Supplementary Papers relating to the above, together with an Index to the whole, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 25th June, 1816, and 28th March, 1819; and to be reprinted 14th February, 1851.”

“Correspondence respecting the Relations existing between Foreign Governments and the Court of Rome. Presented to the House of Commons, in pursuance of their Address of the 18th February, 1851.”

and left to their adversaries what would have been to them a congenial task, Emancipation would have been "shorn of its strength" for evil. A great body of statesmen remaining in authority, though not in office, would have retained force enough to have prevented the concession granted to the Church of Rome from being grossly abused. When Tories lent themselves to be instruments for their rivals, the State lost their guardianship, and the party whose work they had done became released from all fear of them. The consequences were soon apparent in the enterprises of those whom they most rashly favoured, and in the revolution effected by a people whose natural traditions and convictions—an inheritance most deeply valued—they had outraged and unsettled.

But, with every allowance to their credit that may be made, it must still be acknowledged, that they who offered themselves as sureties on behalf of the Church of Rome knew not the genius of the system for which they took upon them to answer. They judged of Roman Catholics as individuals; they did not duly regard them as members of a system, and subject, as such, to other influences than those with which Protestants are acquainted. They did not know the character of the Church of Rome, or its power over all hearts that acknowledge its authority. They did not know—but who did? No man of ability and influence had this knowledge, with only the exception of those who gave Romanism, not England, the benefit. There was a *Parliamentum indoctum* once—a Parliament unlearned—because it denied admission to those whose profession was law; there was no such exclusion from that legislature which decided the most momentous question on which it could pronounce in a state of ignorance as to its merits, for which the history of the world, perhaps, affords no parallel.

Neither could rational excuse be found for the precipitate legislation of 1829. The Liberals, as they were styled, who usually voted and spoke in favour of Emancipation, argued for a measure which was to be so constructed as that it should afford increased security to the Church and State. The party opposed to measures of concession objected, on the ground that they believed it adverse to the public interest

and dangerous to the constitution. And yet both parties combined in rudely forcing on a reluctant monarch and an indignant people, measures of which, carried as they were, the new supporters as well as the old advisers must have disapproved. No imaginable securities could render them acceptable to one party, and they were not accompanied by the securities which the other party had been accustomed to declare indispensable. We have spoken of the figures of speech which Mr. Knox employed as arguments, and are reminded by the course which our observations have taken, of one of those pieces of conversational rhetoric by which he recommended what was popularly known as "the veto." It was at the time when Mr., now Lord, Plunket, was expected to lead the debate in, we believe, the year 1821. "What are his views as to the securities?" said Mr. Knox. "Will he require a veto on the appointment of the bishops?" "Would it be advisable," asked one of the company, "to involve the State in such a responsibility?" "Sir," said Mr. Knox, suiting the action to the word, "secure the appointment of the bishops and you have the bottle by the neck." The measure, however, was ultimately carried without the security. Protestant leaders would not suffer it to pass when it could be so framed as to be safe, and patrons and partisans excuse themselves for the unwholesomeness of its condition when they had made it law, by that well-known argument of the lobster vender, who conceived herself irresponsible for the disorder her stale wares induced, because, although *she did not sell* the articles until they were tainted, she *had offered them for sale* when they were fresh.

Why those who had long opposed this perilous measure lent themselves, when too late, to the accomplishment of it, they have themselves, upon various occasions, professed to declare. Our readers need not be reminded, in detail, of the nature of these professions. They were, generally, to the effect that they could not administer the public affairs with good effect if they persisted in resisting the "Roman Catholic claims," and that, having to choose between Emancipation and the abandonment of office, they thought it for the interest of the Crown and country to prefer the former. The

reasons by which they were, professedly, influenced to come to this opinion may be learned from their own recorded statements; we will not weary the reader by any remarks upon them. The arguments by which, constituting a Government no longer divided in opinion, a Tory Ministry were influenced to carry Emancipation, are of a different character. They are not personal in their application, they are not ephemeral in their nature, they have been from time to time reproduced for not only the vindication of parties whose inconsistency they were expected to justify and explain, but also in a hope that they would prove satisfactory to the public, and would convince gainsayers that, in the year 1829, the best was done which was practicable under the circumstances. To these reasons, therefore, we invite attention, not in a spirit of idle and unworthy recrimination, but for the purpose of exposing an error very criminal in its nature, very calamitous in its consequences, but not, even to this threatening hour in which we write, irreparable.

On the evening of the 5th of March, in the memorable year 1829, Sir Robert, then Mr. Peel, spoke as follows:—

“I am about to address to the house an argument founded on facts. I am not going to enter into any discussion of abstract principles. I am not going to indulge in any disquisitions or theories of government. I am going to state to the house, as explicitly as I have the power to state them, the grounds on which I have arrived at the conclusion that greater evils would arise from my advising a continued rejection of the adjustment of the Roman Catholic question, than would arise from my advising an attempt to be made to bring it to a satisfactory close. I know, Sir, how unwilling every man is to listen to an argument drawn from a chain of moral consequences. I know that that unwillingness exists as strongly in a public body as it does in private society. I trust, however, that from the long experience I have had of the liberality of so many of my honourable friends in this house, that they will attend to the arguments which I am about to deduce from the practical views which I have taken of the question; and I confess that I am very anxious to learn what answer can be made to that argument. Sir, the outline of my argument is this—that we

are placed in a position in which we cannot remain—that something or other must be done—that we cannot continue stationary—that the evils attendant on divided councils and a distracted cabinet must be put an end to. That is my first position. Not to say what we ought to do, but to assert that we cannot stay where we are. That is my first position. My next is, supposing the case to be as I suppose it to be, and supposing that a Government united upon the subject is desirable, what is the course which such a Government ought to adopt? Sir, one of two courses such a Government must necessarily adopt. *They must either advance or recede. They must grant the Catholics additional political power, or they must deprive them of that which they have already received. They must either remove the barriers which still remain to their acquisition of civil rights, or they must pile those barriers up and render them insurmountable.*”

Such was the argument on which the concession of 1829 was justified. For reasons not disclosed, it was of moment that the Ministry should continue in office; the pressure of public opinion rendered it necessary that they should become a united Government, and having no choice but between Emancipation and a re-enactment of the penal laws, they acted wisely in embracing the “liberal” branch of the alternative. The fallacy in this argument lay in the vice of its assumption. *The whole case at issue was not contained in the statement which professed to define it.* Beside the two courses of which it was presumed ministers must choose one, *there was a third, more advisable,* and (were it not for the unaccountable persistency with which it has been overlooked) we would say, far more manifest than either.

This course was not only manifest in itself, but had been brought under the immediate notice of the Government by which it was disregarded. *It was described and recommended in a communication addressed to a minister of the Crown, and was acknowledged by him.* To the substance of this communication we solicit the reader's earnest attention. In justice to the illustrious dead we name the writer, the Rev. William Phelan, D.D., once a Fellow of the University of Dublin, afterwards Rector, through the discriminating patronage of our revered Primate, of the parishes of Killyman

and Ardtrea.* In respect for the illustrious survivor we do not name the party to whom the counsel was addressed; be it sufficient to observe, that the counsel was given to one whose recommendation of it would have weight with the Cabinet and the country. We apprise the reader that in our statement of this transaction we write from a memory of more than twenty years' standing, but we write with a confidence that we set nothing down in error, much less in malice.

The advice Mr. Phelan tendered respectfully to the King's Minister, he prefaced by a recital of the difficulties with which the Government had to struggle, and of the agencies which pressed upon them the expediency of adjusting "the Catholic claims;" and in this recital, we are strongly persuaded, Mr. Phelan stated the facts of the case with certainly not less clearness or force than Mr. Peel himself. Then came the point of difference between the philosopher and the politician, or rather, between the man of comprehensive mind, who thought of truth, and the country, and its interests,—and the man practised in parliamentary tactics, who thought of the exigences of his party. Mr. Peel said, *you must be prompt*, because parties are urgent on the one side and the other. Mr. Phelan said, *you should be patient*, for the cause is one which cannot be hastily decided. Mr. Peel hurried his party into a precipitate judgment, because, he presumed, time would not be allowed for a hearing of the cause on which the legislature was to adjudicate. Mr. Phelan, while advising a more deliberate course of action, showed how it was possible to insure an indulgent forbearance towards it on the part of those from whom agitation against the Government was most strongly apprehended.

Mr. Phelan's advice was this: call on the Roman Catholic Bishops in Ireland to furnish a genuine, authentic, and complete copy of the Canon Law, as now in authority in their Church. Such a production ought to be accounted indispensable as a pre-requisite for liberal legislation; such a production cannot be hastily prepared. While in process of preparation, the country

will be at peace; and such are the difficulties in the way, that it will require probably two or three years to fashion out a compilation of the Canon Law which will content the Church of Rome, and abide the scrutiny of Protestantism. Thus, argued Mr. Phelan, you will gain time for careful legislation, and you will have procured light to guide it.

This was the course of action which the Government ought to have pursued. Evidence taken before the Parliamentary Committees in 1824–25 had prepared the way before them. The contradictions between the laws of Great Britain and those of the Church of Rome had been partially exposed; the principles of Roman Canon Law had been thoroughly, although not clearly, brought to light; the instability of a Roman Catholic's allegiance to a Protestant Sovereign, and the adverse influences to which it was exposed, had become matter of alarming and well-grounded surmise; and the unsettled state of that law by which his conscience was to be governed, had been acknowledged by some of those through whom it was to be administered. In such a state of things, when it was desired to reconcile the British Constitution and the Roman Catholic religion, the first thing which a wise statesman should desire was, *knowledge of the systems he would reduce to harmony*. The British Constitution he knew—he should know also the Church of Rome; and had he acted on Mr. Phelan's advice, and called for the laws of Romanism, with a view to understand how far the recognition of them, or release from civil disabilities to those who held them, was compatible with security to a Protestant State, the reasonableness of the demand would have been universally acknowledged, and if excitement and irritation were not altogether allayed, they would be directed against the slow procedures of those whose lingering delays retarded the attainment of Emancipation.

Why the sponsors for Emancipation in 1829 declined to take this course *has never been explained*. Again and again apologies have been offered for their misdeed; again and again these

* Ardtrea he obtained in virtue of the Fellowship; Killyman was bestowed on him by the Primate.

apologies have been constructed on the supposition that there was choice only *between two evils*. No reason has ever been assigned why a third expedient, *which was not an evil*, which was good in every aspect* it could be viewed in, was not adopted.

It is with no purpose of abating the reverence due to living worth, or of tarnishing the memory of the dead, that we have related this unknown but memorable transaction. Ours is a higher object. We desire, it must be confessed, to place on record an act so highly creditable to one of our countrymen, among the most eminent for wisdom and worth, while the party to whom he addressed his counsel is yet living. We would desire that he who received this counsel, and acknowledged* the deep interest with which he perused the letter in which it was contained, would search it out, produce it before the legislature, and act upon it. But, independently of these our personal desires, we record and give publicity to the counsel we value, because we believe it not less useful and seasonable for the emergency in which the nation now finds itself placed, than it was when Dr. Phelan proposed it, and when it might have modified very beneficially the ill-judged or ill-contrived measure of Emancipation.

We are, however, by no means sanguine in our expectations that a procedure so direct and so discreet as Dr. Phelan advised will be adopted. The Government has ordered a republication of very valuable returns obtained in 1816; has ordered returns to be made and published of a somewhat similar character in this year of grace, 1851. These are Reports upon the relations subsisting between the Church of Rome and foreign countries; and they are presented to the Parliament and the public with a view to procure for our home policy the benefits of foreign experience in legislation. One thing more is needful, ability to apply this experience to the domestic incidents for which it is needed. In many foreign states the peculiarities of the

Roman Catholic system to which legislation should be directed *are known; in few or none are their dangers underrated. They are not known in England.* Parliamentary debates, for many a dark year gone by, display gross ignorance of them. It is time that such disgrace of legislation were effaced. Dr. Phelan's advice shows how this can be done. Let Roman Catholic Bishops in England be, *even now*, called on to produce their Canon Law—either their acquiescence or their refusal will prove instructive.

Meanwhile, we must not undervalue the knowledge provided for reflecting persons in the two Reports to which we have adverted—that of 1816, which is now reprinted, and that which has been prepared during the current year. We wish it could be insured that Members of Parliament would read them, especially members in communion with that Church which, because it is not permitted to domineer, complains that it is enslaved. But this is not the age in which more than some one or two determined leaders of a party or a section will undergo the toil of reading through these ponderous parliamentary tomes. Such diligence is too mechanical and obscure for our extemporaneous statesmen. They leave the neglected quality to reviewers; and it is, perhaps, as much as we ought to expect, if they will condescend to read our citations. The public, however, has an increasing number of readers, and the time will yet arrive when legislators will follow their example, and great principles will again force their way into Parliament, and give dignity to its discussions.

Of the Reports prepared and reprinted in this year, the first we owe to the Papal Aggression; the latter to the persevering exertions of Sir John Cox Hippisley, who was desirous of reconciling Emancipation with security to the public interest, and who sought such aids as foreign government afforded for the construction of the liberal measures he projected. The

* The acknowledgment bears date September 25th, 1828. Omitting the name of the writer, we subjoin a copy of it:—

“ London, September 25th, 1828.

“ ——— presents his compliments to Mr. Phelan; ——— has received his letter, and the enclosure, for which he is much obliged. He has perused it with much interest.”

great object to be obtained was a knowledge of the relations subsisting between foreign states and the Church of Rome; and especially to ascertain how far the indulgence of the State might be extended with advantage, and how far the Church could submit, without forfeiture of principle or character, to such restrictions as governments imposed upon it.

With this view, the subjects of inquiry were principally two:—1. The appointments of Roman Catholic clergy, and more especially of the Episcopal order; 2. The conditions on which Papal rescripts could be introduced and published in the countries for which they were designed; and, “under a third head, such other matters of ecclesiastical regulation as do not immediately fall under either of the two preceding divisions.”*

Such were the subjects of inquiry to which the Committee in 1816 felt themselves limited. They take care to observe that they “refrained from adverting to any question of theological controversy, however it might appear to be mixed with points of disciplinary regulation, their object having been strictly to investigate and report facts, as they appear to be substantiated by documents, or other admissible testimony, in order to present to the House, as distinctly as their materials would allow, a view of that system of polity which, under different shades of variation, appears to obtain in the various states of Europe, with respect to ecclesiastical regulation, as it refers to their subjects of the Roman Catholic communion, and their intercourse with the See of Rome.”†

We do not quite concur in the views of the Committee respecting the propriety of their abstinence from all points of theological controversy. They are points, we admit, of delicacy, and demand much caution and self-government in the managing; and yet it may be necessary to take them into account. Knowledge of the regulations which, either for indulgence or restraint, they have rendered necessary, may be useless without consideration of them. *As to the truth and origin of religious dogmas*, a State may feel itself not called upon to inquire, as it confesses itself unable to pronounce; but *the tendency of a doctrine* becomes a legitimate, a ra-

tional, and a necessary subject of inquiry in every well-constituted state. If treason, perjury, murder were inculcated by any description of men as matters of duty, surely the fact of their having aggravated depraved morals by the blasphemy which pronounced them religion, should not screen them from investigation and exposure. This is, we admit, an extreme case, but it is by extreme cases general principles are best tested; and unless the peremptory refusal to inquire into matters of controversy be applicable to such matters of doctrine as we have imagined, it ought to have been less positively pronounced.

Under each head of inquiry the Committee‡ thought it desirable to distinguish between regulations obtaining in those states which are in communion with the See of Rome, those of the *non-united* Greek, or *Russian* Church, and those of the Augsburg and Helvetican Confessions, constituting the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches. The Roman Catholic states are—1. Austria; 2. Milan and Austrian Lombardy; 3. The Venetian States; 4. Tuscany; 5. Naples and the Two Sicilies; 6. The States of Sardinia, Piedmont, and Savoy; 7. France; 8. Spain; 9. Portugal; 10. The Roman Catholic cantons of Switzerland. The Committee have given, in addition to the intelligence derived from those ten Roman Catholic states, the result also of their researches into the proceedings of a Congress held by the four electoral Archbishops of Germany, in August, 1786.

Under the head of the Greek Church, the Committee reported on the relations between the Empire of Russia and the Church of Rome, a Report in which the British Empire also finds an incidental notice. The Protestant countries from which intelligence was procured, were—1. Denmark; 2. Sweden; 3. Prussia; 4. The Netherlands; 5. Hamburg; 6. Saxony; 7. Wurtemburgh; 8. Hanover; concluding with regulations existing in the British colonies.

We shall follow the order observed by the Committee in such comments as we offer on their Report, reserving, however, the case of the four archbishops for separate consideration.

1. *Austria*.—Here, at the date of the

* Report, p. 4.

† Ibid., p. 3.

‡ Ibid., p. 4.

Report, in the year 1816, "the bishops are nominated or appointed by the Emperor," with the exception of "the Archbishop of Olmutz," who is elected by the chapter. As King of Hungary, the Emperor has *the sole right of appointing bishops* of the Latin and Greek Churches, and also of appointing titular bishops in the Turkish dominions. "In Hungary, all bishops appointed by the sovereign immediately perform every part of their functions which relate to jurisdiction, *before they have been confirmed by the Pope;*"* and although they do not exercise this right under similar circumstances in other parts of the empire, yet it is "the express declaration of the Austrian law, that bishops hold their power, as well in respect of orders as jurisdiction, *immediately from God.*"† It is positively enjoined that *the episcopal oath* shall "neither be given nor taken in any other than its original and proper sense of a mere canonical obedience to the Pope, in no wise infringing upon the rights of the Emperor, or on the duties, as subjects, to which the bishops are sworn by the particular oath of allegiance and fidelity to their sovereign, *which they are obliged to take after their nomination, and previous to their taking the pontifical oath.*"‡ "In all elections and appointments of the ministers of religion, the right of the sovereign to exclude those of whom it may justly be feared that they might abuse their power to the injury of the State, or at least defeat the expectation which the State is entitled to form of the ministers of the Church, is most distinctly asserted; and this maxim pervades the whole Austrian code."§

With respect to the second branch of inquiry conducted by the Committee, a single citation from their Report is all that we feel it necessary to offer:—

"The Placitum Regium, as admitted in Austria, is—'the right of requiring that all ecclesiastical statutes and ordinances be submitted to the State before their publication, and of prohibiting their publication whenever they are found to relate to objects not essential to the legitimate ends of the Church, or *obnoxious to the interests of the State.* And this right extends not merely to rescripts or regulations of discipline, but to those also

which are dogmatical, as something might be added to them in the mode of their publication or penal sanction which is not a point of doctrine.

"In execution of this power it is provided by the Austrian laws—That all Papal rescripts, as well originals as authenticated copies, are to be laid before the provincial Government, and afterwards transmitted to the supreme tribunal, along with the opinion of the attorney-general and of the provincial government. That this is to be observed not only with regard to newly emitted bulls, briefs, or other regulations of the Pope, but also with regard to *Papal rescripts of former times, at which ever period they may have been issued*, so that whoever desires to make use of them is bound to obtain the imperial *placet.*"||

Under the third head of their inquiry, the Committee make various communications. One passage we extract:—

"It is clearly established by the Austrian laws, that an appeal may be made to the sovereign against any abuse of the ecclesiastical power, in which case it is his duty, or that of the civil judge acting on his behalf, to pronounce sentence, if the matter relates to the defence of civil rights, to the maintenance of the tranquillity and safety of the country, or to the integrity of its privileges."¶

2. To "the Milanese and Austrian Lombardy the Emperor Joseph II. extended most of the regulations which still constitute a great part of the ecclesiastical law of Austria;" but the Committee had not received sufficient information as to "how far these laws continued in force." In Lombardy the censure of books was confided to royal censors; the royal right of superintendence over episcopal seminaries was to be "enforced with regard both to the discipline AND THE DOCTRINE taught in the same;" and "the monasteries were rendered so entirely independent of foreign jurisdiction, that the law of Lombardy only allowed the provincials or heads of national congregations, who might have been newly elected, to apprise the General of the order of their election, by a simple letter of notification, under a loose seal,

* Report, p. 5.
§ Ibid., p. 6.

† Ibid.
|| Ibid.

‡ Ibid.
¶ Ibid., p. 8.

which letter was to be laid before the Government, and if it were found conformable to its regulations, the Government was to send it to the Imperial Minister at Rome, and the answer of the Government was to be received in like manner; and if anything of consequence occurred on such an occasion, the Government was to inform the Emperor of it."*

3. In the *Venetian States* the two Patriarchs of Venice and Aquileia were chosen by the Senate. "The latter, whose jurisdiction extended over all the continental possessions of the Republic, was compelled to choose a noble Venetian for his *condjutor*."

"With the collation of the inferior clergy to ecclesiastical benefices, neither of these prelates was permitted by the secular power to interfere.

"On a vacancy occurring in any episcopal see, the names of three ecclesiastics were transmitted by the senate to Rome, and the requisite bull of institution was sent by the Pope to the first on the list."

The following notice respecting the tribunal of the Inquisition is worthy of attention:—

"While the Inquisition existed at Venice, the inquisitors consisted of the Patriarch, the Papal Nuncio, and the Superior of the Dominicans; but three senators always attended their meetings, whose presence was necessary to give validity to every act; when the senators disapproved they immediately left the room, and put an end to all further proceedings."†

4. The *Tuscan Government*, when a bishopric is vacant, sends four names to the Pope, recommending, by means of the Minister at Rome, that of the person designated to fill the vacancy. There is no instance of an appointment other than that of which the State approves, and rather than submit to another, sees have been left vacant until "the differences" with the Papacy, which have occasioned the delay, have been adjusted.

Under the other heads of inquiry the Committee report, that in Tuscany "mandates of excommunication were prohibited, unless provided with a royal exequatur." "Bishops were

ordered to communicate their triennial Reports to the Grand Duke before they were sent to Rome;" and "the Papal Nuncio was to be considered merely is an ambassador from the Court of Rome, and have no more power than any other resident foreign minister."‡ All his jurisdiction over clergy, secular and regular, was abolished.

5. *Naples and the two Sicilies*.—In Sicily, "by virtue of the right termed royal or *regale*," the nomination to all bishoprics is exclusively in the Crown, which presents to all benefices originally endowed by the kings, and to all other benefices during a vacancy in the episcopal see to which their patronage belongs.

The kings of Sicily have the privilege of being "Legates by birth," and exercise the privilege by means of an ecclesiastic of the kingdom.

6. *Sardinia*.—The king has the absolute nomination to bishoprics and the great Church benefices, and has power also to interdict the execution of bulls, &c. &c. Both these powers are vested in the Sovereign in virtue of a brief of Pope Nicholas V., issued in the year 1451.§

7. *France*.—The State has similar powers, and exercises them not in virtue of any concordat or brief, but by its own inherent authority. During the revolutionary period there were negotiations with the Papacy, and by a concordat between Pius VII. and the chief consul of the Republic, ratified in 1801, it was declared, that "the nominations to bishoprics which became vacant in future shall belong to the chief consul, and canonical institution shall be administered by the Holy See."

8. *Spain*.—The sovereign exercises similar power in the appointment to bishoprics, and the authorising or instituting Papal rescripts, &c. &c. The episcopal oath, too, is qualified by a very significant clause, as taken by bishops in Spain:—

"About the middle of the last century it was also ordained by the king, that the archbishops and bishops in the Peninsula should, in their oath of consecration, include the clause of fidelity to the king and of deference to his prerogatives, and those who of late years

* Report, p. 11.

† Ibid., p. 12.

‡ Ibid., p. 14.

§ Ibid., p. 16, 17.

have been sworn, have concluded their oaths in the following words:—‘ All this without prejudice to the legal rights and legitimate customs, usages, agreements, laws ; and to my entire submission to my Lord Ferdinand, King of the Spains and the Indies. So help me God, and these holy Gospels of God.’ ”*

This clause was introduced into the oath, it appears, by royal authority, and was, as may well be imagined, far from acceptable to the Pope. Circumstances, in the eventful year 1814, encouraged a hope that the obnoxious interpolation might become condemned and be discontinued. Application was accordingly made to the Government of Spain, but was made without effect.

“ *Resolution of the King in Council.*—That no innovation shall be made in the clause of the oath taken by the bishops elect, respecting the acknowledgment of royal prerogatives; the omission of which clause was demanded by the Papal Nuncio, January 12th, 1815.

“ By a royal order communicated to the council by his excellency Don Pedro Leocellos, on the 29th of November, 1814, a note of the Papal Nuncio was transmitted to them for their consideration, wherein it was required that the clause respecting the obedience and deference to the royal prerogatives should be omitted in the oath taken by the archbishops and bishops in Spain at the time of their consecration. The council having taken into consideration this note, with the observations upon it of the king’s advocate, have deemed it proper to suggest to his majesty, that he would be pleased to direct either an answer to be returned to the most reverend Nuncio, or a representation to be made to his holiness through the minister at the Court of Rome, importing that, inasmuch as *his majesty had been better informed on the subject no innovation* would take place relative to the point in question. His majesty has been pleased to agree with the foregoing suggestion, and has given orders to his secretary of state to write accordingly.”†

9. *Portugal.*—The State is not less powerful here. We shall content ourselves with one citation from the Report. The British Minister, in the same despatch, mentions the following fact :—

“ A *Portuguese* clergyman intimate with the *Nuncio*, who had written the enclosed pamphlet in support of the *Italian* or *ultramontane* doctrines, having been refused the licences necessary to publication, *printed the work in England.* A number of copies having been distributed in this country, the principles they inculcated attracted the notice of the censor, who immediately drew up and transmitted to the Government the very able review I forward; not only at once going over all the points which have been submitted to my consideration by *Sir John Cox Hippisley*, but setting forth the actual law of the kingdom, showing the dangerous tendency of the doctrines supported by the Court of *Rome* in Portugal, and inducing the Government to direct the *Procurador da Corva*, or attorney general, to commence legal proceedings against the author.”‡

10. *Roman Catholic Cantons of Switzerland.*—The rule for episcopal appointments varied. In some Cantons the Pope, in some the Government, appear to have exercised the right of patronage. In the year 1814, the Canton of Friburgh renounced its right to appoint a Bishop, “remitting it to the Pope.” “In the Valois the Chapter proposes four individuals to the Diet, which selects one and presents him to the Pope, *who first rejects, and then names him, as of his own authority.*”§

The Swiss, it appears, “resisted the publication of the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, and of certain bulls and decretals, such as the bull in *Cœna Domini*,” &c.

Such are, in brief outline, the notices contained in the Report of 1816, respecting the relations between the Church of Rome and foreign states in communion with it. In addition to these notices of the usages of secular states, there was one of great moment in the proceedings of an ecclesiastical body, that of a Congress held at the Baths of Ems by the four Archbishops of Germany, dated the 25th of August, 1786.”|| In the resolutions adopted at this Congress, “the ancient discipline of the German Church is asserted, with respect to nominations and elections to ecclesiastical benefices, and it is declared—that *no bulls, briefs, or*

* Report, App. p. 203.
§ Ibid., 26.

† Ibid., App., 203.
|| Ibid., p. 9.

‡ Ibid., p. 25.

ordinances of the Pope, shall be binding on the Bishops, unless the latter signify their formal assent." They also declare that the oath required for bishops *derised by Pope Gregory VII. and inserted in the decretals*, which enforces the duties *belonging to a vassal*, rather than canonical obedience, OUGHT TO BE NO LONGER TAKEN, the more especially as the German episcopacy thereby actually bind themselves to what, as members of the Empire, they cannot possibly observe. Another oath, therefore was to be substituted in its stead, so worded as not to trench on the Pope's *primacy*, or the rights of the bishops.

We need not dwell long on the returns procured respecting states not in communion with the Church of Rome.

1. In *Russia* it appeared that the Archbishop of Mohilow was to receive his "orders" only from the Empress and the Senate, and that all the religious orders of the Roman Catholic religion were to be dependant on him (Archbishop of Mohilow) "alone, or his coadjutor, and on his consistory, interdicting submission to any other ecclesiastical power out of the empire, or to send such power any portion of their incomes, or to have any connexion with it, under the penalty of being juridically prosecuted for disobeying the laws of the supreme Government."

The expulsion of the Jesuits from Russia, and the change made in the oath of a Roman Catholic Bishop at the instance of the Empress Catharine, a change *indulged* to the Roman Catholic Bishops in Ireland, in deference to the authority of Protestant opinion, are matters so well known that, with this brief notice, we may turn from them.

2. *Denmark*.—No Roman Catholic bishop recognised; no *regium exequatur* exercised; Roman churches, though not subject to visitation, under the inspection of bishops of the Lutheran Church.

3. *Sweden*.—The king authorises, by diploma, the vicars apostolic to exercise their functions throughout the kingdom, conforming themselves to the edict of toleration (an edict highly restrictive); "and there does not appear to be any express provision for the ex-

ercise of the royal *placet* or *exequatur* in any particular instance."

4. *Prussia*.—Episcopal appointments are generally vested in the Crown; synods and their decrees must be sanctioned by the approbation of the State. "No kind of communication between either the bishops or individuals with the Court of Rome can take place *lawfully*, unless through the medium of the Prussian Government.

5. *Netherlands*.—Appointments of the officiating Roman Catholic clergy must be approved by the civil magistrate; and Papal rescripts must be submitted to the official authorities of the State before they could be published—a restriction evaded in some instances by the publication of them in another country.

6. *Hamburg*.—The laws here are equally stringent and restrictive.

7. *Saxony*.—No prelate of episcopal rank of the Roman communion has existed in Saxony since the Reformation, except the confessor of the king, which confessor is appointed by the king, and the Pope thereupon grants to him the authority of an apostolic vicar. Much anxiety, it is alleged, has been manifested to guard against Papal encroachment, as might have been surmised, where the people were Protestant, and their sovereign a member of the Church of Rome.

8. *Wurtemberg* affords little information further than that there being no Roman Catholic bishop there, Prince Hohenloe was consecrated Bishop of Tempe *in partibus*, and discharged in parts of the kingdom the office of a vicar-general. A concordat was supposed to be in contemplation.

9. *Hanover*.—No official accounts were received by the Committee. It was understood that no priest of a monastic order was allowed to officiate in the churches; no processions were allowed. "They were not permitted to apply to the Pope, or to any archbishop or bishop for dispensations in marriage, but were constrained to resort to the Lutheran Consistory at Hanover."

10. *The British Colonies*.—Here, it would appear, the Papacy admitted the right of the State to appoint bishops. The following are extracts from the Report of 1816:—

"Under this last head of their inquiry, the attention of your Committee has been directed to a communication made by one of their members, Sir John Hippisley, from notes drawn up in the year 1794 by himself, being at that time at Rome.

"As the facts and proceedings connected with them mark the admission by the Court of Rome of the actual *nomination* of the British Government to an *Episcopal See* of the Roman communion, in addition to those cited in the colonial papers, your Committee have thought it necessary to notice them, and to refer to the evidence of Sir John Hippisley, annexed to the report, more particularly stating the circumstances of this transaction."*—p. 40.

"Veneris, 21 die Junii, 1816.

"Sir John Cox Hippisley, a member of the Committee, examined. You having stated, at a former meeting of the Committee, the fact of an appointment or recommendation of an ecclesiastic of the Roman communion to the See of *Saint Domingo*, when subject to his Majesty, be so obliging as to state also such further particulars, as may enable the Committee more distinctly to report that fact to the House."

"I am enabled to state with accuracy the fact, so far as it depends on the authority of my informants, from a note which I made a few hours after each of the communications made to me upon the subject. On the 9th of December, 1794, Cardinal Antonelli, one of the ministers of the late Pope, and who was then Prefect of the Congregation of Propaganda, which is the department providing for the missions, informed me, that, in consequence of a letter from one of his Majesty's secretaries of state to a *French* prelate, of a noble family, then in *London*, desiring him to procure the necessary faculties from *Rome*, for the institution of the said prelate to the vacant See of *Saint Domingo*, these faculties had been expedited, as I understood, to Monsignor, afterwards Cardinal *Erskine*, who was also at that time in *London*. On the 14th of December following, Cardinal Campanelli, who presided in the *Datary* at *Rome*, and who was also a member of the Council of State, read a letter to me from Monsignor *Erskine*, dated the 11th of November, 1794, stating a conversation with the Duke of *Portland*, on the subject of the faculties which had been expedited at the instance of his Majesty's Government; that the Duke had expressed his satisfaction on the occasion, but inti-

mated, at the same time, a wish that the faculties should be withheld, as, from a local consideration, there was some objection to the prelate in whose favour they had been solicited, and that the Duke had also named three other *French* bishops. Monsignor *Erskine* added in his letter, that he could not give any opinion on the subject, without consulting the See of *Rome*. From my notes, I do not find any other proceeding on this subject. Monsignor *Erskine* was at that time auditor of the late Pope. I desire upon this occasion to say, that all the facts stated in the course of the proceedings of the Committee, on my authority, are equally substantiated by original notes or documents in my possession, the accuracy of which I can attest," &c.

"Henry Goulburn, Esq., Under-Secretary of State in the War and Colonial department, called in, and examined.

"Will you inform the Committee what relations exist in his Majesty's Government of Canada, relating to the appointment of Roman Catholic bishops in that province?

"With reference to the state of Canada, it appears from documents in the office of the principal Secretary of State for the War and Colonial department, that the nomination of the Roman Catholic coadjutor, and, consequently, of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, rests entirely in his Majesty's Government, without any interference from any other quarter, either spiritual or temporal; that during the time that General Prescott was governor, the Roman Catholic bishop died, and was immediately succeeded by his coadjutor, who had been consecrated by him; that, on this event, General Prescott appointed Monsieur Plesses, who in a few months received his Bulls from the sovereign Pontiff, and was accordingly consecrated, and afterwards succeeded to the Roman Catholic bishopric of Quebec. And, further, that no formal reference is had to any ecclesiastical body, either to nominate or approve of the nomination of the coadjutor, but that it rests entirely in the discretion of the King's governor."

Thus we conclude our notice of the Report on the Church of Rome, in its relations with civil governments, compiled in the year 1816, and reprinted now for the instruction of the Legislature and people. Such honour was not unmerited; the labours of the Committee of 1816 were pro-

* Report, pp. 40-42.

ductive of much which ought not to pass out of remembrance.

The Report prepared in the present year is a performance for which no such honour can rationally be predicted. It has been "got up," not merely in haste, but in hurry,—commanded, it would appear, in the middle of the month of February, and ready for the order of the legislature in little more than two months after. It was not thus the former Report was compiled. The materials from which it was constructed were in course of preparation for years before the fabric composed of them was completed. In the month of August, 1812, Lord Castlereagh addressed a circular letter to the King's ministers at foreign courts, calling upon them for the information which was submitted to a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1816, and from which the Report of the Committee, with its Appendix, was prepared. The recent Report, or, perhaps, we should say, the raw material of a Report, now presented to parliament, is less select, more uncertain, and much scantier than the intelligence which made provision for the former. It has not undergone the deliberate examination of any Committee—it shows, with few exceptions, little power, or wisdom, or research, in those who have procured it. Were much required of those gentlemen, they might justly complain that more time had not been given; the country might, perhaps, join them in the complaint, not only *for their reasons but for its own*. Our business is, however, not to waste time in vain repining, but to make the best use we can of the materials placed at our disposal, and this, we believe, we do, by selecting from the materials at our command, two important testimonies.

1. In Austria, the Emperor retains power in the nomination of Bishops, but relinquishes that of the *Regium Exequatur* :—

"It is permitted, as well to the Bishops as to the faithful under them, to address themselves on ecclesiastical affairs to the Pope, and to receive the decisions and ordinances of the Pope, without previous consent of the temporal authorities.

"The Catholic Bishops are permitted,

on subjects dependent on their official authority, and within the limits of the same, to address admonitions and ordinances to their clergy and congregations, without previous consent of the civil authorities. They are, however, bound to communicate copies of their decrees, in as far as they may superinduce external consequences, or be destined for publication, simultaneously to the governmental authorities in whose district the publication is to take place, or the edict is to be applied."

As affecting education, some imperial resolutions have been issued, of more than ordinary moment :—

"§ 1. No person can officiate as teacher of the Catholic religion, or as professor of theology, at the lower or higher public institutions, without having previously received his authority hereto from the Bishop in whose diocese it is situate.

"§ 2. The Bishop is at all times at liberty to withdraw this authority given to any such person; but the withdrawal of such an authority alone does not deprive a teacher, appointed by the Government, of his legal claims to a pension.

"§ 3. It remains with the Government to appoint the persons, who have received the authority of the Bishop, to lecture on theology as professors, at the theological faculties, or to grant their admittance as private tutors, and these persons will have to administer their offices conformably to the tenor of the academical laws.

"§ 4. The Bishop shall be at liberty to point out to his seminarists the lectures and the succession of them, which they are to frequent at the University, and to examine them thereupon in his seminary.

"§ 5. For the severe examination of the candidates for the theological dignity of doctor, the bishop nominates one moiety of the examining commissioners, who are to be men that have attained the same theological degree.

"§ 6. No person can attain the theological dignity of doctor, who shall not have made a confession of the Creed of Trent, either before the bishop or his delegate."

This is that Creed, the oath of a Roman Catholic priest, in which the votary or the jurant pledges his allegiance to the Pope, his steadfast acceptance of Canons and Councils, and

virtually, his renunciation of Holy Scripture. With such instruments to carry out their plans of education, and with such authority as has been assigned to them over their subordinates, the Bishops may well anticipate results of which it is equally natural the Austrian people may be apprehensive. It is provided by an Imperial rescript, that—

“The ecclesiastical power shall have the right to suspend or to remove from their ecclesiastical office, and in the forms laid down by the Canon law, such persons as shall not administer them according to the obligations which they have contracted; and to declare that such persons have forfeited the emoluments connected with the offices.

“The co-operation of the civil authorities for the execution of the sentence may be required, whenever the procedure of the ecclesiastical authority shall have been proved to them, by communication of the acts of investigation, to have been regular.”

Such has been, of late years, the success of Papal encroachment on the Austrian Government, and on the independence of the Church and people.

From Portugal we have a very different Report, and we cannot cite it without expressing a deep sense of obligation to the ambassador, Sir. H. Seymour, by whom it was made, and who appears by knowledge of his subject, and in the prompt and keen discrimination which his arduous position demanded, eminently conspicuous above his fellows:—

“Correspondence respecting Relations between Foreign Governments and Court of Rome. Presented to House of Commons, 18th February, 1851. No. 13, page 107.”

“I hasten to inform your lordship that a measure on the part of Rome, in any part or degree like that which is exciting so much sensation in England, would, if attempted with regard to Portugal, lead with certainty to a diplomatic rupture with the Pope's government, and very possibly to a religious schism.”

Ibid:—

“As to the nomination of a Bishop originating with the Pope, were such a measure possible, the course to be followed would be very simple—the intru-

sive prelate would immediately be sent out of the country.

“I have further inquired what restrictions exist, with regard to the publication, in Portugal, of Papal bulls, briefs, and ordinances; and was informed in reply, that no publication of the kind can take place here unless with the previous sanction of the Government.

“What, I asked, would happen were the publication of such Papal acts to be made without the assent of the Government? I was told, in the first place, that the relations between Portugal and Rome are so well understood, that not one of the Portuguese Bishops would venture to pay attention to the unauthorised publication of a Papal decree; and in the second place, the Government has precedents, showing the course which it would have in such case to follow. With regard to the Pope's mission, the Government, without delay or hesitation, would send the Nuncio his passports.”

Sir H. Seymour to Viscount Palmerston (received January 5, 1851).

“No. 4. Can any Papal brief, rescript, or bull, be published in Portugal, without the previous approbation of the Government?

“They insist that no such acts be published, without their having previously received the *Exequatur Regio*: and although the see of Rome does not officially recognise the propriety of the rule, it provides for its careful observance.

“No. 5. Supposing any such unauthorised publication to take place, would obedience to orders thus emanating from Rome, be paid by the archbishops and bishops of Portugal?

“As a matter of conscience, such orders would be binding—as a matter of fact they would be disregarded.”

With this passage we close our extracts from the Diplomatic Reports. They serve to show, with an authority admitting of no dispute or question, that, in resisting the Papal aggression, which has caused so much commotion in England, and has so embarrassed and distracted the parliamentary proceedings of the session recently brought to a close, the British Government has acted with far less promptitude and severity than it could justify by an appeal to the practice and precedents of almost all other countries.

The resistance of this Protestant

State to an invasion of the Queen's dominions by the See or the Court of Rome, has been governed by considerations, of which Roman Catholics themselves ought to admit the reasonableness, and justice; and which, we are persuaded, will, ere long, be proved to be liberal and fair by the great majority of enlightened Roman Catholics throughout the empire.

Large and liberal as we have been in our citations from the correspondence of our ambassadors, we cannot dismiss the subject without one extract more. We take it from "Instructions to Senor Pedro de Mello Breyner," addressed to him from the Court of Portugal. We spare the reader all detail as to the circumstances under which these instructions were given, as it is to the principle declared and embodied in them we would especially direct attention:—

"If you see that the spirit of prepossession, or rather of discord, is perceptible in the Vatican, you will make use of the instructions which his Majesty directed to be sent to you on the 8th of February of this year, protesting against the innovation and the false doctrine of paying more attention to a private letter than to legal testimonials; and you will prepare a note, stating to his Holiness that his most faithful Majesty renews his declaration of adhesion and faithfulness to the holy apostolic See, but that availing himself of the rights of general law, and of the doctrines of the best ages of Christianity, he not only proceeds to the confirmation of the Bishops of his kingdom by his metropolitans, but determines that both the one and the other shall grant the dispensations and the spiritual favours which they may grant *as the successors of the Apostles* and the depositaries of the authority necessary for supplying the wants of their churches and flocks; *depriving of his royal approbation* all and any bulls issued in Rome or here by the apostolic delegate. Such are his Majesty's orders to you."

Such is the firmness displayed by a sovereign in communion with the Church of Rome to withstand an unwarrantable invasion of his rights. He is in communion with the See of Rome, but will not consent to be its vassal, nor will he suffer the Bishops of his Church, under plea of religion, to supersede the Catholic discipline of their

system by the introduction and establishment of Papal despotism.

We would earnestly commend to our readers' attention, and more especially to our Roman Catholic readers, the great principle propounded in the remarkable document to which we have referred, and the distinction it manifests between the two great bodies into which the members of the Church of Rome are now, as they have long been, divided. In which of the two antagonist divisions will Irish Roman Catholics, independent and enlightened, enrol themselves?

Of these two divisions, one maintains national independence, and insists on guarding the rights guaranteed from the beginning to every branch and department of the Catholic Church; the other resolves the whole system of Catholicity into Romanism, and that into the Papacy, and the Papacy into the expressed will of the existing Pontiff. "The Pope," as Le Maistre is daring enough to propound, is "the Church," or, "the Church is the Pope." We forget in which of these two forms he sets forth the astounding proposition. It is of little moment; in either, it declares the character of the system.

Of the two divisions of Romanism, one is a system which resembles the constitution of a limited monarchy; the other is a pure despotism. Ecclesiastical rule, according to the principles or professions of one of these systems, is a government carried on by Pope and council, in which the Papacy is the executive, and the Synod the legislative agent of power, and in which, if the executive exceed its province, there may be an appeal from its decision or its command. The other system annihilates all will, all judgment, all freedom, that has not authority or permission from the ruling power; pronounces even conscience in rebellion if it prove refractory to the Pope's command; and thus declares the system of religion it adopts a species of state in which the Pope is absolute monarch, the bishops peers, the clergy subjects, the Roman Catholic people vassals, and all others than Roman Catholics excommunicated rebels. In which of these two divisions, we repeat, will enlightened and liberal Irish Roman Catholics enrol themselves?

* "Correspondence" presented in the House of Lords, &c., March 25, 1851.

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DUBLIN

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fect. "Common sense" is a vaguer, and still more fallible, standard of appeal. It varies from age to age, and from clime to clime: the common sense of one century or country is the nonsense of another. In one age it tells you that the moon is no bigger than a cheese; in another, that the earth is a plain, and that the sun moves round us; in a third, it ridicules the diurnal revolution of the earth, and the monstrous notion of there being Antipodes. Common sense, then, is a very unsafe criterion in physics. We can say unhesitatingly that it is impossible for two and two to make more or less than four, or for the three angles of a triangle to exceed or fall short of two right angles; but in investigating nature, it is in few cases, indeed, that such mathematical demonstration can aid us. It becomes us, therefore, to examine every novel discovery frankly and candidly, and to accept it as true as soon as it is duly authenticated.

But what is sufficient evidence? it may be asked. The Anti-Magnetists say—We will not believe these phenomena till we have seen and tested them ourselves. This is manifestly absurd. To accept as true only what we have ourselves experienced would make man like the brutes, incapable of profiting by the experience of his fellows, and would condemn the human race to a perpetual non-progress. But it is not more unnatural and inexpedient than it is impossible. Men *must* act upon the testimony of others, and men *do* so act every day of their lives. Do not our juries condemn to death upon such evidence?—nay more, upon circumstantial evidence, where not even the witnesses saw the crime committed? How much more, then, is this applicable to the truths of science! How few, of the millions of earth, are able to verify these for themselves!—yet this does not hinder their acceptance. You look through the telescope with Herschel, and you see a star glimmering faintly and afar amid the blue night of space. You ask him its distance, and he answers—Twelve millions of millions of millions of miles. Your brain grows dizzy at the thought, and you strive in vain to comprehend it. And as you look, the astronomer tells you that you do but fancy you see the star; because, for aught men can know, that star may have been annihilated two millions of years ago,—and that,

even though it still exist, ever moving in the grand cycle of the world, it must now be myriads of miles from where its light still shows it. How can he tell the almost infinite distance of that star?—what authority has he for saying that it may have been annihilated so long ago, when we still see it with our own eyes? How few know, even from education, the sure process by which he founds his calculations on facts! how infinitely fewer those who can verify these facts by experiment! Yet the world believes the astronomer,—and the world is right in so doing.

So also will men believe in the facts of Animal Magnetism, which are susceptible of far more general demonstration. And in this they will only do what mankind have already done before; for it is quite evident not only that these facts attracted notice in the ancient world, but also that they were studied and combined into a science. In what other way can we satisfactorily explain the ancient oracles, the cures effected by the priests in the Temples of Health, and many other similar phenomena? It is easy for the flippant sceptic of modern times, who fancies the ancient world one mass of ignorance and credulity, to deny the reality of these wonders; but to deny is not to refute, nor can a fact be invalidated by ascribing it to an inadequate cause. Moreover, we are not left to mere conjecture in this matter; for despite the convulsions and barbarism which overthrew the empires and civilisation of the old world, fragments of direct testimony have come down to us which make honest scepticism impossible. In the tombs of Egypt, for instance, on whose walls—thanks to the dry climate—the paintings of the artists of the days of Pharaoh still exist in their pristine freshness, are to be seen representations of passes and manipulations precisely similar to those of the modern Magnetists; and the present Magicians of Cairo are but a weak relic of the powerful sect who, three thousand years ago, struggled with almost equal might against the divinely-commissioned Prophet of the Hebrews. Even among the Greeks and Romans, traces of these ancient practices are discoverable. In the verses of Solon we find direct testimony to the practice of manipulation as a sanative process; the *Amphitryo* of Plautus contains an allusion to some sort of manipulations

for setting persons asleep; and in the writings of Martial, the method in question is not merely alluded to, but pretty fully described.* But it is in the history of India that the proofs are most numerous and most explicit. The *Mahabharata*, a poem written about 1400 B. C., narrates a case of clairvoyance artificially induced, without a word to show it was of unusual occurrence; and in some parts of India the practice of the magnetic art is still continued, both as a curative agent, and for the sake of its higher phenomena. For further evidence on this part of our subject, we would refer to preceding numbers of this Magazine,†—only remarking, that as the magnetic vision was termed “gnostic sight” by the old Hindoos, so the Illuminati of mediæval Europe may have chosen their title from possessing similar powers.

It is not surprising that this art should have become thus early known to mankind, for it is founded on natural phenomena of very frequent occurrence. Spontaneous somnambulism, which is the root of it all, happens so frequently in ordinary life that most persons have seen it; and this shows that its surprising phenomena depend upon some power residing in the human system, very widely, if not universally diffused. This fact, then, having been observed from the earliest times, it is not surprising that men should learn to imitate it by artificial means, just as all nations have learned to produce sleep by means of narcotics. The

magnetic trance is nothing else than *natural trance artificially produced*. This is an important fact which we request our readers will bear in mind. It is the apparent impossibility of the thing that makes so many disbelievers in Animal Magnetism,—it is the apparent supernaturalness of its phenomena that repels so many more from its study. We cannot treat at present of the higher phenomena of the magnetic trance—we must leave clairvoyance and prevision, and the interesting theories and speculations to which they give rise, to be discussed in a future article; but we think we cannot better prepare our readers for a candid investigation of the whole subject, than by briefly showing them that *all* the phenomena elicited by Animal Magnetism find an exact counterpart in the spontaneous phenomena of nature. The annals of natural trance, of somnambulism, epilepsy, and catalepsy furnish proofs redundant. We select the following case, because of itself it exhibits all the phenomena which in mesmeric cases the public are so unwilling to credit. It originally appeared in a *Memoir on Catalepsy*, published in the year on which it occurred, and has since been frequently quoted by our best authorities.

In the year 1787, Dr. Petetin, an eminent civil and military physician at Lyons, attended a young married lady in a sort of fit. She lay seemingly unconscious, and her arms, when raised, remained in the air. Being put to

* The following are Solon's words, of which a translation will be found *infra*, p. 397:—

Τὸν δὲ κακὰς νοσοῦσι πεκνωμένον ἀργαλῆαις τε
Ἀψάμενος χειροῖν, αἶψα τιθῆσ' ὑγιή.

The allusion in Plautus's comedy is—“*Quid, si ego illum tractim tangam, ut dormiat?*” evidently used euphemistically or ironically, for “What if I should knock him down?” But we can hardly fail to perceive that there is here an obvious allusion to some method of setting persons asleep by a particular process of manipulation; and accordingly the passage is so explained by Taubmann in his *Commentary on Plautus*, published in 1612.

The allusion in Martial occurs in B. iii. Ep. 82, and seems to refer to some refinement of luxury:—

“*Percurrit agili corpus arte tractatrix,
Manumque doctam spargit omnibus membris.*”

Cicero has an apparently similar allusion (Ep. 66); and certainly the Latin words *Tractator* and *Tractatrix* seem to imply the knowledge and practice of some art of the Mesmeric kind among the Romans.

The discovery of these classical allusions to Animal Magnetism is due to J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., F.R.S.E., author of “*Isis Revelata*,” who is at present preparing a History of the magnetic art. The task could not have fallen into better hands.

† See vol. xxxii. p. 268, and the series of articles on Demoniac Possession and Warren among the Hindoos.

bed, she commenced singing; but pinching her skin, and shouting in her ear, all failed to arouse her attention. Then it happened that the doctor's foot slipped while arranging her; and as he recovered himself, half leaning over her, he said, "How provoking we can't make her leave off singing!" "Ah, doctor!" she cried, "don't be angry; I won't sing any more;" and she stopped. But shortly she began again: and in vain did the doctor implore her, by the loudest entreaties addressed to the ear, to keep her promise, and desist. At last it occurred to him to place himself in the same position as when she heard him before; and raising the bedclothes, he bent his head towards her stomach, and said in a loud voice, "Do you, then, mean to sing for ever?" "Oh, what pain you have given me!" she exclaimed; "I implore you speak lower:" at the same time she passed her hand over the pit of her stomach. "In what way, then, do you hear?" asked Dr. Petetin. "Like any one else," was the answer. "But I am speaking to your stomach!" "Is it possible?" she said. He then tried again whether she could hear with her ears—speaking even through a tube, to aggravate the sound: she heard nothing. On his asking her, at the pit of her stomach, if she had not heard him—"No," said she; "I am indeed unfortunate." Here is transposed sensation.

A few days after the scene just described, the lady had another attack of catalepsy, during which she still heard with her stomach, and also saw with it, even through an intervening opaque body. Meanwhile her countenance expressed astonishment, and Dr. Petetin inquired the cause. "I am singing, doctor," she answered, "to divert my attention from a sight which appals me. I see my inside, and the strange forms of the organs, surrounded with a network of light. My countenance must express what I feel—astonishment and fear. A physician who should have my complaint for a quarter of an hour would think himself fortunate, as nature would reveal all her secrets to him." "Do you see your heart?" asked Dr. Petetin. "Yes, there it is: it beats at twice—the two sides in agreement; when the upper part contracts, the lower part swells, and immediately afterwards contracts; the blood rushes out all

luminous, and issues by two great vessels which are but a little apart." Here is self-intuition. (The luminous appearance of the blood may probably be owing to the Od-light which it emits.)

But to proceed. One morning (still farther on in her case) the fit came on, according to custom, at eight o'clock. Petetin arrived later than usual. He announced himself by speaking to the fingers of the patient (by which also he was now heard). "You are a very lazy person this morning, doctor," said she. "It is true, madam; but if you knew the reason, you would not reproach me." "Ah!" said she, "I perceive: you have had a headach for the last four hours: it will not leave you till six in the evening. You are right to take nothing: no human means can prevent it running its course." "Can you tell me on which side is the pain?" said Petetin. "On the right side: it occupies the temple, the eye, the teeth: I warn you that it will invade the left eye, and that you will suffer considerably between three and four o'clock: at six you will be free from pain." The prediction came out literally true. "If you wish me to believe you, you must tell me what I hold in my hand." "I see through your hand an antique medal." Dr. Petetin inquired at what hour her own fit would terminate. "At eleven." "And the evening accession, when will it come on?" "At seven o'clock." "In that case it will be later than usual." "Yes: the periods of its recurrence are going to change to so and so." During this conversation the patient's countenance expressed annoyance. She then said to M. Petetin—"My uncle has just entered; he is conversing with my husband behind the screen; his visit will fatigue me; beg him to go away." The uncle, on leaving, took with him, by mistake, her husband's cloak, which she perceived, and sent her sister-in-law to reclaim it. Here, indubitably, is clairvoyance and prevision.

Let us give another case, in order more fully to illustrate natural clairvoyance and "mental travelling." The strange communion of the spirits also, at such a distance, and previously unacquainted, cannot fail to arrest the reader's regard. Mademoiselle W——, a natural clairvoyante, whose case is minutely detailed by Dr. Klein, her

physician, being on a visit at the house of M. St. —, was asked by that gentleman to turn her clairvoyant powers towards his son, then serving with the French army in Russia. From that moment Mademoiselle W — directed her thoughts towards the young officer, and in all her paroxysms, although she had never seen him, she described him exactly as if she had him before her eyes. She frequently asked his sister if she did not see him in a corner of the room; and one day, upon receiving a negative answer, she said, “Well, then, ask him any questions you please, and I shall return his answers.” The sister then asked all sorts of questions relative to family matters, which were quite unknown to the somnambulist, who answered them all in a manner so precise and accurate, that the interrogator afterwards declared that she felt herself seized with a cold perspiration, and was several times on the point of fainting with fright, during what she called the Dialogue of the Spirits. On another occasion the somnambulist declared to the father that she saw his son at the hospital, with a piece of white linen wrapped round his chin; that he was wounded in the face; that he was unable to eat, but that he was in no danger. Some days later she said he was now able to eat, and that he was much better. Some weeks afterwards a courier arrived from the army. M. St. — immediately went to Count Th — to inquire what news he had received; and the latter set his mind completely at rest, by informing him that his son's name was not in the list of the wounded. Transported with joy, he returned home, and said to Mademoiselle W —, who was at that time in her somnambulant sleep, that for once she had not divined correctly, and that, fortunately for his son and himself, she had been completely deceived. At these words the young lady felt much offended; and in an angry and energetic tone assured him that she was quite certain of the truth of her statement; that, at the very moment, she saw his son at the hospital with his chin wrapped in white linen, and that, in the state in which she then was, it was quite impossible she could be deceived. Soon afterwards there came a note from Count Th —, which, after some expressions of politeness and condolence, announced that a second list of the wounded had arrived, containing the name of his son, who had been struck by a musket-ball

on the chin, and was under medical treatment in the hospital, &c.

Natural phenomena like these, which rival anything claimed for their science by the Magnetists, ought to make men cautious how they call things *impossible*. In all ages men of science have been too fond of dictating laws to Nature, forgetful that “Nature is but another name for God.” Truly it is as little becoming in a finite mind to deny merely because it cannot comprehend, as it would be for the inmates of an Indian ant-hill to vote impossible the existence of the Himalayas. We should ever bear in mind the axiom, originated by one and adopted by another of the clearest and strongest intellects that ever lived—Aristotle and Nicoll—that “when any question arises as to facts extraordinary and difficult to conceive, the essential point is, not to demonstrate *how* they exist, but to prove that they *do* exist.”

There are various ways of inducing the magnetic state. The fixed gaze and longitudinal passes with the hand are the most common and best-known methods; either or both are used by Dr. Elliotson, Ashburne, and their followers. Mr. Lewis, who possesses remarkable powers of mental concentration, generally operates by gazing. Dr. Darling's process is to make one look steadily at a small coin or double convex mass of zinc with a small centre of copper, placed in the palm of the left hand. Mr. Braid causes his subjects to gaze fixedly at an object, such as the knob of a pencil-case, held a little above the eyes, and in front of the upper part of the forehead. The magicians of Cairo produce clairvoyance by making their subjects, who are generally boys or girls under the age of puberty, fix their eyes intently on a little pool of ink held in the hollow of their hand. The Indian fakirs produce it in themselves at will, by intense concentration of thought, meditating the while on the Deity. These various processes may be divided into two distinct classes, in one of which the magnetic phenomena are produced by the personal influence of the operator; in the other, they are wholly produced by the subject himself. A great deal of contention has arisen in consequence of the magnetic state being produceable by either of these ways; it being vehemently asserted by some that there is no reality in the personal influence of the operator, that the

passes are of no use save to induce monotony or influence the imagination of the patient, and that all cases are reducible to the second class. This is a very natural conjecture, but it is no proof to the contrary; for the existence of one agent known to produce certain effects, in no way disproves the existence of another agent possessing similar powers. It is a self-evident truth that the reality of ether and gunpowder cannot annihilate chloroform and gun-cotton; or, still more pertinently, that the power of reality is not rendered incredible because imagination can in many cases do as much. An impartial inquirer will at once find, that while many cases of magnetic trance are produced solely by fixed attention, there are unquestionably many others in which an external agency is undeniable. Such, for instance, is the case in which Dr. Esdaile operated from a distance on a blind man who was unaware of his presence, and tumbled him catalepted from his seat, like an overturned statue;—or that one (attested by judge, jury, and audience) in which he entranced several witnesses from behind, without the latter having the slightest idea of what was going on. Here, of course, there could not be any fixed attention; neither could imagination do the deed, for the men were in complete ignorance of what was designed. Cases, if possible still more conclusive, could be given, in which persons (unknown to themselves) were successfully operated upon from great distances;—but illustration, not accumulation of proof, is all that our limits permit. The real agent acting or acted upon is the *odylic force*—a fluid analogous to, but certainly distinct from electricity, pervading the nervous system, and seemingly the medium through which the spirit influences the body.* When acted upon by the superior *odylic force* of another, or by strong mental concentration on the part of the subject himself, a peculiar disturbance or

unequal distribution of this *nervine fluid* takes place, in consequence of which the brain and nervous system are thrown out of gear, or enter into abnormal relations with the spirit.

From the fact of the demagnetising processes resembling those employed for reviving persons from a swoon, Dr. Esdaile and others have supposed that the superior *odylic power* of the operator rolls back the subject's nervous fluid upon the brain, like a river on its sources, whereby the nerves are deprived of their powers of sensation.

This is not the real explanation; and as magnetism is a natural science, let us see if we cannot get some hints on this matter from nature's phenomena. She informs us that if we take a piece of steel, made in the form of a horse-shoe magnet, but not yet endowed with magnetic properties, and make passes over it, from the curve downwards, with another piece of steel, similar in form, and already magnetised, the common steel horse-shoe will, in virtue of these passes, become a magnet also; the reverse, or upward passes sufficing to remove the effect so produced. Now Von Reichenbach's profound work on vital magnetism shows not only that man is a magnet, but that his major axis is from his left to his right side: he is, in short, a vital horse-shoe magnet. The passes of the operator, then, have their precise analogue, both in process and result, in the strictly orthodox science of mineral magnetism. Such is Mr. Jackson's theory, and it is correct in the main.† “Do not plants,” says he, “tend to fold up their young leaves, and close their lately-expanded flowers, on the approach of night or rain? And are not the passes of the operator from the brain to the extremities calculated, in a like manner, to fold up the more sensitive portions of the nervous system?—for, if the analogy is to be preserved, the brain must be considered as the root of this delicate plant. And

* This is no new idea, though now it may almost be said to be established. In a learned Latin treatise by Dr. F. Hoffmann, Physician to the King of Prussia, occurs the following sentence:—“In what manner the soul imprisoned in the body can be disturbed in its actions is still a moot point in philosophy. In my opinion, it appears very probable that the intellect, originally pure, luminous, and inorganic, infused by the Almighty into a living body at its first creation, has a connexion and commerce with a *very subtle ethereal fluid*, which is separated from the blood and lymph in the minute fabric of the brain; and that the purer this fluid is, the functions of the mind are performed with so much the more alacrity.”

† “Lectures on Mesmerism, delivered in the Rotunda, Dublin, by J. W. Jackson.” Dublin: James McGlashan. 1851.

do not animals seem to experience a soothing sensation when passes are made over them in contact from the head to the tail?" Is there not more, then, than a mere coincidence in the fact, that downward passes should produce the mesmeric coma in man and magnetisation in steel; while the upward passes produce vigilance in the former, and demagnetisation in the latter?

Our own view of the matter, while coinciding in Mr. Jackson's, goes further. It is simply this. In the abdominal region of the human body there is a large and very remarkable mass of nervous matter, called the *plexus solaris* or *cerebrum abdominale*—a "stomach-brain," in fact. Now many things seem to us to prove that a reciprocal relation, a polarity, exists between this stomach-brain and the brain in the head,—in the same way as Reichenbach has demonstrated that a polarity exists between the two *sides* of the human body. It is needless to enter into details here, though we may do so at a later stage of the inquiry; but we think it demonstrable not only that this cerebral polarity exists, but also that the brain is the positive pole, and the *plexus solaris* the negative,—that the former is the citadel of Intelligence and day-life, the latter of Instinct and dreams. The downward passes of the operator, then, withdraw the magnetic or odyllic fluid from the head, and concentrate it in this solar plexus; in other words, it sets intelligence to sleep and awakens instinct—it makes the subject pass from the ordinary waking life of day into the night-life of dreams. In one word, it makes him a somnambulist. So also downward passes produce rigidity in the arm or leg of a susceptible subject by attracting a flow of nervous power upon the extensor muscles; while upward passes, by causing a reflux of neural energy, effect a restoration of the normal condition.

When operating with a view to produce the magnetic trance, two things are desirable. First, a passive and willing state of mind in the patient, although faith in magnetism is not at all indispensable (this passiveness, however, signifies little in susceptible cases); and, secondly, intense mental concentration on the part of the operator. In order to attain this, perfect silence is essential. When these requisites are at-

tended to, it is probable that, with perseverance, a vigorous healthy operator will succeed in affecting any person; but in some cases, which have afterwards become very susceptible, the subjects have only been affected with great difficulty, and not until after many successive trials. Each successive operation lessens the difficulty in producing the sleep, so that at last it may be produced in a single minute, by a rapid pass, by a look, or even by the silent will of the operator. It has often been observed that those who are slowly and gradually brought up to a high degree of susceptibility, make the best subjects; and cases have been recorded in which the sleep never occurred till after hundreds of operations, and yet became very deep, and exhibited beautiful phenomena. It is worthy of remark that some operators succeed better in eliciting certain trance-phenomena than others—a circumstance which may perhaps be accounted for by the characteristic differences found to exist between the odyle of different persons. The process of magnetising, also, seems to have similar effects. Thus Mr. Braid, in his very extensive experience, has never succeeded in producing clairvoyance in his subjects, while Major Buckley appears to possess this power in an unusual degree. Many of the magnetic phenomena can be, and at public exhibitions generally are, produced in the subjects while in a conscious state; but as all of these can be elicited in equal or greater perfection in the magnetic Trance, we shall, for simplicity's sake, confine our attention to the latter.

The first symptom in the patient of the magnetic influence taking effect is a twitching of the eyelids, which begin to droop, and even when they remain open a dimness generally veils the sight. Then comes on a drowsiness, followed, after a time, by sudden unconsciousness; and on awaking, the patient has, usually, not the slightest idea how long he has slept, nor what has occurred during his sleep. He generally awakes with a deep sigh, rather suddenly, and says he has had a very pleasant sleep. But though it now appears a blank to him, it has not been a mere torpid, insensible slumber. It is an unconscious state only in reference to the ordinary waking conditions; and he may have been actively engaged in thinking, observing, and speaking during the whole

period of his sleep. When he has become fully entranced, so as to answer questions readily without awaking, there is almost always observed a remarkable change in the countenance, manner, and voice. On falling asleep at first, he looks perhaps drowsy and heavy, like a person dozing when overcome by fatigue or stupefied by wine; but when spoken to, he usually brightens up, and, although the eyes be closed, the expression becomes highly intelligent. His whole manner seems to undergo a refinement, which, in the higher stages, reaches a most striking point,—insomuch that we see before us a person of a much more elevated character than the same sleeper when awake. He is, in fact, if not a different individual, yet the same individual in a different phase of his being,—and that phase, a higher one. “I have myself seen one case,” says Dr. Gregory, “of a young and pretty girl, thirteen or fourteen years of age, belonging to a family in an humble station, whose countenance became in the magnetic sleep, and especially when devout feelings were excited, and when music was performed, lovely and heavenly in expression, to a degree beyond my power to describe. Her face beamed with a spiritual ethereal beauty, such as I had previously never even conceived.”

Sometimes the sleeper hears with increased acuteness, and that to an extent apparently marvellous; at other times, or in other cases, he hears only the voice of the operator, or of those who are placed *en rapport* with him; and often, in the higher stages of the sleep, he can only be communicated with by speaking to the tips of his fingers or to the epigastrium. Not unfrequently, however, an utter deafness to the loudest sounds occurs in the magnetic sleep, and may, we believe, be produced in every case, and at almost any stage of it, by the will of the operator. In like manner, the sleeper often becomes insensible to pain and the impressions of touch; and this also, where it does not spontaneously happen, may in most cases be produced at the will of the magnetiser. In some magnetic sleepers the fundamental doctrines of phrenology are completely verified; for if we place the finger on

any given part of the head, without a word of suggestion, and without even knowing what organ we touch, a brilliant piece of acting will follow, manifesting the emotion assigned to that part of the brain by Gall and Spurzheim—this manifestation being doubtless excited by the odyllic current directed upon the peculiar organ from the finger of the operator.* It has also been remarked that persons, when entranced, are much more strongly affected by music than when in their ordinary state; and it would appear from the observations of Mr. Lewis, that a strain of soft music often assists in inducing the sleep in new subjects. This agrees with the long-scouted assertion of Mesmer that music originates, or sets in motion, the odyllic fluid; and with the recorded fact that it has always formed a part of the magician's arrangements.

We have also noticed that the deeply entranced subjects at the Rotundo, when obviously unconscious of the loudest sounds of an unconnected or discordant character, and altogether incapable of motion unless under phrenomesmeric excitation, have nevertheless risen unassisted from their seats, and even danced with considerable grace, when stimulated by the notes of a polka or a waltz, and Messrs Davey and Jackson assert that in their extensive experience they have ever found this the case.

There is no unvarying progression observed in the development of the magnetic phenomena. Some phases occur earlier in certain cases than in others, and even at different times with the same person; while some sleepers rise almost immediately into the clairvoyant stage. It is not to be understood, therefore, that we are indicating a strict chronological order when we mention as the next phenomenon, a kind of Attraction felt towards the magnetiser, and which he, by willing, can exert in many cases. The subject then feels an irresistible desire to approach him, and, if prevented, will exert great force to overcome the obstacle. He cannot explain it further than by saying, that he is drawn somehow towards him; some, however, speak of fine filament or threads, often luminous, by which they are gently

* This excitation of the brain produces both hearing and sensation in the subject.

drawn towards him. This controul exercised by the magnetiser over his subject is further shown by his being able to produce in the latter, by his mere will, inability to move the arm or leg, to speak, to rise up or sit down—in the production of partial or general cataleptic rigidity, and its removal—in short, in the complete command of all the voluntary muscles of the person operated on. It further appears in the power of causing the sleeper instantaneously to imitate, with the utmost exactness, every gesture of the operator and every tone of his voice. The sleeper will thus repeat languages quite unknown to him, with the greatest rapidity, and often so exactly that it is impossible to perceive the slightest difference. If the magnetiser laughs, he instantly laughs; if the former make any gesture, however grotesque, the latter imitates it exactly;—and all this with closed eyes, and when the operator is behind him. By-and-by not only the physical motions, but all the feelings and talents of the sleeper may be excited to action by the magnetiser; so that the phenomena formerly produced by touching the head can now be elicited by the expressed will of the operator. Next, the power of Sympathy comes out strongly, and it becomes evident that the entranced person perceives every sensation, bodily and mental, of his magnetiser. The sensations of taste, smell, touch, and emotion itself, desert his own body, and take their residence in the person of the latter; or, rather, the nervous fluid of the operator has now displaced that of his subject, and reduced him to a mere reflex or double of himself. One step further, and the extraordinary phenomena called *thought-reading*, or sympathetic clairvoyance, presents itself, wherein the entranced person is able to trace all the intellectual processes or images in the minds of those with whom he is *en rapport*. Thus he can describe the subject that occupies their thoughts—it may be an absent friend, a house, room, &c.—all which he perceives as they pass through the minds of the experimenters. Or he goes further, and not only perceives the present but the past thoughts of the person *en rapport* with him—he shares his memory—he traces on the brain, as it were, the impressions which past events have left upon it. Nay, further—for he perceives things once known to,

but now forgotten by the experimenter, who very often contradicts the sleeper, and persists in maintaining his own opinion, until, on further inquiry, he not only finds him to be right, but himself is enabled to recal the fact, which had escaped his memory.

Generally before thought-reading shows itself, two phenomena appear which are worth noticing. The first is, that the sleeper, though with closed eyes, often speaks as if he saw certain objects, when his attention is directed to them. He places them on his forehead; on the crown of his head, or on the occiput, or on the epigastrium, or holds them in his hand, and then describes them—which, perhaps, he could not do when they were held by the operator before his closed eyes. He evidently makes an exertion to apply his internal or cerebral vision to their examination, and often succeeds,—but often also finds great difficulty, especially in the earlier stages of the sleep. In fact, we have here the dawning of Clairvoyance, which only reaches its noonday brightness in the highest stage of the sleep. Secondly, the operator may fix any time, long or short; and if the subject promise to sleep for that period, he will do so to a second. But whether the time of awaking be fixed by the operator or not, the sleeper, in a large number of cases, can tell, when asked, precisely how long he has to sleep; and if he be asked at different times afterwards, he will always be found correct as to the time still remaining. Often, too, at an early stage of the trance, he will answer a variety of questions as to the best method of magnetising him, whether by passes or otherwise; as to the powers he will hereafter possess; and as to the time when he shall acquire those powers, or exhibit certain phenomena. Here again we have a dawning of Prevision, which, in a higher stage, enables him to predict certain occurrences often far future. But this also must be reserved for future discussion.

In most cases the entranced person lives a distinct life in the sleep, and has what is called a double or divided consciousness. When awake, he remembers nothing of his trance; when entranced, he remembers all that has occurred to him in previous trances, but has no recollection of his ordinary existence; so that he has often to learn, like a child, things with which he is

quite familiar in his usual state—such as reading or writing. This, however, is not an inevitable result; for often he speaks in the magnetic sleep, with accuracy, of things known to him in his ordinary life. So, also, if the operator command him, during the trance, to remember something after he awakes, he generally does so; or if he has promised to do a certain action after waking, and at a certain hour, he cannot resist doing so, however ridiculous it be. This power, evidently, may be most usefully applied. “I lately saw a person,” says Dr. Gregory, “who had been induced by Mr. Lewis to promise, while in the sleep, to abstain from fermented liquors, and had, in his ordinary state, steadily adhered to that promise ever since it was made, three or four months ago; nor had he the slightest desire to break it. I do not know whether he was aware of having made the promise, but that is not at all essential. The desire is extinguished, even when the subject has no recollection of the promise, and has not been told of it in his waking state. Mr. Lewis informs me that he has broken many persons off the habit of drinking, as well as of other bad habits, in this way. From what I have myself seen, I am satisfied that a pledge given in the magnetic sleep will be found more binding than one given in the ordinary waking state.”

We have now described, briefly, the most obvious and remarkable of what are called the lower phenomena, although it will be seen that they pass insensibly into the higher. Before proceeding further we may remark, that though the sleep, in itself, is not only harmless but salutary, it is better not to experiment without at least the presence of an experienced magnetiser; for if the operator is not acquainted with the proper mode of ending the trance—namely, by upward passes or by wafting—and become flurried and nervous, his emotion is communicated by sympathy to the patient, who may, in consequence, be seized even with spasms or convulsions. There are two rules which should be borne in mind when any such case occurs. The first is, that the operator ought to become cool, and then employ reversed passes. No one else should interfere with the patient, for cross-magnetism is generally hurtful. Secondly, if the operator cannot become collected and cool, so as to

make the upward passes calmly, *let the patient sleep it out.* This is always safe, if he be not interfered with. The sleep may last an hour or two; in rare cases twelve, and, where there has been cross-magnetism, sometimes even twenty-four or forty-eight hours.

But what, it has often been objected, is the use of Animal Magnetism? “This question,” says Professor Gregory, “has been asked concerning all natural sciences whatever. It has been asked of astronomy, of geology, of chemistry, of minute anatomy and physiology, of botany, of optics, &c., &c. And if it now appear absurd in these cases, it is only because the lapse of time has developed in all of them an infinity of useful applications.” It is time, and our increasing knowledge of nature, that can alone give to facts their proper value. Thus the elasticity of steam was known to the ancient Egyptians, but it was only in the hands of Watt that it led to the modern Steam-Engine. The simple fact, long a mere curiosity of science, that a current of electricity passing along a wire induces, when interrupted, a secondary current in a parallel wire, or affects the magnetic needle, has lately given us the Electric Telegraph. The careful study of the combustion of bituminous coal has led to the invention of Gas-light. Chloroform, though discovered by the great Liebig himself, figured for more than twenty years as a useless curiosity, until Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh found out its valuable anæsthetic properties, and rendered it at once an absolute necessity to the surgeon and accoucheur.

This objection to the study of Animal Magnetism is, therefore, valueless. Moreover, it is one which can never be made by persons who have given the slightest attention to the subject; nor could it have arisen at all had the medical profession in this country not been prejudiced against the new science. But, with one or two praiseworthy exceptions, an idle curiosity and the love of the marvellous have been allowed to silence the claims of utility. Fascinated by the strange nature of their pursuit, and by the extraordinary powers which their researches are opening to view, our adepts in mesmerism are ever pressing on more and more into the mysterious realms of spirit. Imbued with somewhat of that passion for the hidden things of Nature which characterised the old

Egyptians, they follow the flying footsteps of the goddess ever farther and farther into the darkness: they will not rest until they have once more unveiled Isis. For the present, we have had too much of this. Private reunions and public exhibitions have sufficiently familiarised us with mesmerism in its more marvellous phases; and we hope that its professors, and the medical faculty generally, will now turn its powers to more useful account. Esdaile in India, and Elliotson in London, must not be allowed to practise in vain. It has been shown that Animal Magnetism possesses curative powers of a very high order, and we must have these healing virtues applied. On the Continent this has long been done, both medically and surgically; yet here, strange to say, we are still hurrying after the transcendental, and as yet have done probably as much to unsettle healthy constitutions as to heal diseased ones.

Mesmerism, as we have seen, produces a trance which totally extinguishes sensibility; accordingly the first and most obvious use of it is in surgical operations. Within the last few years the discovery of ether and chloroform has brought a blessed assuagement of some of the direst sufferings to which flesh is heir; and now mesmerism presents a kindred agency, less easy of application certainly, but more surely innocuous in its effects, more durable in its continuance, and capable of harmless renewal. The first attempt to employ it in surgical operations was made at Paris, in 1829. The subject of it was Madame Plantin, a lady of sixty-four, labouring under scirrhus of the breast. She was prepared for the operation by M. Chapélain, who on several successive days threw her into trance,—during which state she became somnambule, and would converse with indifference about the contemplated operation, the idea of which, when awake, filled her with horror. The operation of removing the diseased breast was performed by M. Jules Cloquet, and lasted from ten to twelve minutes; during the whole of which time the patient, in her trance, conversed calmly with the surgeon, and exhibited not the slightest sign of suffering. Her expression of countenance did not change; nor was the voice, the breathing, or the pulse at all affected.

Though himself deterred from making much use of this process, from an apprehension of losing the eminent practice which he enjoyed, the medical journals of the Continent show that M. Cloquet's experiment was not lost on the profession. But it is to the successful practice of a Scottish gentleman that we would here direct attention; as the book narrating it is generally accessible, and as our readers will find its cases authenticated beyond the reach of cavil.

Reports of such cases as M. Cloquet's reached Dr. Esdaile in India; and the pain which he saw the poor natives suffer daily in the hospital, under the knife of himself and his brother surgeons, made him long for a knowledge of so merciful a practice. "If the twentieth part of what was reported to me was true," says he, "it well deserved investigation; and as I had no dread of knowing anything that God has permitted to be known, I determined to try and find out the truth for myself." He did so, most successfully; and the results are before the public, in his *Mesmerism in India*.

By means of the mesmeric trance, operations become practicable which otherwise would be certain death. Pain, it should be remembered, is often the most killing part of a surgical operation, in consequence of the shock which it gives to the system, and the extreme exhaustion which it occasions. Loss of blood, too (the other great peril to be calculated in surgical cases), is likewise diminished, as the circulation of the entranced patient is not accelerated by pain and struggling. Accordingly Dr. Esdaile was able to remove a monster tumour, weighing 80 lbs. (probably the largest ever taken from the human body), from a patient in a very feeble state of health, who, nevertheless, surmounted the operation, and did well. There is another class of surgical cases, hitherto all but hopeless, and certainly a numerous one, for which the mesmeric trance is useful—we mean crippled persons, whose limbs, either from accidental injury or chronic disease, are powerless, or occasion a halt; for as, during this trance, the muscles of the whole body become plastic as clay in the hands of the potter, muscular spasms can be removed, and limbs straightened, though long contracted. During an operation of this kind (for a contract-

ed knee), Dr. Esdaile heard the very ligaments cracking beneath the force applied, yet the patient was restored to the full use of his limb. Moreover, as this trance is a *nervous sleep*, it is easy to see how beneficial it is in all cases of inflammation. Thus Dr. Esdaile has frequently cured, by this means, severe inflammation of the eyes; and so incompatible is inflammatory action with the mesmeric coma, that on a caustic application being made on a patient when entranced, not a vestige of inflammation showed itself *until after he awoke*. Thus the desired cauterisation had gone on for some hours without either pain to the patient or irritation to his system.

The following is Dr. Esdaile's mode of operation in India: we hope soon to see it tested in some of our hospitals at home. Finding it impossible, after the first month, to continue the mesmeric process personally, "owing to the great bodily and mental fatigue it caused," he set to work his hospital attendants, young Hindoos and Mahommedans—and with such success, that he soon had a dozen assistants to execute his wishes, whether in the mesmeric treatment of medical cases, or for procuring coma in surgical operations. He thus describes the ordinary routine:—"A Bengal Cooly or Pariah comes before me for the first time, and I see he has a disease requiring a surgical operation. I never say a word to him, but desire my assistants to take him to another room and mesmerise him. They desire him to lie down, shut his eyes, and try to sleep, and they pass their hands slowly over the most sensitive parts of the body; exhaling their breath upon the patient, and loading him with their sweat, if he does not readily yield to the mesmeric influence. A few minutes of this will sometimes suffice, but more generally it takes hours, and relays of mesmerisers; and a less imaginative process I cannot conceive." With such a staff he proceeds energetically in his good work; the fame of his painless operations spread rapidly among the poor peasants, who came flocking to the hospital in unusual numbers. Let us quote from his journal a few cases in which mesmerism was used *medically*:—

"Dec. 10.—Horo, a Hindoo woman; aged 28. She has suffered for three years from *tic-doloureux* in the

right eye-brow and temple, especially in the cold weather; it is very intense now, and comes on at 6 A.M., remaining till 2 P.M.;—to be mesmerised. I returned after an hour, and found her asleep: she awoke soon after, and said there was no pain whatever in the part now, and that 'it was cold as water.' Jan. 8.—*She has had no return of pain.*"

The following is a very instructive case, as it shows how even a violent disease can be mastered by a skilful Magnetist, when all other remedies are hopeless:—"June 6.—I was called at eight o'clock last night, to see the wife of Baboo Essanchunder Ghosaul, deputy-magistrate of Hooghly. I found her in dreadful convulsions; she was speechless, and suffering from a constriction in the throat that threatened to choke her every minute; and she constantly beat or pointed at the part. At one moment her body was perfectly rigid, and in another it was bent back like a bow, till she rested on the back of her head and heels only. I never saw such convulsions except in tetanus and hydrophobia, and all I knew of the resources of medicine was useless; for how could she take physic when she could not take breath? I, therefore, had recourse to my new solvent power, and after nearly an hour's hard work, I left her asleep and cataleptic. July 1.—*She has had no return of the fit.*"

As we wish to vary our instances as much as possible, we next give one of nervous headach. The patient sat erect in her chair, and Dr. Esdaile operated from behind. After a few minutes she said that she felt a warmth in the neck, and, on the manipulations being extended, it advanced to the scalp and eyes. In about eight minutes she said that the pain was much less, and that she felt very drowsy; upon which the Doctor asked, "Shall I put you to sleep?" She only smiled in reply, raised her right arm, put her hand to the side of her head, and went to sleep. On awaking her about an hour afterwards, the headach was quite gone, and she felt and looked greatly refreshed. Six months afterwards Dr. Esdaile writes:—"Mrs. Clermont has not suffered any return of the headach, and no longer feels the distressing languor and oppression she complained of till she was mesmerised."

Had space permitted, we would have willingly extracted an interesting case, in which rheumatism of the most severe and confirmed kind, crippling the whole limbs,—and another, in which paralysis itself, extending over an entire side, gave way before the chronic application of the mesmeric influence. Another case, well worthy of notice, is to be found in the Introduction to Dr. Esdaile's book, performed by his brother (minister of Rascobie, Forfar), as it shows how valuable the practice is in every-day life; how coughs, and colds, and bronchitis can be thus subdued, as well as the lingering and often hopeless ill-health resulting from the influence of sorrow and anxiety upon a sensitive temperament. But let us rather consider in what way these cures are effected, so that our readers may judge for themselves how far the magnetic influence is available for the healing of disease.

In some instances, undoubtedly—especially in the chronic application of magnetism—an agent appears to be at work which, as yet, is very imperfectly understood, and which we shall endeavour to elucidate in next section; but in the majority of cases (where trance is induced) the cure is effected by arresting for a time the diseased action, and leaving Nature in the interval to repair the injury and throw off the disease. Nature (or, to speak more correctly, the *vital principle*), it must ever be remembered, is the sole fountain of health; and the highest skill of the physician consists solely in removing impediments to its free action. “Let it not be thought,” says the celebrated M. Virey, “that it is essentially the quantity or quality of drugs which effects cures: Nature alone cures, by restoring, whether by natural or artificial means, order in the disturbed functions. A cure is nothing else than a victory obtained by the vital principle over the adverse forces presented by the disease.” Now, what is disease? Speaking generally, it may be described as a noxious “income”—as a blow struck from without against the vital principle within; and whether its attack be made on the morale or the physique, its effects may be likened to those of an actual wound. No sooner is it received than pain arises, debilitating the sufferer; and the whole nervous system becomes affected and irritated, occasioning sym-

pathetic derangements of the stomach, &c. And these noxious effects continue, either until the vital principle is overpowered, or until it has repaired the injury done by the disease. But by inducing trance, pain is stopped—the nerves are set asleep—no medium exists for spreading the local distemper; and the patient is spared both the exhaustion from the pain, and the increase of his malady from sympathetic disturbances. Thus the injury is confined to the part immediately affected, and the vital principle, with nothing else to contend against, goes on energetically repairing the damage; and thus ere the trance be done, according to its duration and the nature of the injury, will have either wholly or in part effected a cure. Whoever considers the phenomena of trance will at once see its suitableness for developing the *vis medicatrix* of nature. During it the (cerebral) nerves of sensation and volutation are asleep, while the involuntary (ganglionic) movements—such as those connected with digestion, secretion, &c.—in other words, the vital functions, go on undisturbed. Now these latter can only be affected through the former; and while the former are thus asleep, no noxious influence can reach the latter to impede their healthy action. So that, by inducing trance during certain diseases, you supplant the unhealthy digestive and secretive actions by healthy ones, and enable Nature to do her restoring work quietly and effectually. In fact, you totally suspend disease for a time, and recruit the system by so doing. This is the grand principle on which depends the beneficial effect of the magnetic trance, and our readers can have no difficulty in seeing the many cases in which it can be thus successfully applied.

The great difficulty, as we have said, in the way of Magnetism being generally practised as a sanative agent is, that we cannot in all cases be certain of producing the sleep, and when an accident or violent illness occurs, we have no time to try long experiments. Europeans, it has been found, are by no means so sensitive as the Hindoos. Nevertheless, if we had practised and powerful Magnetisers, the process would be found to succeed, even among ourselves, far more frequently than is generally supposed, and, in persons under the effects of disease or accident,

often at the first attempt.* “Even now,” says Dr. Gregory, “we can, at all events, try magnetism where it is efficacious. We can *try* it in all cases. In chronic diseases, and in the period preceding accouchement, we can endeavour to acquire the necessary influence over our patients, so as to be prepared for the hour of the operation or the delivery; we can persuade healthy persons to have themselves brought under the influence of magnetism, that accident or disease may not find them unprepared; and finally we can, by investigating the subject scientifically and experimentally, endeavour to discover some means of increasing magnetic power—some magnetic battery, which shall enable us to magnetise any one at pleasure. The researches of Reichenbach tend to show that such an expectation is far from chimerical.”

So striking are the beneficial results of the mesmeric trance that they suggest the conjecture that it possesses more than mere negative virtues; and Dr. Esdaile, in commenting on its marked superiority to common sleep (which its greater intensity seems not wholly adequate to account for), states his opinion that it arises from “an actual infusion of nervous vigour into the body.” A consideration of the following cases, where no trance was induced at all, will go far to strengthen this supposition.

Wienholt, a distinguished German physician, mentions the case of a young lady, suffering under *tic-douloureux*, who frequently underwent the mesmeric manipulations without any visible effect being produced upon her; yet that, by the end of nine days, she was restored to health. Dr. Passavant records a similar case, which occurred under his own eye, where a girl was cured of St. Vitus's dance in this way, without exhibiting the least phenomena of the magnetic treatment. So also the French practitioners, in cases of ill-health resulting from nervous disorder, frequently magnetise *à longs courans*,—i. e., by means of slow passes from head to foot,—without any attempt to entrance the patient. And in operating for a somewhat analogous case, Dr. Esdaile's brother mentions that he thought he had utter-

ly failed, as not the slightest symptom of trance appeared; but next morning he was agreeably surprised to hear that his patient had slept soundly and refreshingly, which she had not done for six months before,—and altogether the lady was so much better that she went that very day to dine at a place three miles distant.

Cases of this kind are very instructive; for they prove incontestably that there may be a gradual restoration to health without any induction of the magnetic phenomena; and they suggest the interesting and important question—Whether healing powers are not naturally inherent in the human frame,—whether, in fact, there be not actually a Contagion of Health.

This may at first sight seem a strange and improbable conjecture, but it is only its novelty that makes it appear so. So far from being unnatural, it is entirely in accordance with nature. If the human body, when diseased, have the power of infecting others, why should not a healthy person have a corresponding power of diffusing health? Are not the processes identical? And is it likely that our beneficent Creator should ordain a noxious influence, yet in corresponding circumstances withhold a salutary one? Such, in fact, is not the case. Man is not, as commonly supposed, shut up in that pent-house his body, isolated, and impotent to benefit his fellows by the use of his innate resources. A merciful God has implanted a communicable curative power in the human body, in order that when two individuals are found together, the one in health may often be able to soothe and relieve his sick companion by imparting to him a portion of his vitality.

There are many reasons *à priori* why we should expect this to be the case. Let us imagine, for a moment, the condition of mankind before by long experience they had learned to avail themselves of the medicinal virtues of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. Without some natural impulse to guide him, man, though lord of earth, would be more helpless than the brute creation; for *they* have happy instincts by which they are directed not only to their natural food, but to their natural medi-

* The extraordinary success of Mr. Thomas Capern, as narrated in his one hundred and fifty cures, afford ample evidence of this.

cines. The dog eats grass when sick, and licks his sores when wounded;—the chick, as soon as it breaks the shell, pecks gravel, to assist digestion;—the mongoose, when bitten by its enemy the snake, seeks and finds in the fields its antidote against the poison;—for health and for spawning, the salmon in ceaseless cycle forsake the river for the sea, and the sea for the river;—while, at stated intervals, the wild animals of the forest and the prairie resort from afar to the salt-licks, in order to renovate their constitutions. Has not man, then, some similar instinct to guide him? Assuredly he has; and if we do but carefully watch his motions, we shall speedily detect it.

What, then, are our instinctive motions when in pain? Does not a natural impulse prompt us to put our hand on the spot? If we have received a blow, does not the hand move instantly towards the suffering part, and probably rub it gently? *Ubi dolor ibi digitus*. In headach, colic, &c., we instinctively seek relief from a similar process; and if the hand itself be hurt, it is carried to the mouth—as any youngster will testify in whose school corporal punishment is still in the ascendant. So also we frequently derive benefit from similar operations performed on us by others: the throbbing temples seek to be pillowed on gentle hands, or the friction of a friendly palm assuages local pain; and often have we seen the invalid soothed when his nervous hand was folded in gentle grasp by some one at his bedside. Men grow too proud to be tutored by nature—they go to the pharmacopœia, if they go anywhere; but the case is different in the nursery. Nature is there, among her children; and often has she seen her own true precept, “kiss the place to make it well,” restore quiet and gladness to that room of romps. What does the little sufferer do, but run to his mother or his nurse, to get taken on her knee and have her willing palms applied to the part affected, till, soothed and relieved by the gentle rubbing, he goes to sleep in her lap?

As nature never implants an instinct needlessly, we may be very sure there is some real virtue in these our instinctive motions when in pain; but before deciding on this matter, let us widen the sphere of our observation, and see whether what each of us feels to be

true finds any corroboration among mankind at large.

In investigating the customs of different countries, we sometimes stumble upon practices which it is not difficult to identify as of kindred origin. Thus, in some parts of Bavaria, the peasants regularly rub their children from head to foot before putting them to bed, and attribute to the operation salutary effects. In the East, the same instinct shows itself in the practice of champooing. The mode of taking the bath among Oriental nations, accompanied with rubbing and manually pressing the different parts of the body, is well known to produce a refreshing, invigorating, and highly agreeable feeling, occasions a slight perspiration and gentle slumber, and cures, or at least alleviates, many diseases. The old and widespread belief that the king's touch could cure scrofula (hence called the king's evil) is not to be overlooked in this question—especially as it was only certain royal families in whom this power was believed to reside. So also we read of an inkeeper of Silesia, who, in the beginning of last century, cured sick and infirm persons by means of manipulation. He refused all recompence from the multitudes both of high and low who flocked to him; is described as of a healthy constitution and of unblemished reputation; and the genuineness of his cures was attested by a Government inquiry, which their extraordinary character and widespread fame caused to be instituted. Michael Medina (*circ.* 1560) tells us he knew a boy of Salamanca who had the gift of communicating health by his touch; and Thiers, Kircher, Deleuze, and others, bear witness to similar cases.

Indeed the curative power of the hand seems to have been known in the earliest times and among all nations. The Chaldean priests, the Parsi of Persia, the Indian Bramins, the priesthood of Egypt, seem all to have made use of it; and the Jesuit missionaries of last century state that curing diseases by the imposition of the hands has prevailed in China for many ages. The following remarkable couplet from Solon's verses shows that it was known in Athens long before the birth of Christ:—

“ Sometimes the fury of the worst disease
The hand, by gently stroking, will appease.”

And Sprengel, in his learned *History of Medicine*, informs us, that, in chro-

nic affections, Asclepiades of Bithynia, who acquired so much reputation as a physician at Rome, recommended frictions, to be continued till the patient fell asleep, which sleep he considered as very salutary.

To crown this array of evidence, we would gladly have given at length the case of our own Valentine Greatrakes (or Greatrex), who lived two centuries ago, and in whose favour the most unequivocal testimony is borne by contemporaries and eye-witnesses, divines, physicians, and philosophers. But as our limits forbid, we can only give the testimony of Dr. Stubbes, "that there was no manner of fraud in the performances, nor was his stroking so violent that much could be attributed to the friction: sometimes he ejaculated a short prayer before he cured any, and always, after he had done, he bade them give God the praise." And, what is very pertinent to our subject, the Lord Bishop of Derry closes his testimony by saying—"I confess I refer all his virtue to his particular temper and complexion; and I take his spirits to be a kind of elixir, and that he cures (as Dr. M. expressed it) by a *sanative contagion*."

Hitherto the hand alone has appeared as the fountain of this salutary influence, but it must be content to share its honours with an humbler member. For, in rustic Dauphiné, we read of a family who, from father to son, have for centuries been in the habit of operating on patients with the foot—by conducting the great toe along the principal ramifications of the nerves. A similar mode of treatment, says the celebrated Kiesen, has long prevailed in many parts of Germany; and not a few of us, probably, have heard of the virtue ascribed to the great toe of King Pyrrhus. *A priori* we should have expected something of this kind, from the analogous structure of the hand and foot; although from the greater and finer nervous development in the hand, the superiority will generally be found to remain with it.

The breath and saliva also have long been said (and, we shall by-and-by see, correctly) to propagate this peculiar healing power inherent in the body. The efficacy of the former appears to have been maintained in very early times. Borelli mentions that there exists a sect of physicians in India who cure all sorts of diseases merely

by the breath; and Pliny recommends breathing on the forehead as a means of cure. It is usual among the common people, in some countries, to treat the disease called St. Antony's Fire by breathing upon the body; and it is questionable whether the common nursery practice of "blowing away" a pain have not more virtue than we grown-up men are inclined to allow. A practice which holds its place through many generations is seldom founded wholly on mistake; and most certainly modern science, instead of demolishing, is in many cases establishing what we have been too long pleased to call "vulgar errors"—frequently showing a truth where we had seen only a superstition, and tending to corroborate the humiliating proverb, that "there is nothing new but what has been forgotten." So also we see nothing improbable, much less impossible, in the vulgar idea that the breath of some serpents is fatal in its influence on other animals;—and that a peculiar virtue is possessed by the breath of young and healthy persons has been maintained in all ages.

A similar efficacy is attributed to the saliva. Delrio tells us that it was employed, along with the breath, by the Ensalmadores in Spain, in the cure of many and diverse diseases; and elsewhere it seems to have been much used for the relief of swellings. Rodericus a Castro, after noticing some cases of cure effected by saliva, says—"In confirmation, they (the operators) adduce experience and frequent kinds of cures, as well as the daily practice of the soldiers, who, by the breath and lips alone, cure even most horrible wounds, and who all boast that they possess the gift of health in various diseases." This will suggest to the mind of our readers the instinct of dogs to lick their sores, and corroborates what we have said of hurt hands being carried to the mouth, as well as of the maternal practice, so dear to the little sobbing urchin, of "kissing the place to make it well."

What we think collaterally worthy of observation in these notices is, first, that they occur in different and distant countries, unconnected as to time, place, or circumstance. Secondly, among rude as well as among enlightened peoples,—showing that it was nature rather than science that called them forth. Thirdly, we would suggest that it was similar cases, noted and pondered over by the

thoughtful and inquisitive, that originated the mystical practices of the disciples of Mumbo Jumbo in Africa, and of the "medicine men" among the American Indians. Improved by science and corrected by wider experience, it is to be traced more or less distinctly in the early ages of the Chinese, Hindoos, and Egyptians, down through the various schools of mystics, to the days of Mesmer, who rediscovered it and promulgated it openly and systematically to the world.

Here, then, most palpably is a Contagion of Health; for unquestionably Greatrakes and others could only cure others by imparting something of their own. And lest it be objected that such imparting of health to others would materially diminish that of the operator, we would just ask—Is the patient who infects a dozen neighbours any better than he who infects none? There seems to be an atmosphere raying off from all bodies, whether in health or sickness—of which *smell* is one of the manifestations; and the use of the magnetic manipulations, &c., is just to intensify this, and direct it to the desired object. Hence the importance of all magnetisers being free from colds and other illness when they operate upon others, as the chance is that the latter will be inoculated with the distemper.

Thus both Nature and History testify to the existence of a nervous fluid in the human body analogous to that contended for by Mesmer and his disciples, and to its transmissibility from one person to another. But as this is a point strongly contested by some who, like Mr. Braid, fully credit, and even produce the magnetic phenomena, we will now add to the testimony of Nature and History that of Physiologists. We cannot go at length into this matter, but the following remarks may not be devoid of interest.

The existence of a very subtle and etherial fluid, acting under the command of the will, and conducted to all parts of the corporeal frame by means of the nerves, was entertained by the celebrated physician Hoffman, and by many other learned men, long before the modern discovery of Animal Magnetism. One of these, Pomponatius (Professor of Philosophy at Padua, *circ.* 1500), assumes it as a fact generally acknowledged, that there are men endowed with the faculty of curing certain diseases by means of an efflu-

ence or emanation which the force of their imagination directs towards the patient. "When those," says he, "who are endowed with this faculty operate by employing the force of the imagination and the will, this force affects their blood and spirits, which produces the intended effects by means of an evaporation thrown outwards." And he compares this susceptibility of health, as we have done, to the opposite susceptibility of disease. Van Helmont, unquestionably the first physician of his age, goes further, and maintains that we can in this way impress upon dead matter the virtue with which we ourselves are endowed, so as to make it an intermediate agent for producing salutary effects—an opinion which has been corroborated by recent experiments. Still more important, perhaps, in the estimation of our readers, similar opinions to those of Hoffman and others were maintained, with great knowledge and acuteness, by those eminent practical inquirers, Hunter and Abernethy; and this hypothesis was almost reduced to a certainty by the interesting researches of Reil, Autenreith, Humboldt, Burdach, Bichat, and others, who went far towards the actual demonstration of the fact of the secretion and circulation of a nervous fluid, and even rendered it extremely probable that this fluid is capable of an external expansion, which takes place with such energy as to form an atmosphere, or sphere of activity, similar to that of electrical bodies. More conclusive still is the testimony of the celebrated French anatomist and physiologist, M. Béclard. This skilful experimentalist, having cut a nerve of considerable size, which induced paralysis in an adjoining muscle, perceived the contractile action reappear when he approached the two ends of the nerve at the distance of three lines. It is quite evident that a fluid of some kind here traversed the interval of separation, in order to restore the muscular action:—a fact which explains the not unfrequent failure to cure tic-doloureux by cutting the nerves of the face. Moreover, having frequently placed a magnetic needle in connexion with the extremity of a divided nerve, M. Béclard constantly perceived the deviation of the pole of the needle, caused by the reciprocal attraction of the two opposite fluids. We may add, in conclusion, the very important fact,

that Mr. A. Smee's experiments go still further, and show that this electro-nervine fluid is always detected in the muscles during action, by the electrometer, and that it is even given off by the *skin of the hand*.

The extensive and authentic evidence set forth in the preceding paragraphs will have sufficiently prepared our readers for the crowning testimony, by which modern Science has just completed the fabric which the instincts of Nature and the records of History have been rearing from the earliest ages. It is to be found in the Researches of Baron Reichenbach, a distinguished German chemist and physiologist, who has laboured most assiduously in this field of inquiry, and whose experiments have been as cautiously conducted as they have been ingeniously contrived.

The first step in his progress was the discovery that certain persons experienced peculiar sensations when a strong magnet was passed slowly along the surface of their bodies; and he subsequently found that this sensitiveness is not a morbid condition, but that it exists, in different degrees, in one person out of three, on an average of healthy and diseased people. These sensations, he ascertained, are occasioned by an influence which in the magnet is associated with Ferro-Magnetism (*i. e.*, that power by which the suspended needle points to the north, and by which the loadstone attracts iron filings), but exists independently of it, as in crystals and in the human body, and which he has named Odyle. This influence appears to travel less rapidly than light; but it is conducted through substances more rapidly than heat. It can pass through all kinds of matter (differing in this from the electrical influence, which is arrested by most non-metallic bodies), but with somewhat less facility through fibrous or interrupted than continuous structures. Like electricity and ferro-magnetism, it is polar in its distribution—except in amorphous matter, where it occurs without distinct polarity. Thirdly, in its flow out of one body towards all others (for, like heat, light,

and electricity, it is sent forth in all directions), the odylic influence is characterised by its emanations being luminous—that is, to sensitive persons—in the dark. The light is very faint, so as generally to be overpowered by the faintest glimmer of ordinary light; although very sensitive persons, and most persons when in the magnetic sleep, can see it in daylight. It presents the rainbow colours; but at the northward pole of magnets the blue predominates, at the southward the red. Odyle resides in all kinds of crystals, but not so powerfully in them as in magnets. It is developed by every species of chemical action—such as combustion, the solution of a metal or alkali in an acid, respiration, and the changes going on in the living body generally. Hence the human or animal body is a plentiful source of odyle;* and hence also that instantaneous stimulus we experience on eating, before the food can possibly pass, in the form of juices, into the system. Each side, but especially the hands, are oppositely polar; and the hands, eyes, and mouth are also foci where the odylic influence appears to be concentrated. Hence passes with the hands, and gazing, are the most powerful means of magnetising. The sensation occasioned by the negative or north pole of any body possessing the odylic force, is a grateful coolness—by the positive or south pole, a disagreeable warmth. The right hand is negative and cool, the left positive and warm. The sun's rays are negative, and cause to sensitives a strong but delightful coolness. The moon, on the contrary, is odily positive; so also are all the planets, which, like her, shine by reflected light. Reichenbach has also found odyle in plants; and in short it seems to be universally diffused throughout the material universe. In this respect it agrees with heat, light, and electricity,—and perhaps all of these may be hereafter reduced to one primary force; but, in the meantime, odyle must be distinguished from the rest, just as heat, light, and electricity are from each other.†

The earth also, which is a vast mag-

* As a singular proof of the existence of electrical matter in the human body, we may mention that the writer of this could in his younger days, on frosty nights and in a dark room, draw a perfect shower of blue electric sparks from his person—cat-like!

† Those who are sceptical as to the existence of this force, would do well to con-

net, emits its odyllic light; which, in consequence of the great size and enormous power of the magnet concerned, becomes visible to all eyes as the Aurora Borealis. "This has been demonstrated," says Professor Gregory, "by a series of the most beautiful experiments with which I am acquainted. Reichenbach converted a large iron globe, two or three feet in diameter, into a powerful magnet, by causing an electric current to traverse a wire coiled round a bar of iron passing from pole to pole of the sphere. When the globe was suspended in the air, in an absolutely dark room, the sensitives saw the odyllic light in the most exquisite beauty, and with all the peculiar characters of the Aurora Borealis and the Aurora Australis. At each pole appeared a wide circle of light, more blue at the northward, more red at the southward pole, but at both with all the rainbow hues. The equator was marked by a luminous belt, towards which, on or close above the surface of the sphere, lines of light constantly streamed from the polar circles. In the polar circles, as well as in the streaming lines, the colours were arranged so that red predominated in one quarter (the south), blue in the opposite, yellow in the west, and opposite to it grey, or the absence of colour; while, as in all the odyllic rainbows, a narrow stripe of red appeared near the grey, at the end of the iris most remote from the great mass of lead,—a most beautiful confirmation of Sir David Brewster's analysis of the spectrum. . . Nor was this all; for in the air, above each pole, appeared a splendid crown or umbel of light, more blue at the northward, more red at the southward, but exhibiting also all the colours, and sending towards the equator splendid streams of many-coloured light, dancing and leaping, lengthening and shortening, just as the finest

northern streamers do to the delighted eye of the observer."

From these discoveries of Reichenbach, one or two notes may be made explanatory of facts well known, but hitherto inexplicable. The influence of the earth's magnetism on the human body explains why many very sensitive persons cannot sleep unless their bed lies in a plane parallel to the magnetic meridian, with the head towards the north. To some patients, the position at right angles to it is quite insupportable; and this has been noticed long ago, but ascribed to fancy or idiosyncrasy alone. It appears extremely probable that some diseases may be more easily cured when the proper position of the bed is observed. The recent discovery of Faraday, too, that oxygen gas is attracted by the magnet, goes far to substantiate the conjecture of Goethe, that the atmospherical changes, so perplexing to philosophers, are due to the varying attractive power of the earth. Secondly, the circumstance of the grateful odyllic influence given out by the right hand, and the disagreeable one from the left, may account for the superiority universally assigned to the former over the latter, and the invariable use of the right hand in welcoming a friend. The corresponding fact of the north pole of our globe being odyllo-negative, is a good reason why the distribution of land and water should be as it is—namely, with three-fourths of all the land in the northern hemisphere. Thirdly, since all chemical action, including the changes which take place in dead bodies by decay, is attended with the emission of odyllic light as well as odyllic influence, sensitive persons (as Reichenbach frequently tested) see luminous appearances over graves, especially over recent graves. Here Science with her torch dissipates the shades of superstition. Corpse-

sider the following passage in Newton's "*Principia*," where that great man evidently anticipates the modern discoveries of Reichenbach:—"We might add," says he, "some things concerning a certain very subtle spirit pervading solid bodies, and latent in them, by the force and activity of which the particles of bodies mutually attract each other at the smallest distances, and, when placed in contiguity, adhere; and light is emitted, reflected and refracted, inflected, and heat communicated to bodies; and all sensation is excited, and the limbs of animals are moved at will, namely, by the vibrations of this spirit, propagated through the solid capillaments of the nerves, from the external organs of the senses to the brain, and from the brain to muscles. But these things cannot be explained in a few words, nor have we a sufficient number of experiments to enable us to determine and demonstrate accurately the laws by which the actions of this spirit are governed."

lights exist, but they are not supernatural ; and the seers are only sensitive persons.

These discoveries explain, also, the formerly mysterious influence which the moon exercises over lunatics, the "night-blindness" which it brings upon those who sleep with their head exposed to its rays, and many other curious phenomena of moonlight. They show that the exhilaration we feel in a sunny day is not the mere result of association, but the effect of a real physical influence ; and demonstrate, more clearly than ever, the *vital* necessity for fresh air. Paracelsus used to affirm, that man is not only fed through his stomach, but through all his limbs, which draw in nourishment from the four elements out of which he is formed ; and it is a fact that the Seeress of Prevorst, of whom we shall afterwards speak, could not exist without an open window, and used to say "that she extracted a vivifying principle (odyle) from the air." The experiments of a French *saran*, during the recent visit of the cholera to Paris, indicated that the ebb and flow of that dreadful malady depended on the magnetic state of the atmosphere ; and we doubt not that this will prove to be the case with almost all epidemics.

Odylen can be, to a certain extent, accumulated in a substance, but is slowly dissipated again. With sensitive persons, magnetised water may be advantageously used for producing sleep, in cases of over-vigilance ; but it has no perceptible effect on ordinary persons, who have not previously been magnetised. Drs. Esdaile and Gregory, and Mr. Atkinson, have used magnetised water successfully. Cotton, leather, and other substances, have also been employed by Mr. Atkinson as media for conveying the mesmeric influence. He narrates an interesting case of this nature. A lady patient, whom he was successfully treating for tic, being obliged to go to Paris with her husband before a cure was effected, he suggested the plan of sending her mesmerised gloves by post. The experiment succeeded perfectly ; the glove put on her hand always sent her into the magnetic sleep, and relieved her intense suffering, which nothing else could do. The magnetised glove, by use, gradually lost its property, and then failed to cause sleep after a third time ; so that he had to

send her newly magnetised gloves every week, and the old ones were, from time to time, returned, to be charged afresh. "This," says Mr. Atkinson, "led to the observation of a very striking fact. I found that, before I could renew the healthy power, I had to remove the unhealthy influence or contagion, which the glove had absorbed from the patient. I felt in my hand, on approaching the old glove, the same unpleasant sensations as I have from touching a diseased individual, besides absolute pain from the tic. The sensations were as clear and unmistakeable as those of heat from a flame, or of the roughness or smoothness of objects. . . . It might be supposed that the influence of the gloves on the patient was due only to the imagination, but I tested this by sending sometimes unmesmerised gloves, and at other times such as had been used by the patient, without doing anything to them ; and always found that the unmesmerised gloves had no effect, and the used gloves a most disagreeable one."

"As to the action of magnets, crystals, and metals," says Dr. Gregory, "numerous cases occur, and are daily to be met with, in which pain is relieved by the contact of these bodies. I know of one lady, subject to severe nervous headaches, who is relieved at once by holding in her hand a large crystal of fluor spar, which generally throws her into magnetic sleep. The effect is so well marked, that, when she suffers, her children always beg her to use the crystal. But, in exact correspondence with what Reichenbach has observed, the position of the poles of the crystal must be reversed, if it be shifted from one hand to the other. The action of magnets, and even of galvanic rings, in relieving rheumatic pains, is very far from being imaginary in many cases. It has been generally rejected by medical men, because they could not explain it ; and it has been said that since the galvanic rings could not cause a current of galvanic electricity, they could have no effect. But this is a *non sequitur*. Not only rings of two metals, but rings or other masses of one metal, often produce strong effects, relieve pain, and cause sleep,—as do magnets also ; and, on the principles developed by Reichenbach, they act, not by electricity, nor by ferro-magnetism, but by their odylic

force. Instead of rejecting the facts, therefore, on theoretical grounds, or because we cannot explain them, we ought rather to multiply our observations, and from them, in process of time, deduce our theory or explanations."

We doubt not some instrument will by-and-by be invented to measure the quantity, and perhaps also the quality, of odyle, just as we already possess an electrometer. The germ of such an instrument was discovered last spring by Dr. Mayo,—a gentleman well known both in the scientific and literary world. He found that, on holding a gold ring, suspended from the hand by a silk thread, over silver (two or three half-crowns, for instance), a series of remarkable oscillations ensue, palpably evidencing the influence of the metals on the odylic fluid of the human body. Instead of a gold ring, a piece of shell-lac, sulphur, charcoal, &c., may be used to arm the "odometer" (as he styles the instrument), but gold is the most generally successful. The odometer only acts in the hands of certain persons, and very rarely when tried by females. If you suspend it from the nail-joint of your right fore-finger, or left thumb, the oscillations over gold or silver will be to you and from you,—while if you hang it from your left fore-finger or right thumb, the motions will be transverse, or at right angles to its former course. This shows not only the sides, as Reichenbach asserts, are really polar to each other, but that a similar polarity exists between the fingers and thumb of each hand. Hence when the odometer is suspended from the fore-finger, the thumb should be kept well back, as it possesses an opposite od-quality; and by bringing the thumb into contact with the finger, the oscillations of the odometer will be reversed. The parts of the human body over which we have found this instrument to move most energetically are, the brain and the spinal chord—a fact which proves that the odylic fluid predominates in those fountains of the nervous system. Not the least interesting discovery of Dr. Mayo's is, that over the surface of every metallic disc two transverse magnetic currents are ever playing, indicating the existence both of primary and secondary poles—such as crystals exhibit, and as the earth itself appears to have—and these currents extend to some distance

beyond the margin. What is more extraordinary, at a certain distance all round the disc, there is found to exist a zone of quiescence, where not a breath of motion is discernible; beyond which an opposite and stronger set of currents come into play, acting exactly contrary to those on the surface of the disc. May not this latter discovery throw some light on the nature of planetary forces, especially since the sun and his satellites are now acknowledged to act and react on each other magnetically?

Dr. Mayo's experiments show that gold, silver, zinc, polished glass, alkalies, the small end of an egg, the root of a garden weed freshly taken from the ground, the stalk-end of an orange or apple, as well as the right side of the body, correspond in odylic influence with the north end of a magnet—that is to say, they are odylo-negative; while copper, ground-glass, acids, the large end of an egg, the leaves of a weed, the top-end of an orange or apple, and the left side of the body, are odylo-positive. Many other curious facts will doubtless soon be elicited by this instrument; but great delicacy and caution are required in using it, else the results will be erroneous or fanciful.

Science may seek to improve this instrument, and will certainly succeed to some extent; but we feel confident that by far the best odylo-meter (as we prefer to call it) will be a good subject when in the magnetic sleep. Indeed this was evidenced twenty years ago in the remarkable case of the Seeress of Prevorst, which is attested by such men as Eschenmayer, Schubert, and Görres, and by the learned in Germany generally. The history of this poor woman (who, from her earliest days, evinced that particular temperament which forms the natural somnambulist) is briefly this. After years of intense bodily anguish, heightened by erroneous treatment, she was taken in November, 1826, to Weinsberg, to be placed under the care of Dr. Kerner. She was then more dead than alive—her existence being only supported by giving her a spoonful of broth every three or four minutes, which she often could not swallow, but which caused a fainting-fit if withheld. She is the most extraordinary natural somnambulist upon record. In the experiments which Dr. Kerner made upon her with regard to minerals, nothing was omitted to secure their accuracy. For this purpose, the

minerals were separately tied with a string five yards long, which was brought from an outer room, and placed in the *left* hand of the somnambulist. The sensations she assigned to each mineral were exactly the same as when they were placed in the hand itself; also, water in which a mineral had been dipped for a short time, produced the same effect, but in a milder degree, as the handled stone would have done. The cabinet of a mineralogist, Herr Tilot, consul at Heilbronn, was placed at the doctor's disposal; the owner noted the result, and has given an official report of them. In the vegetable kingdom, laurel boughs and leaves threw her into somnambulism of the highest degree; which reminds one of the oracle of Apollo, to whom the laurel was consecrated, and the use made of it at his shrines by the sybils.

This will be enough for the picking of the philosophers who contend that all our knowledge is derived through the five senses. To these sensations the Seeress of Prevorst, in her waking state, was no more alive than others; but when in her *sleep-life*, she became alive to the properties of the hardest and most impenetrable substances,—and in most instances her report of them coincided with the legendary character assigned to them from the remotest antiquity. It is not, therefore, at all improbable that the first rude system of natural science was revealed by seers and visionaries, and that it was upon their sayings that wholesome or poisonous properties were assigned to minerals and vegetables. Secret virtues were known to exist in stones from the earliest ages. Orpheus sings of the earth producing good and evil, but against every evil an antidote,—and of the ever-young, indestructible virtues of stones, for which he ranks them above fruits and herbs. Aristotle, Dioscorides, Galen, Avicenna, Albertus Magnus, and especially Pliny, have written concerning their wonderful powers. Theophrastus says that by carrying certain stones about him, he escaped fevers, and that the Magi prepared stones which cured or averted various diseases; and it was from the general belief of their magnetic effects that diamonds and

other precious gems were so much prized as ornaments for the person. These powers, as we have seen, were not mere fictions of antiquity; they had their foundation in the well-observed phenomena of external nature. "The ancients were better observers than we," says a writer on this subject; "and in this department of sensations their field was larger, for those effects upon the nerve-spirit were then more frequent. The infancy of the human kind was highly susceptible of these magic (magnetic?) influences, compared with our oxydated and carbonised frames, but above all, with our materialised understandings. And to this hour, in the East, where men are nearer to nature, similar virtues are still imputed to stones."

The magnetic fluid, said Mesmer, is "communicated, propagated, and increased by *sound*;" and though this has hitherto been doubted, it only shows that recent Magnetists have been more sceptical than profoundly inquiring. It will be generally admitted, we think, that music throws *some* stimulus on the nerves; and it would not be impossible now to show what that stimulus is. "Music," says Dr. Kerner, "threw Mrs. H. (the Seeress) into a somnambulant state; she became clearer, and spoke in rhythm. She would make me magnetise the water she drank by sounds from the Jew's harp; and when I had done this unknown to her, on drinking water so prepared, she immediately began to sing.* The prophet Elisha gives an example of how the inner-life is quickened by music:—'When he was brought before the King of Israel, he bade them bring in a musician; and when the musician touched the strings, the hand of the Lord was upon Elisha, and he prophesied.'"

The manner in which man is affected by the things around him is truly wonderful. Not to mention the unreasoning sympathies and antipathies we feel towards certain people (the result of a harmony or discord between our magnetic influences), how often do we see antipathy strikingly exhibited towards animals or inanimate objects. Thus some persons cannot endure the presence of a cat, others of a dog, or

* "On one occasion," says Mr. Atkinson, "I breathed a dream into a (magnetised) glove which I sent to a lady: the dream occurred."

of a mouse, or of a spider, or of a toad ; and many of them will detect the presence of their *bête noire* even when it has been carefully kept from their sight. A careful study of such phenomena would soon enable us to discover the laws which regulate them. Similar effects also seem to be produced on the lower animals :—the leaves of the white ash, for instance, being found to repel the rattlesnake and throw it into convulsions. And as another of those curious facts which baffle our present school of physical science, we may add, on the authority of the *Irish Gardener's Magazine*, that “if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover, if you place a plant of chamomile near it.” The truth is, all the great bodies in the universe are surrounded by an atmosphere of power, by means of which they act and react on one another ; and a like influence is possessed, not only by man, but by the lower animals, and by every object of the material world.

Thus all things combine to show that the magnetic influence, in varying degrees, pervades the universe. It is, in fact, cosmical, as poor vilified Mesmer long ago asserted it to be. It extends throughout space, and reaches us even from the stars. It is a strange bond existing between man and the globe on which he lives, and through which he is unwittingly affected by the lifeless matter around, above, and beneath him. Earth, moon, and planets breathe out an odylo-positive influence by night, and send us to slumber. The spirit withdraws from the brain, the seat of Intelligence and fountain of the external senses, where it has all day been receiving and trying the impressions of the world of matter ; and retires into the solar plexus, the opposite pole of the nervous system, and the seat of Instinct, where it dreams dreams, and comes into closer contact with the spiritual world. It is true that dreams are often influenced

by cerebral action, but the pure dream, the *ὕπνος τῆς θύης*, comes through the instinct alone. But with morning comes the glad sunshine, with its vivifying power, recalls the spirit to its normal post, and wakes us once more to the world of intelligence and the battle of life. Day and Night are not mere light and darkness. A rival power is abroad in each : it is the old fable of Ormuzd and Ahriman—it is Life and Death.* Death physical—which is but a loosening of the spirit from the body—an ushering of the soul into the awful mysteries of the spiritual world. Ask the physicians why, in so many diseases, the crisis occurs at midnight ; why the young and the beautiful—the sensitive—the boy leaving his boyhood, the girl bursting like a flower into woman, the babe and its mother, so often die before the dawn. “At midnight,” says Job, “when men die !” The fact was known three thousand years ago ; and men have observed it ever since, yet rested satisfied in their ignorance of its cause. He who, watching a sickbed as the midnight hour rolled by, has seen the pulse mount, the weak limbs begin to quiver, and the fever visibly *growing* beneath his gaze ; who has beheld, at noon of night, the sufferer roused from slumber by the first touch of Death—the hard-drawn breath, the startled look, the hot flushed cheeks, and the large, clear, fever-bright eyes turned anxiously, and as if for help, to those around ; let him see this once, and he will never forget it—let him see it oftener, hundreds of times, as our doctors do, and how is it possible for him not to burn for a knowledge of the unknown cause ! The Odylists have, at length, unravelled the mystery and explained the phenomenon ; and though it be far beyond their power to alter, they, at least, deserve credit for having thus left one mystery the less for the restless mind of man to hunt after.

Having now detailed the facts upon which the magnetic art is founded, as

* This statement may require a word of qualification. The vegetative system—including assimilation and growth—is more active by night, under the telluric influence, than by day under the solar. In the animal system, the movement of the blood is augmented ; hence the skin becomes warmer, redder, and more turgid, and fevers are generally on the increase. But the *grand* feature of Death is the loosening of the soul from the body ; and at night, under the telluric influence, the bond which unites them is weakened. The activity of the sensitive system decreases, external impressions are almost gone, and all voluntary movements are at an end. It is a nightly-recurring trance—it is Death in Life.

fully and clearly as our limits and our abilities permit, we conclude for the present. The higher stages of trance will form the subject of a future article, as well as the truly important consideration of their being reconcilable with the truths of Revelation. To do the former of these topics justice, theory and speculation must endeavour to combine the magnetic phenomena into a somewhat intelligible system; and this, we frankly confess, we feel to be very difficult, as doubtless only fragments of the elicitable phenomena are yet before us. In the present article, however, our way has been clear. We have refrained from theory, and stuck to facts; and we believe we have stated nothing for which there is not ample evidence, *if people will take the trouble to inquire*. It may be said—"Oh! here are charms and magic—this is taking us back to the Dark Ages!" We answer, that we care not whither it takes us, so that Truth leads. And we see anything but a reason why discoveries should, in the teeth of evidence, be declared impossible now, merely because they confirm opinions which, from the sage to the peasant, were universal in former ages! Would not the converse of this be the better reasoning? The learned of nowadays too often turn up the lip at things of which they know nothing, and infer, by their conclusions, that insanity must have been at one time the universal character of the human species. But "little do they imagine that our posterity will have good reason for a similar opinion on this philosophising, but illogical and stupid generation." Twenty years have not

yet passed since these words were first uttered, and is not Time already verifying the prediction? The tide is turning. In other twenty years, will not the very children that now romp in our nurseries stand amazed at our blindness, or laugh aloud at our foolish wisdom?

The present discoveries should preach to the sages of this and of all future times a lesson of humility—a lesson which worldly wisdom ever finds it most difficult to learn. "God," says Dr. Kitto, "has put limits to human progress, lest man should be exalted above measure;" and often what we conclude to be the appearance of a new art or science, is but the re-discovery of an old one. "There is nothing new but what has been forgotten" may seem a proverb more witty than wise, yet it is literally true in regard to our discoveries in magnetism. It will require, however, an act of magnanimity, a real conquest over ourselves, to make due reparation to the memory of the so-called impostors of old. "We too much overrate the present, because we know it better than the past. But it has been proved that many, and it may turn out that more, of our inventions and improvements are but revivals of old things. This was felt twenty-seven centuries ago, by one who knew the primeval history as well as we do, if not better; and there is deep truth in the words of the Preacher:—'The thing that hath been is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.'"^{*}

* Kitto's *Daily Bible Illustrations*, vol. i. pp. 132–3.

Of the many excellent authors whom we have consulted in this very long article, we owe the chief acknowledgment to Professor Gregory of Edinburgh, whose recently-published *Letters* will do more to convince men of the truth of Animal Magnetism than any work as yet published in this country. The name of Gregory is one of which Science has reason to be proud, and in this work the professor has proved that the illustrious name is still worthily represented. We would draw the attention of our readers to the remarkable circumstance, that the statement of the clairvoyant, on 17th February last, given in Dr. Gregory's work, as to the then position of Captain Austin and the Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, has just been singularly verified by the accounts of Captain Parry and others; the winter station of the ships having been in longitude 95° 45' west.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER.—NO. IX.

AUTHORS, ACTORS, AND AMATEURS.

A MANAGER'S correspondence is, of necessity, extensive, forming another interesting and voluminous chapter in the history of human character. If I had preserved all the letters I have received during my twenty years' administration, from authors, actors, ambitious aspirants, anonymous counselors, anxious partisans, concealed enemies, petitioners with claims and pretenders without any; useful hints and friendly suggestions from well-wishers; remonstrances and threatenings from the discharged, the disaffected, the ill-treated, or incompetent; I should have possessed, in quantity, enough to make a second holocaust, almost as extensive though less celebrated than that of the far famed Alexandrian Library, which, according to the authority of the respectable Abulpharagius, consisted of 700,000 manuscript volumes, on paper or parchment, and supplied the 4000 baths of the city with a constant supply of fuel for six months. I do not exactly know where I could have bestowed this mighty mass of epistolisation, if it had not been "used up" by instalments. The saloon is spacious and seldom occupied, and there is an extensive catacomb under it; but the cubic capacity of both would have proved insufficient for the purpose, while the accumulation of such a pile of combustibles would have vitiated the insurance. However, this much is certain, the letters are nearly all destroyed, nor do I think either literature or posterity has sustained any damage by the loss. The erudite and solemnly jocose Gibbon, commenting on the supposed character of the Egyptian collection (while he doubts the fact altogether), observes,—“If the ponderous mass of Arian and Monophysite controversy were indeed consumed in the public baths, a philosopher may allow, with a smile, that it was ultimately devoted to the benefit of mankind.” Those who are interested in the history of theatrical squabbles and dissensions, with the wrongs of authors and actors, may be consoled for the loss of many authentic

materials by adopting a similar opinion. As I am almost without existing documents to refer to, I must draw on my memory while endeavouring to string together a cento of reminiscences, extracted from this departed correspondence.

The uninitiated in the arcana of theatres will scarcely believe in the number of original pieces which are sent every season for acceptance. There is a continual glut of dramatic genius in the market, if bulk be taken as a test of merit. Then follows the physical labour of reading them all, either in person or by competent delegate. It has been said and loudly echoed, that authors of talent and brilliant promise have been crushed or held back by the incompetence of managers, who, from want of judgment, from pique, or undue partiality, are given to discard good plays and adopt bad ones. This has happened certainly, but not often. Managers commit errors like other people, but it is reasonable to suppose they study their own interest, and understand something of their business. If they do not they suffer in pocket, and pay dearly for mistakes. A balance on the wrong side of the ledger is a great remover of prejudices. Garrick was generally clear in his managerial policy, cautious and calculating, but still not infallible. He could not, or would not, see the talent of Mrs. Siddons and Henderson. This might be jealousy. As an author, he undervalued and was afraid to accept Goldsmith's *Goodnatured Man*. While living on terms of friendly intimacy with him he declined his comedy, with vexatious delays, drove him to Covent-garden, and lost *She Stoops to Conquer*, which met with the greatest success, and will always continue to keep the stage. He was also blind to the merits of *Douglas*, which he rejected, while he produced afterwards *Agis*, the *Siege of Aquileia*, and the *Fatal Discovery*, three very inferior and forgotten productions by the same writer. But these instances must be considered as exceptions.

Not many years since, several authors, who had conceived themselves ill used by managerial neglect, formed a committee or club, and published, at their own expense, a series of plays entitled, "the Rejected Drama," one or more of which they also contrived to get acted. In both experiments the public voice vindicated the judgment of the managers, and decided that they were right. The authors stood condemned on their own evidence. They perpetrated self-immolation, as the widows do at the Suttees in India, and as Thelwall would have done, when tried for high treason, if he had persisted in pleading his own cause. "I'll defend myself, I'll be hanged if I don't," whispered he to Erskine, who was retained on his side. "You'll be hanged if you do," replied the learned counsel calmly, which brought the refractory client to his senses in a twinkling. It is something to save a man from his friends, but it is even better to save him from himself. In Ireland, and particularly in Dublin, our public are supposed to be exclusively national, and to honour our own writers with a very laudable and graceful preference. Experience too often proves the contrary. In twenty years the *Warden of Galway* and *Life in Dublin* are the only instances I can name of original plays producing a remunerative return. Sincerely do I regret that they should stand alone. Others, of equal, or perhaps superior pretensions, have failed to excite notice. The *Warden of Galway* was repeated on sixteen nights during the first season to excellent houses, averaging above ninety pounds, and no portion of the receipts absorbed by an expensive star. It has been acted altogether in Dublin forty-five times, and still attracts an occasional audience; a tolerable test of merit and enduring popularity. The subject is very striking and skilfully handled. Thinking highly of this tragedy, the veteran Dowton, who was at that time performing here, endeavoured, but without success, to obtain for it a trial at Drury-lane. Morton, an experienced dramatist, was then reader of plays in that establishment. I have preserved his opinion, which was transmitted in due form, and is expressed as follows:—

"I never read a play I found more difficult to give a decided opinion on. The story is simple, interesting, and

intelligible; the language is in general feeling and natural, and in the highest grade of moral elevation. The character of the Galway Brutus stoutly maintained; and that of Anastasia powerfully brought out. The faults are the maladroitness in the conduct of the plot, the abruptness of some of the important scenes, and the tameness of the exits. There is too much legal reality in the judicial scenes; and some of the characters, as Dominic, Evelyn, flit away from the scene. Act I., pages 21 and 22, Connor here lets the cat out further than necessary. Act III. the insanity of Connor the audience should be prepared for, or it would be ridiculous. The father, in the trial scene, finding out his son's guilt by a *ruse*, and volunteering it, is rather too strong an illustration of '*fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*' Act IV., very good. The fifth is a good wild Irish act; nothing hangs but the culprit."

This opinion is on the whole more humorous than just, and the objections easily parried. Several were disproved by the effect produced in representation; but they sufficed for the Drury-lane authorities, who thereupon rejected the tragedy, which was soon after *executed* at the Cobourg (since called the Victoria), after the fashion then predominant in the regions of melo-drama. I am still of opinion this play would have succeeded with a fair chance in one of the leading theatres. *Life in Dublin* was intended as a sort of sequel to *Tom and Jerry*, before those renowned heroes had passed away, with other relics of former ages. Among the "prodigious and unparalleled effects," were introduced Donnybrook Fair, in all its glory, more real (as some said) than the real fair itself; the Howth races, with living ponies, and a masquerade ball at the Rotundo, irradiated by countless chandeliers. This local hodge-podge (for I can call it nothing else) had a run of twenty-one nights, when produced in 1833. During the Lent season, on the Wednesdays and Fridays, the theatre is usually closed, unless some very extraordinary novelty or attraction suddenly springs up. The houses to *Life in Dublin* on several of these "off nights," as they are called, exceeded in amount the produce of the regular evenings, although the latter were supported by one of the shining lights of the day

(now living in honourable retirement), in the most legitimate and classic masterpieces of the drama.* I simply state a fact, to which others must supply the commentary. Every movement in theatricals defies experience, and appears to be regulated by paradox and contradictions. The same result has occurred a hundred times in the leading theatres in London, where empty spectacles, tournaments, horses, elephants, and lions have superseded Shakspeare, Kemble, Kean, Siddons, and O'Neill. This is not a degeneracy in taste of mere modern growth. In one of Garrick's celebrated prologues, earlier than the year 1762, occur these lines:—

"But if an empty house, the actors' curse,
Shows us our Lears and Hamlets lose their force,
Unwilling we must shift the nobler scene,
And in our turn present you Harlequin."

Balfe's operas, and Knowles's dramas, excellent and beautiful as all acknowledge them to be, are less attractive here than anywhere else. O'Rourke's *Amelie* and Wallace's *Martina*, eminently successful in London, and other principal cities in England, were neglected in Dublin, and yet they were supported by many of the leading performers. *Sylla the Dictator*, a classical tragedy by Banim, of high pretensions, although brought out for the benefit of the author, could with difficulty and much private exertion command a receipt equal to half the expenses. It "died, and made no sign." Maturin's tragedy of *Osmyn the Renegade*,† and Griffin's *Gisippus*, both expired naturally, the first after a brief existence of three, and the latter after a still shorter term of two nights; and in each of these the principal character was supported by Mr. Macready. Such repeated cases tax philosophy, and discourage perseverance, while they puzzle conjecture, and render it very difficult either to support a national theatre, or furnish a market for the encouragement of national talent.

In round numbers, I have produced about forty original pieces, written ex-

pressly for representation here, while several hundreds have been pressed on my acceptance which I was compelled to decline. In the vast number of the rejected, I cannot recollect one in which I could perceive the elements of success, nor do I think an instance can be named of any one of these dramas being since acted successfully elsewhere. A perusal of some of the unclaimed manuscripts still in my possession would astonish the reader, and make him wonder at the eccentricities of human intellect. In cases of rejection, disappointment may be qualified or soothed by courtesy, without any great sacrifice of candour. I have sometimes said with truth,—“I cannot undertake the production of your play, which has merit in many respects, although undramatic in construction and unsuited to the stage. I deliver my opinion plainly, as I feel bound to do so; but I by no means counsel you to be guided by it, as I have no great reliance on my own judgment. I advise you to try London, as the more promising source from whence either money or reputation may be derived.” This sort of circular suffices for ordinary occasions, but once I was obliged to be absolutely savage, having lost patience with a tragedy in five acts, in which every one of the *dramatis personæ* were killed in the last scene, and which rivalled *Bombastes* in absurdity. I returned the MS., with a note to the effect, that it was totally unactable, the plot unintelligible, the language extravagant burlesque, and the incidents ludicrous. To my amazement, the author, nothing daunted, came back to the charge, thanked me for my kind communication, said he always suspected his play required alteration, and if I would point out any particular passage he would remodel it as I wished. I felt he was “there too hard on me!” as Squire Thornhill says to Moses, and so I got rid of the discussion as the renowned Squire did, by declining to furnish argument and understanding together. I feel quite convinced that I lost a handsome legacy

* One of the largest receipts ever taken in Hawkins-street was for the benefit of Mr. W. Farren, which occurred on the last Friday in Lent, before Passion week. Shrove Tuesday is notoriously a bad night. I once saw six hundred people in the pit to an Italian opera on a Shrove Tuesday.

† I think the *Renegade* was never acted anywhere else, and was never printed. A very elaborate review of this play appeared in the *Quarterly*.

from my old friend and captain at the military college, Sir David Erskine, by declining to bring out here three most inconceivable dramas, of which he sent me presentation copies, and which he was very desirous of submitting to the judgment of the Dublin audience. They have been acted with great success by strolling companies in some little towns on the borders of Scotland, and he never forgave me for throwing cold water on his wishes.

Many dramas, great and small, pass down trippingly in London and the English provinces, which fall flat when transported to the more fastidious soil of Dublin; yet with all this, we are the very slaves of fashion, and bow down before the foreign idol of the hour. Unless heralded by London success, both fame and profit are slow of growth on our side of the channel, and either author or actor, without that imperial *imprimatur*, will chance to find himself a withered patriarch before he becomes fashionable, popular, or attractive. The only cases within my experience in which we thoroughly acted up to our supposed nationality, and crowded the theatre nightly, were during the engagement of Charles Kean, in 1837, *before* his triumph at Drury-lane; and in the recent enthusiastic reception of the fair vocalist, Catherine Hayes. I wish we were more uniformly self-dependent in matters of taste, which, as politicians say on weightier topics, would be a move in the right direction.

Before quitting the subject of manuscripts let me earnestly recommend to all who handle the pen, whether in writing plays for managers, prescriptions for patients, articles for editors of periodicals, or petitions and memorials to the powers that be, to study calligraphy. Many plays have been thrown aside, many articles have been returned, many prescriptions misinterpreted, and many petitions neglected, because it was either impossible or difficult to decipher them. Next to the possession of a good hereditary estate, and a good temper, a good handwriting will be found the best auxiliary to push through life with. Against the latter I have committed grievous outrages, and speak from sad conviction. More than once I have had my own letters on important subjects sent back to me, returned as unreadable, although special committees

had sat for hours and laboured to decipher them. Any one whose conscience pleads guilty to this offence should repent and reform without a moment's hesitation. No matter what his age may be, let him immediately take six lessons on the new principle,

"Mend his line, and sin no more."

Within the last two or three months, more than one of the legitimate theatres in London, by which a great number of persons are supported, closed, as the papers informed us, for want of public patronage, although all the world was pouring in to that giant focus of attraction, and the *two* Italian Opera Houses were overflowing nightly with enraptured and enthusiastic audiences. The all-powerful influence of fashion is not confined to the Irish capital. Take up a London morning paper, and half a column is filled with a long list of royal and noble visitors to the Italian Opera in the Haymarket, and the rival Italian Opera in Covent-garden, while the English theatres, with brilliant talent and perpetual novelty in their respective lines, are scarcely mentioned. This tends to prove that the Great Exhibition is not entirely an absorbing magnet. The same crowds who are drawn towards Meyerbeer and Beethoven, would wait on Shakspeare and Sheridan if the feast provided was equally seasoned to their taste, and forced on their attention by the same exaggerated flourish. These huge foreign leviathans, with their vast expenditure, treble companies, and increasing competition, all which inflict mutual injury on themselves, appear to be swamping and swallowing up inferior vessels which cannot vie with them in weight of metal, and are not disposed to incur the same ruinous outlay. They resemble in some respects the monster houses which have lately sprung up all over the kingdom, and are supposed by some who look closely at the subject, to bring destruction on the humble trader, and to spread a funereal pall of bankruptcy on every small establishment which comes within their vortex.

Centralisation in every form, in every department of the social system—in political, commercial, and all public arrangements, stands forward prominently as the leading insanity of the day. London is rapidly becoming England, as Paris has long been

France. It is not easy to say where this will end, or calculate the results it may lead to. Perhaps, before long, these results may reverse Menenius's apologue of the belly and the members. Instead of "a general storehouse and shop of the whole body," which in due return sends back and disseminates through the nerves and arteries, "that natural competency whereby they live;"* it may be discovered, when too late, that a bloated, unwholesome trunk has been swollen beyond its natural proportions by the sacrifice of the once vigorous limbs; that the current of life flows but in one direction, and that all is devoured while no equivalent is rendered in exchange. "Live and let live" is a sound apothegm, either in moral or practical philosophy.

As war is called "the needy bankrupt's last resort," so is the stage often considered a certain haven of refuge for all who are unfit for anything else, or too idle to learn the rudiments of a laborious calling. It is the only trade which teaches itself, or comes by inspiration without apprenticeship. If Pitt was a "heaven-born minister" without experience, why not a perfect actor without practice? "I think I could do it quite as well, if not better!" This is a common delusion of the untried theatrical tyro, who from pit or gallery listens to the applause which a Kemble or a Kean can only elicit after twenty years' drudgery. It is in vain to point this out to him. He tells you of Holland, and Powell, and Mossop, and Sheridan, who became actors all at once, and of Spranger Barry, who stepped from behind a counter on the boards, a perfect Othello, and two years afterwards shook Garrick on his throne. All this was once said to me by a blear-eyed stripling without a voice, and not more than five-feet-one in stature, who wanted to come out in Hamlet or Macbeth. I ventured to remark that Barry was singularly endowed by nature with physical requisites, such as are seldom combined in the same person, and that without some external gifts the case was hopeless. "Oh," said he, "genius can do without those paltry aids. Le Kain, the great French tragedian, was little and deformed, with a cast in his eye, a defective utterance, and an inexpressive

face. Henderson spoke as if he had worsted in his mouth, had flat features and a clumsy figure. Garrick was short and fat, and Edmund Kean was often husky." Heaven knows where he had picked up these rebutting facts, for he seemed to me profoundly uneducated, and spoke with a provincial accent which made my blood curdle.

Not long ago a young lady wrote to me from the country, requesting to know if I could give her a benefit. She had never acted and had never studied any particular character, but would undertake any leading part in tragedy I might suggest. She informed me, she was engaged to be married, and could hit on no other means of furnishing her *trousseau*, or of detaining her affianced lord from an impending emigration to America. Another time, an angry candidate told me, if I refused to engage him, he would appeal to the public, and publish my correspondence. As I could not for my life recollect that I had ever committed myself by writing to him, I was quite at a loss to guess how he could do this, but I told him calmly, as that was his intention, I would take care he should have very little to publish. The following letter is a specimen, from among the few I have preserved:—

"SIR,—i am a young man is daziros of actin sheakspeer in youre theter. i hav had a gud iddicashun, an am careless of trubl an ixpensis—I luk for no remunnerashong, I am wurthy to cummand, an in the meane time waite yur plaishure. an anser to a B at 3, Boot Lane wil confer obbliggashun. i doe not minshun my name til resaving a favrite anser.

"Youres, &c.,

"PATRICK FLYNN."

Here is another in a different strain, from a fair lady:—

"I have long resolved on a plunge which will determine the colour of my future life. The stage is my passion, and I am well read in the best dramatic authors. I have never acted, but have rehearsed twice before good judges, who assure me I shall distance all competition. I wish to know what I am to expect for three performances of Lady Macbeth, Julia in the *Hunchback*, and

* Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*, Act I. Scene I.

Ophelia; the three plays altered and re-written by myself to suit my own conceptions. I am twenty-three, my figure is *petite*, and has been pronounced faultless. My features are expressive, my eyes and hair dark, and my voice melodious. I do not think much of any actress now on the stage, and have formed ideas of my own, which I shall be happy to communicate, if this letter leads to what I wish—an interview. The bearer waits for your answer."

On this occasion I felt curious to see my correspondent, and appointed time and place. She came in form, attended by a duenna, and presented to my view a little, fat, swarthy individual, unquestionably on the shady side of thirty five, and altogether what the French call *laide a faire peur*. She was equally astonished and indignant that I would not encourage her views, and still more so at my refusing to read her improvements on Shakspeare and Knowles. I was once actually challenged by an Amazon, or as I heard her emphatically called, "an Ajax of a woman," who had tormented me through many channels into giving her an appearance, and most unjustly suspected I had some share in a criticism on her performance which appeared in one of the papers, and was anything but flattering. She disguised herself as a naval officer, pretended to arrive suddenly at Gresham's from Kingstown, and wrote to the colonel commanding the garrison for a military second, as being an unprovided stranger. I verily believe she would have shot me if I had given her the opportunity, which I had no intention of doing, but the hoax exploded before there was any necessity to show fight.

I have always set myself stubbornly against the ambitious yearnings of stage-struck heroes or heroines. I have a natural disinclination to encourage young persons of either sex to embark in a profession where the chances of failure far outnumber the probabilities of success. I consider the metropolitan boards as an ineligible arena for these experiments, and, in a commercial point of view, the days have long passed when "the first appearance of a young lady or gentleman on any stage" produced an inflammation of the treasurer's accounts. I have got rid of many troublesome applications, and have spared the public some wearisome hours, by establishing a regular

series of charges which the most confident and enthusiastic hesitate to encounter. Every unfledged novice who is burning to smell the lamps, assures you that he has interest to fill the house to suffocation; that his friends and the public are dying to see him; that the garrison will turn out to a man; that he is *almost* sure of the Lord Lieutenant's patronage; and that you are mad to deliberate. But if you remain deaf to the voice of the charmer, and say, in reply, "then pay me the moderate sum I require in exchange for all these brilliant advantages, and take them to yourself;" he pauses immediately, becomes blind to the alluring prospect, bows himself out, and ceases from further importunity.

Before the late reduction in prices my regular scale was as follows:—

For an appearance in a five-act play,	£70.
Ditto, in a three-act play,	£50.
Ditto, in a two-act farce,	£30.
Ditto, in an Interlude, in one act,	£20.
For my witnessing either of the above	£10 extra.

Always excepting the last item, I should now, as a matter of course, modify all these charges to meet the depression of the times. I never found but one candidate enthusiastic enough to act on these conditions. He compounded for a selection from *The Revenge*, in one act, to be considered as an interlude, and for which he paid twenty-five pounds. I "put him up," as the phrase goes, on the benefit night of a favorite comic actor. As he made his exit after the first soliloquy of Zanga, a gallery wag said very politely, "Thank'ee, Sir, that will do," which disconcerted the debutant for several minutes. Those were the days renowned for full and noisy galleries overflowing with jokes, which helped to carry off dull pieces, and filled up ponderous intervals. Once, on the first night of a new play, a heavy explanatory scene was "dragging its slow length along," between two still heavier actors, who had no effects to produce, and were unable to produce them if they had. The audience were evidently tired, though patient, and now and then relieved themselves by an expressive yawn. There was a momentary pause, when a voice from one of the gallery benches called out in parliamentary cadence,

"I move that this debate be adjourned to this day six months." This sally woke up the audience, and prepared them to enjoy the more telling scenes which were about to follow.

During the management of my immediate predecessors, the late Mr. Luke Plunket used occasionally to entertain the public with his eccentric performances, his favourite character being Richard III. He was an amateur something in the style of Romeo Coates, but of more imposing appearance, and with much greater power of lungs—a gentleman of independent fortune, quite insane on the subject of theatricals, but on all others rational, agreeable, and well informed. His individual case has often made me ponder on the extraordinary influence which the acting monomania exercises over the human mind. He was never discomposed in the slightest degree by the laughter of the audience in his scenes of deepest tragedy, and never had a conception that they were turning him into ridicule. The sight was painful and humiliating. As Mrs. Haller says in *The Stranger*, "For mirth too much, for earnest too mournful." His representation of Richard III. was thus humorously described by a clever theatrical critic of the day:—

"At this period, when dramatic originality is so rare an article, it is truly refreshing to find that the lessee has, with his usual taste, provided the Dublin public with an exquisite specimen of singular talent in the person of Mr. Luke Plunket, whose name as an actor is not altogether unknown to the majority of our readers. To those who are unacquainted with his person and his powers, we may be permitted to offer the following sketch:—His form is lofty, although somewhat bowed into what the fashionables of our day would call an agreeable bend; his countenance soft and tragically beautiful, yet somehow requiring the adventitious aids of paint and charcoal to impart to it that firmness so requisite in the difficult line this gentleman has chosen. His voice is of a mixed quality, and he possesses the extraordinary facility of giving one portion of a speech in alt, and, by an abrupt transition, pouncing upon the lowest portion of the speaking scale. This is a rare and valuable qualification. He possesses also an agreeable vivacity of manner, which relieves his gloomier efforts, and sometimes induces laughter on the part of the audience when the actor is determined to be serious.

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"His motions are somewhat out of stage regulation, but practice may do wonders. We would, as friends, recommend him not to slap his courtiers so violently on the back, and to curb the generous impetuosity of his nature when he has a sword in his hand and Lord Stanley stands within reach of him. These are trifling blemishes which time will mellow down. His style is original and indefinable. His force is tremendous and his action exuberant, while his intervals of repose are skilfully thrown in. By this judicious variety he contrives to balance the account so equitably, that it would be impossible to decide even to a unit on which side the scale should preponderate.

"We did not admire his courting scene with Lady Anne. He is not formed for soothing, and that ingenuous boisterousness, which appears inherent in his nature, broke forth too palpably, and made the audience laugh—a clear proof that they were incapable of appreciating original ideas. His shaking hands with the lady at parting was cordial and characteristic, but we fear her elbow must yet feel the effect of the harsh affection of her insidious suitor.

"One of his greatest efforts was the celebrated line—

"'Chop off his head!—so much for Buckingham!'

This was *capitally* given, and all the following scenes up to his appearance on the field of Bosworth baffle description.

"'Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow'

was uttered with the deepest pathos, and his look towards the upper gallery fine and affecting. The tent-scene would have been more impressive if Mr. Plunket had been discovered on the couch as usual. He, however, walked in and laid himself down quietly to wait for the *ghosts*. On reflection, we consider this judicious and natural. A prudent general should be on the look out before he goes to rest, and we would wager something that Mr. Plunket had arranged this new reading in his head when he undertook the character. He had evidently been visiting his sentries to see that all were on the alert. The conduct of the *ghosts* was most indecorous, and deserves the severest censure. They had the audacity to laugh, and the audience were silly enough to follow their example.

"The various addresses to the troops were given in a low, suppressed tone, evidently intended as private orders or confidential instructions, of which the house was to know nothing. The fight

was magnificent. Mr. Plunket fenced most furiously, as became a beleaguered lion, and had he been provided with a broadsword we would not have stood in his adversary's shoes for a trifle. The aspirant to the crown would have been complimented with a cracked one before his coronation. Fortunately, however, the parties fought with foils, and Richmond having parried innumerable deadly thrusts, and perforated his enemy till he was tired, loudly called on him to die. This call he obeyed at last, and receiving a concluding quietus as he fell, gave one furious jump, and submitted to destiny. The audience unanimously demanded an *encore*, but the wish was not complied with; however, as the curtain fell, the defunct monarch not only gave symptoms of returning animation, but of sound good sense, as he turned deliberately round and displayed a very broad back, shoulders, &c., to avoid coming in contact with the roller of the drop-scene."

His last appearance and break-down in *Coriolanus*, is described by the same writer as follows:—

"We fear that the exertions of Mr. Plunket are lost to the public for ever. *Coriolanus* was announced for last evening, and we had the happiness of seeing this gentleman at an early hour approaching the stage-door, in full health and spirits, and ripe for 'deeds of note;' but, according to the doggrel poet—

" 'The richest hopes oft end in woe;
When we say yes, the man says no,
And in the end it is—no go.'

And so it fell out with the hero of this night. His physical as well as mental forces failed him at the close of the first scene, and, with all the ingenuous diffidence of true talent, he came forward at once, and confessed he was unable to proceed further. The audience, whose expectation was wound up to a high pitch, received the announcement with surprise and regret. He appeared to be deeply impressed with the awkwardness of his situation, and while he stated that he had been called upon to perform this character hastily, without sufficient preparation, or words to that effect, we could perceive that 'a thousand hearts were swelling in his bosom.' He, however, yielded, and although a tempest of passion was at first manifested through the wrinklins of his manly brow, it became in a few moments calm and unruffled 'as the smooth surface of a summer's sea.' Having made his apology, he retired. The audience for a time remained mute, being taken by surprise,

but the galleries, after a little, became very anxious to know what value they were to get for their money, and announced their determination to have the matter ascertained in rather unequivocal terms. This brought out the stage-manager, who was endeavouring to appease them with the best excuses he could make, and with small prospect of a happy issue, when the abdicated Coriolanus, still in toga and buskins, rushed on at the wing, brandishing a claymore in his grasp, and volunteered to sing 'Scots wha hae,' provided they would give a receipt in full for the promised tragedy. The terms were accepted, harmony restored, and Mr. Plunket went to work at once, infusing into the martial ballad all the force he had laid in for the representation of *Coriolanus*. The effort was powerful, and will long be remembered. A slight failure was perceptible towards the conclusion, reminding us of a lamp, which expends a vast quantity of flame in the first moment of its illumination, and flickers into smoke at the close. This may be considered by some, fine, imaginative writing, but the simile is most apposite, and not to be laughed at. Mr. Plunket, having taken a last slice off the stage pillars with his formidable claymore, gave a concluding flourish, made his bow, and retired for ever from the mimic scene. The usual 'encore' was courted, but in vain. Contrary to former practice, he was insensible to the honour, and appeared no more."

I have often wished to see a college or school established for the regular instruction of young actors, and that no one should be permitted to practise without due qualification. There may be difficulties in the way of this, but none that might not be surmounted, except only a general apathy on the subject, which I suspect exists, and is too powerful to contend against. If there are to be theatres, improve them by salutary restrictions, and make education indispensable. The stage may then become what Cicero says it is intended for, *Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis*. The rudiments of every other art must be acquired by a regular course of study, while the art of acting, which combines them all, is supposed to be attainable at once by instinct or volition. In many countries on the continent the number of doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, is strictly regulated by municipal law, according to the population of the town or district, and the bills of mor-

tality proclaim the advantage of the enactment. If theatres and actors were confined within the same limitations, and the exercise of their vocation pronounced unlawful without a diploma, both art and artist would hold their heads higher than they do

at present, the usefulness of either would be increased, and they would exercise, in reality, an influence over the taste and manners of the public, which has no existence at present, except in the imaginations of a few bewildered enthusiasts.*

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

Love, which throughout all lands, and in all ages,
Hath found a dwelling in the human heart,
Invented pledges, love's endearing gages,
To call to mind those dear, who dwell apart.

And for the love God bears to us His creatures,
He gives us pledges, souvenirs of love ;
Of beauteous and of many-varied features,
Felt, seen, and known, within, around, above.

Heaven's constant lamps, for ever shining, burning,
Held up, as by His hand, to light our way ;
Seed time and harvest constantly returning,
Reposing night, and vivifying day.

Earth's fruits and flowers, in rich profusion blending,
The waving corn, the fruitful field's increase ;
The many-tinted bow, its arch extending
Over the earth with promises of peace.

The Sabbath rest—each Sabbath a new token
Of His most kind remembrance week by week ;
His Word, His Sacraments, which oft have spoken
To the faint heart, as nought beside could speak.

These are God's souvenirs to man, and show him,
Though he forgets, yet God forgets not him ;
With these He speaks to man to turn and know him,
By kindest pledges, neither few nor dim.

To know Him as his constant kind preserver,
Nay, more, his Father, Saviour (dearest name !)
Oh, may God's pledges wake to holy fervour
Love in man's heart with sympathetic flame !

JAMES EDMESTON.

Homerton, Middlesex.

* I take this opportunity of correcting a mistake in the third number of these papers. The epitaph on Fullam, in St. Mark's churchyard, attributed to Mr. W. Kertland, was written, at the request of the widow, by his intimate friend, Mr. John Hitchcock, of 25, Guild-street.

The Lianhan Shee.

BY D. F. MCCARTHY.

[Among the Fairy superstitions of Ireland there is one, which, though less celebrated, appears to be capable of a wider application than most of the others. It is that of the "Lianhan Shee," or Fairy Companion. This supernatural being is said to be a spirit, to whose companionship certain men and women are liable, but which principally attaches itself to the former, to whom it appears under the form of a young and beautiful woman. In an interesting little volume of songs, by Mr. J. E. Carpenter,* principally founded upon the pleasant legends of the "good people," it is said, that "its peculiarity consists in never leaving the side of the person to whom it is attached for a single moment, although it is, of course, invisible to a third person. Whoever is within the spell of the Lianhan Shee cannot marry; but his Fairy companion abides with him for many years." And further, that in proportion as the mortal loves the Lianhan Shee, she instructs him in the mysteries of Fairy lore, the art of healing, the science of the harp, and instructs and rewards him in various other ways. The first part of the foregoing description will remind some of our readers of the German "Elfkind," on which De la Motte Fouque has written an affecting ballad, which has been translated by the present writer in the September number of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for 1849. For the simple purposes of the Ballad, perhaps nothing more need be required than Fouque's treatment of the subject. But, as I have said, it has struck me as being capable of a wider significance. In the following lines, I have considered the "Lianhan Shee" as the tutelary spirit of all persons who are called to the ministration of truth and beauty, whether by action or a lofty devotion to art, and who are tempted to abandon this vocation through unworthy motives. I have imagined the Lianhan Shee (thus representing, as I have said, the spirit of a high Ideal) addressing the other guardian spirits who may be supposed to preside over the more ordinary duties and enjoyments of life.]

THE LIANHAN SHEE.

Sweet Sister Spirits, ye whose star-light tresses
Stream on the night-winds as ye float along,
Missioned with hope to man—and with caresses

To slumbering babes—refreshment to the strong—
And grace the material soul that it's arrayed in :
As the light burden of melodious song

Weights down a Poet's words ;—as an o'erladen
Lily doth bend beneath its own pure snow ;—
Or with its joy, the free-heart of a maiden :—

Thus, I behold your outstretched pinions grow
Heavy with all the priceless gifts and graces
God through thy ministration doth bestow.

Do ye not plant the rose on youthful faces ?
And rob the heavens of stars for Beauty's eyes ?
Do ye not fold within love's pure embraces

All that Omnipotence doth yet devise
For human bliss, or rapture superhuman—
Heaven upon earth, and earth still in the skies?

* London : Simpkin and Marshall, 1849. [We need scarcely remind our readers that Mr. Carleton has made the Lianhan Shee the subject of one of his popular stories.]

Do ye not sow the fruitful heart of woman
With tenderest charities, and faith sincere
To feed man's sterile soul, and to illumine

His duller eyes, that else might settle here,
With the bright promise of a purer region—
A star-light beacon to a starry sphere?

Are they not all thy children, that bright legion
Of aspirations, and all hopeful sighs
That in the solemn train of grave Religion

Strew heavenly flowers before man's longing eyes,
And make him feel, as o'er life's sea he wendeth,
The far off odorous airs of Paradise?—

Like to the breeze some flowery island sendeth
Unto the seaman, ere its bowers are seen,
Which tells him soon his weary wand'ring endeth—

Soon shall he rest, in bosky shades of green,
By daisied meadows pranked with dewy flowers,
With ever-running rivulets between.

These are thy tasks, my sisters,—these the powers
God in his goodness gives into thy hands:—
'Tis from thy fingers fall the diamond showers

Of budding Spring, and o'er the expectant lands
June's odorous purple and rich Autumn's gold:
And even when needful Winter wide expands

His fallow wings, and winds blow sharp and cold
From the harsh east, 'tis thine, o'er all the plain,
The leafless woodlands and the unsheltered wold,

Gently to drop the flakes of feathery rain—
Heaven's warmest down—around the slumbering seeds,
And o'er the roots the frost-blanch'd counterpane.

What though man's careless eye but little heeds
Even the effects, much less the remoter cause,
Still in the doing of beneficent deeds

By God and his Vicegerent Nature's laws
Ever a compensating joy is found.
Think ye the rain-drop heedeth if it draws

Rankness as well as Beauty from the ground?
Or that the sullen wind will only wake
All the Æolian melodies of sound—

And not the stormy screams that make men quake?
Thus do ye act, my sisters; thus ye *do*
Your cheerful duty for the doing's sake—

Not unrewarded surely—not when you
See the successful issue of your charms,
Bringing the absent back again to view—

Giving the loved one to the lover's arms—
 Smoothing the grassy couch for weary age—
 Hushing in death's great calm a world's alarms.

I, I alone upon the earth's vast stage
 Am doomed to act an unrequited part—
 I, the unseen preceptress of the sage—

I, whose ideal form doth win the heart
 Of all whom God's vocation hath assigned
 To wear the sacred vesture of high Art—

To pass along the electric sparks of mind
 From age to age, from race to race, until
 The expanding truth encircles all mankind.

What without me were all the Poet's skill?—
 Dead sensuous form without the quickening soul.
 What without me the instinctive aim of will?—

A useless magnet pointing to no pole.
 What the fine ear and the creative hand?
 Most potent Spirits free from Man's controul.

I, THE IDEAL, by the Poet stand
 When all his soul o'erflows with holy fire,
 When currents of the beautiful and grand

Run glittering down along each burning wire,
 Until the heart of the great world doth feel
 The electric shock of his God-kindled lyre:—

Then rolls the thunderous music peal on peal,
 Or in the breathless after-pause, a strain
 Simpler and sweeter through the hush doth steal—

Like to the pattering drops of summer rain
 On rustling grass, when fragrance fills the air,
 And all the groves are vocal once again:

Whatever form, whatever shape I bear,
 The Spirit of high Impulse, and the Soul
 Of all conceptions beautiful and rare,

Am I. Now spurning all control,
 On rapid wings—the Ariel of the Muse—
 Dart from the dazzling centre to the pole;

Now in the magic mimicry of hues
 Such as surround God's golden throne, descend
 In Titian's skies the boundaries to confuse

Betwixt Earth's Heaven and Heaven's own Heaven—to blend
 In Raphael's forms the human and divine,
 Where spirit dawns and matter seems to end.

Again on wings of melody, so fine
 They mock the sight, but fall upon the ear
 Like tuneful rose-leaves at the day's decline—

And with the music of a happier sphere
Entrance some master of melodious sound,
Till startled men the hymns of angels hear.

Happy for me when, in the vacant round
Of barren ages, one great steadfast soul
Faithful to me and to his art is found.

But ah! my sisters, with my grief condole;
Join in my sorrows and respond my sighs;
And let your sobs the funeral dirges toll.

Weep those who falter in the great emprise—
Who, turning off upon some poor pretence,
Some worthless guerdon or some paltry prize,

Down from the airy zenith through the immense
Sink to the low expedients of an hour,
And barter soul for all the slough of sense,—

Just when the mind had reached its regal power,
And fancy's wing its perfect plumes unfurled,—
Just when the bud of promise, in the flower

Of all completeness opened on the world—
When the pure fire that Heaven itself outflung,
Back to its native empyrean curled,

Like vocal incense from a censer swung:—
Ah! me, to be subdued when all seemed won—
That I should fly when I would fain have clung.

Yet so it is,—our radiant course is run;—
Here we must part, the deathless lay unsung,
And more than all, the deathless deed undone.

CHATTERTON.—A STORY OF THE YEAR 1770.

PART II.—LONDON.

CHAPTER I.—SHOREDITCH.

READER, were you ever in Shoreditch? If you are an inhabitant of London you know or may know all about it; if not, get a map of London, and you will see that the locality named Shoreditch forms part of one of the great highways leading northwards from the centre of the city towards the suburbs. The part of this highway nearest the city, including about half a mile of houses on both sides, is called Bishopsgate-street, from the fact that here stood one of the ancient gates of the city erected by a Saxon bishop of the seventh century; beyond that, for about a quarter of a mile, the thoroughfare is called Norton Folgate, or, as it was originally pronounced, the Northern Folgate, after which, extending for another quarter of a mile, and terminating in Hackney, is Shoreditch proper, the principal street of a populous parish of the same name. Tradition ascribes the origin of the name to the circumstance that Jane Shore, the mistress of Edward IV., ended her life here,

*"Within a ditch of Latham's wall,
Which certain tops did much frequent,"*

as the ballad says; but old Stow settles that matter by saying he could prove by record that as early as four hundred years before his time the place had been called Soersditch. However this may be, the place deserves its name. There is, indeed, no vestige of a ditch now perceptible to one passing through the locality, whatever a more strict investigation might disclose; but the neighbourhood has not a very pleasant or wholesome look. The aspect which Shoreditch proper now presents is that of a broad, bustling street of old-fronted houses, full of heterogeneous shops, some of them exhibiting considerable displays of cheap hats, haberdashery, shoes, ready-made clothes, groceries, and the like, but others belonging rather to the costermonger species. Narrower streets of more mean appearance branch out from it on both sides. Al-

together Shoreditch is not the part of London where a literary man of the present day would voluntarily seek lodgings; and, as there does not seem to have been much change in its importance relatively to other parts of the metropolis during the last eighty years, the case was probably much the same in Chatterton's time. Indeed, long before that, Shoreditch, partly perhaps on account of the peculiar suggestiveness of its name, had obtained an unenviable reputation as a low neighbourhood; and "to die in Shoreditch" was synonymous, in the writings of the wits of Dryden's time, with dying like a prodigal in a sewer, and having hags for one's nurses.

It was, here, however, that Chatterton lodged when he first came to London. We have already mentioned that the only definite arrangement he seems to have made for his sojourn in London before leaving Bristol, consisted in his having written to Mrs. Ballance, a distant relative of his mother, who lived at a Mr. Walmsley's, a plasterer, in Shoreditch, asking her to secure a lodging for him against his arrival. Mrs. Ballance, whom we picture as an elderly female, the widow of some seafaring man, living in London in a meagre, eleemosynary way, appears to have replied to this letter by writing to Mrs. Chatterton, that Thomas had better come at once to Mr. Walmsley's, where he could be accommodated in the meantime at least, and where she would do her best to make him comfortable.

Accordingly, it was to Mr. Walmsley's in Shoreditch that Chatterton, on his arrival in London, on the evening of Wednesday, the 25th of April, 1770, contrived to make his way. Where the Bristol coach of that day stopped we do not know, though, doubtless, even that might be ascertained if we were very anxious about it; but, presuming that it was in the yard of some inn near the heart of the city, Chatterton would not have had

far to go before introducing himself to Mrs. Ballance, if, indeed, the good woman did not make her appearance at the coach to meet her young relative, and help him to carry home his small allowance of luggage. It shows the impatience and the spirit of the young stranger thus deposited in the streets of London, that, late as it was when he arrived at Mr. Walmsley's (it must have been between five and six o'clock in the evening), and tired as he must have been with his twenty hours' journey, he did not remain within doors any time, but having seen his boxes safe, and escaped the assiduities of Mrs. Ballance, sallied out for a ramble and to make calls on the persons through whose patronage he hoped to gain a footing in literary circles. So much, at least, we infer from the following letter to his mother, written on the morning of the 26th, after having slept his first night at Mr. Walmsley's, and giving an account of his journey and his first proceedings in London:—

“London, April 26th, 1770.

“DEAR MOTHER,—Here I am, safe and in high spirits. To give you a journal of my tour would not be unnecessary. After riding in the basket to Brislington, I mounted the top of the coach and rid easy, and was agreeably entertained with the conversation of a Quaker in dress, but little so in personals and behaviour. This laughing friend, who is a carver, lamented his having sent his tools to Worcester, as otherwise he would have accompanied me to London. I left him at Bath; when, finding it rained pretty fast, I entered an inside passenger to Speenhamland, the half-way stage, paying seven shillings. 'Twas lucky I did so, for it snowed all night, and on Marlborough Downs the snow was near a foot high.

“At seven in the morning I breakfasted at Speenhamland, and then mounted the coach-box for the remainder of the day, which was a remarkable fine one. Honest Gee-ho complimented me with assuring me that I sat bolder and tighter than any person who ever rid with him. Dined at Stroud most luxuriantly with a young gentleman who had slept all the preceding night in the machine, and an old mercantile genius, whose school-boy son had a great deal of wit, as the father thought, in remarking that Windsor was as old as *our Saviour's time*.

“Got into London about five o'clock in the evening. Called upon Mr. Ed-

munds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley. Great encouragement from them; all approved of my design. Shall soon be settled. Call upon Mr. Lambert; show him this, or tell him if I deserve a recommendation he would oblige me to give me one; if I do not, it will be beneath him to take notice of me. Seen all aunts, cousins—all well—and I am welcome. Mr. T. Wensley is alive, and coming home. Sister, grandmother, &c. &c. &c. remember.

“I remain your dutiful son,

“T. CHATTERTON.”

It is a curious corroboration of Chatterton's account of the weather during his journey, that in the meteorological registers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Wednesday, the 25th of April, 1770—the day on which Chatterton sat beside the driver of the Bristol coach all the way from Speenhamland to London—is entered as a day of “smart frost, very bright and very cold,” snow having fallen in some parts of the country during the previous night. It was on the evening of this bright, cold day, therefore, that Chatterton, as we fancy, setting out from Mr. Walmsley's between five and six o'clock, contrived, by inquiring his way of people he met, to pilot himself along Shoreditch, Norton Folgate, and Bishopsgate-street, towards the city, bent as he was on calling that very evening on the four gentlemen mentioned in his letter—Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley. Let us see if we can make out anything respecting these gentlemen: they were the first persons Chatterton visited in London; and some of them had not a little to do with his subsequent fate.

Mr. Edmunds has been already introduced to the reader. He was the proprietor, editor, and publisher of the *Middlesex Journal*, a bi-weekly newspaper, to which, we have seen, Chatterton had sent several communications from Bristol. His offices were in Shoe-lane, Holborn. Of Mr. Hamilton we learn something from that interesting collection of scraps, “Nichols' Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century.” He was the printer and proprietor of *The Town and Country Magazine*, in which capacity Chatterton had, as we know, for some time corresponded with him. He was the son of one Archibald Hamilton, a Scotchman, who having been obliged to quit Edinburgh in

1736, for having been actively concerned in the Porteous riot, had settled in London as a printer, and made a considerable fortune there. The son, Archibald, enjoying the benefit of his father's connexion, had also set up as a printer. He had, says Nichols, two printing-offices—one "in the country, on the road between Highgate and Finchley," the other in town, "near St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell;" and it was probably in allusion to this circumstance that, when he started a new magazine in the beginning of 1769, he named it *The Town and Country Magazine*. The magazine, Nichols informs us, had "a prodigious sale." Nichols also gives us some particulars relative to Dodsley, in addition to those already communicated to the reader. Having succeeded his brother Robert, whose junior he was by twenty-two years, in the year 1759, James Dodsley had carried on the bookselling business in Pall Mall so profitably as to be already a wealthy man. When he died in 1797, he left a fortune of £70,000; and a good part of this sum must have been accumulated before 1770, when he was forty-five years of age. "By a habit of excluding himself from the world," says Nichols, "Mr. James Dodsley, who certainly possessed a liberal heart and a strong understanding, had acquired many peculiarities." One of these is mentioned as specially characteristic. "He kept a carriage many years, but studiously wished his friends should not know it; nor did he ever use it on the eastern side of Temple Bar." The inscription on the tablet erected to the memory of the bookseller in St. James's Church, Westminster, where he was buried, is to the same effect. "He was a man," says the epitaph, "of a retired and contemplative turn of mind, though engaged in a very extensive line of public business; he was upright and liberal in his dealings, a friend to the afflicted in general, and to the poor of this parish in particular,"—in fact, an eccentric, shy, good sort of man. Finally, as regards Mr. Fell—we have not been able, either through Nichols or otherwise, to discover the exact whereabouts of this individual. From what Chatterton himself says of him, however, we learn that he was printer, publisher, and editor of the *Freeholder's Magazine*, a periodical conducted in the interest of Wilkes, and to which,

as well as to the *Town and Country*, Chatterton had recently sent articles for insertion. We imagine him, on some shadow of authority, to have been a needy, nondescript kind of publisher, with a place of business somewhere in the city, and not nearly so respectable as either Edmunds or Hamilton, not to speak of Dodsley.

Such were the four persons upon whom we are to imagine the impetuous young fellow, who had just come off the Bristol coach, dropping in unexpectedly between light and dark on a cold April evening, eighty years ago. His hopes from Edmunds were, of course, chiefly in connexion with the *Middlesex Journal*, for which he could furnish poems and paragraphs. Through Fell he might get a footing in the *Freeholder's Magazine*, and whatever else of a literary kind might be going on under the auspices of Wilkes. From Hamilton he looked for some definite and paying engagement on the *Town and Country*. From Dodsley his expectations were probably still higher. Besides being the publisher of the *Annual Register*, and the friend of Burke and other notable political men, Dodsley was a bookseller on a large scale, and a publisher of poetry; it was to him that Chatterton had applied by letter sixteen months before as a likely person to publish his *Ælla*; one or two letters had probably passed between them since then; and in resolving to introduce himself personally to this magnate of books, Chatterton had, doubtless, dreams not only of the opening of the *Annual Register* to his lucubrations, but also of the appearance of his Rowley performances some day or other in the form of one or more well-printed volumes, the wonder of all the critics. It was with these views on the persons severally concerned that Chatterton made his four rapid calls. The enterprize was certainly less Quixotic than if a young literary provincial, now-a-days, were, on the first evening of his being in London, to resolve at once to call on Murray or Longman, then to beat up the office of the *Daily News* in search of the editor; after that to knock at Mr. Parker's door to seek an engagement on *Fraser*; and finally to go and see what could be done on *Dickens's Household Words*, or *Eliza Cook's Journal*. Still, making all allowance for the difference, in point of editorial and bibliopolic dignity, be-

tween that day and this, the idea of achieving interviews with four different editors and publishers in one evening was not unformidable. As regards mere time and distance, to compass calls on four individuals after five or six in the evening—one of these individuals living in Shoe-lane, another at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, a third in Pall Mall, and the fourth somewhere else—was no easy task. But Chatterton was a resolute youth, with plenty of the faculty of self-assertion, and capable, as we imagine, not only of making four calls in an evening, but also of going through each without any unnecessary degree of bashfulness. We have no doubt that he saw Hamilton, Fell, Edmunds, and Dodsley himself, with the most perfect self-assurance; that he explained his case to them, and stated what he wanted from them, very distinctly; and that with the advantage he had in having corresponded with all of them before, he came off from the interviews in a very satisfactory manner. As to how they received him, and what they said to him, we have but his own words to his mother:—"Great encouragement from them; all approved of my design." The meaning of which is somewhat problematical. Dodsley, we imagine, nervous and shy kind of person as he was, may have been not a little discomposed by the talk of the impetuous young visiter who had so unceremoniously burst in upon him, and, while listening with tolerable courtesy to what he said, may have been mentally resolving to have nothing more to do with that odd Bristol lad, if once he could get him out. Hamilton and Edmunds, we fancy, were civil and general, with perhaps an intention to let the lad write for them, if he chose to do so. Fell, as a needier man, and more ready to catch at a promising literary recruit, was, we imagine, the most cordial of all. "A clever, decisive young fellow that, who may be of use to me," was probably what he said to himself when Chatterton's back was turned.

And so, tired and yet happy, the young stranger bent his steps homeward in the direction of Shoreditch. Ah! we wonder if, in passing along Shoe Lane after his interview with Edmunds, brushing with his shoulder the ugly black wall of that workhouse burying-ground on the site of which

Farringdon market now stands, any presentiment occurred to him of a spectacle which, four short months afterwards, that very spot was to witness—these young limbs of his *now* so full of life, *then* closed up, stark and unclaimed, in a workhouse shell, and borne carelessly and irreverently by one or two men along that very wall to a pauper's hasty grave! Ah! no, he paces all unwittingly, poor young heart, that spot of his London doom, where even I, remembering him, shudder unto tears; for God, in his mercy, hangs the veil!

In what precise part of Shoreditch that house of Mr. Walmsley was where Chatterton lodged when he first came to London, and to which, on that memorable night, he returned through many dark and strange streets, we do not know. London Directories of the year 1770 are not things easy to be found; and, could we find one, we should not be very certain to find Mr. Walmsley's name in it. In these circumstances, the literary antiquary, as he walks along Shoreditch, may be allowed to single out, as the object of his curiosity, any old-looking house he pleases along the whole length of the thoroughfare on either side, it being stipulated only that the house so selected shall be conceivable as having once been the abode of a plasterer. For our part, we have an incommunicable impression as if the house were to be sought in the close vicinity of the present terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway, or where Shoreditch passes into Norton Folgate. Let that fancy stand, therefore, in lieu of a better.

Here, then, Chatterton, tired with his long walk through the streets, slept his first night in London. Here, on the following morning, he breakfasted in the company of his relative, Mrs. Ballance, giving her the news of Bristol, and receiving from her such bits of news in return as she had to communicate; and amongst them the intelligence conveyed in his letter home, that Mr. T. Wensley—a seaman or petty officer, as we learn from a subsequent allusion, on board a King's ship, but a native of Bristol, and on that account known to Mrs. Chatterton and his sister—was alive, and on his way home. Hence also he sets out to visit those aunt and cousins mentioned in the letter as being all

well and glad to see him; and who, it is to be hoped, did not live far from Shoreditch. Here, some time or other in the course of the day—Thursday the 26th, his first real day in London, and “a very coarse, wet, cold day” it was, says the *Gentleman's Magazine*—he writes the letter in question, so as to send it by that day's post. And here, during the remaining days of that month—Friday, the 27th, “a very coarse wet day, but not so cold;” Saturday, the 28th, “a heavy morning, bright afternoon, cold wind;” Sunday, the 29th, “a very bright day, hot sun, cold wind;” and Monday the 30th, “chiefly bright, flying clouds, no rain, and warm”—he soon finds himself fairly domiciled, becoming more familiar with the Walmsleys and Mrs. Ballance, whom he sees in the mornings; and starting off every forenoon for a walk along Norton Folgate and Bishopsgate-street, towards those quarters of the metropolis where the chief attractions lay.

Chatterton lived in Mr. Walmsley's house, in Shoreditch, nine or ten weeks in all, or from the 24th of April till the first week in July. We are fortunately able to give a somewhat particular account of the economy of Mr. Walmsley's family, and of the kind of accommodation which Chatterton had there, and the kind of impression he produced on the various members of it during his stay. The Rev. Sir Herbert Croft, already alluded to as one who took much pains—more pains, in fact, than anybody else from that time to this—to inform himself of the real particulars of Chatterton's life, took the judicious plan of hunting out the Walmsley family in Shoreditch while the memory of Chatterton was still fresh, and ascertaining all he could from them regarding the habits of the singular being whose brief stay among them had been an event of such consequence in the history of their humble household. The following is an extract from the reverend baronet's “*Love and Madness*,” embodying all he could gather about Chatterton from this source:—

“The man and woman where he first lodged, are still (1780) living in the same house. He is a plaisterer. They, and their nephew and niece (the latter about as old as Chatterton would be now, the former three years younger), and Mrs. Ballance, who lodged in the

house and desired them to let Chatterton, her relation, live there also—have been seen. The little collected from them you shall have in their own words.

“Mrs. Ballance says he was as proud as Lucifer. He very soon quarrelled with her for calling him ‘Cousin Tommy,’ and asked her if she ever heard of a poet's being called *Tommy*; but she assured him that she knew nothing of poets, and only wished he would not set up for a gentleman. Upon her recommending it to him to get into some office, when he had been in town two or three weeks, he stormed about the room like a madman, and frightened her not a little, by telling her that he hoped, with the blessing of God, very soon to be sent prisoner to the Tower, which would make his fortune. He would often look steadfastly in a person's face, without speaking, or seeming to see the person for a quarter of an hour or more, till it was quite frightful; during all which time (she supposes, from what she has since heard) his thoughts were gone about something else. He frequently declared that he should settle the nation before he had done: but how could she think that her poor cousin Tommy was so great a man as she now finds he was? His mother should have written word of his greatness, and then, to be sure, she would have humoured the gentleman accordingly.

“Mr. Walmsley observed little in him, but that there was something manly and pleasing about him, and that he did not dislike the wenches.

“Mrs. Walmsley's account is, that she never saw any harm of him—that he never *mislisted* her, but was always very civil whenever they met in the house by accident; that he would never suffer the room in which he used to read and write to be swept, because, he said, poets hated brooms; that she told him she did not know any thing poet folks were good for, but to sit in a dirty cap and gown in a garret, and at last to be starved; that, during the nine weeks he was at her house, he never stayed out after the family hours except once, when he did not come home all night, and had been, she heard, *posting* a song about the streets. (This night, Mrs. Ballance says, she knows he lodged at a relation's, because Mr. Walmsley's house was shut up when he came home).

“The niece says, for her part, she always took him more for a mad boy than anything else, he would have such flights and *vagaries*; that, but for his face, and her knowledge of his age, she should never have thought him a boy, he was so manly, and *so much himself*; that no

women came after him, nor did she know of any connexion—but still, that he was a sad rake, and terribly fond of women, and would sometimes be saucy to her; that he ate what he chose to have, with his relation, Mrs. Ballance, who lodged in the house; but that he never touched meat, and drank only water, and seemed to live on the air. . . . The niece adds that he was good-tempered and agreeable, and obliging, but sadly proud and haughty: nothing was too good for him; nor was anything to be too good for his grandmother, mother, and sister hereafter. . . . That he used to sit up almost all night, reading and writing; and that her brother said he was afraid to lie with him—for, to be sure, he was a *spirit*, and never slept; for he never came to bed till it was morning, and then, for what he saw, never closed his eyes.

“The nephew (Chatterton's bed-fellow during the first six weeks he lodged there) says that, notwithstanding his pride and haughtiness, it was impossible to help liking him; that he lived chiefly upon a bit of bread, or a tart, and some water—but he once saw him take a sheep's tongue out of his pocket; that Chatterton, to his knowledge, never slept while they lay together; that he never came to bed till very late, sometimes three or four o'clock, and was always awake when he (the nephew) waked, and got up at the same time, about five or six; that almost every morning the floor was covered with pieces of paper not so big as sixpences, into which he had torn what he had been writing before he came to bed.”

Bating some coarse spitefulness, if we may so call it, in the recollection of Chatterton's haughty airs, apparent in the evidence of Mrs. Ballance and the niece, and a slight tendency to the marvellous apparent in that of the nephew (who was but a boy of fourteen when Chatterton shared the room with him), the above presents, we believe, a picture of Chatterton as he appeared in the narrow Walmsley circle, as accurate as it is vivid. Walmsley himself we rather like. We fancy him an easy sort of fellow, not troubling himself much about domestic matters, going out to his work in the morning, and leaving his lodger to the somewhat intrusive care of the women-folks. After he is gone, we are to suppose, Chatterton spends the morning in reading and writing, while Mrs. Walmsley, Mrs. Ballance, and the niece are slatterning about the house; and generally,

as the forenoon advances, he goes out for his walk towards the places of London resort. Along Norton Folgate, and Bishopsgate-street, passing crowds of people and hackney-coaches, and glancing with the eye of an antiquarian and a *connoisseur* in old architecture at such buildings of antique aspect as were, and are conspicuous in that thoroughfare—the old church of St. Helen's, the old church of St. Ethelburga, and that much-admired remnant of the civic architecture of the fifteenth century, Crosby Hall, or Crosby Place, mentioned in Shakespeare's Richard III.—let the metropolitan reader distinctly figure this as the usual direction followed by Chatterton in his walks from Mr. Walmsley's, in Shoreditch. Beyond that, his wanderings may be various; frequently, of course, along the main line of Cornhill, past the Bank, as it then was, and the then new Mansion House, into Cheapside; thence slowly along the purlieus of St. Paul's, with a peculiar lingering among the book-shops of Paternoster-row; and farther, down Ludgate Hill, and up Fleet-street, towards Temple-bar and the Strand. Visits to Mr. Edmund's, in Shoe-lane; to Mr. Fell, in his sanctum, wherever it was; to Mr. Hamilton, the printer's, at St. John's-gate; and, possibly, once or twice to Dodsley's, in Pall Mall, were, we may be sure, not neglected; and in achieving his transits from one place to another, Chatterton, like the rest of us, may have been guilty of the egregious folly of attempting short cuts, and so may have bewildered himself among mazes of mean streets, proving their populousness by swarms of children, yet never to be seen by him, or by anybody else, more than once.

Oh! the weariness of these aimless walks of a young literary adventurer, without a purse or a friend, in the streets of London! The perpetual and anxious thought within, which scarcely any street-distraction can amuse; the listlessness with which, on coming to the parting of two ways, one suffers the least accident to determine which way one will take, both being indifferent; the vain castle-building in sanguine moments, when thousands of pounds seem possible and near; the utter prostration of spirit at other moments, when one inspects the shivering beggar that passes with new inte-

rest, as but another form of one's self, and when every glimpse of a damp, grassless churchyard through a railing acts as a horrible premonition of what may be the end ; the curious and habitual examination of physiognomies met as one goes along ; the occasional magic of a bright eye, or a lovely form, shooting a pang through the heart, and calling up, it may be, the image of a peerless one distant, denied, but unforgotten, till the soul melts in very tenderness, and all the past is around one again ; the sudden start from such a mood, the flush, the clenched hand, the set teeth, the resolve, the manly hope, the dream of a home quiet, and blest after all with one sweet presence ; and then, after that, the more composed gait, and the saunter towards the spots one prefers, till the waning day, or the need to work and eat, brings one back fatigued to the lonely room. And so from day to day a repetition of the same process. Ah, London, London ! thou perpetual home of a shifting multitude, how many a soul is there not within thee at this hour, who, listening to that peculiar roar of thine, which shows the concurrence of myriads in thee, all co-operating for their ends, and yet feeling excluded, like an unclaimed atom, from the midst of thy bustle, might cry aloud to thee, and say, " I, too, am strong ; I am young ; I am willing ; I can do something ; leave me not out ; attend to me ; make room for me ; devise the means of absorbing me, and such as me, within thy just activity ; and defer not till I and they make thee hearken with our shrieks !" But London rolls on ; and men, young and old, do demand impossible things ! If it defies us to make the medium without conform, some power is at least left, to shape and rule the spirit within !

Chatterton, we believe, came to London with as practical and resolute a spirit as any literary adventurer before or since. His excitement, with his change of position, his confidence in being able to make his way, and his activity in availing himself of every means of doing so, seem to have been really prodigious. Hence, probably, his first walks in London were as little listless as was possible in the circumstances. Instead of idle and aimless

saunterings, such as we have described, many of his London walks during the first week or two of his stay at Shoreditch must have been direct visits from spot to spot, and from person to person, with a view to business. By no means diffident or bashful, and, so far as we can see, perfectly heart-whole as regarded all the Bristol beauties he had left, he probably wasted less time than many others with less genius would have wasted, in useless regrets, and pointless reveries. Brisk walks to St. John's-gate, to see Hamilton, or to Shoe-lane, to have a talk with Edmunds, were probably as frequent with him as indolent colloquies with himself.

His courage seems to have borne him up wonderfully ; and, compared with his position at Bristol as the miserable drudge of a lawyer's office, his present life as a free literary rover in London appeared to him, doubtless, all but paradisaic. To work in the morning in his lodging in Shoreditch, with sometimes a saucy word for his landlady's niece, though not so saucy by half as the slut would have liked ; then to go out to make calls, and see sights in various quarters, buying a tart at a pastry-cook's for his dinner, spending a shilling, or, perhaps, two, in other little indulgences, and quite alive always to the distraction of a pretty face wherever he chanced to be ; then to come home again at an earlier or a later hour, and to sit up half the night writing and tearing papers, greatly to the bewilderment and alarm of that very ill-used boy, Master Walmsley, who lost, we dare say, half his natural allowance of sleep in watching his movements from beneath the blankets :—here was happiness, here was liberty, here was a set of conditions in which to commence the process of setting fire to the Thames ! So, at least, it seemed to Chatterton himself during his first fortnight in London ; for when Mrs. Ballance, at the end of that period, ventured to suggest that he should try to get into some office, we have seen what thanks the poor woman got. To be sure, had Mrs. Chatterton sent her word beforehand what a great man Cousin Tommy was, she would have humoured the gentleman accordingly ! But how was she to know ? Ah ! how, indeed ?

CHAPTER II.—TOWN-TALK EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

IN coming to London Chatterton, of course, came into the midst of all the politics and current talk of the day. Bristol, indeed, as a bustling and mercantile place, had had its share of interest in the general ongoings of the nation; and regularly, as the coach had brought down the last new materials of gossip from London, the politicians of Bristol had gone through the budget, and given the Bristol *imprimatur* or the reverse to the opinions pronounced by the metropolitan authorities. Sometimes, too, Bristol, from its western position and its extensive shipping connexions, might have the start even of London in a bit of American news. On the whole, however, going from Bristol to London was, as regarded opportunities of insight into the things of the day, like going from darkness into light, from the suburbs to the centre, from the shilling gallery to the pit-stalls. Let us see what were the pieces (small enough they seem now), in course of performance on the stage of British life eighty years ago, when Chatterton had thus just shifted his place in the theatre; in other words, what were the topics which afforded matter of talk to that insatiable gossip, the town, towards the end of April and during the whole of May, 1770.

First, then, and monopolising nearly the whole ground of the domestic politics of the time, was the everlasting case of Wilkes and liberty, begun seven years before, when Chatterton was a boy at Colston's school, but still apparently far from a conclusion. There had been a change, however, in the relative situations of the parties in this case.

Among the most earnest defenders of Wilkes, and advocates of the right of free election, which they considered unconstitutionally violated in his case, were the authorities of the Corporation of the City of London, then under the mayoralty of the celebrated Beckford. With other corporations and public bodies, they had sent in petitions to the King on the subject. These petitions having been ungraciously received, Beckford and his colleagues had had the boldness to wait on the King (March 14th), and address a

personal remonstrance to him. The King's reply was as follows:—

“I shall always be ready to receive the requests and to listen to the complaints of my subjects; but it gives me great concern to find that any of them should have been so far misled as to offer me an address and remonstrance, the contents of which I cannot but consider as disrespectful to me, injurious to my parliament, and irreconcilable to the principles of the constitution.”

Having read this speech the King gave the Lord Mayor and others of the deputation his hand to kiss; after which, as they were withdrawing, he turned round to his courtiers and burst out a-laughing. “Nero fiddled whilst Rome was burning,” was the grandiloquent remark of Parson Horne on the occasion; and, though this was a little too strong, it is certain that the city-people were very angry. So, out of revenge, and partly as a compensation to Wilkes for his exclusion from the House of Commons, they made Wilkes an alderman. The patriot had hardly been out of prison a week when, on 24th of April, the day on which Chatterton left Bristol, he was sworn in as alderman for the ward of Farringdon Without, and received a magnificent banquet on the occasion. This accession of Wilkes to the corporation of the city of London, was not only a kind of defiance to the court and the ruling party; it was also intended to increase the power of the city to annoy these enemies in future. With such a man as Beckford as mayor, and with such men as Wilkes, Sawbridge, Townshend, and Crosby, on the bench of aldermen—all popular men and of strong liberal opinions—what might the corporation not do?

The same part which was being acted in the city by the Lord Mayor Beckford and his colleagues, was acted, within the more important sphere of parliament, by the opposition in both houses. The parliament of that session had been opened on the 9th of January, and it was to be prorogued on the 19th of May. The case of Wilkes had been before it from the first to last, so that it had discussed little else. Uniting in this case, and making it the ground of a common antagonism to the court and

the ministry, the various elements of the opposition had constituted themselves into a powerful phalanx, the leaders of which, in the one house, were Lord Chatham, the Marquis of Rockingham, the Dukes of Richmond, Portland, and Devonshire, and Lords Shelburne and Temple; and in the other house Edmund Burke, Colonel Barré, George Grenville, and others. It was Wilkes, Wilkes, with these men every day of the session; whenever, in short, they wished to have a wrestling-match with the ministers. Thus, on the very first day of the session, Chatham had made a motion on the subject in the House of Lords, on which occasion, to the surprise of everybody, the Lord Chancellor Camden seceded from his colleagues, and expressed his disapprobation of their policy. He was forthwith deprived of the seals, and the Lord Chancellorship went a-begging. Then followed, as we know, the resignation of the premiership by the Duke of Grafton, and the formation of a second edition of the same Cabinet under Lord North. It was in this unpopular North administration of 1770 that young Charles Fox, then the greatest rake and gambler about town, first took office as a junior lord of the admiralty; and the earliest parliamentary displays of this future chief of the Whig statesmen were in the cause of that very policy to the denunciation and destruction of which he afterwards devoted his remarkable life. Many were the gibes against this young orator of the North party, whose abilities were already recognised, and whose swarthy complexion and premature corpulence (he was only twenty-one when the wits nicknamed him *Niger Fox the fat*), made him a good butt for personal attacks; and a caricature of the day is still extant with the title of "*the Death of the Foxes*," in which Lord Holland as the old fox, and his son Charles as the young one, are represented hanging from a gallows while Farmer Bull and his wife are rejoicing over their emancipated poultry. Fox was, of course, no friend to Wilkes, and, in the lower house, it devolved on him to resist the motions of Burke and Barré in connexion with Wilkes's case. It was in the House of Lords, however, that the agitation on that case was chiefly kept up. Among the most decisive measures of the oppo-

sition was a renewed motion of Chatham's in that house on the 1st of May—that is, some days after Wilkes's release and promotion to the dignity of alderman—"to repeal and rescind the resolutions of the House of Commons in regard to the expulsion and incapacitation of Mr. Wilkes." There was a stormy debate, in which the principal speakers were, on the one side, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Chatham, Lord Lyttleton, Lord Camden, Lord Shelburne, and Lord Stanhope; and on the other, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Denbigh, Lord Mansfield, Lord Egmont, Lord Pomfret, Lord Weymouth, and Lord Gower. The motion was lost by a majority of eighty-nine against forty-three votes. Judging from the following paragraph in the *London Evening News* of May the 8th, the excitement in town on the week following this motion must have been even greater than usual:—

"*Tuesday, May 8th.*—Yesterday a great number of people assembled on the lobby of the House of Commons and the avenues adjoining, in consequence of a report which had been spread that Mr. Alderman Wilkes intended to go thither that day to claim a seat. The crowd was so great that members were hindered from passing and repassing; whereupon the gallery was ordered to be locked and the lobby to be cleared. But Mr. Wilkes did not go to the house."

As parliament was prorogued on the 19th of May, there was an end, for that season, to all parliamentary discussion of the case of Wilkes; members, to use the words of Junius, "retired into summer quarters to rest from the disgraceful labours of the campaign" (poor members of parliament now-a-days have to drudge, in the hot weather, for three months longer); and Wilkes had to be content with sitting on the bench as an alderman, and organising, along with Beckford, Sawbridge, and the rest of the city-folks, a new deputation to gall the King. One of the most famous incidents of the day was the interview of this deputation with the King on the 23rd of May, an interview which was not procured without difficulty. The deputation having been introduced into the royal presence, the Lord Mayor, Beckford, read an "humble remonstrance" to his majesty—with as much spice in

it, however, as the form of such documents allowed—on the decisive terms in which he had been pleased to characterise their address and petition of the 14th of March. The King was implored to “break through all the secret and visible machinations to which the city of London had owed its late severe repulse,” and to “disclaim the malignant and pernicious advice” which had induced him to meet the former deputation with so sharp an answer; “an advice of most dangerous tendency, inasmuch as thereby the exercise of the clearest rights of the subject, namely, to petition the King for redress of grievances, to complain of the violation of the freedom of election, to pray dissolution of parliament, to point out malpractices in administration, and to urge the removal of evil ministers, hath, by the generality of one compendious word, been indiscriminately checked with reprimand.” No sooner had the King heard this than, facing Beckford in a way to show his natural obstinacy, he read the following answer:—

“I should have been wanting to the public, as well as to myself, if I had not expressed my dissatisfaction at the late address. My sentiments on that subject continue the same; and I should ill deserve to be considered as the Father of my people, if I should suffer myself to be prevailed upon to make such an use of my prerogative as I cannot but think inconsistent with the interest, and dangerous to the constitution of the kingdom.”

Whereupon Beckford, excited beyond all regard for the usual formalities of royal audiences, burst forth in an extempore speech:—

“Most gracious sovereign, will your Majesty be pleased so far to condescend as to permit the mayor of your loyal city of London to declare in your royal presence, on behalf of his fellow-citizens, how much the bare apprehension of your Majesty’s displeasure would at all times affect their minds. The declaration of that displeasure has already filled them with inexpressible anxiety, and with the deepest affliction. Permit me, sire, to assure your Majesty, that your Majesty has not, in all your dominions, any subjects more faithful, more dutiful, or more affectionate to your Majesty’s person and family, or more ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the main-

tenance of the true honour and dignity of your crown.

“We do, therefore, with the greatest humility and submission, most earnestly supplicate your Majesty that you will not dismiss us from your presence without expressing a more favourable opinion of your faithful citizens, and without some comfort, without some prospect at least of redress.

“Permit me, sire, farther to observe, that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, by false insinuations and suggestions, to alienate your Majesty’s affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the city of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in, and regard for your people, is an enemy to your Majesty’s person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution, as it was established at the glorious Revolution.”

This bold harangue, so contrary to all rules of etiquette, produced a kind of consternation among the courtiers; the King, who had been, as it were, trapped into hearing it by the surprise of the moment, resented it as an insult; and the deputation retired with the consciousness that the breach between the city of London and the King had been made wider than ever. Beckford, however, gained great credit by his conduct; the speech that he had made to the King was in everybody’s lips; and, for the time, he rose almost to as high a station of popularity as Wilkes.

While the case of Wilkes, with the numerous questions that had grown out of it, thus formed the chief matter of controversy in the politics of the day, there was another question fraught, as the issue proved, with still more remarkable consequences, which, after having been a topic of occasional discussion for several years, began, about the time of Chatterton’s arrival in London, to assume a more pressing and public aspect. This was the question of the disaffection of the American colonies.

In the year 1764–5, as all readers of American history know, the Parliament of Great Britain gave the first deadly shock to the allegiance of the American colonies to the British crown, by decreeing the imposition on these colonies of a general stamp tax, for the purposes of revenue. The colonies, severally and conjointly, had protested

and petitioned against this act of authority; in 1767 the stamp tax had been exchanged for a duty on paper, glass, painters' colours, and teas. This, however, had not satisfied the Americans, and from year to year the topic had been brought up in Parliament, along with that of Wilkes, the politicians and writers who took the side of Wilkes generally also sympathising with the resistance of the American colonists to the home government; while the Court party, on the other hand, who opposed Wilkes, were also eager for maintaining the prerogative of Britain over the colonies. Things had come to that pass that many shrewd persons foresaw a war with the colonies, and prophesied their separation from the mother-country. It was the fear of this result that prompted the administration of Lord North, immediately after its accession, in the beginning of 1770, to repeal so much of the Act of 1767 as imposed duties on glass, paper, and painters' colours, retaining only the duty on tea. As, by such an arrangement, the obnoxious *principle*, to which the Americans were repugnant, was still maintained and asserted, there was little doubt that it would prove of no avail. But before news could arrive of the manner in which the Americans had received it, a piece of intelligence crossed the Atlantic which increased the bitterness of the ministerial feeling against the intractable folks on the other side of the water. On the 26th of April, Chatterton's first day in London, there appeared in the London evening papers paragraphs conveying the news of a serious riot which had occurred in the streets of Boston on the 13th of March. The riot had originated in a quarrel between some of the soldiers, who had been quartered in the town greatly against the wishes of the inhabitants, and the men at a rope manufactory, belonging to a Mr. Gray. The people of Boston, highly incensed against the military, both on account of their insolent behaviour, and because they had been sent among them to enforce the odious Tax Act, took part with the rope makers. There was a violent disturbance of the peace; the troops fired on the people, and some unoffending persons were killed: the whole town rose, and to prevent still worse results, the military commander had to withdraw the soldiers to some distance. "Had they not been

withdrawn," said a private letter from Boston, which appeared in the *London Morning Post*, "the Bostonians would have set fire to their beacon, a tar barrel stuck on the top of a mast, on a high hill, and raised the country for eighty miles round."

Such was the news which the American post brought London on the day when Chatterton began his residence in Shoreditch. For a week, or more, the town was full of it, the Wilkes party rejoicing over it as a new embarrassment to ministers, and the ministers themselves not knowing very well what to say or think about it. From that time a war with the colonies seemed a probable event.

In addition to the protracted Wilkes controversy, and to this matter of the Boston riot, and its connexion with colonial policy, there were, of course, a variety of minor incidents of more or less interest, affording materials for gossip to the town during the first five or six weeks of Chatterton's sojourn in it. At that time, as in this, there were balls, horse races, theatrical performances, murders, robberies, marriages in high life, fires, &c., &c., all duly announced in the public papers, and all excellent as *pabulum* for the conversation of the idle and the curious. By way of sample, and that our readers may the more easily fill out the picture for themselves, we shall string together a few of those defunct minutiae, as we gather them quite miscellaneously from the columns of the contemporary newspapers:—

Wednesday, April 25 (day of Chatterton's arrival in London).—"Ranelagh House will be opened this evening with the usual entertainments. Admittance, 2s. 6d. each person; coffee and tea included. The house will continue to be open on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays till farther notice. N.B.—There will be an armed guard on horseback to patrol the roads."—*Advertisement in Public Advertiser of that day.*

Same evening.—At Drury-lane, the following performances:—*The Clandestine Marriage*. Lord Ogleby, by Mr. Dibdin; Miss Sterling, by Miss Pope. After which, *The Padlock*, a musical piece. Benefit of Mr. Dibdin.

Same day.—A levee at St. James's.

Thursday, April 26 (Chatterton's first day in London, and day of the arrival of the news of the Boston riot).—A masquerade at the Opera House, given

by the club at Arthur's; present more than 1200 nobility, ambassadors, &c.

Same day.—A bill of indictment found at Hick's Hall against the author or editor of the *Whisperer*, one of the fiercest of the anti-ministerial periodicals. Warrant for his apprehension issued on the 28th.

Same evening.—At Drury-lane, *The Beggar's Opera*, with *The Minor*. Mr. Bannister's benefit.

Monday April 30 (fifth day of Chatterton in London).—At Covent-garden, Addison's tragedy of *Cato* revived, with *The Rape of Proserpine*.

Wednesday, May 2 (Chatterton a week in London).—At Drury-lane, *Hamlet*—the part of Hamlet by Garrick; after which, *Queen Mab*. Benefit night of Signor Grimaldi, Mr. Messenk, and Signor Giorgi.

Monday, May 7 (the day on which, as above stated, a crowd gathered at the door of the House of Commons on the false idea that Wilkes was to go to the House and claim his seat).—"Rumour that a lady of high quality would appear that evening at the Soho Masquerade in the character of an Indian princess, most superbly dressed, and with pearls and diamonds to the price of £100,000; her train to be supported by three black young female slaves, and a canopy to be held over her head by two black male slaves. To be a fine sight."

Wednesday, May 16.—"Thirteen convicts executed together at Tyburn, conveyed in five carts; mostly boys, the eldest not being more than twenty-two years of age. Some of them were greatly affected, others appeared hardened."

Saturday, May 19.—Parliament prorogued, as stated above.

Wednesday, May 23.—The famous interview of the City deputation with the King, at which Beckford made the speech quoted above.

Saturday, May 25.—Drury-lane Theatre closed for the season.

Monday, May 27.—Covent-garden Theatre closed for the season.

Same day.—"At two o'clock, A.M., a fire at the house of Messrs. Webb and Fry, paper-stainers, Holborn-hill, near the end of Shoe-lane; four persons burnt to death."

Tuesday, May 28.—One of "Junius's" letters in the *Public Advertiser*, containing a view of the state of the country, and a cutting criticism of the conduct of ministers during the session just closed. Only two acknowledged letters of "Junius" appeared during the period of Chatterton's residence in London, and this was one of them.

Thursday, May 30.—"News arrived that a French East India ship had

reached Toulon, bringing word of a dreadful earthquake at St. Helena, which had entirely sunk the island in the sea."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

Friday, May 31.—Foundation stone of Newgate prison laid by the Lord Mayor Beckford.

All April and May.—Advertisements of goods, sales, quack medicines, and new books in the newspapers; also paragraphs innumerable on the case of Matthew and Patrick Kennedy, two brothers, tried and condemned to death for the murder of John Bigby, a watchman, but who had obtained a free pardon through the influence of their sister, Miss Kennedy, a celebrated woman of the town, on intimate relations with several men high at court. An appeal was laid against this settlement of the matter, and a new trial appointed, much to the gratification of the anti-court party; but Bigby's widow having got £350 to keep out of the way, the trial fell to the ground, and the brothers escaped.

It was into the midst of such incidents as these, episodic as they were to the two great topics of Wilkes and the Constitution, and the growing disaffection of the American colonies, that Chatterton transferred himself by his removal from Bristol to London. With some of the little incidents mentioned he may even have come into direct personal contact. If he did not go to see Addison's tragedy of *Cato* at Covent-garden on the 30th of April, it is not likely that he missed the opportunity of seeing Garrick in *Hamlet* at Drury-lane on the 2nd of May. If the "fine sight" of the lady of high quality with the hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewels about her, and the three young negresses supporting her train, did not tempt him to the vicinity of the Soho Masquerade on the evening of the 7th of May, it is not at all improbable that he formed one of the crowd that gathered round the door of the House of Commons that evening on the false expectation of seeing Wilkes come to make a row and get himself committed to custody by the speaker. Even at the distance of Shoreditch the rumour of the thirteen boys hanged at Tyburn on the morning of the 16th of May must have reached him; for common as hangings were then, such an occurrence was sufficiently unusual to make some commotion through all London. The prorogation of Parliament on the 19th of the same month would be a matter to

interest him, much more the royal audience given to the City deputation on the 23rd, and Beckford's famous speech. Shoe-lane being one of his haunts, the charred ruins of the premises of Messrs. Webb and Fry may very possibly have attracted his notice on the 28th or 29th of May as he passed along Holborn ; and a daily frequenter as he was of the coffee-houses where the newspapers were to be seen, he is sure to have been one of the earliest and most eager readers of the

Public Advertiser containing Junius's powerful letter of May the 28th.

Nor is all this mere conjecture. Not only do we know it as a fact that it was part of Chatterton's ambition in coming to London to work himself into connexion with the prominent men and interests of the day, and above all with the notable personages of the Wilkes party ; we also know it as a fact that, to some small extent at least, he succeeded in doing so. The evidence of this we shall produce in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

SETTING THE THAMES ON FIRE.

CHATTERTON'S London life, as some of our readers must be aware, forms the subject of a brief romance from the pen of Alfred de Vigny. In that writer's pleasing volume of fiction, entitled "*Stello*," Chatterton is introduced as the real hero in the story of the so-called Kitty Bell. Kitty Bell is a young married woman who keeps a pastry-cook's shop in the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament. Her cakes and confections are celebrated far and wide, and partly from this cause, partly from Kitty's own attractiveness, her shop has become a habitual lounge of the legislators of the country as they pass to and from their arduous duties in St. Stephen's. Kitty, however, is as virtuous as she is pretty ; and though her husband is a sulky brute, and the young lords and members of Parliament are very assiduous in buying cakes from her fair fingers, nothing amiss can be said of her. There is one figure, indeed, occasionally seen hovering about the shop, the apparition of which invariably discomposes her, especially when her husband is near. This turns out to be Chatterton, who, having come to London to push his fortune, has, in order to be near the Houses of Parliament, taken a lodging in Kitty Bell's house. Kitty, with her womanly heart, has contrived to dive into her mysterious lodger's secret, and to ascertain that he is a young man of genius engaged in the hopeless task of establishing a connexion with the public men of the day by means of literary service, and, in the meantime, without a penny in his pocket. She does all, in the circumstances, that fear of her brute of a

husband will permit. She supplies her lodger furtively with tarts ; screens from her husband the fact that he is unable to pay for the garret he occupies ; and, in short, through pity and interest, falls at last most foolishly in love with him. Sustained by her kindness and encouragement, Chatterton perseveres in his enterprise, gets acquainted with the Lord Mayor Beckford, and is led to conceive great hopes from the promise of his patronage. Beckford accordingly calls one day at the shop, and, by way of fulfilling his promise, offers to make Chatterton his—footman ! Then comes the catastrophe ; Chatterton in despair commits suicide, and poor Kitty Bell is left to serve out cakes and comfits with a heart no more.

A very pretty story this, with, unfortunately, but one objection to it—that it is not true ! The true story of Chatterton's London life, one would suppose, is to be preferred to the false one ; and as the materials for the true story were before Alfred de Vigny in Chatterton's own letters, it is a pity that he was so far a Frenchman as not to pay attention to them. Instead of going to lodge at Kitty Bell's or at any other conceivable pastry-cook's in Westminster, Chatterton, as our readers know, went to lodge at a plasterer's in Shoreditch ; and if Providence was really so kind to him as to provide him with a fair consoler living under the same roof, this, as our readers also know, can possibly, in the first stage of his London career, have been no other than the motherly Mrs. Ballance, or, at best, that hussy, the landlady's niece, to whom he "used sometimes to

be saucy." And so with the rest of the facts. The real progress of Chatterton in his endeavours to make himself known—the real extent of his success in working himself from his *stand-punct* in Shoreditch into connexion with the metropolitan men and interests of the day, as summarily described in last chapter—is to be gathered, so far as it can be gathered at all, from his own letters.

Chatterton's second letter to his mother was written on the 6th of May (Sunday!), or after Chatterton had been exactly ten days in London. It is as follows:—

"Shoreditch, London, May 6, 1770.

"DEAR MOTHER, — I am surprised that no letter has been sent in answer to my last. I am settled, and in such a settlement as I would desire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine; shall engage to write a History of England and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I first corresponded with the booksellers here. I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity House. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth, and expressed a desire to know the author. By the means of another bookseller I shall be introduced to Townshend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen. My sister will improve herself in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope, well. Bristol's mercenary walls were never destined to hold me—there, I was out of my element; now, I am in it. London!—good God! how superior is London to that despicable place Bristol! Here is none of your little meannesses, none of your mercenary securities, which disgrace that miserable hamlet. Dress, which is in Bristol an eternal fund of scandal, is here only introduced as a subject of praise—if a man dresses well, he has taste; if careless, he has his own reasons for so doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contrast? The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers; without this necessary knowledge the greatest genius may starve, and with it the greatest dunce live in splendour. This know-

ledge I have pretty well dipped into. The Levant man-of-war, in which T. Wensley went out, is at Portsmouth, but no news of him yet. I lodge in one of Mr. Walmsley's best rooms. Let Mr. Cary copy the letters on the other side, and give them to the persons for whom they are designed, if not too much labour for him.

"I remain yours, &c.,

"T. CHATTERTON.

"P.S.—I have some trifling presents for my mother, sister, Thorne, &c."

[Here follow the letters to various Bristol acquaintances which Mr. Cary was to copy out and give them]:—

"Mr. T. Cary.—I have sent you a task—I hope no unpleasing one. Tell all your acquaintances for the future to read the *Freeholder's Magazine*. When you have anything for publication send it to me, and it shall most certainly appear in some periodical compilation. Your last piece was, by the ignorance of a corrector, jumbled under the considerations in the acknowledgments, but I rescued it, and insisted on its appearance. Your friend,

"T. C.

"Direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row."

"Mr. Henry Kator.—If you have not forgot Lady Betty, any complaint, rebus, or enigma, on the dear charmer, directed for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row, shall find a place in some magazine or other, as I am engaged in many.

"Your friend,

"T. CHATTERTON."

"Mr. Wm. Smith.—When you have any poetry for publication, send it to me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row, and it shall most certainly appear.

"Your friend,

"T. C."

"Mrs. Baker.—The sooner I see you the better. Send me, as soon as possible, Rymsdyk's address." (Mr. Cary will leave this at Mr. Flower's, Small-street).

"Mr. Mason.—Give me a short prose description of the situation of Nash; and the poetic addition shall appear in some magazine. Send me also whatever you would have published, and direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row. .

"Your friend,

"T. CHATTERTON."

"Mr. Matthew Mease.—Begging Mr. Mease's pardon for making public use of

his name lately, I hope he will remember me, and tell all his acquaintance to read the *Freeholder's Magazine* for the future.

"T. CHATTERTON."

"Tell Mr. Thaire, Mr. Gaster, Mr. A. Broughton, Mr. J. Broughton, Mr. Williams, Mr. Rudhall, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Carty, Mr. Hanmor, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Ward, Mr. Kalo, Mr. Smith, &c., &c. to read the *Freeholder's Magazine*."

This is certainly pretty well after only ten days in London. We fear, indeed, that there is a good deal of bragging in the letter, intended to convey to his Bristol acquaintances a more favourable impression of the progress he had already made in the great metropolis than the facts, as known to himself, exactly warranted. Still, it is evident that Chatterton, when he wrote the letter, was in high spirits. Reducing the expressions of the letter to the real substance of fact, on which, as it seems to us, they may have been founded, we should be inclined to say that the information here given respecting the extent of Chatterton's success in introducing himself to notice during his first ten days in London, amounts to something like this:—"Being a young fellow of prepossessing appearance and address, and being gifted as we know with a sufficiently good opinion of himself to prevent any of that awkwardness in meeting strangers which arises from excessive modesty, he had made the best use he could of the slight hold he had on Fell, Hamilton, Edmunds, and Dodsley ; had gone to their places of business perhaps oftener than they cared to see him ; had talked with them, made proposals of literary assistance to them, compelled them into saying something that could be construed as encouragement ; had got from them hints as to other quarters in which they could apply ; had probably, by their advice, turned his hopes towards the great book-mart of Paternoster-row, where all sorts of speculations he might help in were going on ; and had thus at last found himself referred to that celebrated place of resort for the booksellers of the day and their literary workmen, the Chapter Coffee-house. Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his *Hand-book of London*, has provided us with an extract relative to this once famous rendezvous, which will serve to give us a more distinct idea of it as it was in Chatterton's time ; and, the house

being still extant, those who desire to perfect this idea by acquaintance with it in its present condition, may do so at the expense of a mutton-chop any afternoon they are in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's.

"And here my publisher would not forgive me, was I to leave the neighbourhood without taking notice of the Chapter Coffee-house, which is frequented by those encouragers of literature and (as they are styled by an eminent critic) "not the worst judges of merit," the booksellers. The conversation here naturally turns upon the newest publications ; but their criticisms are somewhat singular. When they say a *good* book, they do not mean to praise the style or sentiment, but the quick and extensive sale of it. That book is best which sells most ; and if the demand for Quarles should be greater than for Pope, he would have the highest place on the rubric-post."—*The Connoisseur*, No. 1, Jan. 31st, 1754."

Here, then, among the talking groups of booksellers, we are to fancy Chatterton a daily visiter during the first week or two of his stay in town—reading the newspapers, listening to the conversation, getting acquainted with "the geniuses" of the place ; and giving very small orders to the waiters. The Chapter Coffee-house was evidently a great place in his eyes ; and every shilling spent in it he probably regarded as a good investment. All his Bristol friends were to address their letters to him there, and not to his lodging at Shoreditch.

More particularly, however, Chatterton's hopes at the period of his first settlement in London, seem to have rested on the intimacy he had struck up with Mr. Fell. We have already communicated to the reader our impression of this personage, as a gentleman in pecuniary difficulties, connected in some way with Wilkes, and employing his own broken energies, and the capital of other people, in the publication of the *Freeholder's Magazine*. His reception of Chatterton, we have said, seems to have been, and probably from the state of his own circumstances, more frank and cordial than that of any other of the booksellers Chatterton called upon. A kind of mutual understanding seems, indeed, to have been at once established between them. On the one hand, as we guess, Chatterton was to have the pages of the *Free-*

holder's Magazine thrown open to him; on the other hand, Fell, to whom the service of a clever contributor on any other terms than those of hard cash, was probably a great convenience, was willing to remunerate his young friend with plenty of promises, and in the mean time with the benefits of his advice and countenance, and as much praise as he liked. The prospect of being introduced to Wilkes was, it would appear, the most attractive bait that could be held out to Chatterton; and we greatly fear Fell made the most of the fact. "I assure you, Mr. Chatterton, Mr. Wilkes has a high opinion of you; he has more than once asked me about writings of yours; and when I told him that you were not eighteen, 'Upon my soul I don't believe it, Mr. Fell,' said he; 'so young a man could not write like that:' these were his very words." Such, as we infer from Chatterton's own account, was the substance of much of his conversation with Fell. How much of sincerity there was in the farther promise on the part of Fell, that he would introduce Chatterton to Wilkes, we can hardly say. There is, certainly, however, some bragging in the manner in which Chatterton announces the promised introduction to his mother. "I shall visit him (Wilkes) next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity House" (*i. e.* the charitable allowance granted out of the funds of this foundation to the widows of deserving seamen). Chatterton, we fully believe, had shrewdness and sense enough, with all his inexperience and his good opinion of himself, to know that he was putting a little strain on the truth here. And so also, probably, in the matter of the other proposed introduction to the two popular aldermen, Townshend and Sawbridge. On what foundation he rested his hopes of the "four guineas a month by one magazine," and as much more by an engagement to write "a history of England and other pieces," we cannot distinctly ascertain; we incline to think, however, that the greater part of this was involved in the Fell delusion, and that, saving perhaps, as we shall afterwards see, some dependence on the more substantial facts of the *Town and Country* and the *Middlesex Journal*,

Chatterton's real chances of the receipt of metropolitan guineas were, at this stage, wholly laid out on the somewhat problematical success of the *Freeholder's Magazine*. To read the *Freeholder's Magazine* and to address his letters to the Chapter coffee-house in Paternoster-row, were his two injunctions to his friends at home after he had been ten days in London.

One of Chatterton's communications to the *Freeholder's Magazine* has been disinterred; and it may be taken as a specimen of the articles with which he favoured the publisher of that periodical, and which Mr. Wilkes so much admired. It is a letter addressed to that unfortunate minister, Lord North, and signed T. C.; somewhat in the style of Junius, of course; and really as clever as the productions of any other of the would-be Juniuses of the day. The following is the opening paragraph:—

"MY LORD,—There is not, perhaps, a more exalted and refined pleasure than that which we feel from the contemplation of the great and illustrious characters of antiquity. Indeed, we partake so much in their exploits, that, while we read, we may be said 'to live o'er each scene.' What threw me into this train of reflection at present, my Lord, was reading the history of my favourite prince, Caligula. What a happiness must it have been, my Lord, to have lived under the auspicious reign of that emperor, who was as munificent in rewarding merit, as he was sagacious in the discovery of it! Indeed he took such a fatherly care in providing for the good of his subjects, that at last, discovering a genius where it was least expected, in his *horse*, I mean, he advanced him to the first honours of the State. The Emperor had, no doubt, my Lord, suffered by the ignorance and misconduct of former counsellors; and, willing to appease the justly-incensed people, he did not choose *anything* for a minister, as some later monarchs have done, but he took to support the weight of government this faithful and generous beast of burden."

And so, for the present, we leave Chatterton, fairly engaged in his attempt to set the Thames on fire—the *Freeholder's Magazine* for his lucifer-match!

RECENT TRAVELS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE EAST.*

It is seldom that we find all the qualities necessary to form the historian and the traveller united in the same person. The historian is generally a person of studious and retired habits, not accustomed to hardship, or patient of bodily labour, but possessed of indefatigable industry and untiring perseverance. His knowledge of the world is drawn more from the well-digested opinions of others than from his own personal experience; and he is better qualified for compiling, analysing, and classifying facts, than for the study of human nature. The traveller, on the other hand, is seldom a book-worm; the smell of the midnight oil offends his olfactory nerves. The information he possesses has been acquired by contact with the world. Quick in apprehending traits of character, and in estimating and comparing separate individualities, he reads men's minds. Addicted to the worship of the pure scenes of nature he exults in all the joys of the rugged mountain and the sunny mead. It is his province to examine and instruct us in the "*multorum urbes et mores hominum*," and to lay before us the fruits of his observations; and it is always with regret that we find a traveller who is fitted for the task he has imposed upon himself, wasting those hours (which might be so much more profitably employed) in a vain effort to usurp the place of the historian; and diluting and adulterating the really important information he presents, with long extracts from books with which the public are already familiar. It is the principal recommendation of the works mentioned at the foot of this page, that they are, to a great extent, free from these faults; and that the authors, instead of informing us of what they have read, give us, generally, the results of their personal experience,

and tell us what they have heard and seen.

The most important as well as the most novel portion of the works before us is Mr. Christmas's description of the Balearic Islands, of which little or nothing is known in England. We propose, therefore, to commence our notice of these works, with a short sketch of the present social condition and habits of these interesting islanders, referring our readers for further information to the source to which we are indebted for the greater portion of the materials we have made use of.

Mr. Christmas's qualifications for the study of the institutions and habits of the Balearic Islanders, were a disposition to investigate fairly and impartially, good introductions, and a sufficient knowledge of the language to mix freely, and receive his impressions directly from the middle and humbler classes of society. Thus provided, difficulties will be speedily unravelled, and valuable facts presented to our observation. He claims, and we willingly accord him, the merit due to an impartial observer; and, moreover, he appears to have been a wise and discreet traveller, always adapting himself to the circumstances in which he was placed by accident or necessity, and making use, as his motto, of the eastern proverb, "*Fortunate is the man who expects nothing, for he shall never suffer disappointment.*" In this spirit he reminds us that "*luxury is an exotic among the hardy and temperate races of Castile and Andalusia; civility does not grow in Catalonia; cleanliness is not to be expected in the Papal States; freedom of ingress and egress is much cramped where Austria rules; and all over Germany everything more than a single portmanteau is a nuisance on the railway.*" Deter-

* "*The Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean, including a Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia.*" By the Rev. H. Christmas, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A. London: Richard Bentley. 1851.

"*Recollections of Scenes and Institutions in Italy and the East.*" By Joseph Bel-dam, Esq., F.R.G.S., Barrister-at-law. London: Madden. 1851.

"*Recollections of a Tour in the Ionian Islands, Greece, and Constantinople.*" By Henry Cooke. London: M'Lean. 1851. Parts I. and II.

mined to bear with equanimity all the minute inconveniences to which travellers in a foreign country must necessarily subject themselves, and accompanied by the happiest of all companions—a cheerful mind, he never disgusts us with tedious complaints of trifling annoyances, but relates his mishaps in a serio-comic tone, and appears ever buoyant on the sea of adversity.

The Balearic Archipelago is a group of islands lying to the east of Spain, in the Mediterranean, between the parallels 37° and 41° north latitude, and between the second and fifth meridians of longitude east from Greenwich. It consists of Majorca, Minorca, and Ivica, and a great number of smaller islands, few of which are inhabited. Palma is the principal city of the Archipelago; it is the capital of Majorca, and is strongly fortified; the streets are narrow, but clean, and well drained; and the entire city, though not, perhaps, so eastern in its appearance as some of the great Moorish cities of southern Spain, is sufficiently so to give it a semi-oriental character. The eaves of the houses at each side of the street project so far that they nearly meet, and thus almost make a roof to the street, to which it gives a dim and sombre aspect that harmonises agreeably with the perfect quietude and luxurious repose of the city. The upper stories are supported by stone columns, sheltering the footpath, and often forming an arcade. The first story presents a balcony, with its veil or blind of striped linen; and here the Palma damsel may be seen among her flowers, or engaged at her work, and singing snatches of African songs, and sometimes shooting at the passer-by, out of her dark almond-shaped eyes, the most destructive glances. There is a broad *rambla*, planted with trees at each side, and furnished with stone benches:—

“Here the population of Palma do what they call ‘taking the cool,’ when the business of the day is over; and here are carried on many of those little flirtations, from which the Majorcans, innocent as they are, are not wholly free. Here, too, are *cafés*, where ices, *agraz-frio*, *orgeat*, and other cooling luxuries, are to be obtained, and where the ‘*cigareto*’ is sometimes seen between rosy lips. Great varieties of costume prevail, every man deeming himself at liberty to wear what kind of

attire is most pleasing in his own eyes, so that the Majorcan fashions are occasionally more characterised by diversity than by elegance. As the evening advances, the various groups scatter; the promenaders disperse; the twinkling lights one by one disappear; the *cafés* are closed; gaiety has given way to the soft, voluptuous silence of a Mediterranean night; and the gas—for they have gas at Palma—the gas alone, remains to light the *sereno*, or watchman, as he goes his rounds, and chants his long-drawn, plaintive cry, ‘most musical, most melancholy.’”

Everything appears to conduce to the peace and calmness which prevails amongst the inhabitants of this tranquil region. Save in particular localities, there are no carriages, no street criers, no sign of hurry and earnest business, no reviews, little street music, the exchange is empty, and locked up, and there are no beggars! To this we must add, that “the climate approaches as nearly to perfection as possible; abundance and cheapness of excellent provisions exist, and romantic scenery both by land and sea.” The communication between these islands and the rest of the world takes place but once a week; the post is, therefore, hebdomadal, and thus one more element of calmness is added to those that characterise these gentle people, who appear rather the creatures of a poet’s reverie than the denizens of this busy and anxious globe. The character of these islanders, if the picture by Mr. Christmas be not overdrawn, surpasses in excellence (in all respects but one) almost every description of any civilised people we have ever had the pleasure of perusing. In Majorca, locks are almost useless; and no one thinks of securing his property against robbers, for robbers there are none. Petty larceny is almost as unknown as highway robbery; and in a period of twelve years there had been but two cases of assassination in the island, and even these were not committed by the inhabitants, but by Catalan seamen, in the port of Palma; “so that were the nobility less fond of living a little beyond their income, and were the Jews with their ready money absent, and were going to law a less favourite amusement, the courts of justice might be closed from one year’s end to the other, and nobody would feel the loss.” Life and property are more secure in

Majorca than in Great Britain. Where differences arise between the lower classes, they are adjusted in a summary manner with the fists; but even in these pugilistic encounters, the valiant combatants are careful not to hurt each other; and it is scarcely necessary to say that passions so carefully poised and controlled in moments of excitement, leave no trace of ill-will or rancour, after what they consider "ample satisfaction" has been received. It is gravely asserted in the island, that evil-minded and turbulent spirits become, after a short residence there, humane and gentle; and our author seems to think that the assertion is not wholly without foundation, and that the want of sympathy with all that is fierce and uncharitable, and the example of a quiet and inoffensive people, pursuing their honest calling in good humour and the bond of peace, cannot fail to have a beneficial effect on even the most ferocious dispositions.

It must be admitted that this is the bright side of the Majorcan character, and that the islanders are not wholly free from many faults that act as drawbacks to this delightful picture. The populace are, to a great extent, lazy and slothful, ignorant and superstitious. They are also much addicted to smuggling, carried on, not at the risk of life, or "hair breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach," for this would be foreign to the inoffensive and gentle nature of these people, but by a regular system of contraband traffic, based on treaties entered into with the customhouse officers, in consideration of payments regulated according to a fixed scale of charges; nor do the characters of the people appear to be seriously affected by the extent to which smuggling is carried on. They are fond of amusement, and observe most rigidly, but not with puritanical morality, the numerous feasts and holydays of their Church; and it must be a matter of sad reflection that these people, who are in other respects above all praise for their simplicity and innocence, look with almost total indifference upon personal virtue. The following extract gives a description of a thing by no means uncommon—a masked ball held in the church itself!—

"There is one particular kind of dance, called '*el baile dels cocies*,' which

is always performed there, and which is perpetrated on this wise. The performers are nine in number; two are called *diablos*, and affect an attire as diabolico as they can invent, not forgetting horns, hoofs, and a tail; one is called the lady, *la dama*, and the beard, mustache, and embrowned complexion tend, doubtless, to set off the feminine apparel; the remaining six are called *cocies*. These all go, accompanied by the rest of the revellers, to the church, where mass is celebrated, and a sermon in Mallorquin preached; hitherto the maskers have kept in the porch, but now they enter the church, and a dance is commenced in the centre, of which the chief characteristic is, that it sets all grace and elegance, and (considering the place) decorum itself at defiance; every kind of tumbling, antic, and buffoonery takes its turn. The *diablos* and *cocies*, armed with thick sticks, cudgel heartily all gentlemen whom they can get near, and though there are frequently broken heads, yet there has never been known any serious breach of the peace to result from these gambols."

In the general appearance of the country, and in the customs, institutions, and Moorish costume of the people, we still find much remaining that recalls to our minds their half-African origin. The peasantry wear loose, wide drawers of blue cotton tied under the knee, the legs bare, and the head covered with a twisted handkerchief. On holydays they attire themselves in a blue mantle of cloth, and wear a hat, the brim of which is the size of an ordinary loo-table! It follows that no door in the island, except the church door, is sufficiently wide to admit a peasant with his hat on, and he is accordingly obliged to do with his hat what our great-grandmothers were obliged to do with their hoops, to introduce it sideways through the door. This hat exceeds in size an English umbrella. The priests wear the same description of hat, but they roll up the rim on both sides, so that it resembles a huge cylinder placed lengthways upon the head, and extending two feet in front and as much behind. The women wear the African bornouse, a long dress of blue cotton, enveloping the head as well as the person, or else a corset and short petticoat surmounted by the *rebozillo*, which last is considered indispensable at fêtes.

"It is generally made of white calico, covers the head, gathers close round the

throat, and then falls in plaits, more or less graceful, over the breast. The face is thus framed, as it were, in white, and it sets off to some advantage the black hair and dark soft eyes of the Majorcan village belles. It does duty for a good deal of clothing, which might, could, would, should, or ought to be underneath; so that on festival days, when the rebozillo is made of fine transparent cambric, the young damsels are rather liberal than chary in the display of their attractions."

They are very partial to village festivals. The bagpipe is the national instrument; and dancing is kept up by all with the greatest spirit. The expense of these village *fiestas* is defrayed in rather a novel manner; each dance is danced by a single pair, and the privilege of dancing alone, at the beginning of the ball, is purchased at a high price, and, after eager competition on the part of the rest of the company, the second dance costs less, the third less again, till at last the price becomes nearly nominal. Out of this fund the expenses of the village ball are paid. The faithful lovers walk together to the dance, not arm in arm, for that would be considered highly indelicate, nor separately, for that would be considered insensible, but linked together by the little fingers. After the first dance has been concluded the lover dances no more with the lady of his choice, but he sits upon the ground, holding her fan and handkerchief, and watching with admiring eyes the graceful gyrations she and her partner, perhaps some quondam rival, are performing. After marriage each man, as in Spain, takes his own wife to dinner, dancing with her first, and sits by her side as she *unfatigues* herself.

Among the higher classes the ladies live for the most part in great seclusion. The principal portion of the house is always surrendered to their use; and a visit to the gentlemen of the family will not bring a person into contact with the fair sex, nor will a visit to the ladies make one acquainted with their lords and masters. The *saya* and *mantilla* were, till lately, the favourite dresses of the ladies of Majorca, but this graceful old Spanish dress is gradually becoming obsolete; and whilst French habits are altering the characters of the upper classes, Paris is dictating fashions to Palma.

There are, or at least, until lately,

there were few places in which family pride was carried to so ridiculous an extreme as in the Balearic Archipelago. The nine chief barons or solars who accompanied Don Jaime in his conquest of these islands, founded families which still exist, and have always affected, even among the nobility, to form a separate class, possessed of peculiar privileges and honours; in their treaties one with the other, assuming the language and deportment of petty sovereigns, and contracting, until lately, no marriages with any out of their narrow circle. Twenty years since one of these families refused to give a daughter to a grandee of Spain, and captain-general of a province, on the ground of *inequality of condition*; and a still more ridiculous instance occurred about ten years ago. A Majorcan nobleman, of great wealth and of noble descent, having become enamoured of one of these princesses, requested her hand of her father, but the proposal was [treated with disdain. However, after a time, as the young lady was deeply attached, and as her lover possessed every qualification, *but the one*, to make him not only eligible but sought after, the lady's parents condescended to tell him that although, from the inferiority of his blood, they could not give him their daughter, yet that if he chose to carry her off they would extend to him their pardon, and receive the runaway pair with parental forgiveness. To this proposition the marquis replied, with the haughtiness befitting his Castilian descent, that he was under no necessity of stealing a wife; and ultimately their consent was given, and thus the charmed circle was broken.

This feeling of family pride is very similar to that which obtained in Ireland until very modern times, and which can scarcely be said to be even yet wholly extinct. An anecdote related of M'Dermot, Prince of Coolavin, illustrating this feeling, will probably be remembered. The prince never suffered his wife to sit at table with him, although his daughter-in-law was permitted to that honour, as she was descended from the royal family of The O'Conor. Three gentlemen of fortune once waited upon him, and he received them, saying to the first—"You are welcome;" to the second (who was of true Milesian descent), "You may sit down;" and to the third

(who was unfortunately of English extraction), "I know nothing of you!"

The most usual phrase to express uncontaminated nobility, is to say that such a one "*es tan noble como las nueve casas*;" and among the many ridiculous customs that arose from this overweening pride was one that enjoined the condition, that when a nobleman died, and his house came by descent to another family, no member of which was willing to reside in it, that it should be permitted to fall to decay. Mr. Christmas saw a fine palace, the residence of the late Marquis de Reguer, actually uninhabited for this reason. These are remains of feudal barbarism which must fade away before the progress of knowledge and the practical and utilitarian spirit of modern times.

Although in family pride and ostentation the inhabitants of the Balearic Islands may resemble the Irish, in another point, at least, they far surpass them—in the high value they set upon human life. But in these allusions to our countrymen, we refer more to the past than the present. We have already stated that murders are of very rare occurrence, and consequently capital punishments are seldom inflicted. Upon such occasions, instead of this awful ceremony being treated with levity, and turned into a degrading and brutalising spectacle, the larger portion of the more educated, and not a few of the others, shut themselves up in their houses, lest they should become, even by chance, spectators of a scene so frightful. A few years ago some soldiers were shot in the Plaza, at Palma, and upon that occasion a great many of the inhabitants left the town in order to avoid hearing the discharge of that musketry that was to sound the death-knell of a human creature. What a contrast is this to the demoralised crowds that collect here from distant parishes, and press round the scaffold with such a greedy appetite—that grows by what it feeds on—to witness, in savage exultation, the last agonised moments of a life surrendered as an atonement for fearful crimes, to the outraged laws of the land.

Here, as well as throughout the Spanish dominions, the punishment of death is inflicted by the *garrote vil*, the culprit being placed in a chair, and strangled by the pressure of an iron collar fastened round his neck. For-

merly criminals were hanged, as in England; and it was customary to give a free pardon to the prisoner if the rope, whilst being used, broke. It was soon observed that ropes became extremely brittle; and this was presently traced to a pious fraud on the part of the clergy, who, actuated by a desire to save human life, were in the habit of soaking the rope in diluted acid, whilst laying their hands upon it under the pretence of blessing it. Accordingly, the rope, in part corroded, became unable to support the weight of the wretched criminal.

A very singular trait in the character of these otherwise kind and generous people is, the marked contempt, or rather the persecuting spirit, with which they treat, and have treated for ages, the "*Chuetas*," or descendants of those Jews who embraced the Christian faith in the days of the persecutions of the Holy Inquisition. They still form a separate and despised class, and their sad and heart-broken appearance tells too truly the tale of their sufferings.

"The Count Dembowsky, being hospitably received by a gentleman of small estate at Alcudia, observed in the course of the evening, that among the many persons who came to pay their respects was one whom all the rest treated with marked contempt, and who, with downcast looks and melancholy air, seemed neither to resent nor think this treatment at all extraordinary. 'Who,' said he, 'is this man who has met with so bad a reception?' 'He is a dog of a *Chueta*; one whose Jewish ancestors turned Christians in order not to be expelled from the island. *Madre di Dios!* how can a *Christiano viejo y rancio* [an old and rancid Christian—what a term!] endure the presence of a wretch with Jewish blood in his veins?'"

Another example will show the estimation in which the *Chuetas* are held; but we sincerely hope, and in fact, are almost satisfied, that the statement is a little exaggerated:—

"A *Chueta*, some time previously, had proposed marriage to a woman of bad character. 'No,' she replied, 'though you are rich, and I am infamous, I am better than a *Chueta*, and I would rather continue my present way of life than marry one!'"

True to the tradition of their race, the *Chuetas* eschew all connexion with

the soil and all heavy manual labour, and have thus got into their hands almost all the petty traffic of the islands; and for this reason the inhabitants feel an almost invincible dislike to engage in trade, for fear they should be confounded with the *Chuetas*. Thus self-created obstacles cut off the inhabitants from those great elements of progress, trade and commerce; and bigotry, as is invariably the case, recoils with damaging effect upon its own parents.

It may be as well to mention here that between the years 1645 and 1691, according to a list published by the Inquisition, three men and one woman, natives of Majorca, were burned alive for Judaism; thirty-two more, who perished miserably in the dungeons of the Holy Office (probably under the agonies of the rack), had their corpses publicly burned; fifteen were fortunate enough to escape from the sacred dungeons and parental care of those to whom is confided the gospel of peace, and were only burned in effigy; and two hundred and sixteen more were imprisoned, many of them subjected to torture, and were finally received into the bosom of the Church.

We cannot leave this topic without giving a short extract from the official report made by Colonel Lemanoir, of the 9th Regiment of Polish Lancers, by the direction of Marshal Soult, of the demolition of the Palace of the Inquisition at Madrid in the year 1809. In doing so, we are, perhaps, wandering a little from the direct thread of our discourse; but, for all that, we are dwelling upon matters and *indisputable facts*—particularly at a time like the present—of grave and momentous import. This will be our apology. The Colonel, in his report, describes their forcible entry into the Palace, “where wealth and splendour were to be seen everywhere. The floors and walls were highly polished, and the marble-mosaic inlaid with exquisite taste.” They sought the instruments of torture, and found them not; nor did they find anywhere the dungeons in which it was said that human beings were entombed alive, and subjected to unheard-of cruelties. At last they were on the point of retiring, being assured by the holy fathers that no such things existed, and that they were harmless and calumniated people, when Colonel Delille bethought himself of pouring water upon the marble flags that paved

the room. Alas! for the reign of the Inquisitors. In the joinings of some of the flags the water disappeared very quickly; they raised one of them—a subterranean passage was discovered, and the Inquisition in all its horrors stood revealed!

“From this chamber we passed to the right, and found small cells extending the whole length of the edifice. But what a spectacle presented itself to our eyes! How the beneficent religion of the Saviour had been outraged by its professors! These cells served as dungeons, where the victims of the Inquisition were immured, until death relieved them from their sufferings. Their bodies were left there to decompose, and that the pestilential smell might not incommode the inquisitors, ventilators were made to carry it off. In the cells we found the remains of some who had died recently, whilst in others we found only skeletons chained to the floor. In others we found living victims of all ages and both sexes—young men and young women, and old men up to the age of seventy, but all as naked as the day they were born! . . . About one hundred persons were rescued from their living tombs, and restored to their families. Many found a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister. Some found no one!”

Without wishing to infer any necessary connexion between the two subjects, let us now glance at some of the peculiarities in the religious observances of the Majorcans. The cathedral of Palma is described as a handsome edifice, and appears to have been completed by funds raised in a rather novel manner. It was commenced by Don Jaime the Conqueror; but the work languished during succeeding reigns, and pious gifts and death-bed legacies were in vain recommended, and all the artillery of priestcraft brought to bear; it was not till the vanity of these most vain islanders was enlisted in the work that it really prospered. The right to emblazon a coat-of-arms on the key-stones of the central arches was sold for the sum of one thousand Majorcan livres. The expedient was a happy one; and the money continued to flow in until every available place in the roof of the nave and choir was filled with the bearings of some Majorcan noble. Vanity did more than piety. In the centre of the choir stands the sarcophagus of Jaime II., the son

of the Conqueror. "In this, but enclosed in a chest of red-pine-wood, rests the body of this pious and amiable prince,—if indeed a body can be said to rest, which is liable to be drawn out to gratify the curiosity of any idle traveller." The corpse is embalmed, and is shown to every person who desires to see, and probably to pay for seeing it. The head is much mangled—for the king, who died in the odour of sanctity, is venerated as a saint, and everything that belongs to him is held equally sacred. Thus it has happened that all his teeth have been stolen by the pious as precious relics, and that his appearance is consequently ghastly, the lacerated mouth being open and distorted.

The church of Palma boasts, among other relics, of the possession of one of the thirty pieces of silver—a Rhodian tetradrachm—the genuineness of which has been often attested by miracles. Also two maces, with heads elaborately worked in filagree of silver, with verses from the Hebrew psalter engraved round them. They are very ancient, and evidently once belonged to a Jewish synagogue; but as the priests are not acquainted with Hebrew or Arabic, they are shown as maces taken by Don Jaime from a mosque, and they are said to be adorned with verses in Arabic from the Koran.

Another instance of gross superstition is found in Minorca, in the Monastery of Monte Toro. The Moors called the mountain "El Tor" the height, which name has been corrupted into "Monte Toro." But not satisfied with this, a legend has been invented by the monks, of a sacred bull who tossed, trampled, and gored all Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, but behaved towards the members of the true Church in the most orthodox manner, so as to prove, like "Bernard Cavanagh the fasting man," in more modern times, that *they* were indisputably the favourites, as he was the inspired messenger of heaven. There are also sundry legends of his powers in distinguishing true relics from fraudulent substitutions, and various other miracles did he at sundry times and in divers manners perform, all of which edifying and wondrous history will be found painted neatly in compartments of the chapel of the Monastery of Monte Toro.

Whether it be through the agency of this legend or otherwise, so, at least, it is, that occasionally some truant son

is brought back, amid great rejoicing, to the bosom of Mother Church. A case of this kind occurred just before Mr. Christmas's visit. A Protestant sailor, one of the most ignorant of his class or of any nation, was taken ill and received into the hospital:—

"They tried to induce him to declare himself a Roman Catholic, but without success; he was obstinate, and did not comprehend their arguments. At last, having failed in interesting him about his soul, they tried to interest him about his body, and assured him that he would not be allowed Christian burial, but would certainly be thrown into the sea unless he were converted! It was long before this atrocious falsehood had its effect; but the result was that the poor fellow yielded, and an instance was given to the world of a conversion, not to escape perdition, but to secure a burial—perhaps the only one on record. Great was the gratulation of the priesthood, and many the services of triumph performed in the Church of Sta. Maria del Mar, and, I believe, in other churches also, on account of this recovery of a Protestant."

The year 1849 witnessed the introduction into Majorca of a species of amusement apparently totally at variance with the habits of the people—a "fiesta de toros." A bull-fight has been so often described, that it is not necessary to go over the same ground; but the announcement of a series of "*funcions*" excited no small amount of interest in Palma. The performance was, however, grossly mismanaged by the directors, and but little understood by the audience. The bulls (which had been imported from Spain) had not yet recovered from sea-sickness, and were, in Castilian parlance, "too bland;" they were quiet, well-disposed, inoffensive quadrupeds, that would have grazed contentedly in some rich pasture, far removed from the strife of the arena, from one end of the year to the other; accordingly, the performance was, to a great extent, a failure, attended "with more noise than connoisseurship, and more applause than approval." We cannot help feeling gratified that the introduction of such a barbarous pastime was, for the present at least, to a great extent foiled; the more so, as it is one of those things that gradually grows upon the fancy of the most gentle and kindest hearts, undermining our better

principles, and inducing us to smother, for the sake of a few moments of degraded gratification, every feeling that elevates and does honour to human nature. Mr. Christmas says:—

“Those who first turn aside their eyes with horror, soon learn to take a deep interest in the scene. English ladies, resident in Madrid, rival their Spanish friends, and all the well-founded prejudices against the exhibition are forgotten!

“I once saw a horse fearfully gored at Barcelona, and the picador who rode him coolly dismounted and, with a pocket-knife severed the protruding entrails, and then compelled the wretched animal to face another bull; and the gentle Catalonian dames present rather approved of the act for its *economy* than execrated it for its unspeakable inhumanity!”

The climate of the Balearic Isles is one of the finest in the world, and were it not for the great fear—the superstitious terror—entertained there, as well as, to a smaller extent, almost all over the Continent, of the infectious nature of consumption, it would offer great inducements to such of our countrypeople as labour under any delicacy of the chest or lungs; for such persons the climate is most suitable. In other respects some portions of the islands labour under considerable disadvantages. Ague is very prevalent in Alcudia, the second place in point of rank in Majorca; and there it is proverbially said that the inhabitants are divided into three classes—those who have the ague, those who are recovering from it, and those who are just going to have it. In Minorca water is very scarce. The rain that falls upon the roofs is collected in cisterns. The first water that flows down is thrown away; the rest is carefully saved, and after depositing a thick sediment it is fit for use. Should a cistern become foul, a few small eels are thrown into it; if that should prove unsuccessful, some myrtle-tops are superadded; and should that fail, the dirty water is allowed to flow out, and the cistern is thoroughly cleaned. We presume that the last ingenious contrivance succeeds in most cases. In the advancement of knowledge, and in many other respects, as well as in physical advantages, Minorca is decidedly inferior to Majorca.

Before we take our departure from the Balearic Isles, we present the read-

er with the following anecdote, which at once offers a specimen of Mr. Christmas's narrative talents, and throws no small amount of light upon the trifles that influence the conduct of a weak and narrow-minded government. Italy has lately afforded many examples not a whit less absurd:—

“In the year 1840, when the civil war in Spain was raging with great fury, a general expectation seemed to prevail that the Carlists would make a descent upon Majorca, and all the *athalaiahs*, or watch-towers, were manned to give the earliest notice of any hostile appearance. The governor kept the garrison perpetually on the alert, and vexed the islanders a great deal by his unnecessary caution. At length a cause seemed to call for its exercise. A venerable old priest in the neighbourhood of Valde-mosa, awoke one night from dreams caused by indigestion, under a strong impression that brigands were in his house, and that his life was in danger. Greatly alarmed, he screamed for assistance; his housekeeper, hearing his cries, supposed her master was in the hands of murderers, and began also to shriek as loud as she could. Her shrieks convinced the unlucky old gentleman that she had been seized by the robbers, and was undergoing the most unheard of tortures. Horror-struck with this idea, he redoubled his exclamations, and she, for a similar reason, redoubled hers, and here the matter might have dropped. Had their house been at a distance from other habitations, they would have screamed until they were hoarse, and then left off, and the morning would have dissipated their fears; but, unfortunately, the neighbourhood took the alarm, and, as they knew there were no brigands in the island, they decided, without further deliberation, that the Carlists had landed. The panic spread; the Captain-general was made aware of what was imagined to have happened, and sent for the priest. Now, whether the old gentleman was ashamed of confessing that he had been frightened at nothing, or whether he really fancied he saw armed men, he deposed before the Captain-general that he had seen the Carlist army! The troops were called out, martial-law proclaimed, and the island was declared in a state of siege. Hours passed—days passed, and no Carlists appeared, until the Captain-general began to think that he had, in some unaccountable manner, been made a fool of. But he decided on one thing—that the priest would not have dreamed about the Carlists if he had not wished for them; and, therefore, he

shut the poor old man up as being himself a *Carlista* and a *juccioso*. For three months, however, the state of siege continued before the people were allowed to conduct their business without military superintendence."

We now take leave of these most interesting people, again expressing our satisfaction at the very successful manner in which Mr. Christmas has put together, in a light and pleasing manner, so much novel and useful information. It is not, however, so easy to take one's departure from these Islands. To do so it is necessary to embark on board a Spanish steamer for Barcelona. Let us follow our travellers to the vessel. The steam was up, the sailing hour had arrived, the passengers were on board, everything was ready, but the vessel could not weigh anchor—for it rained! and till the rain ceased the steamer would not depart. It rained, however, all day and the next night, and the next day and the next night; and not till the third morning did the bright sun shine; and at last at noon the gallant *El Mallorquin* was ready to get under weigh; but it was delayed for several hours whilst the cook was procuring certain dainty viands considered indispensable for a sixteen-hours' journey, by a considerable merchant of the place—a "Mediterranean alderman"—a little man, half face, half corporation, who would have fully answered Horace's description of a happy man—

" — totus, teres, atque rotundus."

At last the command was given to weigh anchor; but a thought struck the Mediterranean alderman with the force of lightning. The cook was sent for again, and appeared like a culprit:—

"Have you any lemon ice?"

"No, senor."

"No! and *I on board!*"

The guilty cook was struck dumb at the tender pathos of this remonstrance, and rushed on shore to make amends for his negligence, whilst *el vapor*, captain, and passengers had to wait three hours and a half, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. All misfortunes, however, must have their end, and at last the steamer got under weigh.

Nothing can be more disgraceful than everything connected with Spanish steamers. The discipline is bad,

the charges exorbitant, the delay vexatious and unmeaning, the accommodation wretched, and the dirt intolerable. All the best Mediterranean steamers have English engines and English engineers. Mr. Christmas saw a pair of boilers that had been taken out of a Spanish vessel then in harbour; they had been scarcely used three months, when, so deplorably had they been mismanaged and abused, that an English engineer was called in. "What will it cost," he was asked, "to put the engine, boiler, and all, in working order?" "About 1500 dollars," replied the physician of cast iron. The captain appeared electro-struck, and immediately performed sundry capers and an appropriate dance about the deck, accompanied with a liberal supply of exclamations, anything but complimentary to him of cast-iron celebrity. However, the spirit of his dream underwent a change, for he again sent for the English engineer a few days afterwards. A Spaniard had undertaken, in the interval, to execute the work, and having taken the machinery to pieces in a careless manner, found himself utterly unable to put together again its "disjected members." The English engineer now found himself unable to undertake the work for less than 2000 dollars! It is right to say that the Spanish government, wise in its own generation, gives every encouragement to English engineers.

Robberies are at present extremely rare in Spain, and where they do occur the gentlemanly deportment of the robbers is almost a compensation for the injury they do;—

"Nothing he does or seems
But snacks of something greater than himself."

An Englishman was once accosted on a lonely road by a ruffian. "Sir," said he, "you have my coat on; may I trouble you for it." The Englishman drew out a pistol, telling the fellow he was mistaken. "Sir," said the robber, "I perceive I am—it was an equivocation;" which signifies in Spanish a mistake.

The following "apostolic adventure" is characteristic and well told:—

"The secretary of a certain great and wealthy man, being sent by his employer on important business from Madrid to Toledo, was obliged to go alone. It so happened that there was a band of robbers infesting the road between Madrid

and Toledo at that time, who had dignified themselves with the title of *los doze Apostolos*! and as they were twelve in number each had a particular denomination. These gentry unfortunately met our friend the secretary, and in the course of their conversation with him ascertained who he was, and where he was going. They intimated their intention to relieve him of any superfluous cash or valuables he might have about him.

“ ‘Willingly, caballeros,’ replied he; and ‘indeed the more so, as, save my watch and a ring, both of which are very much *à su disposicion de uds*, all that I have with me is not mine, but Don ——’s, and he will not allow me to be a loser in his service.’

“ ‘What you say, caballero, is very much to the purpose. Let us see what you have.’

“ ‘The scrutiny was unsatisfactory.

“ ‘We shall trouble you to give us what you were so good as to name, but you must permit us to observe, that it is highly unbecoming an hidalgo of such distinction as Don ——, to allow his secretary to go about so ill provided; so in order to impress this on his mind, and on the minds of persons similarly situated with himself, you will not take it amiss if we request you to denude yourself of your apparel, in order that we may scourge you with the stirrup-leathers, as much as, in our judgment, nature will bear, and the exigencies of the case require.’

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ said the secretary, ‘I would venture most respectfully to suggest to you, first, that if Don —— had contemplated my having the singular good fortune to meet with your worships, he would have sent his remittances, not in paper, but in specie; secondly, that as he does not particularly care about the state of my skin, the proceeding you were so obliging as to allude to, would be a punishment, not to him who is the guilty person, but to me who am altogether innocent; and thirdly, that you have, as a mark of my high esteem for you, all that I have about me in the slightest degree disposable.’

“ ‘Senor mio,’ said the leader, ‘it is impossible not to be struck with the judgment and good sense which you display, and as a compliment to it, you shall go away with whole bones; but pray remember not to disgrace your employer by travelling again with so short a purse, for you never know what you may be asked for.’

“ ‘Caballeros, I will bear in mind your caution. Would it be unreasonable to ask you for my ring, which contains my late mother’s hair, and my

watch, without which I should not know what o’clock it is?’

“ ‘Your worthy mother was a lady of great merit; but as we are all brethren, she was our aunt, and it would not be respectful in us to part with her hair; and as to the watch, we want ourselves, from time to time, to know the exact hour.’

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ said the secretary, ‘I would submit, with great deference to your superior judgment, that I am rather hardly dealt by.’

“ ‘*Valga me Dios*,’ exclaimed the chief; ‘we are humane beyond example to you. The horse is not yours, and you complain about a ring and a watch. This is St. Andrew, and this St. James, peace be to them, and I am St. John—*carajo*! I should like to know how you would have come off, had you fallen into the hands of St. Paul!’

As we are anxious to direct our attention to Mr. Beldam’s travels in Italy and the East, let us now, in order to join him, embark with Mr. Christmas from Marseilles for Genoa, in his Neapolitan Majesty’s mail packet *Vesuvius*, a beautiful steam-ship, English built, with English engines, and commanded by an officer who had finished his nautical education under English commanders. Among the passengers are two nuns, the eldest about twenty-five years of age, rosy, plump, and black-eyed, and, if there be any truth in physiognomy, without any special vocation for the cloister. They had travelled alone to Marseilles, and were going to Rome, where the eldest was to undergo the necessary ceremonies previously to being made superior of their convent; and they would have been wholly unprotected in the sea voyage, were it not that they met casually a Roman dress-maker and milliner—not a very exemplary person to have the charge of young nuns—who *matronized* them on their journey. She was accompanied by her son, “a young gent,” whose conduct and conversation were neither respectful nor respectable:—

“The arch demureness which they put on was most edifying; their minds seemed entirely unformed; but their peep into the world, such as it was, evidently afforded them unlimited satisfaction. I spoke to them a little on religious subjects, but they were quite children in mind. One of our officers seemed to take much delight in opening the eyes of their minds; but I question

greatly if his instructions were of a strictly theological character, or calculated to enhance the delights of a conventual life."

In Genoa, out of a population of 120,000, there are 14,000 monks, friars, nuns, and ecclesiastics of various kinds, all a dead weight upon society, and, of course, supported altogether by the industrious members of the community. No wonder that the people are beginning to tire of priestcraft.

Mr. Beldam's travels took place in the course of the years 1845-6. The greater portion of the volumes before us were written at that time, but without the intention to make their incidents public; and its completion appears to have been recently undertaken "principally at the suggestion of certain friends, who appeared to think that some of the topics were applicable to present times." From the long delay that has occurred, many of the events narrated have lost their interest, and much that was fresh and novel at the time has since become stale, flat, and unprofitable. In the case of Italy, this is the more to be regretted, as the author had paid many former visits to that delightful country, and was already well acquainted with most of its classic scenes, and with the social condition and feelings of the people. He was, therefore, competent to form an opinion on the stirring events that have lately played so important a part, still increasing in importance, in the history of Europe. Of this, the author appears fully conscious; and notwithstanding all the advantages of former acquaintance (and the *title* of his book), but a small portion of it is devoted to "Italy." The gorgeous sun, the tropical vegetation, the strange customs, the hallowed associations, and the ever-unfolding incidents of the fatherland of the human race, tempted him with irresistible force to direct his eager pilgrimage to the regions—

"Where morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sows the earth with orient pearl."

One of the most pleasing signs of the times, both in Italy and Greece, and even in Turkey and the East, is the respect paid to education. Its necessity, both to the stability of the Government, the tranquillity of the State, and the preservation or promotion of civil and religious liberty, if the minimum of freedom that exists in

Italy deserve the name of liberty, is universally acknowledged; and the eagerness with which it is sought there, gives it almost the appearance of preparation for the coming storm. In Greece it is making astonishing progress; and there is a spirit of inquiry abroad, and a hungering and thirsting after knowledge, the extent of which can scarcely be imagined in a country that has remained dormant and folded in ignorance for so many dreary years; and it is a proud thing for Athens to say that she has at present a larger portion of her rising population under competent instruction than any other city in the world. The almost unaided exertions of the Rev. John H. Hill, and his excellent lady, are beyond all praise; and they have at present in their schools upwards of four hundred children, of different religions, receiving a Scriptural education.

This is very gratifying; but with such facts before us, ought we not to pause, and ask ourselves seriously, for it is a matter of serious moment, whether we have made a proper use of our Mediterranean dependencies, the Ionian Islands and Malta, and whether we have employed the great influence we undoubtedly possess, to further the true religion? We have constantly been bending before foreign powers, and making concessions after concessions, vainly awaiting the reciprocity that never comes, and have only received insult and injury as our reward. In Malta we have compelled our Protestant troops to grace by their presence the ceremonials of the Roman Church; we have placed a Roman Catholic governor in that island to watch over and, perchance, to betray English interests, and have permitted him to drive from her shores those whose misfortunes and dangers pleaded more strongly than eloquence, in a language never before unheeded by Britons' ears, and whose only crime was the one we ourselves committed, when we bravely shook off the yoke of superstition and tyranny. In Corfu, too, the protecting power sits in a state of dignified indifference (whilst Roman encroachments are constantly occurring), and seems "to care for none of these things."

Of the Maltese Mr. Beldam says:—

"There is probably no community under the sun more completely priest-

ridden than the Maltese. Their numerous clergy are at all times disposed to assert their superiority over every other Christian sect. Malta is, further, overrun with religious orders—Agostiniani, Dominicani, Carmelitani, Teresiani, Francescani, and the Pope knows what beside; to which must be added as many varieties of convents, all eagerly engaged in disseminating their dogmas, under the never-tiring direction of Jesuit emissaries.”

To counteract this the English have but lately made any exertions; the first Protestant cathedral has but lately been erected at Valetta; but their efforts are still far short of the energy of the Roman Catholics. British apathy, however, in Malta and the Ionian Islands, is more than compensated by exertions crowned with success in remoter regions.

In the Greek Church, the priests are permitted to marry; but by an over-curious interpretation of St. Paul's directions, he is only allowed one wife, and cannot, in the event of her death, marry another; so that the wife of a *Papas* is taken more care of than falls to the lot of women in general. Mr. Christmas saw a priest carrying a huge dish of goat's mutton to the baker's (*i. e.*, to the public oven); and the reverend gentleman will often, it is said, undertake the whole household cares, and will be seen engaged in the “family washing,” whilst his *cara sposa* reclines in luxurious ease upon a sofa.

Before we leave the islands of the Mediterranean, we must call the attention of the reader to a series of engravings on stone, illustrating some of the most remarkable scenes in the Ionian Islands, Greece, and Constantinople. The title of the work has already been mentioned. The views are drawn from nature, and on stone, by Mr. Henry Cook, and embody the recollections of a tour taken by himself, in the company of Lord Ward. They are remarkably well executed, and will not fail to convey to the mind a strong impression of the grandeur and beauty of the principal places they visited. The engravings are slightly tinted, and are accompanied with a few sheets of descriptive letterpress; but even without the letterpress, the engravings will speak for themselves, and materially assist the reader of any modern travels in these localities. We therefore feel

much pleasure in recommending them to public notice.

We shall now take leave of Mr. Christmas for a time, and accompany Mr. Beldam in his tour to the East. The journeys to and from Egypt afford but few novelties; let us, therefore, join him in an Egyptian village:—

“The huts, as usual, were little better than kennels, for which, indeed, they seemed far more adapted than for the accommodation of human beings. Groups of haggard women were employed in domestic affairs, or idly standing about; litters of naked children were rolling on dust heaps; and packs of mangy dogs were whiling away their time betwixt sleep and starvation. To these animals a bone, unless it were stolen from a Moslem's grave after a tough struggle with a jackal or a vulture, would have been a dainty which they never dreamed of. The women were clad in the costume of the lowest class. A tattered open chemise of blue cotton, fastened round the waist with a handkerchief, a scanty shawl of the same material on their heads—which the more modest of them gathered round their faces on our approach—and a suffocating nose-bag of black crape, composed the whole of their toilet, excepting certain coins worn in the hair by some of them, and copper bracelets on the arms of a favoured few.”

These ladies, however, were not insensible to the passion to please, which no degree of human misery can eradicate, and however regardless of minor proprieties, had not neglected to improve their charms, by tattooing the forehead, lips, and chin, and copiously applying kohl and henna to their eyelashes and fingers.

At Cairo, the melancholy but pleasing custom, so often alluded to in Holy Writ, still prevails, of females watching at the tombs of their relatives and friends; nor can anything be more natural or tender than to see those who are the last to leave the dying pillow, the first in their visit to the consecrated sepulchre.

“I could never behold,” says Mr. Beldam, “those muffled forms, hastening before sunrise to the place of burial, or sitting in silent groups around the last relics of domestic affection—sights so common throughout these regions—without sympathy and emotion.”

It is a pity that the traditions and superstitions of the East are not always

the emanations of principles equally pure. In all Mahommedan countries a custom, traces of which may still be found in Ireland, prevails, of paying extraordinary reverence to idiots—in most cases more knaves than fools. This is founded on a superstitious belief that their spirits are in heaven; and such a supposition, by encouraging comfort and protection, is not without its advantages. In Mahommedan countries the veneration for them is carried to an extent, of which we can only say, that it leads to a violation of all order and decency, and to scenes of outrageous scandal.

Another superstition that prevails in the East is a dread of the Evil Eye. Whatever appears to attract from the stranger more than ordinary attention or admiration is supposed to be under its influence. One of Mr. Beldam's party happening to admire a very pretty child, an old man who was leading it "instantly took the alarm, seized the child's clothes, shook them violently, and spit on the ground; but being charged with a wish to break the charm, he seemed ashamed, and denied it." Probably the people have good cause to dread the "Evil Eye" in a country where life and property are so insecure from the hand of the powerful, and where an ardent gaze of admiration at any of your weaker neighbours' goods and chattels, may lead to a transmutation of possession, by a short and quick process, that leaves even the proceedings of the Incumbered Estates Court far and away behind.

In spite of all we have heard of the hardships that must be endured by travellers in the Desert, it would appear, by Mr. Beldam's account, to be quite a luxurious mode of living. Having chosen a suitable spot for the encampment in the Desert, it was cleared, of coarse herbage and loose stones, under which reptiles might harbour. The tent was then pitched, and sand heaped round it. The floor was afterwards covered with a fine close matting, and over this a carpet was spread. Sheepskins formed their beds. They had camp-stools and a table, sheets, blankets, counterpanes, mosquito-curtains, and an Arabian lamp, "the soft reflection of which, on the many-coloured dome of the tent, produced a very pleasing effect." The culinary department would have done honour

to M. Soyer. Twenty hens, slung in a coop from a camel's back, travelled through the desert enjoying their ride amazingly, and growing fatter and fatter every day. The Arabs, hovering round, were always ready to supply them with fat lambs, and we may presume much else; here, however is a *usual* bill of fare in the traveller's own words:—

"*Breakfast.*—Tea, coffee, hot rolls and English butter, cold fowls, or other meat, and milk.

"*Lunch, en route.*—Cold meat, bread, English cheese, and fruit.

"*Dinner.*—Soup à la *Julienne*; roast or boiled mutton; fowls, vegetables, rice, maccaroni; pancakes of the most delicious kind; a variety of condiments, and a dessert.

"Tea and coffee at bedtime; liqueurs and stout for those that liked them; abundance of Nile water preserved in glass bottles, and Latakia of the finest quality."

The great drawback to a journey in the Desert appears to arise from the necessity of using the camel. The "gentle and patient camel" will vainly seek for a good character in the volumes before us. He is represented, not as gentle and patient, but as "one of the most vicious of brutes;" always discontented and lazy, he cries out before he is hurt, and is at once ludicrous and disgusting. His pace is seldom more than two miles and a-half in the hour; but they can be pressed, on an emergency, into a pace of ten to twelve miles. When browsing on the sharp thorny plants of the desert, of which they are extremely fond, it is often very difficult to make them, in police parlance, "move on." "When urged by a stroke rather smarter than usual, he would whirl round until I was almost giddy; and on finding that this did not succeed, he would make an odd growl, and, twisting his long neck completely about, look me full in the face with the most ludicrous expression of wounded innocence and indignant remonstrance." The camel is, moreover, often addicted to biting, and so delicate, that if over weighted he soon breaks down, and if once he begins to flag he seldom rallies. The principal tracks in the desert are strewn with his bones; and this is, in fact, the surest indication that the traveller is in the right way.

We regret that the portion of Mr. Beldam's work which is dedicated to his account of the Holy Land does not give us the same amount of pleasure we had anticipated. It abounds too much in dry facts and matters of detail. It wants that novelty of incident and vividness of description which ever falls on the mind fresh like dew; and, consequently, it has more the appearance of a compilation from the works of Richardson, Korte, Dr. Robinson, the author of the "Biblical Researches," Lord Nugent, the Rev. George Williams, late Protestant chaplain at Jerusalem, Lord Lindesay, "Eöthen," "The Crescent and the Cross," and other modern writers, than the results of personal research and experience. He resembles, to a slight extent, the interpreter through whom he received his impressions; he addresses us—but not in the language of the soul; he conveys the fact—but the force and feeling are not there. This was, perhaps, the necessary result of a work compiled from notes—and probably very short ones, too—taken four or five years before. Thus the lights and shadows of character, and the softer touches of nature, that give so many charms to descriptive history, are, for the most part, wanting. For instance, the following commonplace passage must have conveyed a different impression to the author's mind at the time he wrote it, from that which it conveys to the reader:—

"A little further we met a mountaineer of very extraordinary appearance, who passed us with hasty strides, followed by several attendants; he was rather short, but exceedingly muscular; *had the face of a lion (!)*, and a profusion of black shaggy hair falling on his shoulders; his dress was a simple tunic, and he carried a hunting-spear. *Hercules or Samson might have bequeathed their portraits to this sturdy Druse.*"

We feel almost inclined to ask—did they?

The following sketch, however, of a domestic scene in a garden in Palestine, near the Mount of Olives, is an exception to our criticism:—

"The children were amusing themselves in swings suspended from the beams; young persons of a larger growth were beating tambours and cymbals; the more elderly were quietly

enjoying the juvenile frolics, while domestics stood round to keep guard and wait on their mistresses. It was a pleasant domestic picture, and, being the first we had witnessed, we stopped for a few moments, albeit at a very respectful distance, to look on; not so far off, however, but our presence was observed, and a negro girl was quickly despatched to request we would withdraw. In a case so entirely within the discretion of the ladies, we could not, of course, remonstrate, and so, though treated, as we thought, rather hardly, we moved on."

The annexed description of the old Cadi of Mecca is also *piquant*. He was returning to Constantinople with a seraglio of twelve or fourteen women of different ages and complexions, most of them young and well-looking, and attended by a proportionate number of slaves and domestics. The quarter-deck was assigned to the exclusive use of the ladies:—

"They remained night and day on mats and cushions, holding little or no communication with each other—generally gazing, indeed, on the sea, but sometimes inquisitively examining the movements of the Europeans. The Cadi himself, the 'pater gregis,' a cadaverous-looking old man, with a long, melancholy visage and a grey beard, spent his whole time cross-legged by their side; sometimes playing with a favourite child, and at others directing suspicious glances at us. Evidently wondering at the inscrutable decrees of Providence which permitted the existence of a race of Giaours; and, worse still, allowed them to build ships and navigate seas, over which the faithful, with their wives and daughters, were compelled to travel in their abhorred company, and subjected to their presumptuous inspection."

Let us now glance at some of the social institutions of Mahomedan countries. Even in their land Christianity may, perhaps, learn a lesson of mercy.

Slavery in the East has never reached the depth of crime and degradation to which it has been brought in Christian lands. Servitude does not necessarily imply degradation. The Eastern slave has never been transformed into a mere moveable chattel; he has never been wholly deprived of the right of accumulating and enjoying property; with the removal of his chains the ban of slavery falls; manumission is encour-

raged, and with good abilities and good conduct, promotion and prosperity are almost sure to follow. Between the slave and his master there is no antipathy of race or colour; he does not feel himself a stranger in the land; but he sees around him many who were once as he is, and who have risen from one preferment to another, till they have obtained the highest rank in the country. The Mameluke chieftains were all originally slaves, and an officer who lately married the old Pacha's daughter at Cairo, was also originally a slave; even two or three such instances in a century will strip servitude of half its horrors; and it is impossible for the Moslem who knows that, perhaps, his mother and wife were once bought and sold, can treat with much contempt those that fill the same position in the social scale. A man's spirit is never broken, nor his human sympathies utterly eradicated, till all hope be crushed; and this can only happen in *Christian servitude*! Whatever form, however, slavery may assume, it is impossible for a moment to uphold any system that enables money to put a fellow-creature, without regard to age or sex, under the control and in the absolute power of another, whose conduct must exercise so great an influence upon him; an influence, the effects of which may, perhaps, extend beyond the narrow confines of temporal concerns. Here is a tableau extracted from a visit to the slave-market:—

“Among the younger classes, but sitting apart from the rest, were two Abyssinian girls, just drawing into womanhood; their complexion was not darker than that of women of the south of Europe; their features were small, extremely regular and pleasing. Leaning with one arm on the ground, and the other round her companion's waist, these elegant and lightly clad figures appeared to great advantage, with a profusion of dark tresses falling over their delicate shoulders. Having some suspicion that they were Christians, we desired Mahomet to inquire; but he returned with a report that we were mistaken. Meanwhile the girls perceived the interest we were taking in them, and supposing us, no doubt, to be purchasers, they looked wistfully at us, and then clasped each other more closely, as if resolved not to part. It is probable they were sisters, and were already dreading the fatal hour of separation.”

In Turkey, slavery is diminishing very much; white children cannot be sold without a firman from the Sultan; the sale of Georgian and Circassian women is a contraband traffic; and the bazaar for the sale of Nubian slaves is open only twice a-week.

All writers concur in describing the physical condition of the peasantry in Syria and Palestine, Egypt and Turkey, and, in fact, wherever the religion of Mahomet has spread its blighting influence, as being most deplorable. Nor can we discover in the dark horizon the least glimmer of hope shining, even afar off, save in the great want of society, a pure and elevating religion. Until a fanatical and demoralising creed, a compound of sensuality, sloth, and savage brutality, shall have been displaced, and shall utterly disappear before a more ennobling and charitable faith, the development of the energies of free-will, and the latent possibilities of excellence, will be sought in vain. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we find in the volumes before us a confirmation of the opinions of almost all modern travellers, that intolerance, which unfortunately is making such progress where the influence of Rome prevails, is rapidly disappearing in Mahomedan countries, and that, as obstacles are removed, Christianity is advancing *puri passu*. A French church has lately been erected, by the permission of the Sultan, just outside the walls of Constantinople, with a handsome steeple, from which the peals of Christian bells, summoning the congregation to prayer, sound daily over the City of the Sultan. This effect is to a great extent due to the disinterested efforts of a few, whose labours in the promulgation of truth are indefatigable. The advantages of education are universally acknowledged and encouraged; and it only requires that instruction should be judiciously afforded, to create a revolution in the feelings and habits of the Orientals, the effects of which will be felt in states unborn, and generations yet unknown.

European engineers, ship-builders, architects, physicians, surgeons, artillery-men, engravers, mechanists, &c., are considered so indispensable, that they receive every protection, and are not permitted to suffer the least annoyance. They are considered “good people,” but for want of belief prede-

trained to *Jehanum*, and that punishment is considered sufficient. But with the respect paid to the individual, respect is gradually extended to the religion he professes, and toleration, succeeding persecution and contempt, will soon be succeeded by admiration and profession. At Cairo, the efforts of the Protestant mission are eminently successful. The schools under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Leider comprised in 1846 Mahomedans, Copts, Armenians, Greeks, Roman Catholics, and Protestants, who were taught, in addition to the usual branches of education, the English language; and they were also instructed, by the permission of their friends, in the leading truths of Christianity. To this was added a female school, comprising 150 girls, under the special care of Mrs. Leider, assisted by a Syrian lady. The male pupils exceeded that number; and thus under one roof were congregated in unity and love, the types of hostile races and creeds,—varying in complexion, religion and blood,—people whom a common benefit had never gathered together before, and who seldom met save in bloodshed and carnage, and the din of the battle-field. The American mission at Beyrout is equally successful; and, in fact, in most of the principal cities the “glad tidings of great joy” are now preached, and almost invariably with some degree, at least, of success. The society for improving female education must be also particularly mentioned among the benefactors of the East; and under the efforts of many more, treading in their steps, it is evident that the fabric of the false prophet has been shaken in a manner that must before long eventuate in its destruction.

We fully agree with Mr. Beldam that Mahomet's system was altogether a retrograde movement, solely and obviously designed to gratify a low and debasing sensuality, and to gain influence by pandering to the gross immorality of his followers.

“If one would know what Mahomedanism really is, he must study it in the harems. It was there that the prophet unveiled himself; it is there that the Moslem, still concealed from the eyes of the world, and perhaps from the notice of a savage master, practises a like tyranny of his own, and extinguishes the

last feeling of self-respect in licentious brutality. The religion of Mahomet contains no worse element than its tendency to sink the man into the beast. In this respect it ranks below even the worst forms of enlightened Paganism, for though these might permit an almost unbridled indulgence, they had at least the decency to drop such vices in the grave. It remained for the false prophet to resuscitate them and give them a prominent place in his theory of future happiness, where the gratification of unrestrained passion is made one of the grand premiums on a life of fanatic obedience to the impostor. Under such a system women naturally came to be considered as instruments of labour or objects of pleasure—as drudges or toys; and in perfect accordance with such a purpose the very existence of the female soul was left doubtful.”

After describing the harems, in all of which he says scenes and amusements are tolerated which would be held to disgrace the most vicious circles in Europe, he adds:—

“It follows that conjugal fidelity is uncommon. And Cairo takes precedence of all the Arab cities, not more in its characteristic beauty, than its widespread and shameful immorality;”

which, however, prevails to a fearful extent in all Mahomedan cities.

It is impossible to close the volumes before us, and to reflect on the picture they give of the degradation and vices in which the fairer portion of the human race are plunged in other lands, without feeling that it is upon women especially that *that* book, which teaches the moral duties and obligations of social life, has in this world conferred the greatest benefit. It is only in Christian countries that women enjoy the respect and personal confidence of men; it is only in Christian countries that they obtain credit for all the higher moralities and more exalted virtues of their sex; that the innate delicacy of their character and their hearts—shunning impurity—are considered better guarantees of love and fidelity than seclusion and suspicious guards; and it is only in such countries that their honour and happiness are studied, that their brilliant talents are permitted to develop themselves, and that they receive from all their due meed of affection, and respect, and esteem.

THE LYRE AND SWORD, OR THE WORKS OF KÖRNER.

Among the fantastic creations of Goethe he has, in one of his wildest humours, represented a group of monkeys mimicking the occupations of men. They have a system of education which almost rivals that which our philanthropists would provide for the poor. A globe of glass, on which are painted the various regions of the earth, is rolled about in this happy school till it breaks; and its fragility is made use of to teach the frailty and uncertainty of the world which it represents. The monkeys are not without their games of what would seem chance, but, like mortal gamblers, the effort of each player is that all the chances shall be in his favour. They have their crowns and sceptres, and they play at kings and conquerors. They have their physicians, and the physicians are not without tricks of words and gesture which have their effect on nervous patients. They have poets too, and their poets can do anything but think. These mimics of humanity are exhibited to us by the satirist as existing at a time when society has advanced far, and man imagines himself a civilised and social being; when language has been so far cultivated that it in some degree performs the offices of thought, and may be used, preserving something of its own proper power, by those who, in any true sense of the word, do not think. It is not, we believe, possible to reason falsely,—for to reason from insufficient premises is not to reason falsely,—and thus it is that some branches of investigation have been cultivated not unsuccessfully by those who have survived what, in popular language, are called their rational faculties. We have known intelligent schoolmasters read into grammar passages which they have not been able to read into meaning, and who have thought all inquiry into what the author may have meant superfluous, if not impertinent. Systems of political economy have been given to the world, which lost no part of their value, or even of their reputation, when, to ordinary apprehension, every one of what are

called the terms of the science had changed its meaning, as the result of subsequent investigation. The monkey-poets have not alone the advantage of language doing the work of thought,—which would seem to be its proper province, when each word is supposed to have a fixed and permanent signification,—but in addition to this they trade in suggestive words; the feeling which they evoke is one which they do not feel, but which others connect with the words—

"We have words, and we can link
Syllables that chime and chink;
Sense unsought thus is caught,
Every jingle is a thought,
Every word with meaning fraught.
Language, glib and raudom, thus
Does the work of thought for us;
Let but your own fancy mingle
As you listen to the lays,
With the jargon and the jingle;
Give the poet all the praise!"

In a scene, where one of these poets describes the way in which he manufactures popular verse, a shrewd observer is made to say—

"This is the true poetic art,
And I have never met with prettier poets,
Could they but keep the secrets of their trade."

In a more serious tone—in a mood if not of deeper thought yet one more calculated to express distinctly his own fixed opinions we find Goethe speaking on this subject. He had received a letter from a young man requesting the poet to tell him what was the plan on which he thought of completing one of his unfinished works, for as it was not likely Goethe would resume it, his correspondent wished to execute the work himself. This led Goethe to speak of the imitative power, and the desire which it would seem exists everywhere of reproducing what ever men admire, instead of enjoying and studying it. In youth this presumptuous desire is most often exhibited, because in youth there is always such ignorance even of the existence of the immortal works in every department, and such inability of appreciating the true excellence of such

as are known, as to render the absurdity of producing anything worthy the attention of others without repeated efforts, a thing which never presents itself to the mind. "People," said the old man, "are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born the world begins to work on us and keeps on to the end. What can we call ours except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of what I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small remainder." He mentions that in his youth the works of Lessing and Winckelmann greatly influenced his mind; then came Kant, and he might have added Spinoza. When he was beginning to be weary of the world Schiller arose, and the intensity of purpose with which Schiller worked created in Goethe a second youth—the birth of another period of power—which was prolonged by the effect upon him of the activity of the Humboldts and Schlegels. Goethe felt how much was given to him from the world without, and he regarded, almost as disease, the desire for self-exhibition, which he thought was in the minds of half the young men who wished to attract attention to what he called "their paltry individualities." "Everywhere," said he, "you meet such persons, nowhere those who care more for the thing they are doing than for their own celebrity. How many painters would have dropped their pencils in despair if they knew what an assemblage of rare qualifications is required to constitute a Raphael." Goethe himself had a narrow escape from mediocrity as a painter. He had some tendencies for the art, none worth cultivating; but his eye for landscape was a true one, and his first attempts seemed promising because they caught successfully some of the features of the surrounding scenery. The appearance of talent was but sympathy with the object represented, and the sight of the works of true painters, when his visit to Italy gave him the opportunity of studying genuine art, dispossessed him of an idle dream.

A translation of some of Körner's works* has led us to thinking of Körner

himself, and the class of poets to whom he may be regarded as belonging. He appears to have been a young man of ardent temperament, living in a fever of enthusiasm—of generous impulses—and with considerable power of expressing, in ready and forcible language, any train of thought or sentiment that passed through his mind. His own fervour and earnestness commanded the sympathy of others; but power, in any very high sense of the word, we do not think that he possessed. He appealed in his poetry to feelings generally diffused, and the absence of anything properly original was, perhaps, among the reasons why his merits—and they were of a high order—were at once appreciated. He had, however, if not genius of a high order, yet all those instrumental faculties without which genius cannot manifest itself. Music was with him a passion. In his father's house, where he was brought up till his seventeenth year, a sister of Körner's cultivated the art of painting, in which she had attained unusual skill; and the whole arrangements of the father's establishment appear to have been favourable to the early development of such talents as any of the family possessed. We must, in a few sentences, relate the story of the poet's short life.

Theodore Körner was born at Dresden, on the 23rd of September, 1791. His father, a friend of Schiller's, was a magistrate in the service of the Elector of Saxony. His mother was the daughter of an engraver. In his childhood there was extreme delicacy of constitution, and this led to his living almost entirely in the open air. As his health improved he gave proof of talents which were wholly unsuspected; lively fancy, vigorous intellect, ardent enthusiasm, and warm affections, distinguished the growing boy and endeared him to all. As to his studies, he disliked the trouble of acquiring foreign languages, and French, in particular, he detested. Mathematics, history, and natural philosophy were his favourite studies. He excelled in athletic exercises, but his wish was to convert this world into one of romance, and he would wander forth in a sort of day-dream of poetry and music, with his guitar on his arm, chaunting some tale of true love. His

* "A Selection from the Poems and Dramatic Works of Theodor Körner." By the Translator of the "Nibelungen-Treasure." London: Williams and Norgate. 1850.

father had a father's fears of verse, and what it might bring him to; but the admiration felt every where for Schiller and Goëthe had redeemed the name of poet from the disrepute which had gathered round the word, and their works supplied the standard of excellence at which the young man aimed. Schiller died, and some hopes of providing for Theodore through his interest thus perished. At the age of seventeen it became necessary for the young poet to face the actual world, and look round for means of support. What accidents conspired to render the business of a miner that which was to be his profession, it would, perhaps, be in vain to inquire, but his biographers dwell on the scientific knowledge necessary to a miner's success, and to the poetic associations with which it has been at all times more or less connected, as what determined his choice. With this view he went to study at Friburg. Körner's feelings can be traced in his poems, which may be almost called biographical, so truly do they present every thought that passed through his mind, and we have all his anticipations of the delights of a miner's life dwelt on in fulness of detail in the poem written at this period of his life; but the colouring soon fades away, and we find the object losing its charm. The studies, which he had at first pursued only as auxiliaries, became themselves his great object, and he proceeded to Leipsic to continue his education.

At Leipsic he ventured on the publication of a volume of poems: "The Blossoms" it was called. The volume met with very great success. The strange state of society at the German Universities forced Körner to leave Leipsic before his studies were completed. At Leipsic, in the same University, there were students of wholly different ranks, some belonging to the first families in Germany, who looked down on the rest, insulted them, and, on the ground of disparity of rank, refused to give the satisfaction which insulted boys, longing to be men, regarded themselves as having a right to claim. Körner did not understand this, and was one of a party that gave the young nobles a good drubbing.

The drubbing was a thing not to be borne, and it seems to have done some good. The nobles thought it better to fight than be drubbed, and so Körner

was challenged. Körner was skilled in the use of the sword, but he allowed his challenger the choice of weapons, and had to fight with pistols. Neither party knew anything about pistols, and they continued practising against each other for half a day without effect, till, in utter despair, the challenger retired. A second antagonist now appeared, and now it was the sword. Körner was severely wounded, and fell senseless on the ground. He recovered, but had to leave Leipsic. From Leipsic he passed to Berlin; he had fever there, and the air did not agree with him; he thought of going to Heidelberg and finishing his studies there, but the same state of society that rendered his stay at Leipsic impossible existed at Heidelberg, and the circumstance of William Von Humboldt and Frederick Schlegel, both of them friends of his father, being resident at Vienna, made his father send him there.

At Vienna, Körner seems to have at once abandoned all objects connected either with mining or with the studies to which it led, and industriously occupied himself with the fabrication of verse. His first efforts were in dramatic poetry, and his success was such that, in a country where the theatre was a national object, he was, before he was of age, appointed court dramatist. This accounts for the number and the variety of his dramatic pieces. We have tragedy, and comedy, and farce—we have monologues, the object of which seems to have been to bring out some one actor. While there was fertility in the soil which was called on for so many crops, yet there was no small danger of its being soon exhausted; as it was, the demand did not continue for any long time, and the dramatist does not appear to have ever disappointed public expectation. For stage effect Körner had a quick eye, and, in the sort of stories which were told in his representations, we think there is no want of effective situations; his whole heart and soul were in his work, the one true security for success. For fifteen months he was thus engaged. The romance of a German's life would not be complete without love, and the tasks of stage poet had not subdued the spirit of the troubadour altogether in Körner's bosom. His appointment to the court theatre gave him the means of supporting a wife, and he was about to be married

when he felt it the duty of every German to defend his country against Napoleon. He had before done what he could to stimulate national spirit by songs and patriotic hymns, and he now wrote to his father a letter worth preserving. Körner lived but in his passions; poetry was a passion with him, an absorbing passion. Then came love; and now the hope of martyrdom for his country seemed to overpower every other feeling.

"Germany is about to rise," such was his letter to his father at this period, "the Prussian Eagle wakes in every faithful breast, and by the beating of her mighty wing, rouses once more the hopes of German freedom. Poetry sighs for her fatherland, let me prove myself her worthy son. Now that I know what bliss can ripen for me in this world, now that the star of happiness sheds its brightest light upon my path.—Now, by Heavens! it is an heroic feeling that impels my soul, for it is the mighty conviction that no sacrifice can be too great for that highest of earthly blessings, our country's freedom! Perhaps your paternal heart may whisper, Theodore is created for more important ends—he might have effected more in some other field of exertion—he has yet a great debt to pay to humanity. But, my father, as a sacrifice to national freedom and honour, *none* are too good, but many too unworthy! If Heaven has really gifted me with a more than ordinary mind,—a mind that under your careful guidance has learnt to think and feel,—where is the moment into which I can better prove that it is really mine? A great age requires great acts, and I feel within myself the strength to stand forward as a rock amid the mighty convulsions of nations. I must forth and oppose my fearless breast to the raging storm. What! shall I be contented to *sing* my comrades' triumphs? I know that you will suffer much for my sake. My mother too will weep . . . Heaven comfort her, I cannot spare her this trial. That I offer up my life, *that* indeed is of little import, but that I offer it up *now*, that it is crowned with all the flowery wreaths of love, and joy, and friendship, that I sacrifice the sweet sensation I once felt, in the conviction that *I* could never cause you care, or anguish, this is indeed a sacrifice of which one prize alone is worthy—our country's freedom."—pp. xiv, xv.

He left Vienna on the 15th of March, 1813, and joined Von Lutzow's volunteers. On the 24th of April he was elected lieutenant.* His claim to this distinction seems to have consisted in the enthusiasm which he created by his martial songs, which commanded instant admiration, and which appear to have actually inspired all who heard them with the poet's own ardour. Some of these have been transferred to our own literature. The "Iron Bride," a spirit-stirring strain, each stanza ending in a chorus which, when sung in Germany, is accompanied by the clash of swords and the shout of wild hurras, has been ably translated by Lord Ellesmere. The "Black Yäger's Song," and the "Oaks of Dallwitz," have been given us by Anster. But nothing that has been done in English can approach effects which depend on associations connected with the original words, and with feelings to which all but Germans must be strangers.

Shortly after Körner's appointment,

"The corps which was destined to be employed to harass the enemy's rear crossed the Elbe, under the command of General Walmoden, to attack the French, posted to the north-west of Danburg. On the 12th of May, a sanguinary engagement took place, in which the Prussians obtained a decided advantage, but instead of pursuing it, the General re-crossed the Elbe, with all his forces. From this time till the 17th of June, the corps was employed in defending passes, and rendered themselves so formidable to the enemy as to rouse the utmost indignation of the French emperor. An armistice was now concluded between the opposing parties, but it appears to have been only a feint adopted to obtain an opportunity of attacking the gallant little corps, at a disadvantage, and inflicting on it a signal vengeance. Major von Lutzow, having received official intimation of the armistice, and anxious to rejoin his infantry, from which he was temporarily separated, selected the shortest route for the purpose without any apprehension of danger. He had proceeded as far as Kitzen, a hamlet in the vicinity of Leipzig, when he found himself suddenly attacked and surrounded by a far superior force. Körner, who had lately been

* So says our author, but this expresses a different rank from Körner's. "Oberjäger" is the German word, and his rank was what we would call "sergeant-major."

appointed his adjutant, rode forward by his direction, to inquire the meaning of this unexpected demonstration; when, instead of a reply, the French commander struck him down with his sword, and the enemy's corps, availing themselves of the superiority of numbers, and the deepening twilight rushed furiously on the Leipsic cavalry, ere they had time to draw a sabre, with the hope of utterly destroying them. In this, however, they were disappointed, for though, in the first shock of the assault, many were killed and wounded, and others dispersed over the surrounding country, the commander himself, with a considerable body, escaped and reached the right bank of the Elbe in safety. Körner, meanwhile, severely wounded by the blow of his cowardly assailant, had sunk back for an instant, faint and exhausted, but speedily rallying gave the spur to his gallant steed and was borne in safety to a neighbouring wood. Here he dismounted, and was engaged in binding up his wounds, when he perceived a body of the enemy galloping towards him. The danger was imminent, but his presence of mind did not forsake him. Turning towards the wood which lay behind him, and as if addressing some troops there concealed, he shouted with a loud voice, 'Fourth squadron, advance.' The manœuvre proved successful—the foe, fearing an ambuscade, retired, and Körner availed himself of the increasing darkness, to seek refuge in the deeper recesses of the wood, where he remained during the night undiscovered. It was now when almost exhausted by fatigue and suffering, and believing his last hour approaching, he composed that beautiful sonnet, 'The Farewell to Life,' which has been so frequently translated, that we shall not venture to insert a version of it here. As he lay unable to close his eyes with excess of pain, he heard the enemy's soldiers searching the wood in pursuit of him, but towards morning he fell into a deep and tranquil slumber, and on awakening, beheld two peasants bending over him, who had been sent by some of his comrades to his assistance."—pp. xvi, xvii.

In about a fortnight he proceeded to Berlin, where he resumed his former post. Lutzow's corps was now posted on the right bank of the Elbe. Davoust occupied Hamburg. Hostilities recommenced, after a short armistice, on the 17th of August, and Körner was again himself. Some of his best poems were now poured forth with a profusion absolutely astonishing. That ardent feeling should express itself in

thoughts that voluntarily "move harmonious numbers"—that our poet should possess the talents of an improvisatore is not surprising—but it is surprising that so many of the poems and the letters written at this time should have been preserved. In every one of his letters is the proof of genuine affection heaped up, and pressed down, and overflowing—the most fervid hopes of love—yet there does not seem one misgiving—one reluctant sigh at the thought of sacrificing all for his country.

"On the 28th of August, Major von Lutzow determined on making an attack on the enemy's rear, and conducting the cavalry in person. Having concealed themselves in a wood, while awaiting the return of their scouts, the Cossacks, who formed their avant-garde, perceived a transport of provisions and ammunition, escorted by two battalions of infantry, and resolved to assail them. The major himself led the onset with Körner, who acted as his adjutant, at his side. Scarcely an hour before this, in an outbreak of enthusiasm, the young poet had written his lay, 'The Song of the Sword.' He was reading it to a friend at the moment he was summoned to the conflict. The attack proved successful—after a short resistance the enemy fled, closely pursued by the victorious Germans. Foremost in the rank of the pursuers was the youthful Körner, and it was here, says his German biographer, 'that he met that glorious death he had so frequently anticipated and celebrated in his Poems.' The French tirailleurs had rallied for a moment and poured a shower of balls on the advancing cavalry. One of these, unhappily, struck Körner across the spine, and at once deprived him of speech and consciousness. He sank to the ground,—his friends, more intent on his safety than their own, rushed forward to his assistance and conveyed him to a wood at a short distance from the scene of action, where a skilful surgeon examined his wounds, and endeavoured to restore animation, but in vain; the vital spark was extinct. The hero and the poet had perished as he had lived,—his sword defending that holy cause which his muse had sung. His pallid lips still wore a smile, as though his spirit rejoiced in this free and glorious termination to his earthly career; and foresaw the deliverance of his country in which his own heroic verse had so powerfully aided. Enraged by the loss of their beloved comrade, the Lutzow cavalry rushed with resistless fury on the foe, and in a few minutes all who could not effect their escape, were killed or taken

prisoners. The remains of the young poet were interred beneath an oak near the hamlet of Vibblin, with military honours, amid the deepest and most unaffected sorrow."—pp. xix, xx.

It is probable that the early death of Körner, and the cause in which he died, have aided in producing that admiration with which his poetry is regarded in Germany. Some of his poems, united to music which would be sure of preserving words of less value, will probably live as long as the language of his country; and we think that the greatest danger to his fame exists in the great number of his works—no one song and no one ballad much superior to the rest. We read the poems, as we all have read the poems of the Troubadours, remembering little or nothing of any particular poem; regarding the poet as but the representative of a hundred others; reminded of a state of society which has passed away, leaving little which men will consent to recollect, and nothing which can make the individual poet memorable. With Körner, poetry was, no doubt, much more than a graceful accomplishment; his enthusiasm was sincere, and had deep roots in his nature; yet we cannot consent to place him very high, nor do we think the complimentary sonnets of Tiedge, or the kind-hearted letters of Goethe to his father, after Körner's death, calculated to prove much more than the good nature of these eminent men, seeking to console the old man for his irreparable loss.

In England we have had poets of the same kind of promise as Körner's; men with great imitative talents, not without something, too, of original power—with energy of purpose, too, not unlike his, and who would seem sure of commanding distinction. Such a man was, we think, Kirke White. As high, but not higher, than Kirke White would we be disposed to place our German Tyrtæus.

In the year 1820, while the enthusiasm for Körner was still at its height, we find an interesting account of a visit to the place of Körner's interment. Körner was not, when Mr. Downes, to whose account we refer, visited the district, more than seven years dead. His father was still living, but reposing in a grave near his was the affectionate sister who survived his loss but for a

year, and who during the last year of her life soothed her grief by executing a portrait of her brother.

"At the southern extremity of the sweet village of Wöbbelin lie the mortal remains of Charles Theodore Koerner. The cemetery, comprehending a considerable portion of a large field, occupies an angle formed by the junction of a by-way with the high road between Ludwigslust and Schwerin. After passing through the village, we beheld the gate of the inclosure, and the lofty oak, which—standing at a considerable distance from the entrance—marks the immediate spot of sepulture. . . .

"The keys of the cemetery are lodged at the cottage of the *Schultze* (a kind of rural magistrate), on the opposite side of the road. It is approached under an arched gate painted yellow, with some of the mouldings brown. The following line, from Koerner himself, is inscribed in large letters over the entrance:—'*Vergisst die treuen Todten nicht*' ['Forget not the faithful dead']. A long avenue of black poplar, intersecting an oblong grassplot, leads to the cemetery,—which is inclosed by brick walls lined with a shrubbery on the inside. A short turn at the end of the avenue conducts to an iron gate, the upper part of which is wrought into a helmet,—while two plates in the lower part are severally distinguished by a cross, encircled with a wreath of ivy. On the centre of a circular grassy space within, encompassed by a gravel walk, stands the monument. It is of cast iron, and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and sword—a favourite emblem of the deceased, which furnished the title of one of his works. Some pious hands had adorned the lyre with two wreaths of oak—the one of which was fresh, the other withered."—*Letters from Mecklenburg and Holstein*, pp. 103-105.

On each front of the monument were inscriptions, expressive of the admiration in which the deceased was held, or giving extracts from some of his own verses. But the oak itself over his grave was the finest thing connected with this monument. It has a double trunk, and on one is rudely carved within a circular space, stripped of its bark for the purpose, the words:—"*Th. Körner, 26 August, 1813.*" In a recess in this tree he used to deposit the verses he composed while campaigning in the neighbourhood, and he had himself pointed it out as indicating the spot where he should wish to be buried. Over the inscription is a re-

cord of another of Körner's friends ; of one who, like him, died in the same holy cause. An old sword, in its sheath, is fastened with iron cramps to the two trunks of the noble oak ; the point of the sword passes under a tablet, exhibiting the badge of a Prussian order, and a star, with the dates attached, of 1813, 1814, 1815. Gottlieb Schnelle is recorded, in some German verses, to have wielded the sword, with iron courage, and to have fallen in the battle of "La Belle Alliance." When Mr. Downes visited it, it would seem that Gottlieb was not yet forgotten, for a wreath of white and red roses was twined round the hilt of the rusting sword. Below the inscription to Schnelle are several lines of German verse, sacred to Körner, of which the best are those which allude to the tree itself :—

"Deutscher Baum! Du Liebling seiner Lieder—
Du umschattest jetzt sein stilles Grab ;
Stehst Stolz auf den Deutschen Sohn hernieder,
Neigst freundlich dich zu ihm herab!"

The oak is for ever present in Körner's poetry. We are not more sure of finding the elm in Milton than the oak in Körner, and he is fond of uniting with it every association, national or romantic. "The Five Oaks of Dallwitz" gives as good a specimen of Körner's manner as could be easily found. It is not one of the poems translated in this volume ; we give it in a translation published so long ago as the year 1816 ; probably the first time any part of Körner's writings were brought before the English public. The poem was printed in Körner's "*Leyer and Swerdt*," and our recollection is, that this publication was one issued by Körner himself ; if so, it is probable that he was but eighteen or nineteen when it was written, if so old :—

THE FIVE OAKS OF DALLWITZ.

'Tis evening ; in the silent west
The rosy hues of daylight fade ;
And here I lay me down to rest
Beneath your venerable shade,
Bright records of a better day,
Aged, but sacred from decay ;
Still in your stately forms reside
Of ages past the grace and pride !

The Brave hath died—the Good hath sunk—
The Beautiful hath passed away—
Yet green each bough, and strong each trunk
Still smiles in evening's farewell ray !
Storms blew in vain, the leaves still spread
A bright crown on each aged head :
And yet, methinks the branches sigh
'Farewell, the great of earth must die.'

But ye have stood. Still bold and high,
And fresh, and strong, and undecayed !
When hath the pilgrim wandered by,
Nor rested in your quiet shade ?
Ye mourn not when the sere leaves fall
At coming Winter's icy call ;
They perish in their parent earth,
They nurse the tree that gave them birth !

Emblems of ancient Saxon faith !

Our fathers, in our country's cause,
Thus died the patriots' holy death,
Died for her freedom and her laws ;
In vain they died !—the storm hath passed
O'er Germany—her oaks stand fast,
Her people perished in the blast.

We have in the volume before us a very interesting account of Körner's life. A more extensive account, and a larger selection from his works, than that here given, had been contemplated by the author of this volume, when she learned, for the first time, of the existence of Mr. Richardson's translation of the poet's life by his father, accompanied with versions of many of the poems. Mr. Richardson's work is admirably executed, and his translations of many of the poems exceedingly happy ; still there is little in one successful translation of a foreign book to prevent other versions. It is as impossible that the point of view in which two writers see any one passage, should be absolutely identical as that precisely the same points of a landscape should strike two observers, and if the public will buy more than one book, we see no reason why they should not be supplied. The same persons who receive pleasure from one translation are those who are most likely to be pleased with another. Merivale and Bulwer have translated the poems of Schiller. No person who has read Schiller will regard any one of his poems the less likely for this to attract future adventurers, and even while we write, we see advertised a new version by a son of Dr. Bowring's. In this volume of selections from Körner we think the dramatic poems are more happily executed than the narrative or lyrical. Indeed the translation appears to us to surpass the original in clearness, firmness, and—a grace rare in translation—even in fluency of style. In the translation of the dramas we incline to prefer this volume to Mr. Richardson's work, while his certainly has the advantage over it in the lyrical passages.

Of Körner's dramas, that which was effective on the stage was *Zriny*. This was not only successful at Vienna, but was produced by Goethe at Weimar, and such evidence as Goethe's praise of it, in a letter to Körner's father, was calculated to give, was not withheld. Körner's comedies of *The Bride*, and *The Green Domino*, and a farce called *The Night Watch*, were also favourites. "*The Green Domino*, and *The Governess*," said Goethe to the elder Körner, "exhibit decided talent. I can only hope your son may always treat his subjects as admirably as he has done in the present instance. His verses possess no common clearness and facility. *Toni* I have just seen brought on the stage with considerable effect, and general approbation. As regards the tragedy, *Zriny*, I must not fail to express my sincere admiration for the genius it evinces." There are some things to diminish the value of Goethe's praise, but there can be no doubt of its perfect sincerity. The authoress of the volume before us says that posterity has confirmed this eulogy. Of poems written in 1811 or 1812, and by a young man having many personal claims on his contemporaries, not likely to be yet forgotten by living men, there can be no accuracy in describing the present generation as existing in the impartial relation of posterity. We think it not unlikely that, even in Germany, some few of Körner's martial poems—"Lutzow's Wild Hunt," for instance—partly sustained by a sort of national enthusiasm, which if it does not very happily express, it yet does not interrupt, are, in a wide sense of the word, popular; but we think it by no means likely that the same can be said of those plays, which had their season of success, and which do not seem to have any very striking demands on attention after that season has passed away. *Zriny*, the best of them, is not included in this selection, nor are any of those in which the poet exhibits his power in comedy or farce.

The dramas written in blank verse, and which occupy a sort of middle region between tragedy and comedy, are those in which we think the translator has shown greatest skill. Of these the volume contains four, *The Expiation*, *Antonia*, *Hedwig*, and *Rosamond*.

The Expiation is a short, one-act piece, exhibiting considerable dramatic skill. The story is one of a class

that has found more favour with poets and actors than with audiences. In the first scene we have Clara sitting at a spinning-wheel, and Conrad mending a rifle. They have been three months married, and from their conversation you learn that Clara had been before the wife of William, Conrad's elder brother. Before her first marriage, however, she had, like Dante's Francesca, seen and admired Conrad, and at some festivities which immediately preceded her marriage, Conrad had won her heart by his skill in rifle-shooting, in which he bore away the prize:—

CLARA.

They led thee back in triumph; thou hadst won

The highest prize, a silken kerchief.

CONRAD.

Yes,

I laid it at thy feet, I felt so glad.

CLARA.

Thou wert my partner in the mazy dance:

'Look at the pair,' so ran from lip to lip.

Oh 'twas a blissful hour.

CONRAD.

But my brother

Stood angrily and sullenly aloof.

At length advancing tore thee from the group,

And forced thee to return with him: for me

The pleasure of the festival was o'er,

When thou wert gone. I fled the giddy throng,

And sought the silence of the forest glades,

There to indulge my secret grief and rage,

And had I met my brother then, methinks,

Forgive me, heaven, it had been ill for both.

CLARA.

Alas! thy brother urged our speedy union:

I was a child thou knowest: what will had I?

Then straight he led me to his garrison.

But though I ne'er beheld thee from that hour,

Deep in my soul thine image was enshrined.

CONRAD.

For me, my health decay'd, my spirits fled.

I grew indifferent to all around.

My father mark'd my wan and pallid cheek,

My sunken eye: and sought in vain the cause.

War was proclaim'd: thy husband join'd the troops.

Soon tidings came, two battles had been lost,

Our little town was flock'd with fugitives:

'William is slain,' they cried; my father wept

His eldest born: I could not shed a tear.

From childhood we had never loved each other,

And from the moment thou becamest his wife

Nature's last feeble ties were rent asunder.

CLARA.

With grief o'erwhelm'd thy father summon'd me

To comfort and to tend him: I obey'd.

Oh how I trembled when once more I cross'd

The threshold of thy dwelling: Conrad *thine* !
 Thou wert so timid. Not a single word
 Of the deep love, which on thy very life
 So long had prey'd, escaped thy faltering lips.
 Had not thy sire upon his dying bed
 Our hands united, and a blessing breathed
 Upon his children, never had'st thou dared
 Confess thy secret flame, and we had sigh'd
 In hopeless silence still. Now may I fly
 Rejoicing to thine arms, and on thy breast
 May rest unchidden !

CONRAD.

My beloved wife,
 My own sweet Clara ! had I dared to hope
 Life could have joys like these ! If 'tis no
 dream—

If free from earthly passion, earthly stain,
 The unfranchised spirit may look down from
 Heaven

Rejoicing in the bliss of those it loved,
 Then surely William smiles upon the flowers
 Which on his tomb have blossom'd bright for
 us."—pp. 4, 5.

The next scene presents us with William. He has returned, and is again on his own lands. We have a soliloquy in which he exults in the triumph which has been gained over established laws and time-worn institutions. A new dawn of happiness has arisen for the human race. He has had his share in trampling down oppression, and he is now returning to enjoy domestic happiness. Is his father still living ? What changes have passed over his household ? His home seems the same to his eye. It is unchanged in the changes that have overthrown or desolated prouder mansions.

"But thou, dear holy spot, I find thee still
 As when I left thee last : of better times
 A pure and sacred relic ! Yes, the storm
 That shatter'd lofty dome and princely hall
 Has spared this home of innocence and peace.
 All my heart cherished I shall meet them
 here ;

My aged father and my faithful wife.
 My sufferings have purified my soul :
 I feel it now, I was too harsh, too stern,
 Murmuring, unfriendly ; but the breath of
 time

Has melted this proud heart ; for all the past
 Tenfold atonement will I offer now.

Alas, our life itself is but a span.
 Yet though an instant only to the bless'd,
 'Tis an eternity to those who weep.
 But will they know me ? Ha, this wound in-
 deed

Has changed me much ; but yet my gentle
 wife

Will surely recognise her William's form.
 I little, little guess'd how well I loved her ;
 But when the battle's thunder peal'd around,
 Amid the cannon's roar, the flash of swords,

Then first I knew how deep within my soul
 Her pure and gentle image was enshrined.
 'Twas not the fear of death, that bade me curb
 My ardent courage : no, where is the man
 Who for the cherish'd land that gave him birth
 Would not his heart's blood gladly sacrifice ?
 'Tis now two weary years since last we met :
 She thinks me dead : oh ! how she will rejoice
 When she beholds me thus in life and health,
 And sinks once more upon this faithful breast ;
 There I hear footsteps : ha, she comes, she
 comes ;

Calm thee, my heart, fie, William, be a man :
 Thou ne'er hast trembled at the foe's approach,
 Wilt thou be vanquish'd by the power of
 joy ?"—pp. 7, 8.

Clara now appears. Conrad is still absent. William tells of wounds and captivity, and how this captivity had been prolonged. He learns his father's death, and he retires to indulge his grief or recover his self-possession, without Clara's being able to communicate her portion of the story.

Conrad now returns—learns from Clara what has occurred. He works himself into a state of frenzy, in which we learn from occasional words that he meditates his brother's death. The next scene is one between Clara and William. She endeavours to tell him how things are, but faints in the effort. William places her on a couch, and throws his mantle over her, and goes to look for assistance. Meanwhile, Conrad enters. He sees, as he thinks, William sleeping. The conflict of contending passions is well expressed in a very powerful soliloquy, of which we can give but the last few lines, and the termination of the drama.

"Hence with the light !
 Perchance were I to see that well known face,
 Kind Nature's gentle pleadings might e'en now
 Unnerve the hand of hate ! out with the light.
 How gloomy is the darkness ! Blow, ye horns,
 And rouse each wilder passion of the soul
 To drown the voice of nature ! He must die !
 He who puts forth his hand to seize a crown,
 Must stake his all upon the mighty game.

(*He draws a hunting-knife, rushes upon
 Clara, and stabs her to the heart*).

CLARA.

Help, help !

CONRAD.

Demons ! ha, what voice is that ?

CLARA.

Help, murder, help !

CONRAD.

(*Unclosing the lantern*). God, I have slain
 my wife !

(*He bends over her ; William enters
 with a light*).

WILLIAM.

Who calls for help? What, Clara, dearest
Clara!

Who hath committed this accursed deed?

CONRAD.

Behold the assassin!

WILLIAM.

Villain, murderer, thou!
Would that the earth would swallow thee;
a being

So fair, so gentle all, thine only brother.

CONRAD.

To me she was still more, she was my wife.

WILLIAM.

Thy wife, thy wife! Now light begins to dawn
With fearful brightness on my soul! That
blow,

At whom was't aimed?

CONRAD.

At thee!

CLARA.

Merciful God!

WILLIAM.

Unheard of crime!

CONRAD.

Accuse not me, but fate.
My Clara! (*Bends over her*).

WILLIAM.

Hence, dare not profane her corpse,
Away, she is my wife!

CONRAD.

True she *was* thine,
Now she is *mine*. I've murder'd her for me!
And I have bought her with my hopes of
Heaven!

WILLIAM.

Away, thou villain!

CONRAD.

Never will I leave
My wife, my bride, betrothed to me in death.
Hear'st thou those horns? This is the mar-
riage-hymn;
That music celebrates our nuptial-night.

CLARA.

May God forgive thee.

WILLIAM.

Wretch, the parting hour
Of thine expiring victim wilt thou poison?
Away with thee!

CONRAD.

'Tis vain! from this one spot
Not Hell and all its demon brood shall tear
me.

Hast courage to dispute the ground with
blood?

The gates of Heaven are closed against my
soul.

This is my last delight! my last, my last!
Thou hast no claim upon my murder'd wife.

WILLIAM. (*Seizes a rifle and shoots*).
Then die accursed!

(CONRAD *falls*).

CONRAD.

God have mercy!

CLARA (*dying*).

Amen!"

(THE CURTAIN FALLS.)—pp. 19-21.

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The *Expiation* was the work in which Körner most nearly approached his own notions of excellence. Conrad's unintentionally slaying Clara was, he thought, his most successful effort. The drama, however, was not a favourite. *Antonia* is a happier creation, yet with it we are not satisfied. The insurrection of the people of St. Domingo is the subject, and Antonia's succeeding in saving a French officer from the general massacre. He escapes only to be united with the heroine to whom he owes his rescue. For domestic tragedy, we think this a sufficiently dolorous close. The victims are actually led to the altar, and there are no unbecoming words of ominous lamentation; on the contrary, the close is wound up with well-simulated words of joy:—

"GUSTAVUS.

Come, my Antonia, come,
I'll lead thee to the blissful land of love—
I'll lead thee to the pinnacle of joy,
Where round thy path the fairest flowers of
earth

Shall bloom in radiant beauty, to reward
Thy noble deed and my unswerving trust.
Come, dearest.

ANTONIA.

Thou art saved! Thou art my own,
And I have nothing more to wish on earth.
(*They embrace*).

(THE CURTAIN FALLS)."

We have mentioned Schiller's friendship with the father of Körner. In a cottage where the Körners used to pass the summer months, Schiller, on a visit with them, wrote his *Don Carlos*. It is not wonderful that Theodore, breathing this poetical atmosphere, should find it favourable to the early development of such dramatic talent as he possessed. We trace the influence of Schiller's better genius in much of the elevated and serene beauty with which Körner invests his female creations. There is a good deal of the stormier element in which Schiller also moved. The thunder is not always Körner's own; nor, in truth, is it so much Schiller's as the common property of all the German playwrights of that period. The drama of *Hedwig* has both the gentler and the stormier element, and is a very successful imitation of the beauties and the faults of Schiller's earlier works. The story is such a one, too, as Schiller would have chosen to illustrate. The scene is on the borders of Italy—the region, time

out of mind, in romance and in reality, for murder and love; fierce bandits, with all the softer and all the more tumultuous passions; German barons and their ladies, with notions of family pride becoming in the proprietors of unincumbered estates; the firmness of the North, the voluptuousness of the South, and all that would seem irreconcilable and alien, somehow or other meet as in their proper home. Whom meet we first? The Count Felseck, and the Countess his wife, most amiable and honourable people advanced in life. Hedwig, a young female who has been adopted by them, is called their foster child, but who is one of inferior birth, and almost of different caste from these specimens of a finer clay than that in which Hedwig's ancestors were moulded. Julius, the only son of the Count and Countess, is distractedly in love with Hedwig, and Hedwig, too honourable to repay their kindness by creating any disappointment to them in their hopes for their son, which, she assumes, would be altogether frustrated were he to marry her. The course of true love seemed likely to run smooth enough, for the Count, on learning his son's passion, offers no serious resistance, and the Countess herself undertakes to remove Hedwig's generous scruples. This would never do, however, for then the drama, which runs to three acts, should have finished its course in one. And so we have Rudolph, a huntsman in the Count's establishment, in love with Hedwig too; nay, and the case is complicated by Hedwig's saying on one occasion she would marry him; but this was when feelings of honour and delicacy led her to sacrifice all her own feelings of love for Julius; and when she was led to think the sacrifice far more acceptable by taking, instead of Julius, a man whom, if she did not detest, yet it was plain that she ought. Rudolph was no common huntsman, no mere menial in a noble's establishment; no, he was connected with a band of robbers in the neighbourhood, and if you think he was a common ruffian nothing can be greater than your mistake. His introduction to society, and his claim to honourable distinction among the banditti, was his murdering a Marquis, against whom the banditti, for objects of their own, had been for a long time plotting. The Marquis, to be sure, richly deserved his fate, and from no

hand so well as from Rudolph's. Rudolph's parents had died, and left their son in the Marquis's care. These Marquises make rather bad guardians; and this Marquis, finding his ward disposed to keep bad company, invented a story of his being engaged in a conspiracy against the State, and had him banished, receiving himself the lands of the banished traitor. Rudolph found means of sending him to settle his guardianship accounts in another world, and attached himself to the band of robbers with whom this murder had associated him, till the beauty of Hedwig calmed and subdued his spirit, and the hope of obtaining her almost seemed to give him back his better nature.

We will not follow our author through all the fluctuations of passion by which he represents his heroes and heroine agitated. In desperation Rudolph engages in a plan of robbing and burning the Castle; which is frustrated by Hedwig; Rudolph meets his fate, from her hand, under circumstances in which the destruction of the whole family of the Count seems inevitable, but for this heroic act. This solution of the difficulties of the plot was, at the first representation, found too violent for German taste; but the public can be soon taught to bear anything, and this shooting of Rudolph became soon the most effective scene in the play.

Rosamond is our own Fair Rosamond of Woodstock, and is a tragedy containing some very beautiful passages. It is throughout pleasingly written. We speak of the translation, which everywhere reads as an original work. We wish that what we suppose a scrupulous sense of faithfulness to the original had not prevented the translator from condensing a style, which, whatever may be its fitness for the German stage, is certainly by English readers felt to be too diffuse.

Four other dramas in this volume may be almost called operas; the musical element everywhere predominates. They are light and graceful; nothing that would indicate very much thought in their creation—nothing that would indicate anything of their becoming permanent either in German literature or in that of the country to which they have been transferred:—*The Fisherman's Daughter*, *The Spirits of the Mountain*, *The Fight with the Dragon*, and *Alfred the Great*. They claim little more of life than our

Christmas pantomimes. Still they are pleasant enough; and will, perhaps, amuse a vacant hour. We transcribe a song from the first:—

“Through gloom and night the hand of love
Can lead to realms of life and rest;
Love can loose and love can bind,
Love will seek and love will find
Its way to every human breast.
Hate and fury strive in vain
To crush or chill his magic power:
At his touch the wintry plain,
Lone and dreary, blooms again,
Radiant as a summer bower,
Ever beautiful and bright,
Still on earth he deigns to roam;
But in yonder realms of light,
Where happy spirits wing their flight,
Is his birthplace and his home.”

Of the miscellaneous poems which are printed at the end of the volume, we regret that more are not taken from Körner's martial poems. The ballads are for the most part already known by English readers. Willida is but an amplification of the Bleeding Nun; and Lewis's ballad is better than Körner's. The Kynast is a story which has been well told by Mangan, in a translation from Frederick Ruckert, of a poem which he calls “The Ride round the Parapet.” This poem was first printed in this *MAGAZINE*, and afterwards in Mangan's “German Anthology.” Of the shorter poems some are exceedingly beautiful, and the translator has in these been often exceedingly happy. To preserve anything of what is best in such poems would be almost to catch the butterfly without brushing the dust from its wings. Some single word, that colours as with light from a rainbow a whole stanza—some image that gives life to what would be dead and commonplace, and yet which is utterly lost in mere verbal translation, will every now and then baffle the best efforts of those who feel the effects, yet see not how they can be reproduced in another language. We do not think Körner equal to the greater German poets. Nay, we do not class him with Hölty or with Matthison; but there are often peculiar happinesses of expression which it is difficult to preserve, and which the lady to whom we owe this volume, and whose name has not reached us, has most successfully emulated. We have not room for many specimens; but the following will probably lead our read-

ers to the volume from which they are taken:—

“YES, thou art near! A thin partition solely
Parts me from thee;
Thou dreamest in thy slumbers, pure and holy,
Perchance of me!
Upon that pillow, where thy virgin beauty
May oft recline;
Now throbs a heart burning with love and duty
To lay before thy shrine.
A thousand flowers of fond desire are wreathing
Their blossoms near;
As though the spirit of thy dreams were
breathing
His whispers in mine ear.

O'er my dark locks a fairy breath is stealing,
With motion sweet;
The strange foreboding wakes each secret feel-
ing,
My pulses cease to beat!
It was thy spirit! Oh, how fair though fleet-
ing!
I knew thy kiss:
The sweet melodious warbling of thy greeting
Revealed my bliss.
It was thy spirit! Love's own breath was o'er
me.
Oh moments bright!
Would that thy curtain still veiled all before
me,
Thou lovely, lovely night!”

“METHOUGHT I saw upon a lofty height
A lovely maiden wander, young and bright,
So fair, so pure! her form was like to thine,
Before her knelt a youth, and fondly prest
The yielding damsel to his faithful breast.
That breast was mine!

“The scene was changed; I saw that lovely form
Struggling in vain amid the raging storm,
Beneath the waters sink with one faint sigh,
Then forward rush'd a youth intent to save,
He bore the maiden from the engulfing wave.
That youth, 'twas I!

“Thus fancy bathed my dreams in hues of
light.
Love stood triumphant in his heavenly might,
While softest echoes breath'd thy gentle name,
I saw thee in thy youth and beauty rove,
A stripling followed thee with timid love.
'Twas still the same!

“And when at length from that sweet dream
awoke,
Returning day the dear delusion broke,
Oh! how the lov'd remembrance could I fly?
I saw thee blushing in thy virgin charms;
I saw thee blest in a fond bridegroom's arms,
But oh! 'twas I!

"At length I met thee, 'twas a dream no more,
In real existence, lovely as before!
And at thy smile my thrilling breast beat high,
Did'st thou not mark that youth? his fervid
glance,
While he stood wrapp'd as in some blissful
trance.

That youth, 'twas I!

"With nobler aim hast thou inspired my soul,
Hast pointed to a purer, loftier goal.
T'wards thee my hopes, my fond desires fly,
If e'er thy heart responsive beat to mine,
Then may I murmur, kneeling at thy shrine,
Ah yes! 'twas I!"

The father of Körner, who survived his son for many years, died in May, 1831. His mother lived to September, 1843, and died at the age of eighty-one. They are both buried with their illustrious son. Neander preached the father's funeral sermon.

Germany delights to honour her great men; and the circumstances of Körner's life and death classed him with the great. The oak and the field in which it stands, where Körner is buried, were given by the Duke of Mecklenburgh Schwerin in perpetuity to the family of Körner. The father heard with delight of every honour which his son's memory received; among incidents which gave him high pleasure was the publication of Mr. Richardson's book; still more was given him by Mrs. Hemans's affecting lines:—

THE GRAVE OF KÖRNER.

"Green wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest!
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage
 sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest!
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was pour'd,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

"Rest, Bard! rest, Soldier!—By the Father's hand,
Here shall the Child of after-years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and Bard!—For thou thy path
hast trod

With Freedom and with God!

"The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors
 bore thee,
And with true hearts, thy brethren of the
 fight
Wept as they veiled their drooping banners o'er thee,
And the deep guns with rolling peals gave
 token,

That Lyre and Sword were broken!

"Thou hast a hero's tomb!—A lowlier bed
Is her's, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young
 head,
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow
 dying.
Brother! true friend! the tender and the
 brave!

She pined to share thy grave.

"Fame was thy gift from others—but for
 her
To whom the wide earth held that only
 spot—
—She loved thee!—lovely in your lives
 ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not!
Thou hast thine Oak—thy trophy—what
 hath she?

Her own blest place by thee.

"It was thy spirit, Brother! which had
 made
The bright world glorious to her thought-
 ful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines
 ye played,
And sent glad singing through the free
 blue sky!
Ye were but two!—and when that spirit
 passed,
Woe for the one, the last!

"Woe, yet not long!—She lingered but to
 trace
Thine image from the image in her breast;
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her ere she went to rest!
Too sad a smile!—its living light was o'er,
It answered her's no more!

"The Earth grew silent when thy voice de-
 parted,
The home too lonely whence thy step had
 fled;
What then was left for her, the faithful-
 hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the
 dead!
Softly she perished—be the Flower de-
 plored

Here, with the Lyre and Sword!

"Have ye not met ere now?—So let those
 trust,
That meet for moments but to part for
 years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust
 from dust,
That love where love is but a fount of
 tears!
Brother! sweet Sister! peace around ye
 dwell!

Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!"

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A GLANCE AT THE "PREFECTURE DE POLICE."

POOR Mahon's melancholy story made a deep impression upon me, and I returned to Paris execrating the whole race of spies and "Mouchards," and despising, with a most hearty contempt, a government compelled to use such agencies for its existence. It seemed to me so utterly impossible to escape the snares of a system so artfully interwoven, and so vain to rely on innocence as a protection, that I felt a kind of reckless hardihood as to whatever might betide me, and rode into the Cour of the Prefecture with a bold indifference as to my fate that I have often wondered at since.

The horse on which I was mounted was immediately recognised as I entered; and the obsequious salutations that met me showed that I was regarded as one of the trusty followers of the Minister; and in this capacity was I ushered into a large waiting-room, where a considerable number of persons were assembled, whose air and appearance, now that necessity for disguise was over, unmistakeably pronounced them to be spies of the police. Some, indeed, were occupied in taking off their false whiskers and moustaches; others were removing shades from their eyes; and one was carefully opening what had been the hump on his back, in search of a paper he was anxious to discover.

I had very little difficulty in ascertaining that these were all the very lowest order of "Mouchards," whose sphere of duty rarely led beyond the Fauxbourg or the Batturiolles, and indeed soon saw that my own appearance amongst them led to no little surprise and astonishment.

"You are looking for Nicquard, Monsieur?" said one, "but he has not come yet."

"No; Monsieur wants to see Boule-de-Fer," said another.

"Here's José can fetch him," cried a third.

"He'll have to carry him, then,"

growled out another, "for I saw him in the Morgue this morning!"

"What! dead?" exclaimed several together.

"As dead as four stabs in the heart and lungs can make a man! He must have been meddling where he had no business, for there was a piece of a lace ruffle found in his fingers."

"Ah, voila!" cried another, "that comes of mixing in high society."

I did not wait for the discussion that followed, but stole quietly away, as the disputants were waxing warm. Instead of turning into the Cour again, however, I passed out into a corridor, at the end of which was a door of green cloth. Pushing open this, I found myself in a chamber, where a single clerk was writing at a table.

"You're late to-day, and he's not in a good humour," said he, scarcely looking up from his paper, "go in!"

Resolving to see my adventure to the end, I asked no further questions, but passed on to the room beyond. A person who stood within the doorway withdrew as I entered, and I found myself standing face to face with the Marquis de Maurepas, or, to speak more properly, the Minister Fouché. He was standing at the fireplace as I came in, reading a newspaper, but no sooner had he caught sight of me than he laid it down, and, with his hands crossed behind his back, continued steadily staring at me.

"Diable!" exclaimed he, at last, "how came you here?"

"Nothing more naturally, sir, than from the wish to restore what you were so good as to lend me, and express my sincere gratitude for a most hospitable reception."

"But who admitted you?"

"I fancy your saddle-cloth was my introduction, sir, for it was speedily recognised. Gesler's cap was never held in greater honour."

"You are a very courageous young gentleman, I must say—very coura-

geous, indeed," said he, with a sardonic grin that was anything but encouraging.

"The better chance that I may find favour with Monsieur de Fouché," replied I.

"That remains to be seen, sir," said he, seating himself in his chair, and motioning me to a spot in front of it.

"Who are you?"

"A Lieutenant of the 9th Hussars, sir; by name Maurice Tiernay."

"I don't care for that," said he, impatiently; "what's your occupation?—how do you live?—with whom do you associate?"

"I have neither means nor associates. I have been liberated from the Temple but a few days back; and what is to be my future, and where, are facts of which I know as little as does Monsieur de Fouché of my past history."

"It would seem that every adventurer, every fellow destitute of home, family, fortune, and position, thinks that his natural refuge lies in this Ministry, and that I must be his guardian."

"I never thought so, sir."

"Then why are you here? What other than personal reasons procures me the honour of this visit?"

"As Monsieur de Fouché will not believe in my sense of gratitude, perhaps he may put some faith in my curiosity, and excuse the natural anxiety I feel to know if Monsieur de Maurepas has really benefited by the pleasure of my society."

"Hardi, Monsieur, bien hardi," said the Minister, with a peculiar expression of irony about the mouth that made me almost shudder. He rang a little hand-bell as he spoke, and a servant made his appearance.

"You have forgotten to leave me my snuff-box, Geoffroy," said he, mildly, to the valet, who at once left the room, and speedily returned with a magnificently-chased gold box, on which the initials of the First Consul were embossed in diamonds.

"Arrange those papers, and place those books on the shelves," said the Minister. And then turning to me, as if resuming a previous conversation, went on—

"As to that memoir of which we were speaking t'other night, Monsieur, it would be exceedingly interesting just now; and I have no doubt that

you will see the propriety of confiding to me what you already promised to Monsieur de Maurepas. That will do, Geoffroy; leave us."

The servant retired, and we were once more alone.

"I possess no secrets, sir, worthy the notice of the Minister of Police," said I boldly.

"Of that I may presume to be the better judge," said Fouché calmly. "But waving this question, there is another of some importance. You have, partly by accident, partly by a boldness not devoid of peril, obtained some little insight into the habits and details of this Ministry; at least, you have seen enough to suspect more, and misrepresent what you cannot comprehend. Now, sir, there is an almost universal custom in all secret societies, of making those who intrude surreptitiously within their limits, to take every oath and pledge of that society, and to assume every responsibility that attaches to its voluntary members——"

"Excuse my interrupting you, sir; but my intrusion was purely involuntary; I was made the dupe of a police spy."

"Having ascertained which," resumed he, coldly, "your wisest policy would have been to have kept the whole incident for yourself alone, and neither have uttered one syllable about it, nor ventured to come here, as you have done, to display what you fancy to be your power over the Minister of Police. You are a very young man, and the lesson may possibly be of service to you; and never forget that to attempt a contest of address with those whose habits have taught them every wile and subtlety of their fellow-men, will always be a failure. This Ministry would be a sorry engine of government if men of your stamp could outwit it."

I stood abashed and confused under a rebuke which, at the same time, I felt to be but half deserved.

"Do you understand Spanish?" asked he suddenly.

"No, sir, not a word."

"I'm sorry for it; you should learn that language without loss of time. Leave your address with my secretary, and call here by Monday or Tuesday next."

"If I may presume so far, sir," said I, with a great effort to seem collected, "I would infer that your intention is

to employ me in some capacity or other. It is, therefore, better I should say at once, I have neither the ability nor the desire for such occupation. I have always been a soldier. Whatever reverses of fortune I may meet with, I would wish still to continue in the same career. At all events, I could never become a—a ——"

"Spy. Say the word out; its meaning conveys nothing offensive to my ears, young man. I may grieve over the corruption that requires such a system; but I do not confound the remedy with the disease."

"My sentiments are different, sir," said I resolutely, as I moved towards the door. "I have the honour to wish you a good morning."

"Stay a moment, Tiernay," said he, looking for something amongst his papers; "there are, probably, situations where all your scruples could find accommodation, and even be serviceable, too."

"I would rather not place them in peril, Mons. Le Ministre."

"There are people in this city of Paris who would not despise my protection, young man; some of them to the full as well supplied with the gifts of fortune as Mons. Tiernay."

"And, doubtless, more fitted to deserve it!" said I, sarcastically; for every moment now rendered me more courageous.

"And, doubtless, more fitted to deserve it," repeated he after me, with a wave of the hand in token of adieu.

I bowed respectfully, and was retiring, when he called out in a low and gentle voice—

"Before you go, Mons. de Tiernay, I will thank you to restore my snuff-box."

"Your snuff-box, sir!" cried I, indignantly, "what do I know of it?"

"In a moment of inadvertence, you may, probably, have placed it in your pocket," said he, smiling; "do me the favour to search there."

"This is unnecessary insult, sir," said I fiercely; "and you forget that I am a French officer!"

"It is of more consequence that you should remember it," said he calmly; "and now, sir, do as I have told you."

"It is well, sir, that this scene has no witness," said I, boiling over with passion, "or, by Heaven, all the dignity of your station should not save you."

"Your observation is most just," said he, with the same coolness. "It is as well that we are quite alone; and for this reason I beg to repeat my request. If you persist in a refusal, and force me to ring that bell ——"

"You would not dare to offer me such an indignity," said I, trembling with rage.

"You leave me no alternative, sir," said he, rising, and taking the bell in his hand. "My honour is also engaged in this question. I have preferred a charge ——"

"You have," cried I, interrupting, "and for whose falsehood I am resolved to hold you responsible."

"To prove which, you must show your innocence."

"There, then—there are my pockets; here are the few things I possess. This is my pocketbook—my purse. Oh, heavens, what is this?" cried I, as I drew forth the gold box, along with the other contents of my pocket; and then staggering back, I fell, overwhelmed with shame and sickness, against the wall. For some seconds I neither saw nor heard anything; a vague sense of ineffable disgrace—of some ignominy that made life a misery, was over me, and I closed my eyes with the wish never to open them more.

"The box has a peculiar value in my eyes, sir," said he; "it was a present from the First Consul, otherwise I might have hesitated ——"

"Oh, sir, you cannot, you dare not, suppose me guilty of a theft. You seem bent on being my ruin; but, for mercy's sake, let your hatred of me take some other shape than this. Involve me in what snares, what conspiracies you will, give me what share you please in any guilt, but spare me the degradation of such a shame."

He seemed to enjoy the torments I was suffering, and actually revel in the contemplation of my misery; for he never spoke a word, but continued steadily to stare me in the face.

"Sit down here, Monsieur," said he, at length, while he pointed to a chair near him; "I wish to say a few words to you, in all seriousness, and in good faith, also."

I seated myself, and he went on.

"The events of the last two days must have made such an impression on your mind that even the most remarkable incidents of your life could

not compete with. You fancied yourself a great discoverer, and that, by the happy conjuncture of intelligence and accident, you had actually fathomed the depths of that wonderful system of police, which, more powerful than armies or councils, is the real government of France! I will not stop now to convince you that you have not wandered out of the very shallowest channels of this system. It is enough that you have been admitted to an audience with me, to suggest an opposite conviction, and give to your recital, when you repeat the tale, a species of importance. Now, sir, my counsel to you is, never to repeat it, and for this reason; nobody possessed of common powers of judgment will ever believe you! not one, sir! No one would ever believe that Monsieur Fouché had made so grave a mistake, no more than he

would believe that a man of good name and birth, a French officer, could have stolen a snuff-box. You see, Monsieur de Tiernay, that I acquit you of this shameful act. Imitate my generosity, sir, and forget all that you have witnessed since Tuesday last. I have given you good advice, sir; if I find that you profit by it, we may see more of each other."

Scarcely appreciating the force of his parable, and thinking of nothing save the vindication of my honour, I muttered a few unmeaning words, and withdrew, glad to escape a presence which had assumed, to my terrified senses, all the diabolical subtlety of satanic influence. Trusting that no future accident of my life should ever bring me within such precincts, I hurried from the place as though it were contaminated and plague-stricken.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"THE VILLAGE OF SCHWARTZ-ACH."

I WAS destitute enough when I quitted the "Temple," a few days back; but my condition now was sadder still, for in addition to my poverty and friendlessness, I had imbibed a degree of distrust and suspicion that made me shun my fellow-men, and actually shrink from the contact of a stranger. The commonest show of courtesy, the most ordinary exercise of politeness, struck me as the secret wiles of that police, whose machinations, I fancied, were still spread around me. I had conceived a most intense hatred of civilisation, or, at least, of what I rashly supposed to be the inherent vices of civilised life. I longed for what I deemed must be the glorious independence of a savage. If I could but discover this Paradise beyond seas, of which the Marquise raved so much; if I only could find out that glorious land which neither knew secret intrigues nor conspiracies, I should leave France for ever, taking any condition, or braving any mischances fate might have in store for me.

There was something peculiarly offensive in the treatment I had met with. Imprisoned on suspicion, I was liberated without any "amende;" neither punished like a guilty man, nor absolved as an innocent one. I was sent out upon the world as though

the state would not own nor acknowledge me; a dangerous practice, as I often thought, if only adopted on a large scale. It was some days before I could summon resolution to ascertain exactly my position: at last I did muster up courage, and under pretence of wishing to address a letter to myself, I applied at the Ministry of War for the address of Lieutenant Tiernay, of the 9th Hussars. I was one of a large crowd similarly engaged, some inquiring for sons that had fallen in battle, or husbands or fathers in far away countries. The office was only open each morning for two hours, and consequently, as the expiration of the time drew nigh, the eagerness of the inquirers became far greater, and the contrast with the cold apathy of the clerks the more strongly marked. I had given way to many, who were weaker than myself, and less able to buffet with the crowd about them; and at last, when, wearied by waiting, I was drawing nigh the table, my attention was struck by an old, a very old man, who, with a beard white as snow, and long moustaches of the same colour, was making great efforts to gain the front rank. I stretched out my hand, and caught his, and by considerable exertion, at last succeeded in placing him in front of me.

He thanked me fervently, in a strange kind of German, a *patois* I had never heard before, and kissed my hand three or four times over in his gratitude; indeed, so absorbed was he for the time in his desire to thank me, that I had to recall him to the more pressing reason of his presence, and warn him that but a few minutes more of the hour remained free.

“Speak up,” cried the clerk, as the old man muttered something in a low and very indistinct voice; “speak up; and remember, my friend, that we do not profess to give information farther back than the times of ‘Louis Quatorze.’”

This allusion to the years of the old man was loudly applauded by his colleagues, who drew nigh to stare at the cause of it.

“Sacre bleu! he is talking Hebrew,” said another, “and asking for a friend who fell at Ramoth Gilead.”

“He is speaking German,” said I, peremptorily, “and asking for a relative whom he believes to have embarked with the expedition to Egypt.”

“Are you a sworn interpreter, young man?” asked an older and more consequential looking personage.

I was about to return a hasty reply to this impertinence, but I thought of the old man, and the few seconds that still remained for his inquiry, and I smothered my anger, and was silent.

“What rank did he hold?” inquired one of the clerks, who had listened with rather more patience to the old man. I translated the question for the peasant, who, in reply, confessed that he could not tell. The youth was his only son, and had left home many years before, and never written. A neighbour, however, who had travelled in foreign parts, had brought tidings that he had gone with the expedition to Egypt, and was already high in the French army.

“You are not quite certain that he did not command the army of Egypt?” said one of the clerks in mockery of the old man’s story.

“It is not unlikely,” said the peasant, gravely; “he was a brave and a bold youth, and could have lifted two such as you with one hand, and hurled you out of that window.”

“Let us hear his name once more,” said the elder clerk; “it is worth remembering.”

“I have told you already. It was Karl Kleber.”

“The General—General Kleber!” cried three or four in a breath.

“Mayhap,” was all the reply.

“And are you the father of the great general of Egypt?” asked the elder, with an air of deep respect.

“Kleber is my son; and so that he is alive and well, I care little if a general or simple soldier.”

Not a word was said in answer to this speech, and each seemed to feel reluctant to tell the sad tidings. At last the elder clerk said, “You have lost a good son, and France one of her greatest captains. The General Kleber is dead.”

“Dead!” said the old man, slowly.

“In the very moment of his greatest glory, too, when he had won the country of the Pyramids, and made Egypt a colony of France.”

“When did he die?” said the peasant.

“The last accounts from the East brought the news; and this very day the Council of State has accorded a pension to his family of ten thousand livres.”

“They may keep their money. I am all that remains, and have no want of it; and I should be poorer still before I’d take it.”

These words he uttered in a low, harsh tone, and pushed his way back through the crowd.

One moment more was enough for my inquiry.

“Maurice Tiernay, of the 9th—*destitué*,” was the short and stunning answer I received.

“Is there any reason alleged—is there any charge imputed to him?” asked I, timidly.

“Ma foi! you must go to the Minister of War with that question. Perhaps he was paymaster, and embezzled the funds of the regiment; perhaps he liked Royalist gold better than Republican silver; or perhaps he preferred the company of the baggage-train and the ‘ambulances,’ when he should have been at the head of his squadron.”

I did not care to listen longer to this impertinence, and making my way out I gained the street. The old peasant was still standing there, like one stunned and overwhelmed by some great shock, and neither heeding the crowd that passed, nor the groups that halted occasionally to stare at him.

"Come along with *me*," said I, taking his hand in mine. "*Your* calamity is a heavy one, but *mine* is harder to bear up against."

He suffered himself to be led away like a child, and never spoke a word as we walked along towards the "*barriere*," beyond which, at a short distance, was a little ordinary, where I used to dine. There we had our dinner together, and as the evening wore on the old man rallied enough to tell me of his son's early life, and his departure for the army. Of his great career *I* could speak freely, for Kleber's name was, in soldier esteem, scarcely second to that of Buonaparte himself. Not all the praises I could bestow, however, were sufficient to turn the old man from his stern conviction, that a peasant in the "*Lech Thal*" was a more noble and independent man than the greatest general that ever marched to victory.

"We have been some centuries there," said he, "and none of our name has incurred a shadow of disgrace. Why should not Karl have lived like his ancestors?"

It was useless to appeal to the glory his son had gained—the noble reputation he had left behind him. The peasant saw in the soldier but one who hired out his courage and his blood, and deemed the calling a low and unworthy one. I suppose I was not the first who, in the effort to convince another, found himself shaken in his own convictions; for I own before I lay down that night many of the old man's arguments assumed a force and power that I could not resist, and held possession of my mind even after I fell asleep. In my dreams I was once more beside the American lake, and that little colony of simple people, where I had seen all that was best of my life, and learned the few lessons I had ever received of charity and good nature.

From what the peasant said, the primitive habits of the *Lech Thal* must be almost alike those of that little colony, and I willingly assented to his offer to accompany him in his journey homeward. He seemed to feel a kind of satisfaction in turning my thoughts away from a career that he held so cheaply, and talked enthusiastically of the tranquil life of the *Bregenzer-wald*.

We left Paris the following morning, and, partly by diligence, partly on foot, reached *Strasbourg* in a few days;

thence we proceeded by *Kehl* to *Freyburg*, and, crossing the *Lake of Constance* at *Rorschach*, we entered the *Bregenzer-wald* on the twelfth morning of our journey. I suppose that most men preserve fresher memory of the stirring and turbulent scenes of their lives than of the more peaceful and tranquil ones, and I shall not be deemed singular when I say, that some years passed over me in this quiet spot and seemed as but a few weeks. The old peasant was the "*Vorstcher*," or ruler of the village, by whom all disputes were settled, and all litigation of an humble kind decided—a species of voluntary jurisdiction maintained to this very day in that primitive region. My occupation there was as a species of secretary to the court, an office quite new to the villagers, but which served to impress them more reverentially than ever in favour of this rude justice. My legal duties over, I became a vine-dresser, a wood-cutter, or a deer-stalker, as season and weather dictated. My evenings being always devoted to the task of a schoolmaster. A curious seminary was it, too, embracing every class from childhood to advanced age, all eager for knowledge, and all submitting to the most patient discipline to attain it. There was much to make me happy in that humble lot. I had the love and esteem of all around me; there was neither a harassing doubt for the future, nor the rich man's contumely to oppress me; my life was made up of occupations which alternately engaged mind and body, and, above all and worth all besides, I had a sense of duty, a feeling that I was doing that which was useful to my fellow-men; and however great may be a man's station in life, if it want this element, the humblest peasant that rises to his daily toil has a nobler and a better part.

As I trace these lines how many memories of the spot are rising before me! Scenes I had long forgotten—faces I had ceased to remember! And now I see the little wooden bridge—a giant tree, guarded by a single rail, that crossed the torrent in front of our cottage; and I behold once more the little waxen image of the Virgin over the door, in whose glass shrine at night-fall a candle ever burned! and I hear the low hum of the villagers' prayer as the Angelus is singing, and see on every crag or cliff the homebound hunter kneeling in his deep devotion!

Happy people, and not less good than happy! Your bold and barren mountains have been the safeguard of your virtue and your innocence! Long may they prove so, and long may the waves of the world's ambition be stayed at their rocky feet!

I was beginning to forget all that I had seen of life, or, if not forget, at least to regard it as a wild and troubled dream, when an accident, one of those things we always regard as the merest chances, once more opened the flood-gates of memory, and sent the whole past in a strong current through my brain.

In this mountain region the transition from winter to summer is effected in a few days. Some hours of a scorching sun and south wind swell the torrents with melted snow; the icebergs fall thundering from cliff and crag, and the sporting waterfall once more dashes over the precipice. The trees burst into leaf, and the grass springs up green and fresh from its wintry covering; and from the dreary aspect of snow-capped hills and leaden clouds, nature changes to fertile plains and hills, and a sky of almost unbroken blue.

It was of a glorious evening in April, when all these changes were passing, that I was descending the mountain above our village after a hard day's chamois hunting. Anxious to reach the plain before nightfall, I could not, however, help stopping from time to time to watch the golden and ruby tints of the sun upon the snow, or see the turquoise blue which occasionally marked the course of a rivulet through the glaciers. The Alp-horn was sounding from every cliff and height, and the lowing of the cattle swelled into a rich and mellow chorus. It was a beautiful picture, realising in every tint and hue, in every sound and cadence, all that one can fancy of romantic simplicity, and I surveyed it with a swelling and a grateful heart.

As I turned to resume my way, I was struck by the sound of voices speaking, as I fancied, in French, and before I could settle the doubt with myself, I saw in front of me a party of some six or seven soldiers, who, with their muskets slung behind them, were descending the steep path by the aid of sticks.

Weary-looking and foot-sore as they were, their dress, their bearing, and

their soldierlike air, struck me forcibly, and sent into my heart a thrill I had not known for many a day before. I came up quickly behind them, and could overhear their complaints at having mistaken the road, and their maledictions, uttered in no gentle spirit, on the stupid mountaineers who could not understand French.

“Here comes another fellow, let us try *him*,” said one, as he turned and saw me near. “Schwartz-Ach, Schwartz-Ach,” added he, addressing me, and reading the name from a slip of paper in his hand.

“I am going to the village,” said I in French, “and will show the way with pleasure.”

“How! what! are you a Frenchman, then?” cried the corporal, in amazement.

“Even so,” said I.

“Then by what chance are you living in this wild spot? How, in the name of wonder, can you exist here?”

“With venison like this,” said I, pointing to a chamois buck on my shoulder, “and the red wine of the Lech Thal, a man may manage to forget Veray's and the Dragon ‘Vert,’ particularly as they are not associated with a bill and a waiter!”

“And perhaps you are a Royalist,” cried another, “and don't like how matters are going on at home?”

“I have not that excuse for my exile,” said I, coldly.

“Have you served, then?”

I nodded.

“Ah, I see,” said the corporal, “you grew weary of parade and guard mounting.”

“If you mean that I deserted,” said I, “you are wrong there also; and now let it be my turn to ask a few questions. What is France about? Is the Republic still as great and victorious as ever?”

“Sacre bleu, man, what are you thinking of? We are an Empire some years back, and Napoleon has made as many kings as he has got brothers and cousins to crown.”

“And the army, where is it?”

“Ask for some half dozen armies, and you'll still be short of the mark. We have one in Hamburg, and another in the far North, holding the Russians in check; we have garrisons in every fortress of Prussia and the Rhine Land; we have some eighty thousand fellows

in Poland and Galicia; double as many more in Spain; Italy is our own, and so will be Austria ere many days go over."

Boastfully as all this was spoken, I found it to be not far from truth, and learned, as we walked along, that the Emperor was, at that very moment, on the march to meet the Archduke Charles, who, with a numerous army, was advancing on Ratisbon, the little party of soldiers being portion of a force despatched to explore the passes of the "Vorarlberg," and report on how far they might be practicable for

the transmission of troops to act on the left flank and rear of the Austrian army. Their success had up to this time been very slight, and the corporal was making for Schwartz-Ach, as a spot where he hoped to rendezvous with some of his comrades. They were much disappointed on my telling them that I had quitted the village that morning, and that not a soldier had been seen there. There was, however, no other spot to pass the night in, and they willingly accepted the offer I made them of a shelter and a supper in our cottage.

MEMOIRS OF ROYAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

THE "march of intellect" is a favourite theme of self-gratulation with us of the nineteenth century. We pride ourselves on being much wiser than our fathers, and accord to their attainments a smile of contemptuous pity. In mechanical science we have undoubtedly made vast progress; but have we surpassed the minds of former ages in the solution of those much more mighty moral problems which have alike influenced the destinies of civilised and of barbarian man? In Art the ancients have been our teachers. The world has grown aged, and still must despair of rivalling, or even equalling, the noble artistic achievements of her youth. "There were giants in those days" in learning also, compared with whom our own generation are but pigmies in mental stature; and to come more directly to the subject before us, we doubt much if the most cultivated lady of our acquaintance could boast of so extensive a list of accomplishments as a really well-educated gentlewoman of the sixteenth century. Look at the acquirements of Lady Jane Grey—one illus-

trious example taken from an age rich in cultivated and intellectual women. Her short and chequered life was yet long enough to make her mistress of eight different languages! Prodigious as this may seem in our ears, the Duke of Northumberland's daughter was no prodigy in her own era, so universal then was the spread of education among ladies of rank and station.

Let not these remarks be ascribed to a desire to disparage the gifted women of our own day. That there are many such—learned and laborious, indefatigable in research, and felicitous in their manner of communicating its results—the works to which we would now direct our readers' notice afford ample proof. The theme selected for the exercise of their literary talents is happily chosen, judicious, and appropriate—the biography of illustrious members of their own sex, Queens and Princesses—women to whom birth and station have given conventional pre-eminence, and who have consequently been called on to perform distinguished parts in the history of Europe.

Among these pleasing and instruc-

* "Lives of the Princesses of England, from the Norman Conquest." By Mary Anne Everett Green. Vols. I. and II. London: Colburn. 1850.

"Memoirs of the Queens of Spain, from the Period of the Conquest of the Goths to the Accession of her present Majesty Isabella the Second; with the Remarkable Events that occurred during their respective Reigns, and Anecdotes of their several Courts." By Anita George. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Miss Julia Pardoe. Vols. I. and II. London: Bentley. 1850.

"Memoirs of the Queens of France." By Mrs. Forbes Bush. Second Edition. In two volumes. London: Colburn. 1848.

tive biographers the name of Miss Strickland takes honourable precedence, not only because she was the first labourer in this field for literary exertion, but also because the first fruits of the harvest have undoubtedly been reaped by her. Her subject—the *Lives of the Queens of England*—was of the highest importance; and the mine from whence she drew her materials had not previously been worked. The archives of continental cities; the manuscript riches of our great national libraries, were diligently ransacked; and a vast mass of facts of extreme interest and importance, hitherto unknown, or very imperfectly investigated, was communicated to the public, and recommended to their attention by the vivid style and graceful composition of this most pleasing writer.

But Miss Strickland's work has been too long before the public to require a notice at our hands. There are few, probably, who have not perused it with delight, throwing, as it does, a new light on obscurities in our history, and often illustrating that of other European States. The "*Queens of England*" has already passed through several editions. We shall not therefore reiterate what is doubtless fresh in the memories of most educated people; but devote ourselves to a notice of biographies which have more recently issued from the press, and may be hitherto unknown to our readers.

Mrs. Everett Green has worthily followed in the footsteps of her predecessor. Her "*Princesses of England*," of which three volumes are already made public, is in every sense a companion work to the "*Queens of England*." She has been equally faithful and diligent in her searches among original records and authorities; a work of extraordinary labour, when it is remembered that these obscure and scattered documents are couched in obsolete dialects of the olden time, and require an intimate acquaintance with these, as well as with all the languages of Europe—the harsher tongues of the Teutonic or Scandinavian North, no less than the mellifluous southern speech of the Italian and the Spaniard.

Mrs. Green commences her memoirs of the Princesses of England from the Norman Conquest. The first volume opens with the daughters

of William the Conqueror; and the third and last published ends with the daughter of the fourth Edward, comprising in these biographies an incidental, but highly graphic portraiture of the manners, habits, modes of life, and phases of thought prevalent in the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. We shall allow Mrs. Green to speak for herself. She says in her preface:—

"The present field is, moreover, an untrodden one. Of the numerous ladies memorialised in these volumes, only one, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, has hitherto been made the subject of a consecutive biography; whilst of the others, little more than their names and marriages are mentioned by the general historian. These royal daughters of England have entered upon the stage of existence, from which some of them have early passed away, and others have graced foreign courts, and played an important part abroad, yet they have remained as unknown to the generality of English readers, as though they had not formed scions of that princely tree round which English hopes and affections are so closely entwined.

"To the public in general, and to her fair countrywomen particular, the author now commends her work, in the confidence that she could not readily have introduced to their notice a series of memorials the subjects of which present, in their domestic as well as in their public character, so much to admire and respect, and so little to censure, as the Princesses of England."

We must express our regret that the plan which Miss Strickland and Mrs. Green proposed to themselves, did not admit, in its execution, of any notice of the romantic histories of the Saxon period. The misfortunes and sorrows of the beautiful Elgiva; the devotion of her fond, but weak husband, Edwy; the stern inflexibility of the ambitious, but intellectual Dunstan; with the strange and stirring incidents in the life of the fair, but false Elfrida, would have furnished material full of romance, incident, and picturesque situation, and susceptible of the highest dramatic colouring; the simple facts of history having all the interest of the most imaginative fiction.

The authoresses who have selected for their subjects the memoirs of the Queens of Spain and France, have included in their design, the lives of

sovereigns from the earliest historic period to the present time. The conquest of the Goths is the starting-point from whence the Senora George commences her labours. This lady has found an able annotator and editor in Miss Julia Pardoe. In the brief narrative of the Gothic Queens, we find little to interest until we arrive at the important occurrences of the eighth century, when the unhallowed love of Roderick for Florinda, the beautiful daughter of his vassal, Count Julian, cost the enamoured monarch his honour, his crown, and his life. The outraged father, in his thirst for vengeance on the betrayer of his child, forgot the patriotism which should have characterized a noble of Spain. He leagued himself with the foes of his country, the inveterate enemies of the faith he had professed, but to which he became a renegade. We need not dwell on the results of Count Julian's defection: the genius of Southey has made these events familiar to each of us. His greatest poem has for its subject the Moorish invasion and conquest of Spain, and the tragical fate of "the last of the Goths." The destiny of Egilona, the lovely, but unloved wife of Roderick, is less generally known. She attracted the regards of the Moorish commander Abdalasis, and re-ascended, as his bride, the throne from which her former lord had been hurled by his victorious arms. The scattered Christian leaders, rightful heirs of the kingdom thus wrested from their grasp, maintained their faith and national independence for some centuries, in the inaccessible mountain fastnesses of their country. Skilfully availing themselves of every opportunity, they gained inch by inch on their infidel rulers, till they finally drove the Moors to the southern provinces of Andalusia and Grenada, and re-united to the petty territory of Navarre the rich provinces of Leon, Castile, and Arragon.

The rulers of Castile and Arragon contented themselves with the title of Condado, until the early part of the eleventh century. These important provinces were erected into kingdoms in the year 1034, Castile having for her monarch Ferdinand I., son of Sancho, the fourth king of Navarre and Donna Nuna his wife, heiress of Castile; and Arragon being bequeathed by Sancho to Ramiro I., his illegitimate

son. If we may believe the account of the chroniclers, Ramiro was indebted for his kingdom to the good offices of his father's wife, who preferred, from motives of gratitude, his interests to those of her own sons. Donna Nuna's story is highly interesting and romantic.

"Ere he departed on this expedition" (a war with the infidels), "Don Sancho earnestly commended to the Queen's care a horse, by which he set great store. In those days the Spaniards considered their horses, hawks, and arms, as their most valuable property. During the King's absence, Garcia, the eldest son, requested the Queen to lend him his father's favourite steed, and she was on the point of acceding to his desire, when Pedro Sese, Master of the Horse to the King, interfered, representing to her how much incensed the sovereign would be by her so doing. Her denial so much infuriated the rash youth, that he immediately wrote to his father, accusing Donna Nuna of criminal intercourse with the Master of the Horse. Surprised at the extraordinary tidings, the King hastened home; but, though the previous conduct of the Queen gave the lie to this infamous charge, on the other hand, it seemed utterly improbable that a son would coin this fearful tale without some foundation. Ferdinand, indeed, did not corroborate his brother's statement, but neither did he contradict it, and, when questioned, replied in so dubious a manner, as to increase the King's perplexity. The unhappy Queen was imprisoned in the castle of Najera, and the assembled nobles decreed that, according to the customs of the age, her guilt or innocence should be decided by a duel, and that, should her champion be defeated, or should she find no knight willing to do battle in her behalf, she should perish at the stake. The chances in Donna Nuna's favour were small indeed, the high rank of her accuser deterring many, who, convinced of her innocence, would, otherwise, have been willing to peril their lives to vindicate her honour; and the fatal day arrived bringing no hope of rescue to the doomed victim. In this extremity, when a cruel and lingering death seemed inevitable, an unexpected champion entered the lists and accepted the slanderer's defiance. The bold knight, who, compassionating the wretched mother, convinced of the falseness of the accusation, or actuated by some feeling of private animosity against the accuser, espoused the cause of Nuna, was Don Ramiro, a natural son of the King by a Navarrese lady of rank. Whatever might have been the issue of the combat, it could not but prove a sad one

to the monarch, but it was happily prevented by the interference of a monk, a man of great eloquence, and held in high repute for his sanctity. Horror-struck at the sight of two brothers arrayed in arms against each other, the holy man descended into the lists, and so wrought on the minds of both Garcia and Ferdinand, that, casting themselves at the King's feet, they proclaimed the Queen's innocence and confessed their own guilt. After the most severe reproaches, Don Sancho left the punishment of the culprits to the Queen, giving her full authority to act towards them according to her pleasure. Overcome by the entreaties of the nobles, who interceded for their pardon, Nuna forgave her unnatural sons, but exacted from the King that he should name her gallant champion heir to the Condado of Arragon, his noble conduct amply atoning for the stain upon his birth."—*Senora George's "Queens of Spain,"* vol. i. pp. 48–50.

Mrs. Forbes Bush also commences her notices of the Frankish Queens from the earliest historical period. Her first volume, which is occupied with this part of her subject, and which treats of the sovereigns of the middle ages, is undoubtedly much more interesting and important than the succeeding one. As the memoirs approach our own days, she indulges in digressions extraneous to her subject, and which appear to us highly reprehensible and unpleasing. It is well known that the state of morals at the court of France, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was corrupt in the extreme. Wide-spread depravity characterised all classes of society. Autobiographies, written in the most candid spirit of unblushing effrontery, were then the rage, the fashion, the prevailing epidemic; and consequently a vast mass of easily accessible material exists, from which those curious in such matters can chronicle the scandals of a licentious epoch. It may, perhaps, be necessary for the philosopher, acquainting himself with the depths of fallen human nature, to study the ample revelations which these memoirs afford of the degradation and sensuality of that abandoned age—an age whose crimes provoked the fearful retributive vengeance inflicted on the noblesse classes by the great French Revolution; but we would protest against these prurient details as topics on which to employ the pens of our lady-writers. "Whatsoever things are pure; whatsoever

things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report," *these* are the fit subjects for female composition, and surely they will be found sufficiently comprehensive. Mrs. Forbes Bush would therefore have done well, in our opinion, had she omitted the very full and ample information she obligingly communicates on the matrimonial infidelities of the Kings of France. Not a single link in the chain of royal mistresses is overlooked or forgotten; nay, more, she favours us with occasional comments, very unfeminine in tone and sentiment, and allows herself to speak contemptuously of the just anger evinced by some of the injured Queens, jealous of the open infidelities of their royal husbands.

Having said thus much by way of censure, let us thank Mrs. Bush for the interesting information given us in these volumes. We shall presently extract some passages which will afford pleasing specimens of the book itself.

The great western empire, established by Charlemagne in the ninth century, soon fell to pieces under his degenerate successors. The expiring and feeble Carolingian dynasty would have succumbed sooner than it did to the bold Capetians, had it not been for the firm and resolute character of a woman, Gerberge, Queen of Louis d'Outremer. Hugh le Grand had besieged her in the tower of Rheims; she defended the fortress; repaired the breaches made by the enemy—undaunted by the number and courage of her assailants, or the pangs of approaching maternity, for in the midst of her warlike achievements she gave birth to a son. Hugh Capet appreciated the indomitable courage and fortitude of Gerberge, granted her honourable terms of capitulation, and when she was left a defenceless widow upheld her son on his father's throne. Gerberge had attracted the regards of Louis d'Outremer by a not dissimilar occurrence.

"Louis was pursuing his enemy, Gislebert, Duke of Lorraine, who was drowned in attempting to swim with his horse across the Rhine. The Duchess Gerberge, his widow, vigorously defended her fortress in the country of Liege; Louis raised the siege, and possessed himself of the town, but conceived such a high esteem for her intrepidity that he asked her hand in marriage, and obtained it in 940. Gerberge was daugh-

ter of the Emperor of Germany, Henry I., surnamed l'Oiseleur or the Fowler."—*Mrs. Bush's "Queens of France,"* vol. i. p. 87.

The Church was all-powerful in those early ages. Though an important agent in civilising Europe, its yoke was often one of severe bondage. The reign of the second monarch of the Capetian race—that daring and hardy dynasty who had so recently supplanted their Carlovingian predecessors—affords an illustration of the tyrannical exercise of ecclesiastical authority, for the powerful King of France resented in vain the intolerable interference of the then Pontiff, Gregory the Fifth; and, after long but ineffectual resistance, found himself obliged to succumb to the mandates of the holy father. Robert the First had married Bertha, widow of the Count de Chartres:—

"The union, though one of affection, was very unfortunate. According to the laws of the Church then in vigour, a marriage of two persons, between whom there existed what was called a *spiritual alliance*, was not permitted. Robert had stood godfather at the baptismal font for one of Bertha's children by her first marriage, and this rendered them *spiritually allied*.

"Abbon, abbot of Fleury, was opposed to the celebration of the nuptials, but his efforts to prevent it having been fruitless he appealed to the Court of Rome, as at that time the popes exercised unbounded sovereignty. Robert omitted to request a dispensation from Pope Gregory V., which would have insured his alliance, but this neglect wounded Gregory's pride, and he excommunicated the erring pair, as well as those members of the Church who had authorised the union. The execution of this sentence was opposed to the rights of the French people; and the king and queen, who were tenderly attached, and dreaded the dissolution of a bond which formed their happiness, appeared indifferent to the thunder of Rome, and refused to submit.

"Gregory V. assembled a council, before whom he pronounced the marriage between Robert and Bertha incestuous and null; fulminated an anathema upon Archambaud, Bishop of Tours, who gave the nuptial benediction, condemned him to seven years of penitence, and placed the kingdom under an interdict until the king should dismiss Bertha. . . . The sentence of interdiction consisted in closing the churches, refus-

ing the sacrament, and denying Christian burial to the dead; the church bells ceased, the pictures in the sanctuaries were covered with black cloth, the statues of the saints were taken down, clothed in black, and placed on beds of cinders and thorns; everything wore an aspect of gloom in France, and the terrified people paid such humble deference to the orders of the Pope, that the king was universally abandoned; two devoted servants alone remained with him, and these threw everything which the hands of the royal pair had touched, into the fire, or to the dogs.

"The king must have had great energy and determination, as well as sincere conjugal affection, to remain with Bertha through all these evils. She was not less devoted to Robert, who united an elegant person to most rare and amiable qualities, and who, although sought by all the princesses of France and the neighbouring countries, preferred Bertha whom he had known from her infancy; so that the bishops, in consenting to the marriage, were actuated by the love of their country, for which they anticipated great advantage from this union.

"Although very devout, Robert was too much attached to his wife to yield to the will of the Pontiff. In the retired château of Vauvert, near Paris, the unfortunate pair braved the Roman curse, wandering together unattended through the groves and meadows, and admiring in the pure sky the image of a mild and beneficent Creator.

"The irritated Pope had the following formula proclaimed against the king, with the sound of the trumpet, throughout France:—'Cursed be he in cities; cursed be he in all countries; cursed with him be his children, his cattle, and his lands. No Christian shall consider him as his brother, or return him the salute of peace; no priest shall pray for him, or permit him to approach the altar to receive divine grace. Friendship, and the consolation of hope shall not visit him when on his death-bed; neither shall any beloved hand close his eyelids; his entrails shall burst from his body; his corpse shall remain unburied on the dismayed soil, and no pilgrim shall be suffered to throw a little earth upon his miserable remains; his name shall be held in opprobrium and horror by all future generations, or rather, his memory shall be abolished from among men; and the aurora of another life shall never dawn to rejoice his spirit.' The mutual affection of Robert and Bertha consoled them in their grief; but the porticoes of the Château Vauvert were constantly filled by the unhappy people, who, on their

knecs, entreated Robert to restore them to the exercise of the religion they so much loved and so superstitiously practised. The good king was desirous of satisfying his desolate subjects, but when he gazed upon his affectionate wife, he rejected the idea of separation; till at length Bertha, more courageous than the king, voluntarily resolved to submit to this generous sacrifice, which was to restore peace to the kingdom and dignity to the throne. Accordingly she quitted the court in 998, and the grief she endured caused the premature birth of a still-born infant, which the ignorant people attributed to a just punishment from heaven."—*Mrs. Bush's "Queens of France,"* vol. i. pp. 96–101.

Although these formidable weapons in the Church's arsenal were occasionally directed against the pure and good, this mighty artillery of interdict and excommunication was more frequently used to hold in check the evil passions of mankind, which would have been let loose on society, had they not been restrained by the dreaded censures of the ecclesiastical power, the only tribunal which could be brought to bear effectually on the minds and consciences of a lawless age. Man, in a state of barbarism, or semi-civilisation, requires to be subjected to a despotism which can coerce his proud will, repress his otherwise ungovernable passions, and fetter his power and inclination to do evil. The spiritual despotism which Rome has exercised has undoubtedly impeded, to some extent, the march of enlightenment and freedom; but in the middle ages its influence was highly beneficial. In those dark eras when might constituted right, the Church proved herself the protector of the weak when overmastered by the strong, the judicious encourager of learning, and munificent patron of the arts, as well as the fearless foe of the tyrant, the oppressor, and the abandoned sensualist. Two hundred years later than the reign of Robert, his descendant Philip Augustus—who had repudiated his innocent and modest wife, Ingborge of Denmark—was compelled by the Papal thunders to restore her to her rights and dignities. The interdict launched against the all-powerful monarch by Innocent III. was only withdrawn on condition that the Queen should have a fair trial, before any sentence of divorce could be pronounced, or carried into effect by the king.

"Ingborge had the privilege of choosing the place of assemblage, and fixed on Soissons, where she appeared in the court, as also did the king. The case was proclaimed with solemnity and regularity, when a young stranger advanced and asked permission of the queen to undertake her defence. Philip himself could not refrain from admiring the lofty courage and simplicity of this unknown orator, who pleaded the cause with so much warmth and energy that the judges were persuaded, and the audience loudly applauded, but not before the mysterious defender had disappeared. Philip foreseeing the issue of the proceedings, and not choosing that royal majesty should be submitted to human judgment, hastened to the convent to which Ingborge had retired, embraced her, placed her on his horse behind him, and conducted her to Paris, where he publicly acknowledged her as wife and queen in the year 1201."—*Mrs. Bush's "Queens of France,"* vol. i. pp. 146, 147.

But we must not lose sight of our fair English Princesses; and already we find ourselves engrossed in the fortunes of the French Queens of the twelfth century. Let us revert to the previous century, and glance at the family of the great Norman ruler of England.

Of the numerous daughters of William the Conqueror, the youngest, Adela, was the most distinguished. She has another claim on our notice, for her son, although he had no hereditary right, yet filled for a time the throne of his maternal grandfather. The character and destiny of Adela were alike remarkable. While still very young, and on the eve of marriage, her betrothed lover, Simon Crispin, Earl of Amiens, was seized with an earnest longing for the cloistral life. His imagination had been affected by the sight of his father's corse, exhumed three years after death; and the brave young baron, yielding to the impressions produced on his mind by the appalling spectacle, resolved to forego his brilliant prospects and youthful bride for the devotional exercises and rigid penances of the monastery. Many years afterwards the deserted Adela became the wife of Stephen Count of Blois. He also was a victim to religious enthusiasm, for he joined the ranks of the Crusaders, and in his second expedition perished on the field of battle. Then, Adela herself resolved to devote the remainder of her life to the service

of God. She retired to the priory of Marcigny, where she assumed the veil. Here, though dead to the world, her ambition—an element largely developed in her character, and one which never slumbered—was gratified by the distinguished position of her two sons, Theobald, the great Earl of Blois, and Stephen, who successfully usurped the crown of his cousin Maud, daughter and heiress of King Henry the First of England.

A long and very interesting biography of this princess—the Empress Queen—is given by Mrs. Everett Green in her first volume. The adventures of the Empress Maud are already familiar to all students of English history, so that we shall pass her by, and devote our limited space only to those less prominent characters among the English Princesses with whose story we are made acquainted by this agreeable writer.

The grandchild, and namesake of the Empress Maud, Matilda, eldest daughter of Henry the Second and Eleanor of Aquitaine, has peculiar claims on our regard. “She is the direct ancestress of the House of Brunswick, to which England is indebted for its last, and as every British heart must earnestly hope its longest, and greatest, and best dynasty of Sovereigns.” Eleanor of Aquitaine, mother to this young princess, played an important part in European history, and we must glance at her fortunes before tracing the career of her daughter Matilda.

Eleanor was the most beautiful woman, and the greatest heiress of her time: inheritrix of the most fertile provinces of France, which, as her dowry, became appanages to the Crown of England. She also forms a doubly-connected link between France and England. Her territorial possessions appeared to be secured to the former crown by her marriage with its monarch Louis le Jeune, at that time considered a most successful piece of statecraft. The lovely and youthful bride assumed the cross, and accompanied her lord to Syria; but yielding to the seductions that surrounded her at Antioch, then owning the sway of her near relative, Count Raymond, Eleanor forfeited the esteem and affection of her husband, who repudiated her on his return to France in consequence of the levity of her con-

duct while sojourning in the East. Scarcely was the divorce pronounced, when she wedded Henry Plantagenet, afterwards Henry the Second of England, and transferred by this act to the dreaded rival of the French monarch the provinces with which she was so richly dowered. By her second husband Eleanor became the mother of a numerous family; but strife and discord reigned among her children, and the infidelities of Henry made her experience the same acute pangs of jealousy which she had herself inflicted on Louis the Seventh.

But to return to her eldest daughter the Princess Matilda.

This little lady was only nine years old when her hand was sought in marriage by Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria. He was then in his thirty-sixth year, and by a former marriage had one child, the Lady Gertrude. His power, and the extent of his territories, are described in the distich or motto which we subjoin:—

“Heinrich der Low bin ich genannt
In aller Welt und Weit bekannt;
Von der Elbe an den Rhein
Vom Harz bis an die See war mein.”

The marriage of Matilda and Henry was celebrated with due splendour; £63 13s. 7d. an immense sum in those days, having been expended on the trousseau of the bride.

“A picture representing this marriage scene was painted at the time, and afterwards hung up in the Church of St. Blasius at Brunswick, which is engraved by Scheidins in his *Origines Guelficæ*. In spite of her juvenility, Matilda is represented as tall and womanly in her appearance, and Henry being young looking, considering his years, the difference between their ages is less strikingly apparent. The dress worn by the Duke on the important occasion is a richly embroidered tunic reaching to the ankles, surmounted by a cloak of white satin or velvet, the border all round cut into deep scallops and embroidered, thrown open in front, and having a deep falling cape which covers the waist; on his head is a low cap with a broad band richly set with gems, from the centre of which rise three ostrich feathers. Matilda’s dress is not quite so picturesque, her features are remarkably regular and well formed, but round her face she wears a full white frill, and not a particle of hair is to be seen. A coronet of strawberry leaves and pearls adorns her brow, from behind which depends a long

white veil, wrapped rather ungracefully round her throat and bosom ; her under-robe she wears very long, trimmed with fur, and confined at the waist by a narrow zone, and over this a large white mantle of silk or satin nearly enveloping her person in its folds, finished at the neck by a deep frill."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. i. p. 224.

Matilda remained in Germany while her gallant lord waged war in Syria with the Infidels. She was soon to experience the sorrows and joys of maternity. After a long absence Henry returned to his wife and child, laden with spoil and glory. The gifts conferred upon him by the Turkish Sultan of Iconium were splendid in the extreme :—

"After presenting him with a gorgeous caftan of the most costly manufacture and workmanship, eighteen hundred war-steeds were brought in, and each of the attendants of Henry was ordered to select that one for his own use which best suited his fancy ; after which thirty beautiful chargers, whose bits were of silver, their saddles of ivory, and their trappings of velvet inwrought with gold and gems, were given to the Duke ; as also two leopards and an immense lion, animals then almost unknown in Europe, with many slaves, all provided with horses for their own riding, and six camels, loaded with gifts of every description."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. i. p. 234.

Trouble and sorrow, however, were in store for Matilda and her gallant lord. Henry the Lion, after experiencing various fortunes of war, in a contest with the Emperor Frederick, became an exile from his native land :—

"The situation of the once powerful Duke of Saxony, stripped of his extensive possessions, reduced to comparative beggary, and banished as a disgraced exile, raised so much sympathy, that many of those nobles who had not joined in the recent decrees against him flocked to shew him respect, by accompanying him to any place where he might choose to retire. . . . With heavy hearts the Duke and Duchess, in the latter part of the year 1182, prepared for their departure from their own proud halls, to throw themselves as pensioners upon the hospitality of others. All their children went with them, excepting the infant Lothaire, who, on account of his tender age, was obliged to be left behind in charge of his nurses ; and attended

on their journey by a gallant train of nobles, they made their way to Argenton, where Matilda remained for several months an inhabitant of that palace which, sixteen years before, had re-echoed with the rejoicings of her bridal."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. i. p. 249.

Matilda having faithfully adhered to her lord in all his troubles and reverses, and enjoyed, spite of the disparity in their years, unalloyed domestic bliss, left him to mourn her irreparable loss :—

"Though Matilda had passed through such varied fortunes she had only attained her thirty-third year ; and her early death is generally attributed to the wearing effects of anxiety and sorrow for the misfortunes of her gallant husband. She was interred with much pomp in the Cathedral Church of St. Blasius, of which she had been the co-founder, and was followed to the grave by the sincere regrets of the people, to whom her many virtues had greatly endeared her.

"Her statue, carved in stone, was afterwards placed over her tomb by the care of her husband. The figure is tall, and the countenance bears the same regularly beautiful features with which she is portrayed in the picture already alluded to ; her brow is encircled by a coronet, unadorned save with a single rose in the centre, which denoted her descent from the houses of Normandy and Aquitaine ; the hair is braided down each side of the face, and the long white veil flowing behind is gathered in folds on the bosom. She wears a full under garment confined at the waist, and over all a mantle which nearly envelops her person ; her hands are clasped in the meek attitude of prayer, so touchingly expressive, which is almost universally adopted in ancient statues."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. i. p. 257.

This is a pleasing sketch of the fortunes of the ancestress of the House of Brunswick. The story of her sister Leonora, second daughter of Henry and Eleanor, is not less interesting. She was more beautiful in person than her elder sister, and was wedded at an equally tender age. She was alike fortunate in her choice, being fondly loved by her husband Alphonso the Good, King of Castile, and blessed with a numerous and promising progeny.

"She lived to see her only surviving son a King; and her four married daughters each in due time wore the regal circlet, so that of the Princess Leonora it may be truly said, that she was the daughter, sister, wife, mother, and grandmother of kings, and the ancestress of the races of mighty monarchs who, even now, occupy two of the most powerful thrones of Europe."

Blanche of Castile, third daughter of Alphonso and Leonora, bears an honoured name in history, and will long be remembered as the mother of Saint Louis, and the able regent of his kingdom during his minority, and afterwards during his absence in his crusading campaigns in the east. The marriage between Blanche and Louis the Eighth of France was skilfully negotiated by Eleanor of Aquitaine, maternal grandmother of the young bride. This Queen of England, more wise in her old age than when actuated by the passions of her youth, sought to heal those breaches she had herself created; and by this fortunate alliance connected the royal families of England, France, and Spain, in the amicable bonds of near relationship. Blanche is said to have owed her selection from among the daughters of Alphonso and Leonora, to her soft and musical name. Her elder sister, Urraca, was equally beautiful and attractive, but her Spanish name sounded harshly to the ears of the ambassadors sent to negotiate the marriage on the part of Louis the Eighth.

The events of her after life are familiar to all. Blanche of Castile has left behind her a very high reputation for virtue and wisdom. Her prudent administration as regent; her patriotism, her untiring energy, and her maternal devotion, have gained for her the favourable verdict of posterity; and so high was the opinion entertained of her by her successors, that several of the Queen Dowagers of France assumed the surname of "*Blanche*," as the Roman emperors did that of "*Augustus*."

Her son, Louis the Ninth, is pre-eminently the Hero of Christian Europe. History does not record, nor is it possible to conceive of a more perfect character than that of the self-sacrificing Saint and King. Noble and magnanimous, yet filled with the most profound humility of soul; wise and learned, yet single-minded and simple

as a child; ardent, daring, impulsive, and enthusiastic, his heart was more gentle and tender than that of the softest woman; while he united to all these characteristics, fervent and practical piety, and energetic activity in administration and in war.

We follow his short career with untiring interest from his cradle to the grave; and see before us, in imagination, the ingenuous and thoughtful child, sole hope of the French nation, and solace of his widowed mother, proudly presented by her to the assembled people. Again in his early youth we behold him painfully impressed with the sufferings of the Christian pilgrims of Palestine, at that time groaning under the ravages of the Tartar invasions; and kneeling at the altar in earnest prayer—*Delivrez-nous, Seigneur, de la fureur des Tartares*. We follow him to the couch of pain where the fevered monarch lies in mortal agony; while anxious crowds, surrounding the palace, offer up earnest petitions for his restoration to health,—the rumour passes from mouth to mouth that the beloved one has breathed his last sigh,—and tears and sobs burst forth uncontrolled from all that vast assemblage. But "heaven," to use the expressive words of the chronicler, "could not withstand the prayers and tears of an entire people, and reopened the gates of the tomb," and restored the patient sufferer for some years longer to his faithful people. But, alas! for France. Her monarch on his sick-bed vowed to assume the cross, and only awaited his convalescence to perform his covenant with Heaven.

Very strenuous exertions were made by his counsellors to dissuade Louis the Ninth from this rash undertaking. His mother, in especial, urged every argument—but in vain; the King was irrevocably fixed in his determination, and his gentle wife, Margaret of Provence, heroically resolved to share his fortunes, whatever might betide. The appeal of Queen Blanche is touching in the extreme. We shall quote her arguments from the narrative of M. Michaud, who has given us a most graphic picture of the subsequent crusades:—

"Mon fils, lui dit-elle, si la providence s'est servie de moi pour veiller sur votre enfance et vous conserver la couronne, j'ai peut-être le droit de vous rappeler les devoirs d'un monarque et les obliga-

tions que vous impose le salut du royaume à la tête duquel Dieu vous a placé ; mais j'aime mieux faire parler devant vous la tendresse d'une mère. Vous le savez, mon fils, il ne me reste que peu de jours à vivre, et votre départ ne me laisse que la pensée d'une séparation éternelle : heureuse encore si je meurs avant que la renommée ait apporté en Occident la nouvelle de quelque grand désastre ! Jusqu' à ce jour, vous avez dédaigné mes conseils et mes prières ; mais, si vous ne prenez pitié de mes chagrins, songez du moins à vos enfants que vous abandonnez au berceau ; ils ont besoin de vos leçons et de vos secours ; que deviendront-ils en votre absence ? ne vous sont-ils pas aussi chers que les chrétiens d'Orient ? Si vous étiez maintenant en Asie et qu' on vût vous apprendre que votre famille délaissée est le jouet et la proie des factions, vous ne manqueriez pas d'accourir au milieu de nous. Eh bien, tous ces maux que ma tendresse redoute, votre départ peut les faire maître. Restez donc en Europe, où vous aurez tant d'occasions de montrer les vertus d'un bon roi, d'un roi le père de ses sujets, le modèle et l'appui des princes de sa maison. Si Jesus-Christ exige que son héritage soit délivré, envoyez en Orient vos trésors et vos armées ; Dieu bénira une guerre entreprise pour la gloire de son nom. Mais ce Dieu qui m'entend, croyez-moi, n'ordonne point qu' on accomplisse un vœu contraire aux grands desseins de sa providence. Non, ce Dieu de miséricorde qui ne permet point qu' Abraham achevât son sacrifice, ne vous permet point d'achever le vôtre et d'exposer une vie à laquelle sont attachés le sort de votre famille et le salut de votre royaume."

Queen Margaret of Provence, as we have said, accompanied her husband to Palestine. She was devotedly attached to him, and very much afraid of her mother-in-law—a feeling which doubtless influenced her determination to undertake the perilous journey with Saint Louis. Margaret bore up nobly under the disasters which befell the Christian host in Egypt:—

"She was pregnant when the King was taken prisoner at Saint John d'Acre, in 1250, and was informed of this new catastrophe before her accouchement at Damietta, which place the King had confided to her government, and where she was besieged by the Saracens. It would be difficult to paint the desolation of the Queen on hearing of the captivity of her husband, and the dread of being exposed to the brutality of the licentious Asiatic soldiery threw her into despair.

"The cavaliers and soldiers from Genoa and Pisa, who formed part of the expedition, were enclosed in the town with her, and being without food, the auxiliaries desired to quit the place ; but Margaret summoned their captains, and promised to bring a sufficient quantity of provisions, if they would remain in Damietta, which was the King's last resource. The town was more and more surrounded by enemies, and in the difficult position in which she was placed the Queen feared the consequence of an assault ; she therefore retained but one soldier near her person, who was a distinguished chevalier, upwards of eighty years of age. In one of her moments of alarm she threw herself at his knees and entreated him to grant the request she was about to make ; the old cavalier swore to do so. 'Sir Chevalier,' said the Queen, 'by the faith you owe me, I conjure you to cut off my head if Damietta is taken by the Saracens.' 'I intended to do so,' replied the veteran. No record in history can afford a more heroic incident. Some hours after Margaret gave birth to a son, whom she called Tristan, on account of the unhappy circumstances which occurred at the period of his birth."—*Mrs. Bush's "Queens of France,"* vol. i. pp. 169–171.

Well might the afflicted queen call her babe Tristan. The ill-starred name was prophetic, for the circumstances attending his death were as mournful as those amidst which he was ushered into the world. The young Duke de Nevers, for so he was called, was tenderly beloved by his father, and with him, assumed the cross when St. Louis undertook his second and last crusade. It was terminated by the death of the hero-king at Tunis ; but he lived long enough to see his young bud of promise prematurely blighted—cut down by the fell disease which swept off thousands of the Christian army. The Crusaders had to contend with the disorders incidental to the unhealthy climate of Northern Africa, still more than with opposing infidel hosts. Tristan was among the first to sicken and die. He had shared his father's tent, and never left him until his removal was rendered necessary by illness ; and then he was carefully transported on board one of the French vessels lying at anchor in the Bay of Tunis. The king's anxiety to hear tidings of his state was intense ; but his inquiries met with no response from the attendants, and Louis truly divined that his son was dead. Na-

ture gave way, and the bereaved father wept abundantly: then kneeling before the cross he sought for consolation and strength whence alone they can be found, even from the Friend of the mourner—the compassionate Saviour and Redeemer of the world.

Louis the Ninth was destined soon to follow Tristan to the grave. When attacked by the fatal fever, he summoned his children to his dying-bed, and addressed them most impressively with his last breath. The maxims which he then inculcated on his son and successor Philip may even now be consulted; that young prince having had them carefully preserved as guides for the future regulation of his conduct, and to remind him continually of the duty he owed to his subjects. We cannot read these maxims without emotions of love, veneration, and respect for the upright nature which dictated them.

“Cher fils, si Nostre Seigneur t'envoie aucune persécution ou maladie ou autre chose, tu la dois souffrir debonnairement et l'en dois remercier et sçavoir bon gré; car tu dois penser qu'il l'a fait pour ton bien, et tu dois encore penser que tu l'as bien mérité, et plus encore s'il le veut pour ce que tu l'as peu aimé et peu servi et pour ce que tu as fait maintes choses contre sa volonté.”

“Si Nostre Seigneur t'envoie aucune prospérité ou de sante du corps ou d'autre chose, tu l'en dois remercier humblement, et tu dois prendre garde que de ce tu ne te desries, ni par orgueil, ni par autre tort, car c'est grand peché que de guerroyer Nostre Seigneur de ses dons.”

“Cher fils, aye le cuer compatissant envers les pauvres et envers tous ceulx que tu penseras qui ont souffrance de cuer ou de corps, et suivant ton pouvoir, soulage les volontiers de consolations ou d'aulmosnes.”

“Cher fils, s'il advient que tu parviennes au royaume prends soing d'avoir les qualités qui appartiennent aux rois, c'est-à-dire que tu sois si juste, que tu ne t'écartes de la justice, quelque chose qui puisse arriver. S'il advient qu'il y ait querelle entre un pauvre et un riche, soubtiens de preference le pauvre au riche jusqu'à ce que tu saches verité, et, quand tu la cognoistras, fais justice.”

“Cher fils, je t'enseigne que les guerres et débats qui seront en ta terre ou entre tes hommes, tu te mettes en peine, autant que tu le pourras, de les apaiser.”

“Cher fils, prends garde qu'il y ait

bons baillis et bons prevosts en ta terre, et fais souvent prendre garde qu'ils fassent bien justice, et qu'ils ne fassent à autrui tort ni chose qu'ils ne doivent.”

“Cher fils, je te donne toute la benediction que le pere peut et doit donner à son fils, et prie Nostre Seigneur Dieu Jesus Christ que, par sa grande misericorde et par les prieres et par les merites de sa bienheureuse mere, la Vierge Marie, et des anges et des archanges, et de tous saincts et de toutes saintes, il te garde et defende, que tu ne fasses chose qui soit contre sa volonté, et qu'il te donne grace de faire sa volonté, et qu'il soit servi et honoré par toi; et puisse t'il accordu à toi et à moi, par sa grande generosité, qu'après cette mortelle vie nous puissions venir à lui pour la vie eternelle, là où nous puissions le voir, aimer et louer sans fin.”

Love to God and man, impartial justice, and thoughtful consideration for his poorer subjects are here impressively urged on the future ruler of France. We have made these garbled extracts almost at random from the maxims of the dying monarch, and preferred quoting them in the quaint old French of that day, to rendering them into their less expressive English equivalents. The reader who may wish to peruse this important document will find it given at full length in the appendix to the third volume of M. Michaud's *Histoire des Croisades. Pieces Justificatives*, n. 8, p. 489.

Beatrice of Provence, sister of Queen Margaret, was married to Charles of Anjou, the younger brother of St. Louis. The cruel but successful career of conquest pursued in Sicily and Southern Italy by this adventurous prince was occasioned, it is said, by his Countess's petty jealousy of the superior rank of her crowned sisters, the Queens of France and England. The story runs, that Charles on one occasion unexpectedly entering his wife's apartments, found her bathed in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, but ineffectually. The husband's quick glance of affection detecting these traces of recent emotion, he questioned her, and found that jealousy and ambition contended within her breast. Charles passionately loved his fair Beatrice, and tenderly kissed away her tears. “Grieve not, my beloved,” he said to her, “you also shall be queen. The regal circlet would grace your brow no less brightly than the fair heads of Eleanor and

Margaret. I swear by your beauteous self that your wishes shall be accomplished—and speedily too—for, fondly as I love you, I here vow to forego your society until I have conquered a kingdom, and can ask you to share with me a diadem and a throne!”

In pursuance of this singular vow, Charles entered on his Italian and Sicilian wars, but only attained success by the perpetration of such cruelties as entailed the dreadful retribution of the Sicilian Vespers.

We now resume our notice of the English Princesses, children of Henry II. and Eleanor of Aquitaine. Joanna, their third daughter, was solicited in marriage by William II., King of Sicily. Their union was a happy one. William the Good, as he was fondly surnamed, was a beneficent ruler to his people, and kind and faithful in his conjugal relation. Joanna had to lament his early death, which left her a widow when only twenty-four years of age. She subsequently became the wife of Count Raymond of Toulouse, a man of very different character from her former husband, and mother of his ill-starred successor, Raymond, the seventh and last earl.

“The name of Raymond VI. of Toulouse will be for ever immortalised by his association with the persecuted sect of the Albigenses. It was about the period of his marriage that these simple-minded men first became sufficiently formidable to attract the notice of the Church; but, however deeply Raymond himself, either now or in his after life, became impregnated with the new doctrines, they do not appear to have had any effect upon the mind of his consort, for Joanna died as she had lived, a true member of the Catholic Church, though hitherto she had not shown herself either a very devout or a very liberal one. It was far more congenial to this spirited dame to encourage by her presence the hosts of the Crusaders, amidst the clang of trumpets and the waving of banners, by the side of her brother Richard, the lion-hearted, than to patronise grave old monks or sedate abbots; and the almost entire absence of all records of monastic benefactions on her part gives plain intimation that she paid little attention to the then sacred duty of enriching the Church. This circumstance does not speak favourably for the literature of the Princess Joanna; for the monasteries were in those days the sole receptacles of learning, and therefore uniformly patronised by all its admirers.

Almost the only ecclesiastical gift of hers on record is that of half the proceeds of the fishery of Mirmanda to the Church of Parauqueto, in the diocese of Agenois.”—*Mrs. Green's “Princesses of England,”* vol. i. p. 362.

Although Joanna's life was little devout, her last moments were highly edifying:—

“As the hour of death approached, and the solemn realities of eternity were opening before the view of one, who, through a busy existence, had paid but little attention to them, conscience became vividly alarmed. The account of her last hours is given us by a monk called Jean de la Mainferme, who had it from an eye-witness, and we subjoin the whole scene in a literal translation of his own words.

“Trusting,” says our chronicler, “to His truth and mercy, who will give a penny to him who works only at the eleventh hour, as well as to those who have laboured from the first, she greatly desired to assume a religious habit, and commanded the Prioress of Fontevraud to be summoned by letters and messengers; but when distance delayed her coming, feeling her end approaching, she said to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was then present, ‘O! my Lord Father, have pity on me, and fulfil my earnest desire; furnish my body with the arms of religion to fight my adversary, that my spirit may be restored more pure and free to its Creator, for I know and believe that if I might be joined in body to the Order of Fontevraud, I should escape eternal punishment. But the Archbishop, trembling, said that this could not be lawfully done without her husband's consent; but when he saw her constancy, and the Spirit of God speaking in her, moved by pity, and conquered by her prayers, he, with his own hand, consecrated and gave her the sacred veil; her mother and the Abbot of Tarpigny, with other monks, being present, and offered her to God and the Order of Fontevraud. She, now rejoicing, and unmindful of her pangs, declared she saw in a vision the glorious Mother of God, and as the Abbot told us, she cast her veil at the enemy, saying, ‘I am a sister and a nun of Fontevraud; thus strengthened, I fear thee not.’”—*Mrs. Green's “Princesses of England,”* vol. i. p. 366.

Such was the superstitious faith of those remote ages. Innumerable instances might be adduced in illustration of the belief entertained at the time of these personal conflicts.

the enemy of mankind: the monkish legends abound with these marvellous stories. Saint Dunstan, to whom we have before referred, was very successful in his contest with the archfiend, whom he seized by the nose with red-hot pincers, Satan, in consequence of his vigorous onslaught, having to make a precipitate retreat. Good angels and patron saints were almost as troublesome personages to have to deal with. A ludicrous instance occurs in the history of Pedro the Second of Arragon, and his wife Maria de Montpellier. The choice of a name for their son, the infant heir to the crown of Arragon, was a matter for mature consideration:—

“Maria, desirous of selecting for her babe a patron saint from among the Holy Apostles, yet unwilling that her preference of one should give offence to the others, ordered that twelve wax-tapers, bearing each the name of one of them, should be lighted and placed around the table. That which bore the name of the warlike patron-saint of Spain having far exceeded in brilliancy and duration the other tapers, the prince was christened Santiago, or, as the Aragonese call him, Jaime (James).”—*Senora George's "Queens of Spain,"* vol. i. pp. 60–1.

We have seen how brilliant were the alliances formed by the children of the powerful and politic Henry Plantagenet. The daughters of his son John were less fortunate in this respect. The eldest, Joanna, was betrothed to Hugh de Lusignan, formerly the affianced lover of her beautiful mother, Isabella of Angoulême. Before the marriage was consummated, King John died; and Queen Isabella, once more free, gave her own hand to the lover of her youth, Earl Hugh, the intended husband of her little daughter. Joanna was afterwards wedded to Alexander the Second of Scotland—a prince whose poverty was so extreme, that the expenses of his wedding had to be defrayed by his brother-in-law, Henry the Third of England. Joanna's married life was not happy; she died of consumption in her thirty-fifth year.

The destiny of her sister Isabella was more splendid, but scarcely more enviable. She became the third wife of the Emperor Frederic the Second—a man of loose morals, though of great genius and extensive learning. He

treated her with severity and harshness, and kept her secluded from court in a state little better than that of a prisoner. Isabella died in child-bed, and left two children—a son who did not long survive her, and a daughter who became the ancestress of the noble houses of Saxe-Cobourg and Saxe-Gotha,—“So that the blood of the Empress Isabella now runs in the veins of England's Queen, and, through her illustrious consort of the house of Saxe-Gotha, blends in a two-fold stream in those of the royal infants—the hope of the nation—the princes and princesses of England.”

Elcanora, third daughter of King John, possessed far greater energy of character than her elder sisters: indeed no lady of the middle ages plays a more prominent part in history than this proud, ambitious, and able woman. She was married, when very young, to William Earl Marshall, fourth Earl of Pembroke, the eldest of the five sons of the great Earl of Pembroke, Regent of England during the minority of Henry the Third, and possessor, in right of his wife, of the province of Leinster in Ireland. This powerful subject had secured for the infant son of his late master, King John, the wavering allegiance of the great feudatories, many of whom, indignant at the tyranny and duplicity of this monarch, had invited Prince Louis of France to assume the Crown of England. The sudden death of the detested king preserved his crown for his young son; for the barons, thus rid of the tyrant, listened to the overtures of the Earl of Pembroke on behalf of the youthful heir. He represented to them the inexpediency of aiding in the establishment of a foreigner on the throne of England, and, by timely concessions made to their just demands, induced them to offer their oaths of fealty to Henry the Third. The Earl of Pembroke was unanimously chosen Lord Protector of the Realm, and proved himself well qualified for this weighty trust by his faithful performance of its important duties. This remarkable man left behind him five sons and five daughters, his children by Isabella, sole child of Earl Strongbow and Eva, daughter and heiress of Dermot Mac Murrough, King of Leinster, who had invited the English invasion of Ireland, and rewarded the successful and adventurous

Strongbow with the hand of the inheritor of his kingdom.

William, the fourth Earl, son of the Earl of Pembroke and Isabella heiress of Leinster, inherited his father's power and high position, and was not considered an unworthy aspirant to the hand of the king's sister:—

“The marriage of an English princess with a mere subject was a circumstance very unusual in the annals of royalty, and is in itself a sufficient illustration of the all-but regal state of the powerful house of Pembroke. The titles of Earl of Pembroke, Lord of Streguile, Chepstow, Caer-went, Leigh, Wexford, Kildare, Kilkenny, Ossory, and Carlow, accompanied as they were by the essentials, as well as the mere show of power, would not sound insignificantly even in the ears of a maiden of royal blood. The grants of lands made to Earl William by the King, in addition to his extensive hereditary estates, were most munificent. Some of them were situated on the borders of Wales, and with the princes of that country this powerful noble frequently waged an almost even-handed conflict. Others were in Ireland, over which, with the title of justiciary, he exercised an almost viceregal jurisdiction; for all the principal fortresses were placed in his hands, and the then ample revenue of £580 per annum was assigned him from the Dublin Exchequer.”—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. ii. p. 52.

Eleanora was left a widow at the tender age of sixteen. The Earl Marshall died suddenly under peculiarly afflicting circumstances. He had been sharing in the festivities occasioned by the marriage of his sister to the Earl of Cornwall,—brother of King Henry, and presumptive heir to the English Crown,—when he was seized by mortal illness. The young king was greatly shocked at the sudden death of his brother-in-law, and is said to have exclaimed, on beholding the corpse—“Alas! is the blood of the martyred St. Thomas à Becket not yet fully avenged?”

William Earl Marshall was successively succeeded in his titles and estates by his brothers Richard, Gilbert, Walter, and Anselm, who all died without having issue; so that the vast Irish estates of the great Earl of Pembroke passed to his five daughters, made co-heiresses by the deaths of their brothers. Matthew Paris assigns as a reason for the extinction of the male line

of the house of Pembroke the following story:—

“During the Irish wars, two manors, belonging to an Irish bishopric, had fallen into the hands of the Earl of Pembroke, which he afterwards refused to restore. On his death the prelate who then held the see came over to England, and endeavoured to obtain restitution from William Marshall the younger; but the earl, declaring that the lands belonged to his house by right of conquest, expressed his determination to retain them. On which the bishop visited the grave of the father, uttering over it the most bitter execrations against the spirit of the departed earl; and, not thus satisfied, pronounced the withering sentence of untimely blight upon all the noble scions of the house of Marshall. This reached the ears of King Henry, who remonstrated with the bishop on the subject. ‘Sire,’ said he, ‘what I have said I have said, and what I have written is not to be reversed. The sentence, therefore, must stand. The punishment of evil-doers is from God, and the curse which the Psalmist hath written shall surely come upon this earl of whom I do thus complain—viz., his name shall be rooted out in one generation, and his sons shall be deprived of the blessing,—increase and multiply. Some of them shall die a miserable death, and their inheritance shall be scattered, and this thou, O King, shalt behold in thine own lifetime, yea, in thy flourishing youth!’”

The partition of Leinster among these co-heiresses (daughters of Isabella and the great Earl Pembroke), and its consequences, are thus quaintly given by Baron Finglas, Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer in King Henry the Eighth's time, in his “Breviat of Ireland”:—

“*Item.*—All the aforseyd five Daughters dureing the Life of ther Father and Brethren ware all marryed in *England* to Lordes, whoe aftir the Death of ther Brethren made Partition betwixt them of all *Leinster*, in Fourme followinge: the eldest had the County of *Katherlogh*, the second the County of *Weixford*, the third the County of *Kilkenny*, and the fourth the County of *Kildare*; the fifth had the Manor of *Donnemauss* in *Leix*, with othir certene Londes in the County of *Kildare*.

“*Item.*—The aforseyd Lordes, Husbands to the seyde Ladys, having grete Possessions in *England* of their owne, regarded little the defence of their Londes in *Ireland*; but took the Profitts

of the same for a while, as they could, and some of them never saw *Ireland*; and when their Revenues of the same began to decay, then he that had *Donnemaue* in *Leix* retained an *Irishman*, one of the *Moore*s, to be his Captaine of Warr in *Leix*, in defence agenst *Irishmen* upon that Borders.

“*Item.*—The othir two Lordes that had *Katherlogh* and *Weirford* reteyned oone of the *Karenagh*s, that remained in *Idrone*, to be Captaine of Warr for ther defence, and took no Regaurd to dwell themselves; so that within twenty yeres after or therabouts, in the beginning of Kyng *Edward* the II. hys reign, the sayd *Moore*, that was Captaine of *Leix*, kept that Portion as his owne, and called himself *O'Moore*, and the seyde Captaine of the *Karenagh*s kept a grete Porcion of the County of *Katherlogh* and *Weirford*, wherein he was Captaine, as his owne, and callid hymself *M'Morough*. And so within a little space astir he the seyde *M'Morough* grewe in strength, raised up the *Byrnes* and *Tohills* in his aide; soe that hitherto they have keped all the Countrey betwixt *Katherlogh* and the East Seas as ther owne, which is thirty miles and more; and soe began the decaie of *Leinster*.

“*Item.*—The Successours of the seyde *M'Morough*, being in grete strength in the latter end of Kyng *Edward* the III. hys dayes, the Kyng gave him Wages eighty Marks yerely out of the Exchequer.

“*Item.* Yt is to be considered, and true yt is, that in everie of the seyde five Porcions, that was conquered by Kyng *Henry Fitz-Empresse*, and souche Lordes and Gentilmen as came wyth hym into *Ireland*, and by his License and Commandment, left undir Tribut certen *Irishmen* of the principall Blood of *Irish* Nacion, that wer before the Conquest Inhabitants within everie of the seyde Porcions; as in *Leinster*, the *Karanagh*s, of the Blood of *McMorough*, some time kyng of the same; in *South Mounster* the *McCarties*, of the Blood of the *Carties*, some time kynges of *Corke*; in th' other Porcion of *Mounster*, by West the River of *Shenynne*, where *O'Brien* is, which (as I read) was never conquerid in obedience to the Kyng's Laws, *O'Brien* and his Blood, have contynued there still, which *O'Brien* gave Tribut to Kyng *Henry Fitz-Empresse*, and to his Heirs, by the space of one Hundred Yeres; and the Lorde *Gilbert de Clare* Erle of *Gloucester*, had one of the best mannors in the sayde *O'Brien's* Countrey, and dwelid in the same, and *Connaught* was left undir Tribut certen of the Blood of *O'Connor*, some time kyng of the same, certain of the *Kellys*, and others.”

It is a singular fact that the conquests made by the English adventurers in *Ireland* passed, in the next generation, in almost every instance, into other hands, by the failure of male heirs to the possessors of these vast estates. *Leinster*, as we have seen, descended to Earl Strongbow by his marriage with its heiress, *Eva Mac Morough*; and, through their daughter *Isabella*, vested in the great Earl Marshall. Failing the issue of his five sons, it was partitioned among his five daughters, and so broken up into petty states as the property of their respective husbands. *Hugo de Lacy* inherited *Connaught*, by his marriage with the daughter of its King, *Roderick O'Connor*. His two sons, *Walter*, Lord of *Meath*, and *Hugh*, Earl of *Ulster*, left no male issue: *Margaret* and *Maud de Lacy*, daughters of the elder son, brought the fertile territory of *Meath* to their respective husbands, *Sir Theobald Verdon* and *Geoffry Geneville*; while the daughter and sole heiress of the Earl of *Ulster* brought this northern province of *Ireland* to *Walter de Burgho* as her dower. Ere many generations had passed, this vast territory became again centred in a female inheritrix, *Elizabeth de Burgho*, whose marriage with *Lionel Duke of Clarence*, son of King *Edward* the Third, led to the annexation of the Province of *Ulster* to the Crown of England; and through this lady, the heir-apparent to our throne claims, in addition to his title of Prince of Wales, the scarcely less princely dignity of Earl of *Ulster*.

But we have wandered far from *Eleanora*, the widowed Countess of *Pembroke*, and must return from these prospective inquiries to resume her eventful history.

Six years of comparative seclusion passed over the head of the young widow, and served to develope more fully her ripening charms. Her wounded heart had ceased to bleed, and, forgetful of a vow made in the first gush of sorrow, that she would from henceforth be the bride of Christ, her heart opened once more to the sentiment of earthly love, and she consented to a private marriage with *Simon de Montford*, Earl of *Leicester*. This nobleman was younger son to the celebrated *De Montford*, who conducted the crusade against the *Albigenses*, and wrested the province of *Toulouse* from Count *Ray-*

mond, husband of Joanna of England, of whom we have already spoken. Almaric, eldest son of Simon de Montford, inherited his French estates, and surrendered his claim on the Earldom of Leicester to his younger brother, now become husband to the Countess of Pembroke, and brother-in-law to the King of England.

Eleanora bore the Earl of Leicester a large family of promising sons, and one gentle daughter, destined to great sorrows in her after life. The Countess had retired, upon her marriage, to her lord's princely castle of Kenilworth, and devoted herself to the care of her children, and the exercise of hospitality during his frequent absences abroad. "The providing of garments for every member of her establishment, attending to her larder, buttery, and poultry yard, entertaining the poor, and occasional guests, especially those of the monastic orders, and her correspondence, which appears to have been extensive, occupied her time, and afforded scope for her energies." The castle was favourably circumstanced; it was capacious, yet so strongly fortified as to be well nigh impregnable: its banquetting hall alone was capable of containing two hundred persons.

"Kenilworth was also privileged to hold its own courts of justice. It had its assize of bread, beer, &c., to regulate the prices, and weights and measures of these and other provisions; its court-baron, for the recovery of debts and punishment of minor trespasses, and its court-leet, to judge more serious crimes. From the sentence of this tribunal there was no appeal; for a gallows, which frowned from the walls of the castle, stood ready to execute the last sentence of the law upon the convicted offender. This last appendage is strongly characteristic of the period when might was so often substituted for right, and when a proud baron could, under a show of justice, take summary vengeance on those who had offended him."

But these pursuits of peace were to be succeeded by a time of excitement and alarm. Simon de Montford having gained the confidence of the barons and people of England, and, actuated by the love of power, or patriotism—perhaps both—made himself virtual ruler of the kingdom, and dictated to King Henry, and his son Prince Edward, the "Provisions of Oxford." Hume, in his narrative of the reign of

Henry the Third, briefly expresses the nature of these changes in the English Constitution:—

"They," (the barons, headed by Simon de Montford) "ordered that three sessions of parliament should be regularly held every year, in the months of February, June, and October; that a new sheriff should be annually elected by the votes of the freeholders in each county; that the sheriffs should have no power of fining the barons who did not attend their courts, or the circuits of the justiciaries; that no heirs should be committed to the wardship of foreigners, and no castles entrusted to their custody; and that no new warrens or forests should be created, nor the revenues of any counties or hundreds be let to farm. Such were the regulations which the twenty-four barons established at Oxford, for the redress of public grievances."

"But the twenty-four barons, not content with the usurpation of the royal power, introduced an innovation in the constitution of parliament, which was of the utmost importance. They ordained that this assembly should choose a committee of twelve persons, who should, in the intervals of the sessions, possess the authority of the whole parliament, and should attend, on a summons, the person of the king in all his motions. But so powerful were these barons, that this regulation was also submitted to; the whole government was overthrown, or fixed on new foundations; and the monarchy was totally subverted, without its being possible for the king to strike a single stroke in defence of the constitution against the newly invented oligarchy."

Civil war became inevitable; and soon ensued. At first signal success attended the arms of the Earl of Leicester. In the battle of Lewes he made himself master of the persons of the king, and of Prince Edward; but the subsequent escape of the latter rendered these advantages nugatory.

Edward found means to communicate with the Earl of Gloucester, and induced this nobleman to send a horse of extraordinary fleetness to a certain appointed place of rendezvous near Hereford, where the Prince then resided, under the vigilant surveillance of the Earl of Leicester. The Prince, while taking the air on horseback, closely surrounded by the guards and adherents of Simon de Montford, contrived to engage them in running races

of which he was to be the umpire. Having sufficiently blown their horses he put spurs to his own, and, gaily waving his hand to the attendants, bade them a courteous adieu. Having exchanged his steed for the horse provided by the Earl of Gloucester, he soon distanced his pursuers, and made good use of his recovered liberty by summoning to his banner the royalist troops, and marching to the succour of the king, and the attack of Earl Leicester's forces.

This nobleman promptly prepared for the inevitable combat. He sent for immediate reinforcements to his son, the younger Simon de Montford; who, on his part, lost no time in assembling a formidable army. Prince Edward, foreseeing the importance of preventing a junction between the father and son, intercepted, by a forced night march, the contingent of the young De Montford, who narrowly escaped being made prisoner amid the slaughter of his discomfited troops. The victorious Edward hastened to improve his victory by a decisive battle with the Earl of Leicester's forces. The encounter of the hostile armies is given with great animation by Mrs. Green:—

“Expecting to join his son's forces, Earl Simon marched from Hereford, across the Severn, towards Worcester, and staying two days near Ramsey, arrived on the third at Evesham. Scarcely had he reached this spot than the floating of banners, approaching from the north, gave token of the arrival of troops in the direction in which those of young Montford were expected. Considerable excitement prevailed concerning the advancing host, which was not allayed until Nicholas, the barber of the Earl, who blended some knowledge of heraldry with the medley of medical and other miscellaneous learning which then appertained to his profession, positively declared, from the blazonry on the banners, that they belonged to the party of young Simon. The Earl, however, had still some vague suspicions floating in his mind; and he ordered his barber to mount the steeple of the Abbey of Evesham, to obtain a more commanding view of the host. On approaching nearer his enemy, Prince Edward, who had at first displayed the colours taken at Kenilworth, in order to deceive the Montfords, changed his tactics, and the royal banner of England, with those of the Earl of Gloucester and Sir Roger Mortimer, were unfurled to the breeze, and filled the heart of the worthy Nicho-

las with dismay. ‘We are dead men,’ he exclaimed to his lord as he communicated his tidings. De Montford himself was not sanguine as to the result of a contest with such unequal forces; but he assumed a cheerful air, and encouraged his soldiers with confident expressions, telling them it was for the laws of the land, and the cause of God and justice, that they were to fight. He himself led one part of the little host, and his eldest son Henry the other; and to give countenance to their cause, they placed King Henry among their ranks. As the royalist troops advanced, their number and martial array struck terror into the heart of the brave De Montford. ‘By the arm of St. James,’ he cried, ‘they approach in admirable order; they have learned this style from me, and not themselves’—adding mournfully, ‘let us commend our souls to God, for our bodies are theirs.’ His son Henry endeavoured to cheer him, by exhorting him not to despair so soon. ‘I do not despair, my son,’ replied the Earl; ‘but your presumption, and the pride of your brothers, have brought me to this crisis, and I firmly believe that I shall die for the cause of God and justice.’

“The fight commenced about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th of August (1265); but the daring valour of Prince Edward's troops, and the pusillanimous conduct of the Welsh soldiers who were in the army of the Earl, soon showed how the scale of conflict was to turn. The earl and his son performed prodigies of valour; they exerted themselves to stem the torrent of disaster, and each led their men to a renewed charge, in which young Montford, bravely fighting, fell. The news of his death was forthwith communicated to his father. ‘By the arm of St. James,’ he cried, vociferating for the last time his favourite oath, ‘then it is time for me to die!’ and, grasping his sword with both hands, he rushed upon his assailants, striking with such rapidity and vigour, that a witness of the scene asserted, that had he had but eight followers like himself, he would have changed the fortune of the day. Wounded however, by a blow from behind, he was struck from his horse, and instantly despatched; and the fate of the battle was decided.”—*Mrs. Green's “Princesses of England,”* vol. ii. p. 139.

The battle of Evesham was a fatal blow to the house of Montford. Eleanor had not alone to lament the loss of her husband and her son on the bloody field, but to mourn the destiny of her surviving children, exiles and suppliants on the bounty of others. While

resident in Italy, Simon and Guy de Montford, actuated by base and vindictive motives, were guilty of the murder of their cousin, Henry of Germany; but this dastardly crime did not escape unpunished; for the former, pursued by the execrations of all, died miserably soon after; and Guy had to endure a lengthened imprisonment, and the horrors of Papal excommunication. He was, at last, freed from these penalties for his offence; and became by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of the Earl of Tuscany, the founder of that house of Montford, which afterwards played an important part in the history of Northern Italy.

The Countess of Leicester died in France in comparative obscurity and great poverty, commending with her last breath her youngest son Almaric to the care and clemency of her nephew Edward, then the reigning sovereign of England. Just before her death she witnessed the marriage, by proxy, of her only daughter to Llewellyn Prince of Wales, to whom the young Eleanora had long been attached. The Welsh prince had sought her hand when her father was all-powerful; and, faithful to love, he did not desert her in the time of trouble and disaster. After her mother's decease, Eleanora, escorted by her brother Almaric, sailed for Wales to join Llewellyn, but unfortunately the vessel was intercepted, and the Princess of Wales found herself a captive in the hands of the hostile English King.

Edward ungenerously extorted the hardest conditions from Llewellyn, before he released his hold on Eleanora. The hapless Prince was required to do homage, and acknowledge that he held his country as a fief of the English Crown; to permit his nobles also to render fealty to Edward; and to give hostages for his future submission, before he was rewarded by the hand of his plighted bride. These important

conditions being obtained, Edward himself was present at the wedding, which was celebrated with great splendour; and Eleanora and her lord at once retired from court, to forget the ignominy of this submission, and to enjoy personal freedom in the mountain fastnesses of the Principality.

But their tranquillity was of short continuance. Eleanora, having long endeavoured to act the part of mediatrix in the differences which sprang up between her husband and cousin, perceived at last that war was inevitable, and that nothing but the total subjugation of Wales would satisfy the ambition of the politic Edward. The contest proved fatal to the weaker power. Llewellyn, fighting bravely for the independence of his country, perished in the field of battle, with two thousand of his faithful followers. His gallant brother, David, headed the remnant of his scattered army; but at last, betrayed into the hands of his foe, he expiated on the scaffold the crime of defending his native land; and his corse, like that of a common traitor, was hanged, drawn, and quartered, by order of the ruthless King. In the midst of these troubles, the young wife of the last independent ruler of Wales gave birth to a daughter, and passed away from an existence which had proved to her so full of sorrow. The motherless child lived, but her life, from the cradle to the grave, was spent in captivity. She was watchfully guarded by Edward the First, and, at a proper age, embraced a conventual life in the nunnery of Lempringham.

The fortunes of this princess bring us only to the close of the thirteenth century, and how many lives of illustrious maidens and matrons remain still to be chronicled between that period and the closing days of courtly and chivalrous romance! But enough for one reading on a subject which will bear so well to be reverted to.

SLINGSBY IN SCOTLAND.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

Carrigbawn, September 26.

WHEN last you had sight of us, my dear Anthony, on our Highland rambles, we were gathered round the Queen's Well, in the pass of Glen Tilt, drinking Her Majesty's health in bumpers from the royal fountain. We now once more put ourselves in motion, and we found that our route lay along the same pathway with Archie and his companion for some miles further, where they purposed to strike off in another direction over the hills. The old forester, for he turned out to be one of the Duke's men, became very communicative. He knew every inch of ground within view, could tell the name of every hill and valley, and narrate the wild legends connected with them. Passing along the bends of the river, here and there hidden by a thick screening of plantations, we reached Clachglass, or the Gray Stone—so Archie called it—where the valley of the Tilt may strictly be said to commence. The character of the scenery suddenly changes. Wooded hills no longer retire in gentle and diversified slopes from the river; but on our right Benigloe reared its steep, grassy sides into the heavens, towering high above the neighbouring eminences—meet home for the eagle, which builds her eyrie on its summit; down its sides, furrowed by the channels of many a winter torrent, the wild deer were browsing, while at the base the kestrel swooped upon her prey. When we turned our eyes to the opposite side, along the shingly and precipitous sides of Craig Calloch, we saw the deer bounding up them till at last they stood upon the broken line of their summits, thrown out strongly against the sky, and crossing, with surprising rapidity, from place to place. Straight before us, we could see the river flowing down from the mountains that closed our view. "Whist!" said Archie, stopping suddenly and putting his hand to his ear.

A faint halloo from the distance came with the wind upon our ears.

"Ay!" continued the old man, as his eye brightened up, "the duke's out, sure enough, the day."

"And we have a chance of seeing some sport?" said I.

"Na, na," said he. "The deer won't come this way, I'm thinking."

"Nor the Duke either," added Absalom, remembering Bishop's valiant defiance of last evening.

"Well," replied Jack, "if my lord of Athol doesn't choose to dispute the right of passage with us, of course there's an end of the matter—it can't be helped, that's all."

Archie was right—neither the deer, nor of course the dogs, or the Duke and his merry men, crossed our path on that day; and Bishop was obliged to solace his mighty soul with the prospect of a paltry wrangle with a ranger or two, and perhaps an inglorious compromise, through the instrumentality of Absalom and a half-crown. Lindsay, meantime, interrogated Archie, touching the possibility of accomplishing the journey without the license of the duke.

"Weel, ye'll no' find any one to speer at ye, I'm thinking, the day, because the rangers are all awa' with the Duke ayont, an' ye'll maybe no see a saul till ye gang to the bouns at the Braes o' Mar."

"And then," said I, "we're out of the Duke of Athol's dominions."

"Ou, ay! When ance ye're fairly past the bouns."

"Well, but we may meet some of the keepers or rangers at the bounds."

"Like enough."

"And what'll be the consequence?"

"Why, if ye hae a pass frae the Duke, ye'll just show it and gang where ye like—naeboddy will fash ye."

fc. "And if we haven't?"

tho. Why then ye'll just hae to come back again to Blair for the nicht, that's
Mor,
and i

“Or”—said I, whispering Archie, and significantly touching my pocket. The old fellow laughed dryly, and replied—

“Weel, I dinna ken; but if my son Donald is on the marches the day, I’m thinking ye’ll nae find it an easy thing to fletcher him that gaet.”

“Then,” said Bishop, “we must only fling him into the river, Archie.”

“Ay, ay,” said Archie, “but I’d rede ye tak him cannie; he’s an awfu’ strong chiel, forebye a wee bit crankous; gin he ance gets his hans on ye’r thrapple, man, ’twill aiblins be nae that easy to shake him aff.”

“Hout, tout! ne’er fash yoursel’ aboot that, man,” said Jack, valorously; and he forthwith broke out in a defiant snatch of the old ballad of “The Duke of Athol:”—

“Blair in Athol is mine, Jeanie,
Blair in Athol is mine;
Bonny Dunkel is whare I dwell,
And the boats o’ Garry’s mine.”

Archie did not seem to relish much anything that savoured of disrespect to the great laird of “Blair in Athol,” neither did he desire on the other hand to take offence needlessly with those whom the casualties of travel threw in his way; a disposition most excellent, and to be followed by all, as well in the journey of the day as in the travel of life; and so he shrewdly availed himself of an incident to turn the conversation. Gripping Bishop’s arm suddenly, and with a compression somewhat maliciously tight, I suspect, that made the would-be assailant of the Duke to wince, he said—

“Look up there, straight aboon ye.”

Jack looked up till his eyes blinked.

“Well, I see nothing but the sun, and even that but badly; ’tis too bright for my peepers.”

“Ay, ay,” replied the forester, chuckling, “ye canna see the wood for the trees. Weel, there’s ane that my auld een can see ower yon mountain that can look at the sun without a blink. See how he hangs richt ower the craig, wi’ his wings spread out like sails; ye might fancy he was asleep on the air. Now, now, man, watch what a swoop he’ll make.”

At this moment, by intently straining our eyes, we were able to descry what the keener and more practised vision of Archie had already detected, a magnificent eagle, soaring high above the topmost peak of the precipitous mountain; he was evidently, as Archie said, preparing for a swoop upon his prey:—

“His broad, expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air;
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up.”

Thus he remained for a moment after we first caught sight of him, his eye, doubtless, exploring the cliff beneath with that wondrous keenness which detects the timid hares in their forms, and the wild-fowl in their coverts; then, with a sudden dash, he shot downwards on his victim, and was lost to our sight. I involuntarily repeated Byron’s fine lines in “Marino Faliero”:—

“Even as the eagle overlooks his prey,
And for a moment poised in middle air,
Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,
Then swoops with his unerring beak—”

“Na, na! sir,” said Archie, “ye’re wrang there; the eagle clutches wi’ his claws, and no’ with his beak, ony creature that he pounces upon; but he’ll tear a young leveret or a grouse wi’ his beak, nae doubt, when aince he has it in his talons.”

“But, Archie,” said I, “the words I spoke were written by a great poet.”

“I dinna care gin they war writ by Rob the Ranter himsel,” replied the forester, piqued at having his knowledge questioned; “I tell ye what I hae seen wi’ my ain een mony a time amang the hill-tops and in the heather, and ye maunna believe ony sic like bletherin’.”

There was no disputing an assertion so authoritative, so we gave up the point, and continued our journey agreeing with our adversary quickly. When we had walked a few miles further on, our old friend pointed out to our observation a little stream that fell from the summit of Craig Calloch, and wound downward through its grey rocks.

"Do ye ken the name o' that linn far awa up the hills?"

"No, I do'nt; how should I?" said I.

"Weel, they ca' it the Pudding Waterfall."

"Rather a thin sort of affair for a hungry stomach," remarked Bishop.

"Throth ye're no wrang there; I wad sooner fill my wame wi' brose or sowans; but I'm just gaun to tell ye how that wee stream got the name o' Pudding; gin ye'd like to hear a story o' auld lang syne?"

We all expressed our desire to do so, whereupon Archie told us the following legend, for the truth of which I do not mean to vouch, nor for the correctness of the names of the characters who were concerned in it.

A long time ago, but how long, our chronicler knew not,—nor, indeed, could he be induced by us to approximate within a century, or so, to the time of the drama, being of opinion, I suppose, that a fact is a fact, no matter when it took place, and that chronology may be most conveniently classed in two eras, the past and the present,—a long time ago, when the powerful clan of the Cumyns were lords of half the country round, the chief of that clan slew a neighbouring chieftain, with whom he had a feud; for feuds in those days were as easily found as blackberries, and quarrels might be had any day in the year for the *picking*. He that was slain had, at the time of his death, an only child, an infant, of the name of Hugh. The widow treasured deep within her heart the hope of vengeance, which the daily sight of her son, recalling, by his features, the memory of her slaughtered husband, kept ever awake. With the first opening of his intellect, he was instructed in the deed that made him fatherless, and taught to look forward to avenging his parent as a holy obligation cast upon him; and so, with his strength and his stature, grew his hatred of the Cumyns, and his resolution to take the life of him who had slain his father. He spent his days in the woods practising archery, till at length he became a most expert bowman. None could send a shaft with so strong an arm, or so true an aim, as Hugh Shenigan; and the eagle or the red deer was sure to fall beneath his arrow, when the one was soaring too high in the air, or the other fleeing too swiftly on the hill, for ordinary woodcraft. But it was not the eagle or the deer that kept Hugh in the forest, and upon the mountains, from the dawn of the morning till the setting of the sun. He was watching for other prey, and at length chance brought what he sought within his reach. One day he climbed up the side of Benigloe, and took his station upon a spot that commanded a view of the glen between it and the opposite range of hills. He had ascertained that Cumyn would return to Blair by the glen that evening; and so it happened, that an hour or so before sun-fall he espied the chieftain, with two of his clan, wending onwards towards the base of the hill. A few minutes more, and they would reach a point within the range of his bow. His practised eye measured the distance, and his heart throbbed with a fierce, dark emotion, as he put the shaft to the thong, and drew it, with a strong arm, to his ear. With a whiz, the arrow sped from the bow, and cleft the air with the speed of light, while a wild shout burst from the lips of the young archer. His anxiety, it would seem, did not suffer him to wait till his foe had come within range of his arrow, for it sank quivering into the earth at the foot of him for whose heart it was aimed. The shout and the shaft alike warned the Cumyns that danger was nigh, and not knowing by what numbers they might be assailed, they plunged into the heather on the hill side, and were quickly lost to the sight. But the young man watched with the keenness of an eagle, and his sense seemed intensified with the terrible desire of vengeance that consumed him. At length, just where the little stream falls from the crown of the hill, the form of a man became visible, standing out from the sky, now bright with the last light of the setting sun. With a strong effort, the young man mastered the emotion of his heart, as the gambler becomes calm, ere he throws the cast upon which he has staked his all. The bow is strained to its utmost, the eye ranges along the shaft from feather to barb, it is shot forth

as if winged by the very soul of him who impelled it. One moment of breathless suspense, and in the next the chief of the Cumyns falls headlong into the stream, pierced through the bowels by the deadly weapon.

“That young gentleman drew a very long bow,” said Bishop, when Archie had concluded.

“But not longer than his historian,” added Absalom.

“What may the distance be, think you?”

“Aweel, I suld think it canna be mickle ower a quarter o’ a mile.”

“And I’m sure it can’t be much under double that.”

“In good old times the long-bow archers would think nothing of shooting at that distance,” said I, “if we can credit the testimony of the old writers. In the ballad of Robin Hood we learn that

“ ‘The father of Robin a forester was,
And he shot in a lusty long-bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know.’ ”

“The inch be d—d, as Mr. Mantilini said of the halfpenny,” said Jack ; “I don’t believe a word of it.”

“Pray, Mr. Macbeth, do you certify the truth of this story?”

“Why, ye see, a man suld na answer for onything but what he kens o’ his ain knowledge ; but if ye dinna believe it as I tell the tale, ye can speer at Maister Norman M’Leod, the minister at Glasgow, that wrote a book about all the auld stories o’ the Hiellands.”

We had reached a point where the Taarf tumbles down, in two small streams, into the waters of the Tilt, when our attention was attracted by two piers, between which it was evident a bridge had been thrown across at no very distant period. Now, however, the traveller was forced to cross upon the precarious footing which occasional stones in the river afforded him. A few questions soon elicited the explanation. The noble Duke of Athol had cut away the bridge, to prevent the people from having the free use of a thoroughfare through these barren wilds ! With no very complacent feelings towards his Grace, we parted from Archie Macbeth, and pressed onward over the difficult path that led to the marshes of Braemar. In the distance we espied a tall, loose-limbed, and heavily-made young man, who at once made up to us, and asked us if we had got the Duke’s permission to pass. Bishop immediately prepared to show fight, and I know not what might have been the result, for Donald Macbeth was not the sort of fellow that one could dispose of without trouble, when, to our surprise, Absalom stepped forward, and exhibited a written pass signed by the Duke. And so we departed, shaking the dust off our feet as a testimony against this ungracious laird. I wish, by the way, he could hear the people of the neighbouring properties speak of him with the freedom which we did. He would learn with what mixed feelings of dislike and ridicule his conduct in relation to Glen Tilt is regarded, and might, for shame sake, if from no other cause, abandon the enforcement of a right which, even if it do exist, it is so unworthy to insist on.

“A halt. I cry a halt,” said Jack Bishop. “I feel somewhat out of wind, from scrambling over those treacherous shingles, and hopping across the quaky bogs of his Grace of Athol. I think I could eat ‘a poor man’ as well as any Scottish laird of them all. So open your portable larder, Absalom, and let us walk into the edibles.”

We sat down upon the peat, and acquitted ourselves like men ; then Bishop, rapping with his knuckles upon his drinking flask, to command attention, and waving his cup after the fashion of a toastmaster, said :—

“Gentlemen—ahem ! Gentlemen, as I sang the last song, the call is with me. Lindsay, I call upon you for a song.”

“I sang immediately before yourself, and am, in all fairness, exempt till it comes round to my turn again.”

“And so it has. You see Absalom can’t sing, inasmuch as his voice is as straight and inflexible as a poker, without a shake or a turn in it : he therefore ‘stands mute by the visitation of God,’ as the lawyers say ; and Jonathan is

excused by reason of his working up the raw material for those who can sing. You are, then, the next on the list; so 'leave off your damnable faces, and begin.' "

" Well, then, here 's an old Scotch ballad, which I dare be sworn none of you have ever heard—

ANNIE RAMSAY.

I.

*Down amang the bonnie braes,
Down amang the sunny braes,
We'll roam the lee-lang simmer dags,
Amang the bloomin' heather.*

" Will ye keep your troth to me,
Winsome Annie Ramsay?
Will ye keep your troth to me,
Winsome Annie Ramsay?
Will ye keep your troth to me?
My ain true luv will ye be?
Then meet me at the trysting tree,
Winsome Annie Ramsay."

II.

" I will keep my troth to ye,
My ain cantie laddie.
I will keep my troth to ye,
My ain cantie laddie.
I will keep my troth to ye;
Your ain true luv I will be,
And meet ye at the trysting tree,
My ain cantie laddie."

III.

Wi' the blinkin' o' the dawn,
Winsome Annie Ramsay,
Frae her maiden bed is gaun,
Winsome Annie Ramsay.
Wi' the blinkin' o' the dawn,
Frae her maiden bed is gaun,
Linking o'er the gowany lawn,
Winsome Annie Ramsay.

IV.

By the lanesome rowan tree,
Winsome Annie Ramsay,
Meets her true luv stowlinlie,
Tentless Annie Ramsay.
By the lanesome rowan tree,
Whar nae e'en the twa may see,
Meets her true luv stowlinlie,
Tentless Annie Ramsay.

V.

" Will ye gang wi' me awa',
Winsome Annie Ramsay?
Will ye gang wi' me awa',
Winsome Annie Ramsay?
Will ye gang wi' me awa',
Frae father, mither, freen's an' a',
Nor greet to lea' your hame awa,
Winsome Annie Ramsay?"

VI.

“ Oh! weel I lo’e my father dear,
 My ain cantie laddie;
 My mither’s tears wad grieve me sair,
 My ain cantie laddie.
 Though weel I lo’e my father dear,
 Though mither’s tears wad grieve me sair,
 To part frae ye wad grieve me mair,
 My ain cantie laddie.”

VII.

He kissed the bonnie maid and then
 Clapt his han’s thegither,
 He kissed the bonnie maid and then
 Clapt his han’s thegither.
 He kissed the bonnie maid and then
 Frae broom an’ bracken, shaw and glen,
 Sprang half-a-score o’ staunch yeomen,
 All upon the heather.

VIII.

Ane bare a bow, ane bare a spear,
 An’ in a leash anither
 Held fast a houn’ o’ beauty rare,
 That sprang o’er fern and heather.
 Ane bare a bow, ane bare a spear,
 Ane held a houn’ o’ beauty rare,
 Ane led a steed wi’ housins’ fair,
 That pranced upon the heather.

IX.

“ A lawlan’ laird frae Teviot near,
 Winsome Annie Ramsay,
 I sought thae hills to hunt the deer,
 Winsome Annie Ramsay.
 A lawlan’ laird frae Teviot near,
 I sought thae hills to hunt the deer,
 And foun’ a fawn maist lovelie here,
 Winsome Annie Ramsay.”

X.

Saft in his arms he caught her up,
 Winsome Annie Ramsay.
 An’ swang her lichtly to the croup,
 Winsome Annie Ramsay.
 Saft in her arms he caught her up,
 An’ swang her lichtly to the croup,
 Then sprang before her wi’ a loup,
 Winsome Annie Ramsay.

XI.

Her sire he raved, her sire he sware,
 For winsome Annie Ramsay.
 Her mither skirlt an’ greeted sair,
 For winsome Annie Ramsay.
 Her sire he raved, her sire he sware,
 Her mither skirlt an’ greeted sair,
 But sire or mither never mair
 Saw winsome Annie Ramsay.

As we limped up the street of Castletown of Braemar, somewhat foot-sore and weary, we espied a travelling carriage, which passed us and dashed up to the door of the principal inn.

"There goes the premier," said I.

"And we may, therefore, expect short allowance and hard lying," growled Bishop. "Well we shall see no more of him after this day, unless we are asked specially to put up at Balmoral; so that's a comfort."

"I calculate you'll go to Balmoral and get a sight of the Queen," said Mr. Julius Caesar Snaggs.

Mr. Julius Caesar Snaggs, who addressed this observation to our party in general, as we sat chatting over our toddy at a comfortable fire in the travellers' room of the Invercauld Arms at Castletown Braemar, was a Yankee. You saw this at the first glance. You saw it by the shape and hue of his face, the cock of his hat, the tie of his flash neckcloth, the elevation of his heels on an adjacent chair, and the knowing way he pulled his cigar. Now I have always found that there are no people who are in reality greater worshippers of aristocracy or admirers of monarchs than the "free and enlightened" natives of the great transatlantic republic. That they should be so is neither condemnable nor surprising. It is, after all, but the exhibition of a sentiment common to humanity; the homage which ordinary intellects, by the rule of our nature, are compelled to render to those above them; and elevation of rank is at this day the visible embodiment and representative of those superior endowments which originally created a noble or a sovereign, by raising one man above another by the force of his genius or his power. But what one does regret and censure is the contempt with which many Americans affect to look upon those orders, while their acts at home and abroad contradict their assertions. An American at home is as anxious to raise himself from the mass by some distinctive title, as a denizen of the oldest European state. And though he may not be a duke or a prince, yet he looks forward to be a general, a judge, or a president. And abroad he is as solicitous to pay his court to nobles and to look upon sovereigns, and as ready to boast of having done so, as the most thoroughpaced respecters of the *ancien régime*. Now Mr. Julius Caesar Snaggs was just one of these. While he dilated upon the greatness of his own nation with a justifiable pride, and talked of Daniel Webster and George Washington as if one had been his brother and the other his father, he did not fail to tell us of the persons in Europe to whom he had contrived to get introductions, whose sole distinctions lay in their titles, and exhibited the autographs of lords and civic functionaries, of which he seemed so sedulous a collector that he accepted very thankfully the autograph of the Duke of Athol, attached to Absalom's pass, wondering not a little how lightly we prized it. He had come out of his way to get a sight of the Queen, and told us with great satisfaction how he had the day before lingered for hours about the precincts of Balmoral, and at last succeeded in getting a good stare at royalty, as the Queen crossed from her demesne to the private grounds at the opposite side of the road, and walked towards her on the narrow pathway till they almost came in contact. When Mr. Julius Caesar Snaggs learned that Lord John Russell was actually in the next room, he became much excited by the desire of having an interview with him, and consulted us as to the best mode of accomplishing that object. He finally sent in his card, stating that he was an American connected with Cunard's transatlantic vessels, and desired an interview; and when we retired for the night we left him anxiously awaiting it.

If her most sacred majesty Queen Victoria had never taken up her abode at Balmoral, a stroll from Braemar along the Dee side would be about as pleasant a ramble as heart could desire upon a summer day. Here one sees the perfection of Highland scenery in all its sublimity and its boldness, its beauty of hill and wood and water. The entire stretch of country is densely wooded, chiefly with the dark pine and fir, which crown the summit of the mountain range, while the cliffs at various reaches of the road hang beetling above you. Pause a moment now at that break in the plantations by the road side. What a picture is spread out for your contemplation! The broad, bright, rapid river, flowing between fertile pasture fields, lies beneath you; beyond, the ground undulating in forms

of diversified beauty is crowned with deep, rich woods. And there is Invercauld House, the mansion of the Farquharsons, glittering white as snow, and sheltered beneath a towering cliff. I never remember to have seen anything finer in contrast or intrinsic beauty than the hues of the trees. Fancy, my dear Anthony, one of those days in mid-Autumn, ere the balmy breezes of September have given place to the cold October winds that riot rudely amongst trees and flowers; the time when the finger of decay has given to the seared leaves their brightest red, their sunniest orange, their deepest brown, ere yet they fall away for ever down upon the dank fat grass: most beautiful in their last hours, as the beauty of the burning cheek and the splendour of the prominent eye is most lovely and most startling in those who die early beneath the cold yet gentle hand of physical decay.

The sun is still warm, but the air is tempered with a light gale fresh from the mountain tops, and fragrant with the odours of wild flowers. Amid the still green branches of the birch, you see here and there a pendent spray, which, blighted earlier than its fellows, has turned to gold and looks like laburnum; then there is the oak with its bright red leaf, the beech with its burnished copper, and beneath, the mighty fern-leaf now a beautiful orange, and reminding one of some plant of tropical vegetation.

There was no resisting the charms of such a day and such a scene, so when we had passed a mile or so beyond the bridge that crossed the Dee near Invercauld, we turned off the roadside into a little patch of short grass, and, sitting down, resigned ourselves to all the delectable influences which the divine face of nature, when decked in smiles, awakens in the heart of man.

"I know not what you Irishmen may think of our 'Land o' Cakes,'" said Lindsay, when we had gazed long and silently upon the lovely scenery around us, "but we, Scotchmen, love our native land beyond all that the fair earth can show in other climes.

" ' Fair flower the gowans in the glens,
The heather on our mountains;
The blue-bells deck our wizard dens,
And kiss our sparkling fountains.
On knock an' knowe, the whin an' broom,
And on the braes the bracken;
Not even Eden's flowers in bloom
Could sweeter blossoms reckon.'

Look around you and say, is there not more truth in these lines than always falls from the lips of bard?"

"Ay, sir," said Bishop, "like true sons, your bards are ever most eloquent in the praise of their lovely mother. I know nothing more honourable to Scotland, or more conducive to her celebrity, than the true-hearted homage with which a thousand tongues have proclaimed her beauties. Every stream and linn, every glen and mountain, has become familiar to Europe in the songs of her poets."

"I have often felt this truth," said I, "when listening to the songs of Burns, and Hogg, and many another bard of Scotland. There is a life and vigour about them which you find nowhere else. A Scotch song stirs your heart when the melodies of other nations fall coldly on your ear, and often sink no deeper."

"I hope," said Bishop, "the day may come when some child of our own lovely land, with soul filled with the power of her beauty, may give a language to her thousand rich and tender melodies, and celebrate her historic localities and her olden memories as they are worthy to be celebrated. Blest be the memory of Bunting. He has left a treasury of exquisite melodies, rescued by his loving research from the oblivion to which they were fast hurrying. May some worthy poet yet arise to discharge the pious duty of fixing them in the hearts of our people by the spell of song."

"Amen, Jack," said I. "Meantime I would gladly hear a Scottish song on this Scottish ground. So now, Lindsay, we await you."

The artist at once complied, and sang

" The Scotch blue bell, the Scotch blue bell,
The dear blue bell for me!
O! I wad na gie the Scotch blue bell
For a' the flowers I see."

“Now, Bishop,” said the artist, “you are doubly in my debt. Here have I sung two songs for your one.”

“I will repay you, and in your own coin,” said Jack, “Your ballad of ‘Annie Ramsay’ brought to my mind an old English romance of a somewhat similar character. The old story of lordly knight wooing lowly maiden—so listen, my masters all, to

EDWYN THE YERLE.

ANE AUNTIENT BALLADE.

I.

Lord Edwyn at noone through the forest did ryde
 (The starres shymmer pale on the lake),
 And a fayre mayde alone on a green bank hee spyed
 (So cleare pypes the mearle from the brake).

II.

“Fayre mayde,” said Lord Edwyn, “my castle is neare
 (The starres shymmer pale on the lake),
 And I’ll bear thee away, if thou’lt be but my deare”
 (So cleare pypes the mearle from the brake).

III.

Now his purse from his girdle Lord Edwyn he tooke
 (The starres shymmer pale on the lake),
 But the younge mayden frowned, and her fayre head shee shooke
 (So cleare pypes the mearle from the brake).

IV.

Then forth from his baldrick the Yerle took his sworde
 (The starres shymmer pale on the lake),
 “I will love thee, I swear by myne own knightly worde”
 (So cleare pypes the mearle from the brake).

V.

“Thou shalt dwell in a cottage hard bye on my lande”
 (The starres shymmer pale on the lake),
 But the young mayde shee blushed, and shee held up her hande
 (So cleare pypes the mearle from the brake).

VI.

Lord Edwyn he strayghtway did open his veste
 (The starres shymmer pale on the lake),
 And he shewed her a bryght golden cross on his breaste
 (So cleare pypes the mearle from the brake).

VII.

Fayre mayde by this cross on my heart that doth rest
 (The starres shymmer pale on the lake),
 I’ll make thee my bryde, and I’ll love thee the best
 (So cleare pypes the mearle from the brake).

VIII.

The fayre mayde looked up with a smyle on her face
 (The starres shymmer pale on the lake),
 And shee did not say nay, though shee did not say yes
 (So cleare pypes the mearle from the brake).

xi.

Then his bonnet he doffed till the plumes touched the ground
 (The starres shymmer pale on the lake),
 And he rayseed up the mayde on his steed with a bounde
 (So cleare pypes the mearle from the brake.)

x.

And who now so gay through the forest doe ryde
 (The starres shymmer pale on the lake),
 As Edwyn the Yerle and Maude his fayre bryde
 (So cleare pypes the mearle from the brake).

“I pronounce that ‘Auntient Ballade,’ as you call it,” said Absalom, “to be a gross forgery, and no older than yourself, Jack.”

“Oh, spirit of Chatterton, listen to him,” cried Bishop. “Do you think there are no old songs but those that Bishop Percy has collected? And what if it be not? Have not I as good a right to make an old song as Mrs. Wardlaw had to write ‘Hardyknute,’ or the fellows at Florence have to make Etruscan vases of terra cotta?”

“To be sure you have, Jack, only take care that the fabrications smack of the antique. And now for Balmoral.”

Should any one take it into his head that Balmoral is the most beautiful spot in the Scotch Highlands, as the tour-books, in the excess of loyalty, fondly affirm, I assert that he will find he is in error. Were one to light upon it unexpectedly, in the neighbourhood of other scenery, no doubt it would command more admiration; but, approaching it from Braemar, as is usually the case, it suffers considerably from a comparison with Invercauld. Indeed, the character of the scenery, on leaving the latter, becomes gradually less bold and imposing; and as we approached the royal grounds nothing indicated the vicinity of the Sovereign’s residence. Truth compels me to state, that when we made our pilgrimage the weeds were more luxuriant on the road-side than we had seen them elsewhere, nor were the fences in as good repair as we shall undertake to keep them if her Majesty hands over Balmoral to us. At length we came to a paling of larch, with the bark on, which looked unostentatious, but very tasteful; this was terminated by a neat plain gate of painted wood, beside which was posted a printed intimation that no one was admitted except on business; and there was also posted a policeman as stiff as a poker and as surly as Cerberus, who would scarcely suffer us to poke our loyal noses over the fence so as to get a peep at the mansion of our own Queen. Now pray, my dear Anthony, do not imagine a noble mass of baronial buildings such as Windsor, nor yet a palatial structure like Buckingham Palace or Hampton Court. No such thing. A lawn, whose distance from the road would not prevent any one of tolerably good vision from recognising faces at the house, slopes down to where a long white mansion stands, neither very handsome nor the reverse, but, from the incongruity of its parts, evidently the work of different periods, and conveying the idea of a laird’s dwelling which had outgrown its original humility and forgot itself in its newly-acquired greatness, just as a greengrocer in the city might do if he found himself suddenly invested with the dignity and trappings of Lord Mayor of London. The grounds, however, appeared to be kept in the best order; the hills rose finely behind, and there was an air of peaceful seclusion about the place that was especially pleasing. As I looked upon it I felt impressed with the idea that the Sovereign of the greatest nation on the earth might well find there what she must often seek in vain for elsewhere; that, wearied of the toil and splendour of royalty, and the elaborated magnificence of her nobler palaces, she had sought out, with a craving for repose, a spot that realised the commonplace of life, a spot wherein she might enjoy the privileges of our common nature and the elegant tastes of her own sex in which she excels, where she might forget she was a Queen in the feeling that she was a woman, a wife, and a mother. That such is the case may well be inferred from the many anecdotes which we heard, her domestic habits, her quiet walks, her kindness to the poor, her interest in the schools, and her unostentatious demeanour. May no evil influences ever close her heart to those purer and simpler en-

joyments of life. As the prince in the Eastern tale withdrew at stated periods to contemplate the symbols of his humble origin, may she at such seasons of retirement feel that the sympathies that bind her to mankind are holier and healthier than the state that raises her above them, and so come forth again to the cares and duties of the Sovereign with all the tender sensibilities of the woman.

"Well," said Mr. Julius Cæsar Snaggs, when we met in the evening at the fireside of the Invercauld Arms, "you saw the Queen, I guess."

"No," said I; "but we saw the country."

"Now, that was very annoying, I reckon."

"Not at all; we have seen her often."

"Did you succeed in obtaining an interview with the Premier?"

"Well, I did; but I calculate 'tis not so easy to see him as Daniel Webster. He was in a tarnation hurry, and gave me but a few minutes."

"After all, what more did Mr. Julius Cæsar Snaggs require? Had he not seen Lord John, and spoken to him? and could he not tell on the Broadway how he had been closeted with the British president, and how he had enlightened him pretty considerably on all human knowledge in general, and on trans-Atlantic navigation in particular?"

If one were limited to a single day's tour in the Highlands of Scotland, and could have himself placed at any starting-point he might prescribe, I do not know of any day's journey which could afford so many varied exhibitions of the characteristics of Highland scenery as that which conducts the traveller from Castletown Braemar, through Glen Dee, to the Inn at Aviemore. Following the windings of the Dee westward from Castletown, to the Linn of Corrymulzie, beautiful valleys lie beneath you, sprinkled with groves of birch and lime trees; while upon the hills, from their feet to their summits, rise forests of mighty firs, looking in the distance as dark as the rocks which here and there peep through them. Flocks of black-legged sheep were grazing on the green pastures through which the river coiled its lazy length, now hid in groves, now gliding into sunshine; while, mingled with the gentle bleating of sheep, came the sounds of the bagpipe from a hunting lodge in the hills above. Pause, now, when you gain the centre of the lofty bridge of Corrymulzie, and see, through the breaks in the spruce and the alder and the red-berried ash, the foam of the stream, dashing from reach to reach. After crossing the Victoria Bridge, a steep, rugged, bridle road leads by Mar Lodge, over the mountain, amongst the roots and stumps of the trees that once formed a mighty forest. A walk of two hours brought us upon Glenlui, a wide, open valley, bounded by low-retiring heath-covered hills. Another hour along the stream, and we are in a perfect amphitheatre of hills, wild and bleak, out of which are two foot-tracks, one to the right, leading to the sublime solitude of Glen Avon, the other, which we pursued, traversing the base of Ben Muich Dhui by a steep and rugged ascent. At length we descend into Glen Dee, amidst—

" — the grizzly cliffs, which guard
The infant rills of Highland Dee,
Where hunter's horn was never heard,
Nor bugle of the forest bee."

Wild, bleak, and desolate, a black wall of rock, some thousand feet high, rose right in front, and seemed as if about to topple down upon us. Our path, if such it may be called, as we wound between Ben Muich Dhui and Cairn Toul, lay over high masses of rock, torn down from the mountain-tops, which were hid in mists from our sight. I have seldom experienced a more profound sense of utter solitude than when traversing this cold, gloomy, silent region, into which the sun seemed unable to penetrate with light and warmth:—

" The noontide fell so stern and still,
The breath of Nature seemed away."

Blocks of sienite, red porphyry, and green-stone lay piled in heaps on every side, as if the spirit of heavenly order had never redeemed it from primal chaos;

and as you stood in the midst, with the dark mountains closing you all around, and the smoke—like mists, curling up along their sides, it would be no stretch of fancy to imagine yourself within the crater of a huge volcano.

“Mark!” cried Bishop, as a flock of wild-birds started almost from beneath our feet.

“Ay,” said Lindsay, “these are ptarmigans. See their speckled plumage, ashy brown and black, resembling the rocks and lichens, from which one can scarce distinguish them. In winter they’ll be white as the snow on the mountain tops.”

“Like the hare of these regions,” remarked Absalom, “that changes to white in winter and resumes its original colour in spring.”

At length we ascend through the narrowing pass over masses of rock, beneath and through which the puny rills of the Dee trickle, and winding under the lofty Cairngorm mountain, we cautiously scrambled over the piles of rock which, barricading the entrance, are called “the walls of Dee,” and soon gained the summit, and saw in the distance the dark mass of what had been once the forest of Rothiemurchus. It cost us yet many an hour of toil through piles of huge boulders, and the tangled forest, till we came suddenly upon Loch an Eilan, a lovely placid lake embosomed in trees, and set, as it were, in a cincture of dark rocks.

“Look at that sweet, green isle, with the picturesque ruins of the castle on it,” said Absalom. “It was one of the fastnesses of the Celtic Attila, the ‘wolf of Badenoch.’ Could stones speak, how many a tale of blood and rapine would these tell.”

“Ay,” said Lindsay, “and of love, too, I doubt not; for I think a sweeter spot was never seen for true love’s trysting.”

And so on, my dear Anthony, to the oasis in the desert—the solitary but most excellent inn of Aviemore.

A fairer sight or a more festive scene the sun seldom looked upon than we saw upon the morning when we entered the capital of the Northern Highlands. It was the first day of the great gathering of the northern clans, and all Inverness was agog. All the world was out o’ doors: every souter had left his last; every tailor had abandoned his goose. Not a lassie was to be found resting her tub on the “*clach na cudden*” to have a “crack” with her cronies, or to flirt with her sweetheart. The various clans had entered the town, each led by its chieftain, and marshalled by its piper and standard-bearer. The streets were thronged with men and boys dressed in full Highland costume, each in the tartan of his own clan; the plume or the eagle’s feather in his bonnet, the bright claymore by his side, the silver-mounted pistols in his girdle, and the dirk, with its attendant knife and fork, each studded with rich and glittering cairngorums, or other costly stones; then there was the rich brooch confining the plaid to his left shoulder, and another on his breast, and the silver-mounted sporan, and the bright shoe-buckles. Here you met a piper, with his pennon streaming gaily from his instrument; there a young, stalwart fellow, whose muscular legs and strong arms told of one who would be a powerful competitor in flinging the stone or casting the caber; and anon was a light-limbed sinewy laddie, whose springy step showed he was cut out for dancing between the broad-swords, or cutting capers in the highland fling. But all these were exceeded by the splendour in which the chieftains were arrayed—the richness of their jewels, the elegance of their embroidered coats, and their proud and martial bearing. Then the ladies were all in full dress, and the town lassies in their gayest attire. The jewellers’ and fancy shops, of which there were a great number, blazed with the richest ornaments of gold and silver—swords and dirks inlaid with bright stones; silver hunting horns and knives, with handles of the fawn’s foot; and great rams’-head snuff-boxes, mounted in silver to no end.

Take it all in all, my dear Anthony, Donnybrook fair, in all the glory of its by-gone palmy days, was not to be spoken of on the same day as the gathering of Inverness, barring the fighting and the flirting, for both of which I shall ever maintain the superiority of “de Brook” against all comers. All this was most delectable to our eyes; but now came the “*amari aliquid*” amidst our sweets. The town of Inverness, like all other towns (except London), has its limits in the way of capacity; and the numbers that had resorted to this great muster

seemed sufficient to fill the town, from the coal cellars to the chimney crocks. Hotels were not only full inside, but resembled beehives, with a swarm of applicants buzzing and crawling about the entrance. The owners of lodging-houses were gradually condensing themselves more and more in remote corners, so as to receive new guests. In this perplexity a bustling little saddler took us under his protection, and led us to the house of a friend, congratulating us upon obtaining shelter beneath the roof of "a God-fearing woman." This matter being arranged, we sallied forth to view the games. We paid each his shilling, and entered an enclosed square area of considerable size, in front of which was an elevated platform for spectators, and at one side were seats for the judges and those who meant to take part in the contest. First came the contest in throwing the heavy hammer, for which twelve candidates competed, and two prizes were awarded. The next trial of strength was in slinging the light hammer; and lastly casting the stone. In all these manly exercises the competition was excellent, and the whole scene full of interest. Then followed jumping heights, at which one little fellow displayed great agility, and indulged in a strange sort of hopping motion, not unlike that with which the Bosjesmans commence their national dance. The tossing of the caber, or tree, terminated the day's sport. The parties gradually dispersed; and you could see ever and anon a piper strutting vaingloriously through the streets, with inflated cheek and up-turned head, and sending forth from his bagpipes those strange combinations of sounds which Highlanders delight in, and none others in the world can tolerate. As each of these, followed by numbers of his own clan, looking as proud as turkeycocks, passed by, they reminded me of Sir Alexander Boswell's humorous lines:—

"Came the Grants of Tullochgorum,
Wi' their pipers gaun before 'em;
Proud the mothers are that bore 'em,
Feedle, fa, fum.

"Next the Grants of Rothiemurchus;
Every man his sword and dirk has;
Every man as proud's a Turk is,
Feedle-deedle-dum."

The following morning we entered the enclosure assigned for the performances of the day. In the centre of the area, of which I have spoken, stood a raised stage for the performers. The sight was a gay one. The platform was thronged with persons of both sexes, many of high distinction, and amongst them the various colours of the different tartans contrasted with a very pleasing effect. Upon the judges' seat were several lairds whose magnificent costume and manly forms at once arrested attention. There, too, were the pipers of the several clans awaiting their turn to compete for the prizes. Amongst those, not as candidate but as a judge, was one, a remarkably tall and venerable looking man, with grey hair, but a form as yet little touched by the hand of time. This was John M'Kenzie, the piper to the Earl of Breadalbane, and beside him sat his two sons, both fine youths and splendidly attired. The one was piper to the Queen, the other, a mere boy, filled the same office to the Prince of Wales. They were both successful competitors for prizes. And now, at a signal from the judges, a piper mounted the stage, and having inflated his bag to its utmost tension, and bowed to the auditory, he commenced his performance with a pibroch.

And here, my dear Anthony, I am sadly at fault. One of their own writers has well said, "The bagpipe is sacred to Scotland, and speaks a language which Scotchmen only feel." Had I ever entertained a doubt of this truth, this day's performance would have dissipated it. I hope, then, that none of your Highland friends will take amiss any observations which I shall make on this incomprehensible subject, but set down aught that is wrong to ignorance or bad taste, and not to ill feeling or disrespect. First, then, the musician sent forth a slow, monotonous succession of sounds composed of some two or three notes unceasingly reiterated. I cannot better convey my idea of it than by the words of the pibroch of Donald Dhu, quoted by Sir Walter Scott in his "*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*."

"Piobaireachd Dhonuill Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuill;
Piobaireachd Dhonuill Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuill;
Piobaireachd Dhonuill Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuill;
Piob agus bratach air faiche Iaverlochi."

All this time the piper was in motion, pacing round the stage in a movement which was alternately a mince, an amble, and a strut. After a time the measure became quick, and martial, and apparently excited the player and those who understood the mysteries of his music. And so this continued I know not how long, till upon a signal from the judges intimating that they had got enough of it, I suppose, the performer ceased, made his bow, and retired. And thus, my dear Anthony, one after another, to the number of, I believe, over thirty, did these pipers pipe their various pibrochs, with a diversity of discord which, had I been the judge, would have perplexed me sorely to adjudicate between; and I believe I should have awarded the prize to him who made least noise and was shortest about it. Not so with the judges: guided by some inscrutable Highland instinct, they made up their minds and announced the successful candidates. All honour to Scottish pipers! May their wind never fail and their bags never burst; but let them keep their pibrochs for those who can understand them, to cheer their friends and to frighten their foes in the day of battle. Had Orpheus gone for Eurydice to Hades playing a pibroch upon a Scotch bagpipe, it is my opinion that he would have succeeded, and quickly too. I don't think he would have been kept a moment waiting. Pluto would have got rid of him at any cost.

And now comes something more exciting; the pipes send forth one of those cheering strains which every Irishman can delight in, for a Scotch reel or strathspey is cognate to an Irish jig. Two broad swords are placed cross-wise, and a young Highlander commences a martial dance, whose excellence consists in stepping between the blades in the progress of the dance without touching them; the more complicated the dance and the more rapid his movement, of course the more difficult is the performance. It was wonderful to witness the precision, spirit, and grace with which many of the young men acquitted themselves. Cheers hailed each successful dancer, while some, in endeavouring to excel, touched the blade and so forfeited the prize. This, too, had an end, and now for the Highland fling. Away go the pipes gaily:—

“O! Allister M'Allister
Your chanter sets us a' astir,
Then to your bags an' blaw wi' birr,
We'll dance the Highland fling.”

And away go four fine young fellows in as sprightly and excellent dancing as it has ever been my lot to witness. They footed it as featly as ever did the spirits in the tempest, and *humoured* the music as if they had been born in Ireland. Now one “laps as high” as the “miller Hab”—

“As round about the ring he wuds,
And cracks his thumbs and shakes his duds.”

Another, like Smiddy Jock “welted the flure,” and as

“His feet like hammers strack the ground,
The very moudewarts were stunned,
Nor kenned what it could mean.”

When the first set were wearied out, they were succeeded by others, and so the day ended more merrily than it had begun. The other sports of the gathering scarcely deserve notice, and when we saw a horse race, which Bishop pronounced to be decidedly “slow,” we rambled up the wooded hill of Craig Phadric, and passing near the fine mansion of Muirton, Absalom was agreeably surprised to find an old friend and fellow-traveller in the East, in its proprietor, Mr. Huntley Gordon Duff. A hospitable welcome, a good lunch, and half-an-hour's chat with his charming wife was the result of this rencontre.

“Well, what do you think of our Highland gathering?” asked Lindsay, as we sat together in the evening.

“Take it all in all,” said I, “it was a most interesting and agreeable spectacle. I can well conceive how useful are these annual meetings. How they tend to cherish in the hardy Scots that national spirit which makes them cling

together when at home, and meet as brothers in the lands of strangers. Nationality in a people is what self-respect is in an individual. Each is invaluable, and there is little to be hoped for where either is destroyed. Thank God the miserable and dastardly policy that cut off the Irishman's glib and denied to the Scot his philabeg, no longer exists.

"Ay," said Absalom, "the one may wear his coolun as long, and the other his kilt as short as he will, but is there yet not somewhat of the old spirit pervading English policy towards Ireland?"

"A plague upon politics," cried Bishop, "come, push about the bottle."

'Twas the last day we all spent together. Absalom was summoned home on business, and Bishop accompanied him; Lindsay went his way on his own avocations, and I turned my steps towards Staffa and "the Blessed Isle," Icolmkill. Ever thine, dear Anthony,

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

THE LATE REV. SAMUEL O'SULLIVAN, D.D.

It is impossible for us to permit the pages of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE again to meet the eyes of our readers without a record of the removal from the scene of earthly action of one of its oldest and most valued friends. If we cannot hope to do justice to his memory in the few lines in which we note his departure, we may at least attempt to give utterance to the feelings with which we mourn his loss.

But a few weeks have elapsed since the hand of death has taken away from amongst us SAMUEL O'SULLIVAN. On the 12th of August he died at the Royal Hibernian School, in the Phoenix Park, in his sixty-first year. For twenty-four years he had filled the office of Chaplain to that noble institution; during that period he had been a constant resident within its walls. Within those walls where his home had so long been, he breathed his last, and in the ancient and quiet churchyard of Chapelizod all that was mortal of him has found its resting-place.

Underneath the chancel window of that neat, but modest church, in that quaint old burial-ground, beneath those rugged trees, and under that mound of fresh turned earth, repose the remains of no ordinary man. Filling no exalted position in worldly rank, mingling but little personally in the contests in which high minds are wont to acquire fame and gather round them followers, nay, but little individualized in his contributions to the general mass of literature of his time, yet few men have left behind them a more distinct or a more solemn impression of himself upon the circle in which he was known, a circle embracing in its limits a large proportion of what is intellectual in Irish society. Many a memory, ay, and many a heart, will go with us when we say that we think we see him still, his tall and massive frame moving towards us with a stride that befitted its proportions, the hand extended in its warm and friendly grasp, the countenance lit up with a smile of joyous recognition. He was one whose image, personal or intellectual, will not soon pass from the memory of his friends. There was truth in the somewhat strange description of one who knew him well, and who thus expressed his sensation of his loss:—"We miss him; he was a reality. I have lost nearer and more intimate friends, but the loss was not the same. I felt then as if I missed a familiar tree from the lawn; I feel now as if the form of one of the mountains was gone from the landscape." The metaphor may be a strange one, but by those who knew our departed friend, its truth will be felt.

We do not, however, in these few—we may term them monumental, lines—propose either to sketch his character or to write his history. A brief memoir of some of the principal events of his life, the occasion, perhaps, demands of us.

Samuel O'Sullivan was born at Clonmel, on the 13th of September, 1790. He was the elder and only brother of the distinguished orator and divine who still survives to give lustre to the name, and who, we trust, will yet many years

be spared to the Irish Church and nation. Descended, as their name imports, from one of the ancient royal families of Ireland, their father acquired competence and respectability in the comparatively humble occupation of a schoolmaster. His eldest son, with his more distinguished brother, was able to avail himself of those helps which our Irish University offers to youthful merit. In the year 1814 he obtained a scholarship; before it expired he entered into holy orders, having been ordained by Dr. Warburton, then Bishop of Limerick, in the Cathedral of that city, in the year 1818. His first employment in the church was in the curacy of St. Catherine's, in the city of Dublin, to which was soon after added the chaplaincy of the Marshalsea. In 1827, upon the removal of Dean Le Fanu to the rectory of Abington, he was elected chaplain of the Royal Hibernian School for soldiers' children, and in this office he continued until his death.

The office of chaplain to this institution, although not one of large emolument, was yet considered as one of importance in itself, and as leading almost surely to high preferment. The institution, although founded originally in part by voluntary contributions, and still partially under the controul of an elected committee, is principally supported by a parliamentary grant. The Government exercise a paramount influence in the appointment of its officers.

The chapel itself, from its vicinity to the country residences both of the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary, used, during the summer months, to be constantly attended by both of these high functionaries. It is not to be wondered at if such an appointment might fairly be considered as the preparation for advancement to the higher Church dignities, as it had been in the case of his two immediate predecessors. He owed this appointment to the friendship of Mr. Goulburn. He was too unbending in his politics to improve the opportunities of advancement that it offered, and he died with no other position in the Irish Church than that of chaplain to the Hibernian School. Inadequate, however, as such a position was to his merits, it was one in which his life passed not unpleasantly away. The nature of its duties was not unsuited to his kind and tender disposition. The leisure which it afforded him left him at liberty to pursue his favourite studies; while the vicinity of his residence to Dublin enabled him, both in the choice of his acquaintances and in other respects, to gratify a refined and active literary taste. If his strong and well-known Conservative politics made him neglected—he himself never complained of it—by those who for the last twenty years have had the disposal of the patronage of the Irish Church, he had abundant compensation in the friendship and intimacy of many of the most distinguished persons both in England and Ireland.

"Multis ille bonis
Flebilis occidit."

A life so passed was calm and uneventful. In the College Historical Society he was distinguished as a speaker, and bore away from competitors who have in after life reached high honours, the Medal which the Society periodically awarded to the best speaker in their debates. His sermons in his maturer years, although powerful and elegant in composition, did not come up to the promise of eloquence that was given by his earlier efforts. The merit, however, which chiefly gave him eminence in the debates of the collegiate forum was one which could scarcely be called into action in the pulpit. It was that of readiness in reply, and power in unpremeditated elocution. For the first, the essays of the sacred teacher offer no opportunity. We can easily conceive that a reliance on the second afforded a dangerous facility to one whose style of speaking must be the didactic, and to whom no amount of unpremeditated power can make up for the want of preparation. It is not to be wondered at if with these peculiar powers he had destined himself for the profession of the bar. An accidental visit to Delgany, in the summer of 1817, made him acquainted with the late Rev. James Dunn. The effect of his intercourse with that good and accomplished man determined him to select the Church, and in the following year he was ordained.

Before his ordination, he had given to the world the only publication with which his name was ever avowedly associated—a book, the object of which was to prove, by historical facts, that a special national Providence had raised up the power and the constitution of England, by directing successive series of

events in a manner so singular, and often so contrary to all human expectations, as to preclude the idea of mere accidental occurrences. This essay displayed a philosophic spirit of reflection far beyond the years of the writer. It attracted great attention at the time of its publication. When he presented himself for the usual examination previous to ordination, the Bishop's examiner declined to examine the author of "The Agency of Divine Providence Exemplified."

From the time of his ordination, his literary efforts were confined to two pamphlets on the tithe question, and to contributions, generally on political matters, to the leading periodicals. To *Blackwood* he was, in its earlier days, a frequent contributor. From the period of the establishment of this periodical we believe it enjoyed, with the exception of some very occasional papers supplied to *Fraser's Magazine*, a monopoly of his exertions. When the project, at that time apparently a hopeless one, of starting an Irish periodical was formed, he threw himself with all his energies into the effort. None but those who bore a part in meeting the difficulties that surrounded the attempt, can tell how largely THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE was indebted for surmounting them to the experienced wisdom, the political knowledge, and the powerful and ever-ready contributions of our lamented friend.

During the twenty years of the existence of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, its pages have been almost unintermittingly enriched by his essays. No man of modern times, except his friend Southey, exceeded him in the variety and diligence of this species of literary labour. It were to us a labour of love to enumerate the papers for which this periodical was indebted to his genius and indefatigable industry. There is, after all, in this species of literary exertion, for the fame and the purposes of the individual writer, a squandering of intellectual power. For purposes of general usefulness we do not think there is. The same labour and mental power, otherwise expended, would, no doubt, have left behind him works that would have established a permanent reputation, but would not, while he lived, have so widely influenced others by the sentiments and opinions of his own mind.*

* For a just and comprehensive estimate of the nature, extent, and value of these contributions, we are indebted to the sketch in the *Daily Express*, which is afterwards referred to above:—"Dr. O'Sullivan's writings were on every varied subject that suggests itself to a man whose profession may almost be said to have been literature. His style was formed at an earlier period than that of most of the writers who have of late years addressed the public; and it more often reminds us of Goldsmith in its truth of delineation, or of Swift in its perfect purity of language, than of any one modern author; but his style was in truth his own, and unborrowed from any model, the direct and almost transparent medium in which the thoughts of a very contemplative and a very original mind were happily communicated. Like Southey's earlier and better prose works, such as 'Espriella's Letters' and his papers in the *Annual Register*, there was in O'Sullivan's writings a perpetual sparkling of wit which brightened and gave life and animation to everything he said. You saw that the writer was himself a man of joyous spirit, and the difference between him and an ordinary man discussing the same subjects was as the difference between such a book as Fuller's 'Church History,' alive and brilliant everywhere with illustrations, and some ragged school compendium of barren facts, and names, and dates. In the *University Magazine* many of the papers on subjects of Irish history were his, and we believe that there is not anywhere the same amount of original and most important information brought together on a subject which, had it not been placed on record within the last few years, must have altogether perished, as in his account of the Emmetts, and Tones, and Sheares of 1798. Of the passing events of his own times—the struggles of the Irish Church, the Free Church movement in Scotland, and the position of the English Church with reference to its colonies and to America, the public have had no information so valuable as that supplied by him from time to time in the *University* and in *Blackwood's Magazines*. . . . What one modest and self-denying man can do for the literature of a nation was shown in what O'Sullivan has done. For the last eighteen years, the *Dublin University Magazine*—to the great honour of its successive proprietors, Mr. Curry and Mr. McGlashan—has held a very high place in the literature of the empire. That magazine may be almost described as created by Dr. O'Sullivan. His was the first paper ever published in the *Magazine*. In the first number of that work he stated the principles on which it would be con-

Mr. O'Sullivan has, however left behind him abundance of writings that deserve a more enduring shape than is to be found in the pages of a magazine. There is reason to hope that the task of selection and republication will be performed by one of all men perhaps best qualified for the task.

Of his early college life but few reminiscences have reached us. He passed through college at a time of unusual brilliancy, and among his contemporaries he bore the highest reputation. From a paper on his death, which appeared in the columns of the *Dublin Daily Express*, and which is, we believe, truly attributed to one of the most distinguished of those contemporaries, we venture to extract the testimony that is borne to his early powers, by one who was a competent judge:—

“In the days when Dr. O'Sullivan was in College, the Historical Society, an institution in which the students of College prepared themselves for professional life, attracted every man of promise; and in an assembly of men, many of whom were, in after life, greatly distinguished, how many of them are now gone!—Wolfe, Taylor, Graves, Dickenson, Hamilton!—the most eloquent man, the man of all others most highly accomplished, the person of all others most imbued with the spirit of our greatest orators and our truest poets; the person in whose mind every most beautiful thought, from whatever source derived, as if in him it found something kindred, blossomed into yet more beauty,—was the elder O'Sullivan. We well remember the admiration with which he used to repeat passages from the great poets; and long before Wordsworth and Coleridge were known to the world of readers, O'Sullivan, with the prophetic instincts of just taste, had already classed them with Milton, and the mighty minds of all time. Never was there a man with more true feeling of all that was good. With him Beauty and Truth were one.”

Amid the brilliant phalanx of his youthful associates thus was he estimated. He was, however, a young man of few friends. One of his intimate acquaintances was Charles Wolfe. The exquisite lines on the burial of Sir John Moore were suggested by O'Sullivan reading to him the description in the *Annual Register* of the retreat from Corunna. Immediately afterwards the two friends went out to wander in the fields. During their ramble Wolfe was silent and moody. On their return to their college chambers he repeated the first and last stanzas of the ode that has made his name immortal.

Among the most striking incidents of his college life was his active and energetic support of Mr., now Lord Plunket, at the fiercely-contested college election in 1818. Difference of politics separated the object of his generous and enthusiastic support from many of the friends who then placed him in the position of representing the University. Of this estrangement Mr. O'Sullivan never spoke but to his most intimate friends, and no expressions of bitterness ever passed his lips. It was a singular return of early recollections, that the last time he ever slept from under his own roof, his sleeping apartment in the mansion in Stephen's-green, now occupied by the Dublin University Club, had been for many years the bed-chamber of Lord Plunket. How many memories of youthful hopes, and early enthusiasm, and vanished dreams, and broken speculations must the coincidence have called up!

Of the speeches which won for him so high a reputation in the arena of youthful competition, we cannot ascertain that any fragments have been preserved. One, and but one, we have heard described by a witness to its effects. The question for discussion, whether the sensibility of genius was an advantage to its possessors. Of all men living, Anster was selected as the advocate of the advantages of the phlegmatic! O'Sullivan replied to him; he compared the ar-

ducted, and honestly and independently has it since supported those principles. Of O'Sullivan himself, and of the articles which he contributed, our recollection is more distinct of those connected with literature than of his political articles; and in those we believe that there is scarcely one writer of eminence or one topic of paramount interest that has not been illustrated by him; and through all his writings there is a prevailing spirit of truth of purpose, sure always to correct the effect of any errors into which he may have accidentally fallen. Of the works of such a man, no one can be a student without being in every respect the better for it.”

guments of those who maintained the opposite opinion to the reasoning of Sir Luke Scamp, in the play, who insisted on the superiority of his cork leg over those of flesh and blood, upon the very plausible ground that when pinched, it felt no pain. In a passage, the effect of which is still remembered as electrical by those who heard it, he claimed his gifted friend as the ally of his cause, as having inscribed upon the journals of the Society the testimony of his genius against the position which he was that night unnaturally supporting, in allusion to a beautiful ode to Fancy, to which the Society had awarded a Medal, and thus concluded a glowing description of the joys by which genius compensates to its possessor for the sorrows it inflicts. "Yes, Sir, like the prophet of old, he can find a joy in the wilderness, and his muse is the bird that brings him food from heaven."

In less correct taste was a written oration on the early death of one of the most distinguished members of the Society. We extract two sentences from the concluding passage:—

"Oh, ye who exult in the deliverance of youthful simplicity, twine your wreaths, and weave your garlands—go forth to the sound of the pipe and the tabor, and place your choicest chaplets on his grave. . . . Should the glare of ambition distract me, I will visit that grave; should evil thoughts molest me, I will visit that grave; for impure spirits enter not on holy ground, and the cypress-tree will protect me from their fascinations."

To the University he bore to his dying hour an affectionate and filial regard. A few years before his death the University conferred on him gratuitously the degree of Doctor in Divinity. His friendship for his tutor Dr. Wall, the present Vice-Provost, continued uninterrupted to the end.

For the last year of his life a gradual breaking up of his constitution had prepared all his friends for his removal. His death could not, therefore, be called sudden. Its immediate cause was, however, rapid. The bursting of an internal blood-vessel soon drained the life-blood even of his powerful frame, and a few hours were sufficient to still the pulse of his warm and generous heart. A wife and two children, a son and a daughter, mourn his irreparable loss.

Inadequate, indeed, has been our attempt to pourtray the character of the man we have lost. In the recollection of the truthfulness of his disposition, the unaffected gaiety of his temper, his kindliness and generosity of heart—in thoughts of these, memories arise that prevent us from doing justice to those qualities that from the public would, perhaps, most challenge admiration. To criticise his character we do not pretend. These lines are intended as a faint tribute to the memory of one who, we believe, would have desired for himself no other epitaph than that which would simply tell that he humbly died in the Christian's hope:—

Oh, true of heart, of spirit gay,
Thy faults, when not already gone
From memory, prolong their stay
For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss;
And what beyond this thought we crave,
Comes in the promise from the cross,
Shining upon thy peaceful grave.

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DUBLIN

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own demands at home, but also to contribute largely to the supply of England with that much-esteemed fish.

But if this timely attention be not afforded, our salmon fisheries will decline and dwindle away, as those of England have already disappeared, and a long-cherished and important resource of this country will depart from amongst us. To avert this national misfortune, for such it may fairly be considered, a Bill to consolidate and amend the laws relating to the Irish fisheries was brought in last Session to the House of Commons by the member for Donegal county (Mr. Conolly), and we shall now proceed to a general examination of that measure, and the amendments of the law which it proposes, and essay as much as in us lies to awaken attention to a matter comparatively of much importance.

In the year 1842 a Bill was introduced into Parliament by the then Government, and was speedily passed into a law, without due notice or consideration, and without that calm and careful examination which so intricate a subject manifestly required. A very different course has been pursued on the present occasion. After much discussion and investigation of the subject out of doors, Mr. Conolly produced his Bill in the House of Commons on the 2nd of June last, when it passed the first reading. It has been printed by order of the House, and has been circulated very generally throughout Ireland, with a view to a full consideration of its provisions previous to next Session. This bespeaks a fair and honourable course, and shows withal confidence in a good cause. The country is thus, as it were, invited to offer objections to a measure which is believed by the promoters to be sound in principle, and calculated to restore the salmon fisheries to their former prosperous condition.

Had this course been adopted with reference to the Fishery Act of 1842, the country would not have had to deplore the prostration and ruin of those fisheries. The errors contained in that measure were so palpable, that had sufficient time been given, they would have exploded spontaneously. The examination of a few of those errors will be ancillary to our present purpose.

First. It was maintained (and the

enactments quickly followed), that by extending the means of capturing salmon, an increased aggregate supply would be obtained.

Secondly. It was propounded that the ancient mode, which had existed for ages, of capturing salmon by fixed engines in rivers, was a monopoly, and was prejudicial to the fisheries at large; and the remedy proposed was the legalization of a new monopoly by fixtures in the sea and tideway, and thus the last state of monopoly was made worse than the first.

This leads us into a short digression concerning the history of the ancient charter and patent weirs of this kingdom. This branch of the subject is discussed with great ability and research in a work recently published by Mr. Herbert Francis Hore, whose Inquiry respecting the legislation and control of the salmon fisheries, and into the subject of the fisheries generally, has thrown so much light upon the subject. The unfortunate state of our salmon fisheries seems to have induced Mr. Hore to take up the consideration of the subject, which he has done with great ability, and with the utmost impartiality, being, as he informs us, in no way connected with fisheries. No doubt, at a remote period, a necessity arose for a fixed mode of capturing salmon in our rivers for the supply of markets, or the ordinary requirements of the age; and the imagination must be vivid, which can conjecture a time when the rude angling tackle of our ancestors was regarded as a means adequate to the supply of the public wants. We learn from undoubted records, that at a very early period of civilisation, *purprestures*, or weirs, were used in this country for the capture of salmon, and were, for many centuries, subjected to legislative control; hence the origin and the title of the salmon weirs or great salmon fisheries of this kingdom; they existed certainly at the time when the Danes held sway in Ireland, and were subsequently confirmed or granted by the Crown, by charter or patent to corporations or others, who had acquired territorial rights. In this manner rights of several fishery were founded, and a large proportion of those fisheries fell into the hands of monastic institutions, or were annexed to abbeys and other religious houses. The weirs of Lismore, of Gill Abbey, and many

others, were amongst the ancient possessions of the Church. The Abbots of Mellifont possessed three weirs upon the Boyne, and upon a writ of *Monstrans de droit*, in the reign of Edward III., their title was held good. St. Mary's Abbey at Dublin enjoyed a special grant of fishery in the waters of the Avon Liffey; and in the year 1220 the lordly Prior of Kilmainham had to submit to an inquiry respecting his title to the structure which forms the present Island-bridge weir. At Limerick, in the recent trials respecting the title of the fishery, and great lax-weir, now the property of the Limerick Corporation, the title was deduced from a charter granted by King John, in the year 1202, to William de Bradosa. These, not to mention numerous other instances, will be quite sufficient to carry back the title of those obnoxious purprestures, at all events, into a pretty remote antiquity.

But it was objected in 1842, that these charter weirs and ancient fisheries, being situated in the tideway, were prohibited by Magna Charta, or were illegal at common law. We cannot admit either of these propositions. The Kidel prohibited by Magna Charta was an "open wear," and was evidently an engine of a transitory nature, used as a fixture in the tidal parts of large rivers (as instanced in the Thames and Medway), which caused a manifest obstruction to navigation; but the patent or charter weirs in Ireland, which are solid structures, are, for the most part, situated at the very top of the tideway. Great jealousy was always entertained with respect to obstructions in the *tidal* parts of rivers, where the sea ebbs and flows, but the position of those ancient weirs was very carefully chosen, since we find, in almost every case, they are constructed in situations where obstruction to the navigation of the sea or tideway could not by possibility occur; we might instance the Lismore salmon-weir, now the property of the Duke of Devonshire, which is situated at least two miles above the tideway: the great salmon-fishery at Ballyshannon is formed by a ledge of rocks at the upper extremity of the tideway, where nature herself prohibited navigation; and we believe all the salmon-weirs, extending across rivers, were constructed above, or near the extremity of, the tideway, and were founded on

fords or ledges of rocks, which were themselves barriers to navigation. We have had opportunities, casually, to observe, that so nicely was this question, as regards the tideway, adjusted at the original formation of some of these weirs, that the spring-tide will reach within an inch of the sill of the sluices which is imbedded in the solid rock, and no tide that has ever been observed has surpassed that inch. It would appear that this critical construction, and the selection of the site above the tideway for these permanent and solid obstructions, were adopted at a remote period to accommodate the original structure to the requirements of the common law; be this as it may, no question can arise that those weirs and salmon-fisheries can deduce a title more ancient in its origin and unbroken in possession, than, perhaps, any other species of property in the kingdom.

A few ancient stake or head-weirs, in localities carefully selected (where no injury or obstruction to navigation could occur), also formed a species of fixed property in fisheries. The origin of these, also, is carried back to a very remote period; it seems indeed to have been the original purpose of the Act of 1842 to legislate for those stake-weirs, and those only. The clause recites that *doubts* existed with regard to the legality of stake-weirs, and then proceeds to legalize them. These old weirs also were frequently appurtenant to religious houses, and seem to have been used as a substitute for solid weirs in places where the latter could not have been constructed; and their number being very limited, they were not regarded either as an injury to navigation or to the public fishery. They were frequently annexed to monasteries and abbeys—that of Dunbrody for instance,—and had acquired from time and length of possession that sanction and permanency which is the foundation and security of all property.

There is not, perhaps, any branch of our law more intricate than that which relates to salmon fisheries: the intermixture of public with private rights raises some of the nicest questions known to our jurisprudence. Many of these difficulties were adequately met by the old Irish Fishery Acts (repealed in 1842), and a legal chaos has resulted from the change. Abstract legal questions, such as the point at

which fresh-water rivers or streams should be deemed navigable, or were public highways (*haut streams le Roy*)—seemed but ill suited to a country, one of whose chief resources at the present day is its water-power. The old Irish Fishery Acts legislated for and recognised the title to weirs held by patent or charter, or of which there had been an uninterrupted possession of thirty-one years; and the limits and bounds of salmon fisheries were likewise regulated by the same period of prescription or enjoyment; but those acts being repealed, the titles are all at sea, and every fishing-weir and mill-weir in the kingdom might be objected to as an obstruction to navigation. It might, by the way, be computed that the proportion of solid fishing-weirs to mill-weirs in Ireland is about as one to fifty; or, in other words, that for one fishing-weir we have, in many rivers, fifty or a hundred mill-weirs. Those who sought to unsettle the one forgot that they should prostrate the other also. It would answer indeed little purpose, or rather no purpose whatever, to upset the title to an ancient fishing-weir, without also prostrating and removing every mill-weir in the same river.

Now it is with reference to property in fisheries, circumstanced as we have above described, and in antagonism to its acknowledged rights and admitted stability, that the legislation of 1842 was directed. Those ancient weirs and fisheries, founded with care by our ancestors, handed down to us through corporations or monastic institutions, venerated and respected amidst every political change,—it was, we say, with reference to this species of property that the discovery was made in the year 1842 that those fisheries were monopolies; that such obstructions were illegal; that they interfered with the rights of the subject;—and not, that they had increased, were increasing, and ought to be diminished,—but simply that they were nuisances of some 300 or 500 years' duration, and ought to be abolished.

But how was this to be done? Time had sanctioned them; Acts of Parliament had recognised them; the experience of ages had stamped them with utility;—the innovators saw that it would be useless to take the bull by the horns, and so they adopted an ignoble means of strangling and destroying him.

We would by no means aver, that if these ancient weirs injuriously or improperly affected public rights, they were not properly amenable to legislative control: on the contrary, we admit the fact to its full extent. The Irish Parliament always exercised control over them, and we venture to say that in Mr. Conolly's Bill a more effectual control and more stringent regulations are proposed respecting them, than can be found in the legislation of 1842 or of any previous period.

But to proceed. In the year 1842 the notable theory was propounded that sufficient modes of capture were not in use (whereas the direct contrary was the fact), and that, by increasing the means of capturing salmon in the sea and tideway, the gross quantity taken and available to the public would be thereby increased. Shall we proceed to demolish this absurd theory?—shall we even condescend to give it an answer? The answer is to be found in the prostration and ruin of our salmon fisheries.

Again: said these projectors, those ancient weirs, which have existed so long, are monopolies, and are exhausting the fisheries. And what, gentle reader! do you suppose was the remedy proposed? Why, to legalise and establish a monopoly in the sea, and at the mouths of rivers, far more devouring. The argument was this— and here is a correct recapitulation of it: First; the more engines of capture you establish, the more salmon will be available for capture. Secondly; as one fixed engine is too destructive, establish six!

These theories, gentle reader, have left you from January to June almost without a salmon for your table. It is an incontrovertible fact, that for the first four months of the fishing season, a good salmon is of greater money value than a sheep.

But let us proceed to Mr. Conolly's Bill; and let us discuss its provisions with candour and impartiality.

The removal of fixed nets to defined limits outside the mouths of rivers and harbours, is a primary and essential feature in this measure; we must, therefore, discuss this head carefully and at some length, as a very general impression prevails, both here and in Scotland, that the decline of the salmon fisheries is mainly attributable to the extended use of these engines. The

Bill proposes to prohibit the use of fixed engines within the mouth, or within two miles of the mouth, of any river or harbour, in all cases in which a prescriptive title to use such engines cannot be shown; and the length of possession which should constitute a prescriptive right is proposed in this (and in all other cases relating to fisheries), to be a period of forty years. For this proposed period of limitation, there is a precedent in the English Act, 2 & 3 Will. IV. c. 71, which shortens the period of prescription in certain commonable cases, and enacts that it shall not be necessary, in proving a prescription, or that a right has been exercised from "time immemorial," to include the whole period of time from the commencement of the reign of Richard I. The Act we refer to substitutes shorter and more reasonable periods for proof. It cannot be argued, that those engines which have sprung up, mushroom-like, since 1842, are recognised by the law, or were lawfully erected according to a sound construction of the provisions even of the statute which introduced them. The 21st section of the Act of 1842 prohibits their erection, in any manner, so as to be *injurious to navigation*; and we have abundant evidence before us, that those recent fixtures in the tideway have interfered with navigation,* and that more explicit legislation respecting them is demanded. Again: to interfere injuriously with the *public fishery* is contrary to the common law; and that these novel engines of destruction do so interfere, requires little argument or elucidation; they have had a most pernicious effect upon the fisheries at large, and have reduced the gross produce to an alarming extent; and being placed near or inside the mouths of rivers, they take precedence of all ancient modes of capture, and deprive not only the charter weir of its existing rights, but swallow up those public rights of fishery in the estuary, which belonged to the cotman, and which are derived to him by a prescription more ancient than the parchment which secures the landed proprietor in his possessions. In point of fact, there was a clear transfer here

to the landed proprietor of that public right of piscary, which is and ought to be inalienable. Here, then, is an instance of the dangers of innovation, and of the mischiefs which may result from experimental legislation. The legislature is now called upon to review its own purposes, and explicitly to declare the law, and place it upon its ancient and equitable basis. It was disturbed, undoubtedly, but not displaced by the enactments of 1842. The Bill proposes, as we have already said, to remove and prohibit all new fixtures within the mouth, or within two miles of the mouth. This is merely a recurrence to the provisions of Magna Charta,† and the requirements of the common law.

Perhaps it would be well to give here a cursory description of those engines, or rather of the bag net. This machine—invented by some cannie Hielandman—was first seen in Ireland about twelve years back. It is a most ingenious contrivance; but fated, we fear, unless timely restrictions be interposed, to annihilate the *genus salmo*. It is a trap made of netting, extended upon poles in such a manner, that when immersed in the sea, it sinks to its upper surface, and then floats, so as to form beneath the water a compartment like a chamber, some ten or twelve feet square; this chamber is entered by a narrow door, which is so adapted to the instincts of the salmon, that though he enters freely, there is a slight labyrinth which bewilders him, and prevents his egress. A "leader," or curtain of net-work, about 100 yards in length, extends from the shore to this chamber, and as the salmon is known to keep close to the shore, and, in proceeding towards his native river, to traverse the indentations of the coast, and the innermost recesses of bays, it follows, that in his progress along the coast, he strikes against the leader of the fixed net, and being thus turned off into deep water, he goes along the leader in the same way that he was before traversing the shore, and in this way enters the chamber, where he remains until captured. This engine is so certain and destructive in its operations, that 50 or 100 salmon *were* by no means

* See Captain Frazer's Report to the Admiralty, January, 1851.

† "Omnes Kidelli deponantur de cætero penitus per Thamesiam et Medewium et per totam Angliam, nisi per costeram maris."—*Magna Charta*.

an unusual number to be taken in a bag-net during a single tide. But salmon lately have become more scarce. The number of these engines now in use, and their efficiency, will give some idea of the drain thus put upon the fisheries—a drain so effectual, that it has almost overthrown all property in salmon fisheries; and the engine now becomes almost suicidal, and threatens its own existence—at least many of them have ceased operations, merely from the dearth and paucity of salmon which they have themselves occasioned.

We must now direct attention, practically, to some injuries, peculiar to itself, which this engine inflicts upon the salmon fisheries. We have already cursorily viewed the subject in relation to the overcapture of the fixed net, and its general illegality, whether considered with reference to the ancient or the existing laws; we shall now direct attention to the enormous waste occasioned by the depredations of seals, and other natural enemies of the salmon, in the vicinity of this engine, and by its instrumentality. We take upon us to say, that there is scarcely a bag-net around the coast, or a stake-net in an exposed situation in an estuary, which has not its attendant pair of seals, or more, which frequent the net for their ordinary supply of food. We have known the seal, denominated the large sea seal, to be taken in the chamber of a bag-net, into which he forced himself by extending the door of the net, which is an aperture of only seven inches in width; but of considerable height. The animal we here allude to was as large as a polar bear, and was purchased by the Royal College of Surgeons, in Dublin, for the purposes, we believe, of comparative anatomy. Upon being captured and removed from the net, this unwelcome visiter of course received some rough usage, which caused its death a few days afterwards; but on being brought to shore, it disgorged from its stomach a portion of its prey, and five or six salmon heads formed part of the contents. We mention this fact with particularity, because some marine animals which frequent the fixed net, do not devour the whole of their prey (in this respect resembling the otter). Numbers of heads, and other fragments of salmon, are found about the rocks in the neighbourhood of the bag-net; and we conjecture that these are probably the

traces of the smaller seal (the *Phoca retulina*) which can readily obtain ingress and egress through the narrow door of the bag-net; and this smaller animal, which we conceive to be the chief depredator, will doubtless resort there for food, and carry off to the adjacent rocks the salmon which are conveniently assembled for his purpose in the net. The acuteness of the seal tribe, and their eager pursuit of salmon, render it very unlikely that they would overlook so inviting a receptacle as a bag-net, where, without trying the velocity of their pace against the salmon (in which they are invariably foiled), they here find them close to their haunts, or their abode in the rocks, most invitingly enclosed in a machine peculiarly adapted to supply their wants, without any necessity on their part to watch for and surprise their prey. It would be trifling with zoology, and with the known habits of animals of prey, to doubt that the seal has had a great boon conferred upon him by the Act of 1842; every fixed-net fisher is aware that these animals frequent his net; he sees them in the day-time—shy, though they be; nay, they will sometimes so much forget themselves as to go quietly over the corks of the ordinary draught-net, or seine, while the men are in the act of hauling it to shore, and carry off a salmon in the presence of fifty spectators. But in the fixed-net it is quite another matter; there it floats in a remote spot extended from the rocks, the salmon enclosed in it, like a decoy, and swimming about in the most tempting way in its capacious chamber. Once or twice, perhaps, during the day, the fisher approaches with his boat, and “fishes” the net, as it is technically called; that is, removes from it the salmon which had entered during the previous tide, which operation only occupies a few minutes: the seal has therefore, throughout the day, ample opportunity for his operations; he lurks and ranges about the net, and the rifle-ball is very frequently employed to disturb his gyrations, or rather his very judicious movements. But during the night-tide the seal has it all his own way; those nets are seldom fished or examined at all during the night; and it is a well-known fact and observation, that the night-tide is always less productive to the bag-net fisher than the day-tide: it is said,

salmon in the sea are not much inclined to travel by night; this we cannot aver, but will take upon us to say, that the capture from the night-tide is seldom one-fourth the amount of the capture of the tide which commences to flow after daylight. We shall not go further into these fishing speculations, but shall conclude this unwarrantable interference on our part with the vested rights of the seal, by assuring our readers, that the fact of his extensive depredations at the bag-net is perfectly well known to every one who either owns or tends such engines.

We must now introduce our readers to the porpoise. He also has vested rights in the fixed-net. With less instinct, but more speed than the seal, he relies upon the chase. Shoals of porpoises may be seen in pursuit of salmon up large tideways, such as those of the Shannon and the Tay; the pace is tremendous, and the issue doubtful. The porpoises hunt in packs; and as they roll over the surface, their operations can be seen; neither is there the least doubt as to their depredations, or that salmon is their prey. Whenever porpoises are seen, fishermen know that salmon are not far off; and often, when taken and opened, they are found surfeited with this dainty food. This latter, however, is only the universal law amongst fishes, to eat, and be eaten; but let us see what has the Act of 1842 done for the porpoise. We much suspect he would be very averse to its repeal; if he could be heard by counsel against the Bill, his case would be this—he keeps the deep, and never ventures into shallow water; the salmon, on the contrary, invariably hugs the shore, and avoids the deep. In his course along the shore the salmon will traverse the innermost recesses of a bay (though there be no river flowing into it), and prolong his journey twenty miles round the bay, rather than cross the mouth of it between headlands. This is the salmon's security; he keeps close to the shore; but stay, in his course he stumbles against the leader of a bag-net, extended across his path. Turned off by the leader into deep water, the porpoise comes at him, and the chase begins, and thus this process is kept up all along the shore, or up the estuary, wherever these fixed engines are extended. The most casual inspection

of these occurrences, or the slightest knowledge of the habits of the porpoise, will be sufficient to show the great advantage he derives from the aid of the fixed-net. We cannot, therefore, regard the matter otherwise than, and we charge the fact to be, that these animals also have had great privileges conferred upon them by the Act of 1842; and that the combined depredations of these and other marine enemies of the salmon form one large item amongst the causes which have produced the decay and decline of our salmon fisheries.

But amongst the theories propounded when that disastrous measure legalising fixed-nets was introduced, it was gravely maintained that one advantage to be expected from their use was, that they rescued salmon for the purposes of man from the jaws of porpoises and seals; that salmon were inclined to delay and hanker in the sea on their way to, and previous to entering, the river; and that during all this time they were preyed upon by seals, and other natural enemies. We shall not detain the reader by any further refutation of this theory, as we think we have sufficiently shown that salmon in the sea know how to take care of themselves, and that their habit is to keep out of range of their marine enemies. That they do, in point of fact, so avoid their sea enemies, we could give numberless entertaining instances; but it is unnecessary, as this instinct, we conceive, will not be questioned. We admit, however, and acknowledge it as a very remarkable fact that the bag-net does capture a great proportion of very large fish. Salmon 20 and 30 lbs. weight, and upwards, are quite familiar to the bag-net fisher, but were at all times scarce during the open season in the river, or at the charter-weir. The specious reason assigned for this peculiar capture by the advocates for that destructive engine is, that these large fish are a species of sea-salmon, which do not usually visit the river, but remain conveniently in the ocean, to feed porpoises and seals. This is a theory too absurd to require any lengthened confutation. The fact practically is, that these very large salmon of 20, 30, or 40 lbs. weight understood the flow of water in their native streams long before the era of fixed-nets, and instinctively remained in the sea in compara-

tive security until the autumn and winter floods commenced. Then the obnoxious charter-weir had ceased its operations; then the river-nets were hung up; and then these leviathans rushed up stream, to deposit their matured ova in the fords and spawning-places of their native rivers. Poachers who destroy, and water-bailiffs who guard the helpless salmon on these fords in the winter time, were once familiar (before the Act of 1842) with these monster salmon, fit to populate whole rivers. Now, alas! they are seldom seen alive, except inside the door of a bag-net; and this fact, though instanced as one of the benefits conferred by that engine, we regard, and have always regarded, as one of the most fatal evidences of its destructive and pernicious effects.

We might here casually advert to another supposed advantage set forward by the advocates of the new mode of capture, and to which much more importance was attached than it merits. We mean the allegation that these engines capture salmon in the best condition, and the inference therefrom deduced that they had an advantage in that respect over the ancient mode of capture. We admit the fact that they take salmon in the highest condition; but we cannot perceive that they have any peculiar privilege in this respect. A single tide will not elapse in ordinary tideways in the passage of the salmon from the sea to the charter-weir. This fact is known in many ways; but we may instance the animalcule or parasite, which adheres to the scales of the fish, and which can live only for a few hours after its arrival in fresh water. These associates of the salmon are found alive upon them at all the old salmon-weirs. Many of these weirs being only a short distance from the sea, an hour frequently will not elapse in the transit (which is always rapid) from the sea to the weir. Upon this head, it may be stated that there is no perceptible difference between a salmon caught in the sea, and one caught at one of the old weirs. Those who sought to make this distinction must have made diligent search for a supposed advantage. It assumes, too, that the lordly abbots of the olden time, or their successors of the corporations, did not know the flavour of a salmon in its
 no, and mistook the proper locality

for capturing him. A salmon caught by an angler far up a river, which has been, perhaps, a month in fresh water, is not the better for it; but as we have already mentioned, the distance from the salt water to the weir is at all times run up rapidly.

We may here make a practical observation or two respecting a species of locality upon the sea-coast, in which those fixed engines are sometimes erected, and in which the use of them has a most prejudicial effect upon the fisheries, and for which a remedy is provided in the Bill. The enabling words of the Statute are, that such engines may be erected "*attached to the shore*" adjoining the land, in right of which the engine is erected; but under this power fixed-nets have been erected from the ends of piers, and artificial breakwaters, projecting perhaps a mile or more into the sea. A provision is made in the present Bill to prevent this practice, which is an abuse of the enabling power, and we shall proceed to show why we conceive this to be a judicious and proper restriction. When a fixed-net is erected from the extremity of a pier, the pier acts as leader to the net, and it is to all intents and purposes the same with respect to it, as if the curtain, or leader of the net itself, was of similar length with the pier, which may, perhaps, be a mile or more. This gives the fixed-net so circumstanced an overwhelming advantage; its capture is most destructive, and it engrosses, and monopolises, or, so to speak, takes the wind out of the sails of all fixed-nets in the same locality, properly and legally erected. We omit to take any notice of the injury to navigation which may be feared from encouraging the erection of fixtures in the sea, in the immediate vicinity of piers and artificial harbours. Our observations are merely confined to the monopolising effect of such an engine as a fishing engine, and to the equity and policy of not extending the enabling power beyond its strict letter, by providing that the net shall be "*attached to the shore*" adjoining the land, in right of which the party uses it. This provision will supply an evident omission, and prevent a destructive monopoly, and will secure equal rights to all entitled to use those engines on the shore.

The next amendment of importance proposed by the Bill before us relates to

the close season. In such a world of enactments as a Fishery Bill unavoidably involves, we select, as we proceed, only the most prominent. The close season is the period appointed by law for the cessation of salmon fishing. If we fish too late, and thereby destroy almost all our brood fish, we cannot reasonably complain of the decline of our fisheries. This question, however, involves many intricate and technical details, but the gist of the argument is this, that if we fish too late we kill the hen that lays the golden egg. This subject of the close season was very fully discussed in some papers published in 1844, which are printed in the Fourth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Irish Fisheries to Parliament, and we do not think we can add anything to the arguments there adduced. Indeed it would appear to be a self-evident proposition, that if it be necessary to maintain an adequate stock of breeders in a river, we should diminish the period, as we increase the means, or improve the mode of capture. New and improved engines of capture were legalised in 1842, and then first put into operation, but the period of capture was at the same time prolonged. We maintain that the converse would have been a more judicious course. All the arguments applicable to the subject were set out at the time in the articles we have just referred to, but were not heeded; on the contrary, a subsequent Act was obtained in 1846 (9th and 10th Vict. c. 114), *extending* the period of capture to the 1st of September. The consequences might have been easily foreseen; but we forbear to pursue the subject further, as a complete reaction of opinion has recently taken place, and nobody now doubts that the arguments put forward by practical persons in 1844, for further restriction, should not have been disregarded. Last session the Duke of Argyll brought in a Bill, in the House of Lords, to curtail the fishing-season in the Scotch salmon fisheries; and Mr. Conolly's Bill, in the House of Commons, proposes that the close time for the Irish salmon fisheries shall commence on the 1st day of August in every year. We are aware of the controversy likely to arise upon this subject, as many practical persons take a partial view, where their own present or supposed interests are concerned; and in piscatorial matters the present is often

preferred to the future, and for various reasons. But as long as Nature directs that the great migration of the spawners up rivers shall take place about the period when the autumn or Lammas floods commence, we shall continue to think that the time is fixed by immutable laws when the fish itself is becoming unfit for food, and the capture of it should cease. The Bill introduced by Mr. Conolly fixes, as we have said, the 1st of August as the period for the commencement of the close season; and we can only add, that we anticipate the most salutary and beneficial results, should this important provision receive the sanction of the Legislature.

There is another matter of great importance in salmon-fishing, to describe which we must take leave to coin a word for this purpose, and call it the "escapement," by which we mean, certain facilities which enable salmon, during the open, or fishing season, to baffle the arts of man. At the great fall of Ballyshannon (which forms the salmon-fishery of that name) there is an escapement of this kind. At high water of the tide the fall is not more than five feet; the salmon leaps this with ease, and escapes upwards in defiance of proprietor or lessee. In this manner great numbers avoid the traps and pass up the river, where, if they escape the angler and other dangers, they go for stock, and thus breed and uphold the fishery. Take again the charter-weir, in any other river, that old monopoly which has existed so long with advantage to the public; there, too, in high floods, throughout the fishing season, there is an escapement for salmon in defiance of the charter, and of all the vested rights of proprietor or patentee. When the river is in flood, and a flow of twelve inches or more is passing over the weir, salmon in numbers may be seen, at various suitable places, running up the weir, and thus escaping, in spite of every art we can employ; and it is only as the flood is subsiding, that the boxes and other devices come into play. In the meantime great numbers have escaped, and have scampered off, and thus go to stock the river. These are the natural escapements which have preserved the salmon fisheries for ages against the rapacity of man. There is another escapement, too, at the solid weir, provided by law during the open

season, which we shall presently describe. But let us now take a look at the bag-net. Behold it! There it is, extended treacherously in the sea, in the track and pathway of the salmon, fishing incessantly night and day. Over its door we almost see the inscription

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate."

To the ingress of the salmon the door is for ever open; but once in, it is all up with him—there is no escapement there. He will never again revisit his native river, dash up the tideway, dart through the cruive, or bound over the weir. From the full grown salmon of 20 lbs. weight, down to the salmon peal of 2 or 3 lbs., all that enter the bag-net are captured. It is proposed, therefore, in the present Bill, that all fixed-nets shall use a certain sized mesh (five and half inch mesh) which will permit an escapement in some degree analogous to the escapement provided for by law in fixed river engines. We hold it as an axiom in salmon fishing, that no fixed engine should be permitted to take a 5 lbs. salmon. By the enactments now in force provision is made, as we have said, for the escape of fish through boxes or cruives in solid weirs, by providing that the bars or rails shall have intervals of two inches. This provision, if it were properly made, so as that the bars should stand perpendicularly, and not horizontally, would permit small salmon to escape through the cruive, but no provision whatever is made for an escapement through fixed nets: we maintain there should be adequate escape through both. Whatever, therefore, may be the decision arrived at in this particular, let us at least hope, that it will proceed upon fixed principles and by equitable enactments.

We must, however, devote a little more space to an examination of this subject, as we conceive it to be of the utmost importance. The grilse or salmon-peal returning to the river for the first time since his descent to the sea as a fry, ranges in weight from 3 lbs. to 5 lbs. and upwards. It may be observed that this salmon-peal has escaped all the dangers of the intermediate stages. The fry in their passage down the river are destroyed in myriads by pike and other natural enemies; aided by every little urchin along the banks, who, on each Sunday, will destroy perhaps his six or eight dozen by fair angling, not

to mention the miller's man, who will take a whole basket of them as they are passing down the waste gate. Then again, when they reach the sea, they are swallowed in numbers by sea fish, until at length those that survive reach their sea habitat, where doubtless they remain in comparative security; but the salmon-peal of 3 lbs. or 4 lbs., returning towards his river, has arrived at years of discretion; each one of them may be said to represent 100, ay 500 fry; and if we spare him for a little, he will in five or six months present himself at the doors of our nets and traps, a full-grown salmon of 12 or 14 lbs. (no outlay in food or otherwise being expended on him in the interim); it is therefore impolitic to destroy those peal to such an extent as we capture them by fixed engines. Self-denial here will reward the proprietor four-fold. We have never known a salmon season where the proportion of salmon was not in the exact ratio to the peal of the preceding year. When these peal are abundant the ensuing salmon season is a harvest; when they are scarce, the ensuing salmon season shows a similar deficiency; it is therefore consistent with every observation we can make, that if we spare these small fish we shall vastly increase the produce of our fisheries. These fish, too, will spawn the very season we spare them; and if they escape other dangers, we invariably get them on their return to the river in the ensuing spring, averaging 12 and 14 lbs. weight.

We have, therefore, thought it desirable to make a few experiments with the utmost accuracy, and with the view of showing satisfactorily what aperture in the fixed engine will allow a 5 lbs. salmon to escape.

In the hecks or rails of cruives in salmon-weirs, if the bars are two and a quarter inches apart, and placed perpendicularly, a 5 lbs. salmon will escape; in the bag, or stake net, if the meshes of the inner chambers are of five and a half inches mesh, that is eleven inches all round, the same sized salmon will escape.

To make this experiment with salmon obtained from the markets and from various rivers, through different sized meshes, or through bars of any aperture, is a matter of no difficulty; but we considered it desirable to see salmon alive in a fish pond pass voluntarily through the required spaces, and then accu-

rately to weigh them, and we made some slight arrangements which enabled us to prosecute this inquiry satisfactorily, which we were not enabled to do sooner than the arrival of the peal in the rivers in June, July, and August of the present year.

During those months live salmon, at a salmon-fishery, were thrown into the fish ponds, across which divisions were made of five and a half inch mesh, and bars of two inches, and two and a quarter inches aperture, and then at all leisure times we observed their movements, which were at any time easily excited by slightly raising the sluice-gate of the pond, when, of course, as they missed the water, the fish moved upwards to the head of the pond, and in doing so voluntarily passed through (or were unable to pass if too large) the required spaces. We went to a good deal of trouble to make these arrangements, which were amusing perhaps to those who witnessed them, but were after all of not

much consequence, since we found, as may be readily conjectured, that the salmon which thus passed through voluntarily, or could not pass, corresponded precisely in size and weight with others which had been recently killed, and tried elsewhere at similar apertures.

Under the existing Acts, and under the Bill now before us, the Commissioners of Fisheries have a power to alter the size of these apertures, and they will, no doubt, satisfy themselves previous to doing so on any occasion. We merely now give the details, as a matter of useful investigation, pledging ourselves, however, to their strict accuracy.

The following Table exhibits the size or weight of salmon peal, or young salmon, which will pass through the proposed spaces, viz., five and a half inch mesh in fixed nets, and two and a quarter inch aperture in perpendicular bars at the head of boxes or cruives in salmon-weirs :—

MESH.				BARS.	
		5 Inch Mesh.	5½ Inch Mesh.	2 Inch Aperture.	2¼ Inch Aperture.
June 19,	Peal 2¾ lbs.	Will pass.	..	Will pass.
July 3,	Peal 3½ lbs.	Will pass.	..	Will pass.
August 16,	Peal 4 lbs.	Will not pass.	Will pass.	Will not pass.	Will pass.
August 16,	Peal 4¾ lbs.	Will pass.	Will pass.
August 14,	Peal 5 lbs.	Will pass.	Will pass.
July 4th,	Peal 5½ lbs.	Will pass.	Will barely pass.
July 30,	Peal 6 lbs.	Will not pass at all.	Will not pass at all.

The escapement here appears slightly favourable to cruives in weirs, as contrasted with the mesh in fixed nets, but this advantage is rather apparent than real. In the box or cruive the fish is as it were coerced to move upwards by the stream running through the box, and, if the apertures be sufficient, he will not remain in it a moment, but pass through. But in the flexible chamber of the fixed net, where no stream is running, there is not the same impulse upon the fish to pass through. We shall not here enter into any hair-breadth argument on a matter, respecting which each member of the community, if he pleases, may satisfy himself, but will merely state that we have arrived at a satisfactory conclusion in our own mind, that if it be considered desirable to prevent the capture, by fixed engines, of salmon-peal of 5lbs. weight, (which we assuredly do),

two and a quarter inch bars, and five and a half inch mesh in fixed engines, will be the proper provision to effect that object.

Neither do we think that any sound objection can be made on behalf of tenants, or lessees, paying rent, to the adoption of such apertures or means of escape. Small salmon do not make their appearance until about the commencement of June, when the season is drawing to a close; previously to that period the salmon *are all large*, and cannot pass these apertures. If, therefore, by adopting this regulation, great numbers of salmon-peal shall be allowed to escape during the months of June and July, our argument is that this forbearance and present loss will repay the proprietor four-fold.

We now proceed to consider a very important branch of our subject,

namely, the means for protection, and the clauses applicable to that purpose in the Bill. The term protection is here used as applying exclusively to the care and preservation of the salmon while spawning, and the defence of the brood on their passage to the sea. Insuperable difficulties will here present themselves; arts, commerce, population, drainage, in short all the improvements of civilised life, are but so many drawbacks upon the fecundity of our rivers. If protection could be fully carried out, that is, if all the salmon which go up to spawn spawned, and all their young arrived safely at the sea, our rivers might again attain their aboriginal or an extreme measure of productiveness; but this state of things is now impossible, a regiment of infantry could not fully protect fifty miles of a salmon river or its mountain tributaries. A main object here, therefore, will be to *concentrate* the exertions of the water keepers, both as regards time and place; the fords are usually well known to the water keepers, and the time at which redoubled watchfulness should be exercised will be only of short continuance. If frosts set in about November, almost the whole of the spawning will be completed before Christmas. Very stringent and summary provisions, to prevent night-poaching on spawning beds, are introduced into the Bill, and we think them salutary and necessary. We confess, indeed, we have no maudlin sensibility for the rights of the subject, as represented in the person of a poacher, with torch, spear, or net in hands upon the banks of a spawning river. We approve, then, of the very summary powers and strong measures of protection contained in the Bill, and if we adopt them we may then lay our account in those aids which nature and adventitious circumstances will supply. The number of salmon that will pass up under the improved state of the law—the number that will escape—the severities and difficulties of the winter season—the protecting influence of floods, and of discoloured water in the spawning time, the short time required for the actual deposition of the spawn, all these circumstances will aid us if we only aid ourselves; and for some centuries at least our salmon fisheries will remain productive. The Bill before us unavoidably contains voluminous and intricate provisions, which are

necessary to regulate the complicated rights of parties, or restrain the unlawful acts of poachers; but as regards the main question itself (the improvement and restoration of the salmon fisheries), the whole case lies in a nutshell. We pass over all subsidiary details, and, taking a broad view of the whole subject, we say, confidently, give facility of passage and moderate protection to the spawners; stop salmon fishing on the first of August, have five and a half inch mesh, and two and a quarter inch bars in all fixed engines, and your fisheries will improve, and salmon will increase and multiply in spite of all that weir or man can do, or poacher poach.

The next subject we must particularly notice will relate to migratory passes. These are contrivances or devices intended to enable salmon to get over mill-weirs or other obstructions. Ample provisions, with a view to this important purpose, are contained in the Bill, but we shall here endeavour to discuss the subject in ordinary phrase, without any necessity for legal phraseology. We have seen some models or plans of salmon-passes, imported, we believe, from Scotland, which are quite unsuited to our weirs, and we very much doubt their efficiency at any weir. Let us then examine this matter critically: we take up a case purely conjectural, as we ignore everything offensive from these pages. A mill-owner, we shall suppose, has heightened his weir, which is an acknowledged encroachment; an objection is made, and, thereupon, he proposes to provide, at his own expense, a passage for fish over this obstruction; accordingly, a pass is constructed—of cut-stone, perhaps, and at a handsome outlay (a mere cipher, though, in comparison to the value of the additional water-power obtained); a salmon is seen going over, perhaps two, and the welkin rings with the praises of the salmon-pass; these praises pass current, the engineer approves, and the device is accepted; the official imprimatur is put upon it, and, finally (which is our main objection), it is adopted as a model, and is applied with slight variations to every or any weir. This is not what we could wish. We would not by any means slur over this important provision, and respecting, as we do, to the uttermost, the millowners' rights, we would yet sustain and uphold

those public rights in the stream, which it is our theme and our most anxious purpose to preserve.

Let us discuss the matter frankly with the millowner himself. We acknowledge and feel perfect amity with him, and join him sincerely in deploring the present silence of the mill. We profess some acquaintance, too, with the subject, and are no novice in the subtleties of water-power. We could wish that no stream descended to the sea until it had performed its work of industry; and that every hill and valley in the land resounded with the clank of the water-wheel. Let the millowner, with our hearty welcome, continue to engulf the waters of the river, and throw their concentrated force upon the machinery of his mill, but let him not deny to us those shreds and clippings of the stream, which can be turned advantageously to other uses, and can be made to subserve the salmon fishery without injuring the mill.

We shall endeavour to treat this delicate matter impartially, as with cordiality and confidence the important provisions we are now referring to can be carried out satisfactorily, and both parties amply satisfy their wants from the stream. A millowner, we shall suppose, has a weir which blocks up the river, by which means he applies the whole of the waters thereof to his own use. This is a great privilege which the owner of a mill-weir enjoys, and although we by no means will admit that these useful structures are illegal, or indictable at common law (as has been contended), yet we maintain that they are justly amenable to every reasonable restraint. We believe the right so to divert the stream is good in most cases, sanctioned as it is by admitted utility and length of possession. But we stop here; and we would say to the millowner:—Do not push matters to extremities; above all, do not knock your head against the salmon. Depend upon it, he has a better case against you than you might suppose; the public rights in the stream which he represents go more to put a flaw in your title than any other supposable objection. We would suggest a compromise. Suppose a salmon could address a mill-owner, he would argue his case somewhat after this fashion:—You block up my native river, stop my way when I am dashing up stream,

and, with shame and sorrow I confess it, you sometimes poach me at your mill-wheels, entrap me in my prime by cunning devices in the tail-race, or destroy me in my infant and tiny state with baskets at your waste-gates—this, Mr. Millowner, is not fair. I know you sometimes allege all this is done by your workmen without your knowledge or participation, or by poachers who prowl about your works; but let us remedy all this. I propose that you shall apply as heretofore the whole river to your uses, but do you (without raising any captious objections) give your hearty concurrence in making me a passage over your weir; it shall be a very simple contrivance, which will strengthen your weir, banish prowling poachers from your mill and its appurtenances, and be in every respect sufficient for my purposes without diverting one drop of water from your mill.

To resume. In some late proceedings connected with the fisheries, an inquiry as to the best means of constructing these passages, so important to the full development of the salmon fisheries, was made through the medium of printed queries addressed to Boards of Conservators and others throughout Ireland. We have had an opportunity of examining the replies, and fear that but little useful information has been acquired by this means. Several Boards of Conservators declare their inability to offer any suggestion whatever upon this point, and only three Boards have proposed any plan. The short reply from the Westport Board we conceive to be in the right direction, but no details of any kind are given. The Board of the Drogheda District suggest an opening of three inches upon a surface of two feet six inches on the crest of the weir, to be closed when necessary; but we are of opinion that three inches of water upon this extent of surface, no matter how adapted or applied, would not form a sufficient “lead,” and would be, therefore, useless; it would swamp in flood-time, and in low water would not act at all. We conceive that the minimum will be a volume of three inches upon a surface of sixteen or eighteen feet, collected in the centre of an inclined plane by its concave surface, in the way we shall presently describe. The Ballina Board propose that, below the mill-weir, two other weirs should be constructed in a descending scale,

with openings in the centre of each weir. This would, undoubtedly, form a perfect salmon-pass, but the great expense it would involve puts it entirely *hors de combat*. Other devices have been proposed by individuals, equally efficacious but equally impracticable, either by reason of the expense, or of interference with the water-power of the mill, which latter is a fatal objection to any proposed plan whenever such objection arises.

We shall, therefore, proceed to give our own notions upon this knotty point, and suggest how those devices may be best constructed. The problem to be solved is somewhat difficult of explanation, but we must discuss it, since loud and deep are the complaints that nothing has been yet done in this department.

If, when the mill is at work, waste-water is escaping in quantity over the weir, in the usual flow of the river, the construction of a "pass" will be in such case comparatively easy. Nothing more will be required than to build against the weir, on the down-stream side, an inclined plane at a proper angle of inclination—say, with a gradient of about one in twenty, commencing beyond the apron of the weir at bottom, and finishing at "nothing" at the crest; if this superadded structure be sixteen or eighteen feet in width, built of hammered stone, slightly concave on the surface, without stops to collect the water (which only impede the fish), and so placed as to face the channel of a current on the down-stream side, it will afford an easy and suitable passage for salmon: the fish will speedily become acquainted with it: with about three inches of water going over the weir they will ascend it readily, but in flood time, and in little freshes after rain, they will dash over it with as little concern as if no weir at all existed at the place.

There is another class of weir, which we may call the V weir, being in the shape of that letter inverted, the angle pointing up-stream; here, under the same conditions, that is, waste-water passing over the weir when the mill is at full work, a pass can, with much facility, be constructed, by forming the inclined plane, with concave surface, before referred to, and at the same angle of inclination, commencing with its centre at the apex of the V, and terminating at the outer edge of the

apron of the weir; in this angular description of weir, the pass so constructed will be highly efficient; the water doubling itself at the apex, which is the most difficult part, will give additional facility of passage, and the concave surface collecting it below will form a sufficient "lead." The salmon will seek it and pass over without difficulty—in time of fresh, or flood, or in the weekly close-time when the mill stops work, this weir, with the above alteration, will present little or no obstruction.

The devices above indicated assume that waste-water is escaping over the weir in some quantity, at all seasons when the mill is at full work—but this condition cannot always be fulfilled; in some streams, and at some weirs, the mill takes the whole of the water, and the weir is dry, or nearly so, during the greater part of the summer. It is a mistake to apply any description of pass to every description of weir; give a salmon water and he can do almost anything; but to build a migratory pass, where the chief element is absent, will be only as futile as the plan or specification which proposes it.

We, therefore, now assume the worst case: let the problem be to make an efficient migratory pass where no water escapes over the weir when the mill is working. This object, we allege, cannot be attained by any of the plans officially propounded, until salmon can be found to advance up an inclined plane in any other element than water, and building the pass will not remove the difficulty. We proceed to suggest the means by which, as we conceive, the difficulty can be satisfactorily met, admitting, as we do, that it is not capable of being wholly removed. The only useful pass which can be here constructed is one which will be effective only at the following periods, namely, in flood time; secondly, during the weekly close-time when the mill stops work; and lastly, during the winter-season; and these opportunities, under all the circumstances, may be considered amply sufficient.

Let a similar incline, concave on the surface, be built against the weir, but finishing about a foot below the crest; here let an opening be made, in due conformity with the provisions of the 5th and 6th Victoria (doing no injury to the water-power of the mill); the opening when completed should be, say,

nine inches in depth, and four feet wide; if an oaken or metal sill be imbedded in the masonry at the top of the inclined plane, grooved so as to take a metal plate or bevelled piece of timber adapted to the groove, in such way as to range with and continue the inclined plane, and of such height (that is to say nine inches) as will range exactly level with the crest of the weir, a pass will be formed, and no injury whatever will be done to the water-power of the mill. This pass will be effectual in flood time, and will then act without requiring any attention; during the weekly close-time, when the mill stops, the passage can be opened under the provisions of the Act, and during the general close-time, we venture to say that if opened at the occurrence of the first flood in October the mill-owner will not have occasion to close it until March or April following, as the river (except some very petty stream) will hold its winter level during the whole of that period—in other words, the run of water in the river will maintain its level and flow over the top of the weir, although the aperture or sluice be open; should the contrary, however, at any time occur, the miller has the remedy in his own hands; he closes the sluice, as he would close any other waste-gate of his mill; but, as demonstrative of the general efficiency of a pass constructed in this manner, we can state that we have seen in many rivers sluices discharging ten times a greater volume of water (7 feet by 5) remain open with the miller's assent, and by the miller's own act, for six months together, until the very cogs became rusty—but, as already stated, the material fact will remain at all times undisplaced. The miller can close the sluice, if he becomes inconvenienced, and the pass will be always effective and available under the existing enactments, once in each week throughout the year.

Our next device, we hope, will complete the series, as the subject here discussed, though important, is necessarily tedious. Amongst various plans and specifications which we have seen (many of them quite absurd, inasmuch as they assume that a salmon can ascend a weir without water) it has never been proposed, that we are aware of, to construct a migratory passage for salmon in the sluice itself, or in one of the waste-gates of the weir. Never-

theless, by far the most effectual pass can be so constructed. The best-constructed weirs, whether fishing-weirs or mill-weirs, are always the most difficult for salmon to ascend; and these have usually supernumerary sluices, or flood-gates in the corpus of the weir itself, some of which are seldom, if ever, opened for any purpose of the mill. We could point to some weirs where some one of several large sluices has not been once opened for many years; we know others where mill-owners are disposed to close up with masonry one or two of such sluices, as being wholly supernumerary. Take any such case (and they are numerous) and a pass can be constructed which would pre-eminently accomplish the intended purpose. Let an inclined plane be built in the interior of the sluice itself, finishing at a level of a foot or eighteen inches below the level of the weir; the existing sluice-gate will close down upon this. Here, then, is a pass ready made, most effectual for every purpose, and attainable at a small expense. We declare categorically that the salmon will wag their very tails with joy when they perceive a sluice slightly altered in this way, inviting them, as it were, to promenade up stream.

We shall now say a word about the expense of these constructions. In all the above plans the expense will be moderate, and the work suggested being of stone, will be as permanent as the weir itself; any other material would be useless: timber, for instance, has been proposed, and estimates of considerable amount have been put forward for some wooden structures, but we much fear the poachers in the vicinity (when the moon was not at the full) would take an early opportunity of permitting the *disjecta membra* to float quietly down-stream, particularly if the device so constructed should prove very efficient for its purpose.

But the expense of these structures will, after all, be a material consideration. The funds for these purposes at the disposal of Boards of Conservators are very limited; and as mill-weirs in some rivers are numerous, a century might elapse before anything effectual could be done if the estimates should range so high as £50, £100, and even considerably upwards. We think economy, therefore, an unavoidable element, forced into consideration by scantiness of means. In any of

the plans we have proposed, we should say £40 will be the outside of all expenses, but in the most effectual plan suggested, namely, that in the sluice itself, one-half the above amount will amply suffice; while in numerous old, ill-constructed, and uneven weirs, by slight aids or very simple adaptations, passes effectual for every purpose intended, and permanent as the rough old structure itself, can be completed at an expense not exceeding £10.

But we must not prolong this discussion further, as we fear so much technical detail connected with these migratory passages will appear tedious; if so, its best excuse will be its utility. The practical difficulties involved in this particular branch of our subject are admitted on all hands, and few have entered upon this field of inquiry. But great as are the inherent difficulties, the adventitious ones are greater. To pursue, indeed, this branch of inquiry may be regarded as a task beset with difficulties and full of snares and dangerous labyrinths. The fisheries are especially known to be a *rexata questio*, or sea of troubles; and to ramble into these forbidden paths resembles poaching on some strange manor, or innocently putting one's hand into a hornet's nest;—but in this utilitarian age every nook and corner of science must be explored; and even in the humblest departments of the useful arts, the march of improvement must be maintained. Numbers throughout Ireland are competent to explain and elucidate these technical details, though few have ventured on the task, fearing, perhaps, the jealousies and animosities it is sure to excite; but no extraneous considerations should deter even the humblest from pursuing a calm and independent course of useful inquiry—*integer vitæ, scelerisque purus*—he may hold the even tenor of his way,

“Nor dread the adder's tooth, or scorpion's sting.”

But we digress from the strict routine of our practical inquiries. The scale of license duties fixed by the Bill will next require some notice. A higher rate is provided for all engines used in fishing, and we think this is absolutely necessary. It is to be observed, that license-duties upon fishing implements form the only fund for payment of water-keepers, and the protection of the fish during the spawning season;

and if this object be properly carried out, the party paying the tax derives direct benefit from the outlay, and should not therefore complain. A question may be made in the department of angling whether, in the case of trout-rods, a very trifling duty might not be sufficient, and produce a larger revenue than a larger duty; but we are decidedly of opinion that every person fishing with flies, or for any description of trout, should take out a license for his rod, otherwise the duty may be evaded on all occasions. We confess we are not very favourable to promiscuous angling amongst the industrial classes, nor do we think it desirable. It is in some respects very injurious in a salmon river, and immense quantities of salmon fry are destroyed in this way; but our grand objection to it is the habit of idleness it engenders amongst a class of persons who must live by their industry. Very few indeed pursue angling as a trade, and these will derive personal advantages from restriction; but tradesmen and artisans frequently leave their proper work neglected at home to spend the day upon the banks of the river, and the evening in the shebeen. In this view of the case a license duty of £1 is proposed by the Bill upon a trout-rod, but we admit that the question of amount on this implement is debatable.

The license-duty upon nets is proposed to be regulated by their efficiency and by their length. The Select Committee of the House of Commons, in 1849, recommended that a power should be given to the Commissioners to regulate the length of draught-nets in rivers, according to the breadth of each river; and we are clearly of opinion that such a regulation is desirable, and has been properly introduced into the Bill. Large draught-nets are frequently used, particularly at the mouths of narrow rivers, in such a manner as to form a most destructive monopoly. We know of nets of this description more than a quarter of a mile in length, which stretch across the whole mouth, and are most destructive and prejudicial to the fisheries at large. Parties using those powerful engines profess to fish on the common right amongst poor persons, who are not able to provide such expensive engines. A draught net of this description is worth £60 or £70; the party

using it fishes where the right of fishing is common to all, but engrosses and monopolises to himself the whole fishery of the locality, to the detriment of those really poor persons who have an equal right to fish in the same locality, but whose right is swept away, or swallowed up, by those greedy and devouring engines. We think, at narrow rivers, no net should be allowed of greater length than two hundred yards; which regulation would, in a great measure, prevent the injurious practice of stretching draught nets across the mouth, and would secure to all exercising the public right, an equal chance of capture.

Some provisions are introduced, giving new and important powers to Boards of Conservators of Fisheries constituted under the Act 11th and 12th Vic., chap. 92, and the elections to those offices will in future be held triennially. To those Boards the regulation of all local matters connected with the fisheries is confided, and it is reasonable to expect that much benefit will result to the fisheries, from the increasing interest now taken with regard to them in almost every locality. It will probably be necessary to give some additional powers of control to the Commissioners of Fisheries with respect to those Boards, as their powers have been much enlarged, and very onerous duties now devolve upon them.

An important matter remains to be noticed, namely, the jurisdiction proposed to be given in fishery cases to the Assistant-Barrister of the County (with appeal to the Judge of Assize). Numerous cases occur at Petty Sessions, where the jurisdiction of the magistrate is ousted whenever any question of title arises; an expensive suit then becomes necessary, which is often worse to the proprietor of the fishery than the over-capture of the bag-net. Not to mention numerous other cases of interminable litigation in fishery questions, the recent Limerick case of *Gabbet v. Clanchy* will suffice; in that suit, after an expenditure of many thousand pounds in trials at the Assizes, in the Queen's Bench, and in Courts of Equity, the lessee succeeded in sustaining his verdict. But then the verdict was against A. B., and immediately another party, C. D., commenced to try his rights; the lessee then applied for an injunction in

the Court of Equity against C. D., which was of course refused until he tried the right at law with him also. And thus every liege subject of our lady the Queen might, if so inclined, lead our lessee into a like dance; but this is too much, even for the stoutest litigant. Through these meshes of the law there is no "escapement," and the poor proprietor finds himself, like a salmon in a bag-net, looking wistfully about to see where he can get out. In many instances, in fishery cases, where the question of title is raised, the parties prefer abandoning their rights altogether to contesting them at law. But if these questions involving the title, whenever they occurred at Petty Sessions, should be referred for trial to the Assistant-Barrister's Court, they would be decided by a competent tribunal, at a moderate expenditure of time or money. The extension of the jurisdiction of County Courts in England has been found to work well: by a resolution of the Bar, passed at Lancaster, on the Northern Circuit, during the late Assizes, it was decided by a large majority that it was quite in accordance with the etiquette of the Bar, for Barristers to attend, and form a Bar, and practise at the County Courts. Such fishery cases, therefore, as occurred at Petty Sessions in Ireland, involving the title, might, with great advantage to the public, be referred for trial to the able and impartial Judges presiding in those Courts, and be decided without that interminable litigation which at present renders the law almost a nullity in such cases.

In concluding our remarks upon the subject of the salmon fisheries, we shall submit a few observations as to the total aggregate deficit of the Irish Salmon Fisheries since 1842, which is the matter the public has to deal with. Upon this point we are really afraid to make an estimate, as any calculation of ours might appear incredible, but the reader may form some estimate himself from the following data:—The average take of salmon annually at the chief salmon fisheries, previous to 1842, may be taken at about 200 tons each; the Foyle fishery, in 1842, produced nearly 300 tons (in the reign of Charles I., according to returns made by Lord Strafford, the produce of the Foyle is stated at 240 tons for the year 1638); the Bann, at Coleraine, was, pre-

viously to 1842, equally fruitful; and the Shannon superior to all. Shortly previous to 1842, in one town on the Shannon (the town of Glin), £8,000 worth of salmon was sold in one season. The great fishery of the Moy, at Ballina; the Blackwater, at Lismore; and last, not least, the Erne, at Ballyshannon—produced their hundreds of tons. Perhaps those now mentioned might be placed in one category, and be styled first-class rivers. In another category may be placed the Slaney, Lee, Suir, Nore, Barrow, and some others, which may be termed second-class rivers; the average here also will range high, though accurate returns cannot be given, as public rights of fishery prevail so largely in those rivers. Then we have in great abundance third-class rivers, such as the Lanne, the Maine, the Boyne, the Liffey, and a host of others; in all, we believe, about 120 salmon rivers. Most of the third-class rivers will average from ten to fifteen tons each; and even the most inconsiderable mountain streams of Kerry, and other districts, will yield, or rather, we should say, did yield, their five or six tons annually of salmon or sea trout; and all this exclusive of the capture in the sea, or at the mouths. Here, then, is a vast aggregate, the annual produce of our salmon fisheries down to 1842. But how stands the matter now? Let the proprietors of the large salmon fisheries above mentioned state what amount of rent they now receive from fisheries, which, previous to 1842, paid each an annual rent of one, two, or three thousand pounds. The Irish Society, or London Company, can inform us what rent they got for the Foyle fisheries previous to that year. We believe we are right in saying the rent was £3,200, per annum; but what is the rent now? The Foyle fishery was set up to be let last February, in the Guildhall, London, and no bidder could be found rash enough to take it. In every district of the country ruin has stalked amongst the fisheries; from the records of the Court of Chancery, in cases where receivers are appointed over fisheries, we could show an instance in which a small fishery has not produced sixpence annual profit, which, down to 1842, produced, beyond wages and expenses, a clear profit of £600 per annum. In the late movement connected with the fisheries, the Committee appointed at

a General Meeting sent printed queries to the owners of all salmon fisheries in Ireland, both in rivers and upon the sea-coast; and one of the queries was, as to the increase or decrease of produce since 1842; the answer from **ALL** was, “decrease.” In some cases, the decrease was stated at one-half; in others, down to one-third or one-quarter; and in some the produce was stated at literally nothing. We have all the documents before us, and with perfect impartiality and accuracy we declare the result of our examination to be, that the proceeds of the Irish Salmon Fisheries have dwindled to one-third, within the last ten years.

These, indeed, are sad statistics and reminiscences into which we have been led, while viewing, in mournful vein, the prostrate condition of our salmon rivers.—It is a dreary spectacle to behold from afar the sterility of the land, and see a whole country laid desolate; when the blighted corn-fields are spread out before us, or black and withering potato; when no joyous laugh is heard about the dwelling, or busy hum of the homestead; sad and dreary is this spectacle; but it is not more mournful than the sight of a noble river flowing by us, despoiled of its gay and silvery denizens. Lethe-like it rolls on, whether foaming in flood, or sparkling and dimpling in eddies; on the surface, indeed, there is no change, but we know there is no life within; the skilful salmon fisher is but too sure, and knows but too well, that all is still and desolate beneath the waters.

The Sea and Coast fisheries—an extensive and all-important branch of our subject—now claim our attention. It would appear from some of the clauses in the Fishery Act of 1842, that there was some inchoate intention in the then Government to cultivate those fisheries. Provision is made in the 17th clause of that Act to facilitate the purchase of land upon the sea-shore, for the purpose of erecting curing-houses; and in the 111th clause, power is given to the Commissioners to hold meetings, the object of which would appear to be, to scrutinize and investigate as to the best means to be adopted for the extension and improvement of the fisheries, and to acquire information respecting them. But as yet the word of promise has been broken to our hope, and nothing whatever has been done on this head since 1842.

The sea fisheries may be described as a rich, but uncultivated, waste surrounding our shores. It is obvious that the resources of the sea are vast, and inexhaustible as itself, and that the extent to which those fisheries could be profitably worked would be bounded only by the amount of capital embarked in them. The fisheries of every nation that has cultivated them have prospered. We might instance those of Holland, Norway, Newfoundland, or even the British sea-coast fisheries; but we shall keep near home, and confine our observations solely to the latter. From the Report laid before Parliament by the Commissioners of British Fisheries, for the year ending January, 1850, we find that the gross catch of herrings for the year 1849 amounted to 1,151,979 barrels. The usual value of a barrel of herrings is taken at £1; so that the cash proceeds may be stated at about £1,100,000 sterling. The year 1841 was formerly the standard by which the productiveness of those fisheries was measured. The year 1848, however, surpassed it; the produce of 1848 being 999,345 barrels. But the year 1849 has surpassed all previous years, and will now remain as the standard, until some more productive year shall displace it. The Commissioners state in their Report that this extraordinary influx of herrings, so much exceeding anything that could be calculated upon, had almost disarranged the trade; and but for the exertions and superintendence of the officers of the Board, and the extraordinary efforts made by them, the fish could not have been cured, nor markets found to carry off all this produce. In some districts of the Highlands, where the preparations made were only on a scanty scale, much loss resulted. The urgency was so great that salt and empty barrels were hurried forward by steamers at high freights, in hopes they might arrive in time; and on the fishing-grounds, fishermen might be seen rowing their boats over-loaded with fish, and vainly endeavouring to effect sales at the curing-houses. The curers refused to accept the cargoes, having no sufficient stock of salt or barrels, and quantities of the finest fish were, consequently, thrown out as manure; and finally, although the fish remained abundant on the coast, the operations were brought to a standstill, from the want of markets for an

immediate sale of the fish, or the requisite materials for preserving and barrelling them. The proceeds, however, amounted, as we have already said, to 1,151,979 barrels.

So confident do the Commissioners of British Fisheries appear to be, that the catch of 1849 forms no exceptional case; but that the produce of those fisheries may be regarded as illimitable and inexhaustible, that a most important document embodied in their Report to Parliament is an application to the Board of Trade, to procure for them foreign markets to take off all this increasing produce. Previously to the famine the export of Scotch herrings to Ireland exceeded that of the whole of Europe put together; but the Irish market having declined, the Board of Trade is solicited by the Commissioners to obtain from Continental governments some reciprocity, or reciprocal advantages, for those which we have so liberally afforded to them in free-trade. The Commissioners of British Fisheries complain that foreign markets are almost closed against British herrings by the high rates of import duty. They enumerate in this illiberal category Austria, Russia, France, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, and Spain; and they strongly impress upon the Board of Trade the necessity for its good offices, in procuring new markets, and removing the jealousies and oppressive enactments of foreign governments, in which event, they state, that an unbounded continental market would be secured. The Commissioners conclude their Report in a truly gratifying manner, by pointing to the prosperity they have originated; the towns and harbours they have created; the population they have sustained and supported; the industry they have excited, and the boundless resources which lie yet undeveloped before them. The most cursory examination of the lucid and comprehensive documents and reports, emanating from the Commissioners of British Fisheries, will evidence the great pains and anxiety they have devoted to the extension and improvement of the Scottish fisheries, and the transcendent success which has attended their exertions. In their buoyant and exhilarating Report there is but one lugubrious feature; they complain that the export of their cured fish to Ireland was declining. Alas! the bulk

of our unhappy population had ceased to eat herrings, or anything else, we fear, and the enormous exportations of that article to Ireland had lamentably declined.

Let us now take a view of our Irish sea-coast. Behold the roofless cottago—the boat stranded on the beach—the coast almost depopulated—the poor-house full. How is this? Do the herrings turn tail upon us, or shun our shores? or have the turbot, the sole, and all the finny tribes forsaken us? No such thing. Is our coast population indolent or cowardly? Believe it not. They want instruction and culture; they want encouragement and aid; but they are not deficient either in courage or in energy. Our fishermen will go to sea in “cots,” or face the Atlantic surge in “currachs” made of canvass, in which the well equipped mariner of other countries would not venture to set a foot. Neither have the fish deserted us; they abound upon our shores or visit our bays in never-failing profusion; even while we are penning these lines a fleet of Cornish fishing boats is leaving our shores, laden with the fit reward of their well-requited toils. 200 sail of these vessels dropped anchor in Howth harbour this season, and fished under the friendly ray of the Poolbeg and Baily lights, almost within sight of our metropolis; and each summer they carry off a golden harvest in the presence of our starving fishermen. Our fishermen attend upon them, land their fish, or carry it to distant markets, and the utmost harmony prevails between them. We have seen and conversed with these intelligent Cornishmen; we admire their skill, their energy, their superior equipments and fishing-gear, but, above all, their mild and orderly demeanour. Their fleet, as we have said, consisted of about 200 sail, and frequently in some seasons consists of much more. These boats, with their equipments, are worth about £200 each, which will represent, in round numbers, a capital of about £40,000. They arrived at Howth this season on the 23rd June, and were all off on the 1st of September. Having fished our Dublin coast, they leave the herrings still abundant behind them, and hurry back to Cornwall to be in time for the great pilchard fishery on that coast, which only lasts a brief period, when they reap another abundant harvest; and some of them this season

again returned to our coast and again met the herrings. But confining our inquiries solely to their catch of herrings on our own coasts during the months of July and August, we find from careful inquiries that most of those boats captured and sold about £200 worth each; thus clearing almost the whole floating capital of their fleet within a period little exceeding two months, and carrying off from our shores in hard cash an amount little short of £30,000.

Do we make these observations in an invidious spirit? By no means; nor are our native fishermen themselves unfriendly to their visitors, or at all disposed to act the part of the dog in the manger: quite the reverse. They welcome them, and receive considerable employment from them; and as they cannot, under present circumstances, avail themselves of the rich harvest which is spread out before them, they envy not their neighbours, and contemplate more in sorrow than in anger the splendid results of their industry and energy. But have these hardy inhabitants of Cornwall no advantages over our native fishermen? Alas! the ready answer is,—all this industry and productive wealth is called forth and has energy and life impressed upon it by English capital. Those boats do not belong to the trusty fishermen who navigate them; they belong in shares to rich shopkeepers and merchants in Cornwall, who fit them out, and the proceeds are divided in certain equitable proportions between the owners and the fishermen, by which arrangement all are equally recompensed; those who supply the capital divide, clear of all contingencies, fifteen or twenty per cent.; and the industrious fishermen themselves lay up in money as the reward of their toils an ample provision for winter.

Can we not imitate this curriculum of industry? We shall proceed to make a few suggestions on this head, as an effort is being made in the present Bill to call forth our dormant industry, and latent wealth, in this land of paralysed resources.

In the first place, without proper means for development, nothing can be effected, or proposed. We have seen how British industry has prospered; but there is a substantial grant for the control and management of the British Fisheries, and almost nothing

for the culture of our own. The Select Committee of the House of Commons (1849) in reference to the Irish Fisheries, have reported to the House, "*that the want of proper funds and effective machinery has constituted an impediment, sufficient of itself to defeat the intentions of the Legislature, by disabling the Executive from giving them their due and practical effect.*" We should say as a commentary upon this passage, and with reference to the unexampled success which has attended the administration of the British Fisheries—Give to Ireland the same advantages, and soon a similar scene of prosperity and industry will develop itself—encouragement, and due and full development of our fisheries is the just claim which we prefer.

If a Seer, or some Sibyl, could be consulted in some Celtic Delos! or at Tara's Hill, or in the shadowy Glendalough, we doubt not the mystic response would be "*employ and educate:*" in these are comprised the elements of our regeneration, and the balm for those social evils which are agitating the land and dispersing our race. In the fisheries there is an unbounded field of industry and employment; we should ardently avail ourselves of it, nor longer incur the responsibility of wilfully neglecting those created things which are so lavishly spread out around us. Let us, then, still cherish the hope that our national resources will be at length impartially developed, and when England shall unfold the scroll, upon which is written, in enduring words, the proud series of concessions made to Ireland by the enlightenment, the moderation, or the sense of justice of the nineteenth century, oh! let not the fair list be tarnished with the words—"Her Fisheries neglected."

But, we digress: we proceed now to consider those measures which we conceive will be necessary to call into active existence the sea-coast fisheries of Ireland.

A Grant in aid of a loan-fund to foster and encourage the sea-coast fisheries will be our first requirement; here we are met on the very threshold by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who buttoning up the pocket of the United Kingdom, declares positively, "No money:" we answer, then the fisheries must slumber for another century. Sir Wm. Temple, in 1673, reports in his official

capacity that the fisheries of Ireland were a hidden mine under water; we proclaim the same thing now, but the mine has never yet been worked on any suitable or national scale. We have exhibited to view, in one locality, a fishing fleet of 200 sail successfully and profitably engaged on our shores, and to procure for our suffering population some share in these their own native fruits, is surely a matter devoutly to be wished for; we shall endeavour, therefore, to suggest something feasible, if possible—something which may be thought practicable—in fact to do business; for while we are debating the matter our people are quitting our shores, or crowding towards the poor-house. If any means can be suggested to put our fisheries in motion, we feel convinced they will go-ahead from the starting-post, and will be adequate to the due supply of our general population, our provincial towns, and our poor-houses from the coast to the centre, and to export annually 500,000 barrels of cured fish: not one barrel less will satisfy us.

We shall begin our exposition with Howth, as we are partial to its blue peaks. We take upon us to say there is not in the British empire a town to surpass Howth in all the concomitants of a first-class fishing station. Its harbour cost half a million; a few miles in the offing a "ball" of herrings, eight or ten miles in length, and one or two miles in thickness, moves annually along in its huge and mysterious migration. The Cornishmen take a handful or two out of them (some £20,000 or £30,000 worth) each season, and then leave them unmolested to wend their way in slow and successive shoals along our coast. A railroad has its terminus close to the harbour, we have stepped the distance, and it is just forty paces from the turn-table of the terminus to the gunwale of the fishing-boat. Our Dublin Billingsgate, the wholesale fish-market, is reached in forty-five minutes, and as a market is not perhaps equalled in advantages by any in Great Britain; the fish are sold by auction at an early hour to the trade, and if a glut of herrings, salmon, turbot, or other fish is poured in, the bulk of it is on board a steamer in three hours afterwards on its way to Liverpool. Not to waste time in details, those fish next day are exposed for sale in Manchester, Birmingham, and other inland towns,

"bleeding fresh," to use a market phrase, and thus the most remunerating price is obtained. Such is Howth, and such are its natural advantages. No town in Great Britain, neither Wick, nor Stornoway, nor Helmsdale, nor any other fishing locality, in antecedents or actualities, surpasses Howth in all the requirements of a great fishing-station.

There are about 150 resident fishermen in the town—a hardy and stalworth race of industrious men; they occupy their time in the long-line fishery, and, when not fishing, they prepare their hooks and lines. There is not a net in the town, nor has there been a net made in it these forty years.

We shall now take a view of a not very distant fishing-station—we mean Ardglass; but we may here cursorily observe, that our whole coast, at intervals of a few miles, is thickly studded with well-circumstanced fishing-villages, containing each an industrious though distressed population, who are compelled, like Tantalus, to see abundant store spread out beside them, although beyond their reach. Several years ago, before famine or potato-rot, we had an opportunity of witnessing the neglected and dilapidated state of the locality we have just mentioned, Ardglass. In company with a friend we made an excursion to that locality to witness a take of herrings during a serene night in August. We were hardly on board when we observed the lamentably defective state of the tackle and fishing-gear, and, on losing sight of the land, we were quite dismayed at finding that such a thing as a compass was not amongst our naval stores. The Manx boats, however, were fishing in all directions about us; what their capture may have been we cannot say, but ours was just what we expected, very deficient; indeed, the nets were totally unfit for any operation on an extensive scale. The value of a proper train of nets is somewhere about £80, an amount which, we need scarcely say, could not be put together by any boat's crew north of Cape Clear; and, indeed, our co-voyageurs seemed sunk in abject poverty, brooding upon their misfortunes and the depressing causes which baffled and frustrated their efforts at industry. One of them, in plaintive note, sang for us the "Mountains of Mourne," which were then heaving in sight—a fine, athlete

fellow, who, we thought, under proper discipline, might have made a model seaman on board a man-of-war or merchantman:—the mournful cadence harmonised but too well with the tattered garb, and broken nets, and disappointed hopes of these uncultured fishermen. The observations we then made, on the occasion we refer to, satisfied us that these men occupy a field for fishing operations which has scarcely an equal, being the same fishing-ground on which the Isle of Man fishing-fleets carry on such large and profitable speculations, but that their defective equipments and uncultured state render success hopeless. We may here casually observe, that the sales of fish effected by the Manx men in the Dublin market, during a great part of the present season, averaged £100 daily.

We might, if it were necessary, enumerate a long train of towns, villages, and fishing-stations, with which we are familiar along our eastern shores, all of them in the same depressed and neglected state, or the immense resources of the locality known only through the means of rival fishing-fleets. We feel coerced to ask, how it is that we stand with folded arms, and allow our people to seek distant Atlantic shores or Californian mines, when the more wholesome mines of native industry remain unexplored beside them.

Our Bill proposes that the Lords of the Treasury be empowered to advance money on loans in aid of the coast-fishing population. This is the pivot upon which the whole question in relation to the sea-fisheries will hinge. Our fishermen cannot emerge from their present state without aid; but where is the aid to come from? If landed proprietors are willing to encourage the fishing population, or establish fishing villages on their estates along the shore, it is proposed, in such case, to enable them to take up money at a low rate of interest, in the same way as for drainage purposes, and a short amendment of the Land Improvement Act will supply all the necessary machinery for that purpose. But we feel convinced that fishing speculations will never thrive so well as when carried on in person by the fishermen themselves, at their own risk and for their own profit, and we are satisfied that the struggle for independence which this encouragement, if conceded, will excite, would

be attended with the most salutary results, social and political. A grant in aid of the industry of the sea-coast population will be a humane and long-demanded remedial measure, and a safer investment than advances for labour-rates or poor-law unions. We would suggest, then, a limited grant, in aid of a loan-fund, in localities selected for the experiment; the sums advanced to bear a small rate of interest, and to be repayable in four years, by annual instalments of 25 per cent., each instalment to become due on the 1st of September in each year. If it be asked, what security can the impoverished coast fisherman give—we answer, he can give a mortgage upon the ocean, and draw without limit or restraint upon the treasures of the deep. A loan-fund office, with savings'-bank annexed, will, therefore, be the only machinery we shall suggest, and a bottomry bond, with sureties, the security. We have little doubt as to the results, or of the validity and efficiency of the security; nor do we fear that our fishing population, temperate as they now are, and industrious and persevering, will have any difficulty in meeting these instalments—nay, we are convinced they would anticipate their obligations, and place themselves, in a shorter time than the period we have above mentioned, in the position of independent boat-owners, thus becoming useful and serviceable members of the community, no longer a burden upon the poor-rates, and a reproach to the industry of the country.

The punctuality of the working classes in Ireland, in similar cases, and their gratitude for kindness shown to them, is proverbial. In the City of Cork Loan-fund Society, the loss in six years, upon loans to the amount of £38,520, only amounted to £8 17s.

We are satisfied the Government would not lose a shilling by this grant, so prolific and unfailing is the field, so ample are the means for repayment, and so keen would be the self-reliant struggle for independence. With a surplus treasury, an exchequer overflowing, and with large indirect taxation from Ireland swelling the resources of the State, we do not think any Chancellor of the Exchequer can remain imperturbable, or obdurate, in the face of the facts which can be marshalled against him.

Should the plan here proposed be

adopted, and prove successful—to enumerate the necessary measures for a full development of the fisheries will be a work of few words. Small piers, in localities which at present have no harbours, will be a necessary requirement; and for this purpose there is at present, we believe, in operation an Act of Parliament and a grant. In many localities a short spur will be sufficient to form a safe low-water harbour for yauls and small craft used in such species of fishing as is suited to the locality. We would suggest that these piers should be constructed wholly by the Government, without any aid or application from local proprietors. This will ensure a proper selection of the site by competent hydrographists. Small harbours appear to have been constructed with much advantage on the east coast of Scotland, under the provisions of the 5th Geo. IV. c. 64; and everything connected with them, or relating to their extent or requirements, is well understood. A capstan, boat-slip, and mooring-gear, and small light, or lantern, will be the necessary appendances to complete the boat-harbour. Curing-houses and salt-stores, in remote localities, will also be required for fishing purposes; and provision is made in one of the clauses of the Bill to encourage their erection by private parties, and we have little doubt that in suitable localities they will form not merely self-supporting, but highly profitable private speculations.

In the control and management of the fisheries educational purposes must not be overlooked. While the Professor or the schoolmaster diffuse science and the higher acquirements in their proper sphere, the practical instructor should keep equal pace amongst the industrial classes. At home we have ample scientific skill in fishing operations, but we must seek curers from the sister isle. In Scotland, indeed, the system of curing and preparing fish for export has been reduced almost to a science; and the success of the sea fisheries will, to a considerable extent, be dependent upon a competent knowledge of this art. Experienced Scotch curers will form admirable partners in the profitable speculations of the curing-house; indeed practical information will be desirable in everything relating to the fisheries, nor can they be developed without that skill and business-know-

ledge which has brought the British sea fisheries to so high a state of productiveness. The committee of the House of Commons pointedly direct attention to this fact, and the Inspecting Commissioners of Fisheries in Ireland have reported to Government the necessity for such aids; practical information is undoubtedly to be wished for, and should finally supervene to that spirit of theory which has ridden roughshod over the fisheries. When the ship can be conducted through the seas without the aid of the mariner, or when the manufacturer or the artisan can pursue his calling without any knowledge of his trade, then may the fisheries be developed, and their various wants and requirements be understood and met, without some practical experience, or knowledge of the mysteries and intricacies of the art.

To control and preserve order in the Scotch sea fisheries, the services of an armed cutter are found requisite. The "*Princess Royal*" sails under the orders of the Fishery Board at Edinburgh, and preserves order and regularity on the crowded fishing grounds. We think some similar provision will be necessary in our fisheries. We should like to see the "*Self-Reliance*" or the "*Industry*" cutter cruising around our fishing stations; our fishermen will see even in the cannon on her deck a solicitude for their welfare, and a watchfulness of their interests.

Extensive at first view though these requirements may seem, they involve no very serious expenditure, comparatively with the magnitude of the moral and national advantages that may be expected to result from them. The public expenditure upon the British fisheries cannot be otherwise regarded than as a due application of the finances of the State, when we see in one item alone a million sterling reproduced annually in national wealth; and towns, and harbours, and thriving communities springing up under its fostering influence. The Parliamentary grant of £14,000 per annum, for the control and management of the British Fisheries, sinks almost into insignificance when contrasted with such results. Neither are *our* fisheries intended by nature, nor should they be allowed by governments or human laws, to stagnate in neglect. We may witness in almost every provincial town in Ireland, imported cured fish

retailed at high prices; but should we sail only a short distance from the adjacent shore, we shall see the very waters instinct, and moving with life, or perceive the ocean for miles intimating by known indications the masses which are moving below, or bristling in myriads at the surface!

We have now detailed the requirements for calling into active existence the vast resources of our fisheries. We have stated them we hope impartially—at all events, independently. We cannot acquiesce in the justice or propriety of the "*non-interference*" system, which has been so long and studiously recommended, and which has so signally failed; nor do we concur with those who promulgate the cold and iron dogmas of political economy: to preach self-reliance to the starving Celt is but to crush his hopes, and tell him to despair. Those dogmas may be palatable or may be applicable to happier climes, but they toll with fatal knell upon the exhausted resources of our fishermen. Our coast population possesses ample energy and self-reliance, if only properly set in motion and directed; and if these iron rules were relaxed, habits of industry and enterprise would be engendered in this country, not displeasing (we should hope) even to that school of political philosophy, which now uplifts itself predominantly amidst the rich porticos or academic groves of Manchester.

A feeling prevails, well or ill-founded, that commercial jealousies retard the development of our fisheries; we cannot take upon us to offer any opinion upon this head. We have, however, the fact before us, that there is a large development of the British fisheries, whilst our fisheries are hermetically sealed up. Perhaps some apologist may say, that the continued agitations which distract the country prevent alike the introduction of capital, or the due care and culture of our resources by the Government; but let us hope that a new era is now at length opening upon us, and that the Celt has learned, in famine and misfortune, an enduring lesson—"Sweet are the uses of adversity." Assuredly in that school an improving lesson has been taught him, and an opportunity for social ameliorations now presents itself in this country, such as was never before presented at any period of our eventful history. Famine and pestilence have

swept over the land; the affrighted inhabitants have half abandoned the soil, seeking distant shores; a new industrial class, and a new proprietary, are springing up around us; fresh scions have been implanted, and new vigour infused; and an amalgamation of interests and of races will be the inevitable result. Railroads expand, and are ready for every product of the land, or treasure of the deep. Space is almost annihilated, and Siamese-like, the tubular unites us; the soil is unincumbered; capital but seeks to divert itself into some peaceful and profitable channel; and even labour is redundant, if the poorhouses but open their ponderous jaws. Surely, surely, this is England's opportunity, and here are the elements of a time-enduring and invigorating re-union.

In urging our cause, and stating the case of the fisheries, may we make this concluding observation—that to attract population to the coasts should be a leading policy with every maritime nation. The time may arise (though distant be the day), when a brave and weather-beaten race of sea-coast population in this country will be a better exhibition to display before admiring and improving nations than a deserted shore; the thews and sinews of the land should be sustained; and while we compete betimes with clipper yachts, or in mercantile marine, let our future navies not be deemed unworthy of a thought. Reinforced from our shores with a sturdy and well-cultured class of fishermen, we fear not, the navies of England will long maintain their proud pre-eminence—and in this Western Isle, the Queen of the waves possess a jewel, in the gratitude and loyalty of our sea-coast population, brighter than oriental pearl or costly Koh-i-noor.

Having concluded our comments upon the Irish fisheries, we still indulge the hope that something will be done to upraise them, during the approaching session. The Government, perhaps, is not partial to a Fishery Bill, surrounded as it is with difficulties, and divided and conflicting interests; but when the voice of the country has been unequivocally, we might almost say, indignantly declared, it is not too much to hope that Government will support a remedial measure so urgently required. The Irish fisheries form a component part of the resources of the empire, and are entitled to equal

encouragement and equal support. Speculative advantages are not here sought; we only demand that culture and care of a great national property, which a landed proprietor would bestow upon his private estate. The clauses in the Bill which relate to the sea-coast fisheries have especially our warmest sympathy, as without Government aid those fisheries must continue to be a sealed book. Lord Clarendon's attention has been frequently called to this important subject, by memorials and deputations from public meetings, but he has not expressed his views, nor indicated his intentions. Still the prestige is favourable, and every anticipation of his approval and support may reasonably be formed. History will survey the events of his time, and may acknowledge brighter services of his, but none more useful than his unceasing efforts to improve our social position. The sacred duty has ever been present to his mind and councils, to develop our internal resources, instruct our industry, and foster and encourage every effort or enterprise calculated to advance our national prosperity. We are therefore sanguine in our hope for the fisheries. The ensuing session, however, will decide. If the Government will not support the Bill, the clauses having reference to the sea-coast fisheries must be expunged. If so, those fisheries will again languish and collapse, and a long and dreary inanition will ensue.

With respect to the general merits of the Bill which we have here (too tediously, we fear) discussed, we shall not offer any opinion, nor is it our province to do so—it is before the public; great care has evidently been bestowed upon it, and the consolidations appear to be worked out with strict impartiality. It may doubtless contain errors, or require some verbal amendments, which is generally the case with complicated measures, and perhaps there is not an act on the statute book, which is conversant with a greater variety of intricate details; but there is ample time, before the commencement of next session, for the most minute consideration of its provisions by all those interested in its success, and we trust the result will be a measure useful to the country. Early in the session it will be proceeded with; indeed, those competent to form an opinion consider that not a day should

be lost in stopping the exhaustion of the salmon fisheries, and calling into activity the sea-coast fisheries. Mr. Conolly, as we have said, has charge of the Bill, and it is likely the task will prove an arduous one, but we understand he has devoted much study and attention to the subject, and possesses perseverance and energy for the task. He is owner of the fishery of the Erne, at Ballyshannon—a noble salmon fishery—which, we believe, paid him a rent of a couple of thousand pounds per annum, until the fisheries, somewhere about the year 1842, fell upon disastrous days, and

evil times; but though owner of so valuable a fishery, sure are we, with his large possessions, that no personal motive influences him to undertake this arduous measure; he is rather we should say, influenced by a desire to promote the prosperity of the country, by obtaining due encouragement for her fisheries, and by judicious and equitable enactments to allay those heart-burnings and contentions, which arose, in mischievous abundance, from the mistaken legislation of 1842. We wish him “golden opinions,” and every success, in his arduous undertaking.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A VILLAGE “SYNDICUS.”

I SAT up all night listening to the soldiers' stories of war and campaigning. Some had served with Soult's army in the Asturias; some made part of Davoust's corps in the north of Europe; one had just returned from Friedland, and amused us with describing the celebrated conference at Tilsit, where he had been a sentinel on the river side, and presented arms to the two Emperors as they passed. It will seem strange, but it is a fact, that this slight incident attracted towards him a greater share of his comrades' admiration than was accorded to those who had seen half the battle-fields of modern war.

He described the dress, the air, the general bearing of the Emperors; remarking that although Alexander was taller, and handsomer, and even more soldierlike than our own emperor, there was a something of calm dignity and conscious majesty in Napoleon that made him appear immeasurably the superior. Alexander wore the uniform of the Russian guard, one of the most splendid it is possible to conceive, the only thing simple about him was his sword, which was a plain sabre with a tarnished gilt scabbard, and a very dirty sword knot; and yet every moment he used to look down at it and handle it with great apparent admiration; and “well might he,” added

the soldier, “Napoleon had given it to him but the day before.”

To listen even to such meagre details as these was to light up again in my heart the fire that was only smouldering, and that no life of peasant labour or obscurity could ever extinguish. My companions quickly saw the interest I took in their narratives, and certainly did their utmost to feed the passion—now with some sketch of a Spanish marauding party, as full of adventure as a romance; now with a description of northern warfare, where artillery thundered on the ice, and men fought behind entrenchments of deep snow.

From the North Sea to the Adriatic, all Europe was now in arms. Great armies were marching in every direction; some along the deep valley of the Danube, others from the rich plains of Poland and Silesia; some were passing the Alps into Italy, and some again were pouring down for the Tyrol “Jochs,” to defend the rocky passes of their native land against the invader. Patriotism and glory, the spirit of chivalry and conquest, all were abroad, and his must indeed have been a cold heart which could find within it no response to the stirring sounds around. To the intense feeling of shame which I at first felt at my own life of obscure inactivity, there now

succeeded a feverish desire to be somewhere and do something to dispel this worse than lethargy. I had not resolution to tell my comrades that I had served; I felt reluctant to speak of a career so abortive and unsuccessful; and yet I blushed at the half pitying expressions they bestowed upon my life of inglorious adventure.

“You risk life and limb here in these pine forests, and hazard existence for a bear or a chamois goat,” cried one, “and half the peril in real war would perhaps make you a Chef d’Escadron or even a general.”

“Ay,” said another, “we serve in an army where crowns are military distinctions, and the epaulette is only the first step to a kingdom.”

“True,” broke in a third, “Napoleon has changed the whole world, and made soldiering the only trade worth following. Massena was a drummer boy within my own memory, and see him now! Ney was not born to great wealth and honours. Junot never could learn his trade as a cobbler, and for want of better has become a general of division.”

“Yes, and,” said I, following out the theme, “under that wooden roof yonder, through that little diamond-paned window the vine is trained across, a greater than any of the last three first saw the light. It was there Kleber, the conqueror of Egypt, was born.”

“Honour to the brave dead!” said the soldiers from their places around the fire, and carrying their hands to the salute. “We’ll fire a salvo to him tomorrow before we set out!” said the corporal. “And so Kleber was born there!” said he, resuming his place, and staring with admiring interest at the dark outline of the old house, as it stood out against the starry and cloudless sky.

It was somewhat of a delicate task for me to prevent my companions offering their tribute of respect, but which the old peasant would have received with little gratitude, seeing that he had never yet forgiven the country nor the service for the loss of his son. With some management I accomplished this duty, however, promising my services at the same time to be their guide through the Bregenzer Wald, and not to part with them till I had seen them safely into Bavaria.

Had it not been for my thorough

acquaintance with the Tyrolean dialect, and all the usages of Tyrol life, their march would have been one of great peril, for already the old hatred against their Bavarian oppressors was beginning to stir the land, and Austrian agents were traversing the mountain districts in every direction, to call forth that patriotic ardour which, ill-requited as it has been, has more than once come to the rescue of Austria.

So sudden had been the outbreak of this war, and so little aware were the peasantry of the frontier of either its object or aim, that we frequently passed recruits for both armies on their way to head-quarters on the same day; honest Bavarians, who were trudging along the road with pack on their shoulders, and not knowing, nor indeed much caring, on which side they were to combat. My French comrades scorned to report themselves to any German officer, and pushed on vigorously in the hope of meeting with a French regiment. I had now conducted my little party to Immenstadt, at the foot of the Bavarian Alps; and, having completed my compact, was about to bid them good-bye.

We were seated around our bivouac fire for the last time, as we deemed it, and pledging each other in a parting glass, when suddenly our attention was attracted to a bright red tongue of flame that suddenly darted up from one of the Alpine summits above our head. Another and another followed, till at length every mountain peak for miles and miles away displayed a great signal fire! Little knew we that behind that giant range of mountains, from the icy crags of the Glockner, and from the snowy summit of the Orteler itself, similar fires were summoning all Tyrol to the combat; while every valley resounded with the war-cry of “God and the Emperor!” We were still in busy conjecture what all this might portend, when a small party of mounted men rode past us at a trot. They carried carbines slung over their peasant frocks, and showed unmistakably enough that they were some newly-raised and scarcely-disciplined force. After proceeding about a hundred yards beyond us they halted, and drew up across the road, unslinging their pieces as if to prepare for action.

“Look at those fellows, yonder,” said the old corporal, as he puffed his pipe calmly and deliberately; “they

mean mischief, or I'm much mistaken. Speak to them, Tiernay; you know their jargon."

I accordingly arose and advanced towards them, touching my hat in salute as I went forward. They did not give me much time, however, to open negotiations, for scarcely had I uttered a word, when bang went a shot close beside me; another followed; and then a whole volley was discharged, but with such haste and ill direction that not a ball struck me. Before I could take advantage of this piece of good fortune to renew my advances, a bullet whizzed by my head, and down went the left hand horse of the file, at first on his knees, and then, with a wild plunge into the air, he threw himself stone dead on the road, the rider beneath him. As for the rest, throwing off carbines and cartouche-boxes, they sprung from their horses, and took to the mountains with a speed that showed how far more they were at home amidst rocks and heather than when seated on the saddle. My comrades lost no time in coming up; but while three of them kept the fugitives in sight, covering them all the time with their muskets, the others secured the cattle, as in amazement and terror they stood around the dead horse.

Although the peasant had received no other injuries than a heavy fall and his own fears inflicted, he was overcome with terror, and so certain of death that he would do nothing but mumble his prayers, totally deaf to all the efforts I made to restore his courage.

"That comes of putting a man out of his natural bent," said the old corporal. "On his native mountains, and with his rifle, that fellow would be brave enough; but making a dragoon of him is like turning a Cossack into a foot soldier. One thing is clear enough, we've no time to throw away here; these peasants will soon alarm the village in our rear, so that we had better mount and press forward."

"But in what direction?" cried another; "who knows if we shall not be rushing into worse danger?"

"Tiernay must look to that," interposed a third. "It's clear he can't leave us now; his retreat is cut off, at all events."

"That's the very point I was thinking of, lads," said I. "The beacon fires show that the 'Tyrol is up,' and safely as I have journeyed hither I

know well I dare not venture to retrace my road; I'd be shot in the first Dorf I entered. On one condition, then, I'll join you; and short of that, however, I'll take my own path, come what may of it."

"What's the condition, then?" cried three or four, together.

"That you give me the full and absolute command of this party, and pledge your honour, as French soldiers, to obey me in everything, till the day we arrive at the head quarters of a French corps."

"What, obey a Pekin! take the *mot d'ordre* from a civilian that never handled a firelock!" shouted three or four, in derision.

"I have served, and with distinction, too, my lads," said I, calmly; "and if I have not handled a firelock, it is because I wielded a sabre, as an officer of Hussars. It is not here, nor now, that I am going to tell why I wear the epaulette no longer. I'll render account of that to my superiors and yours! If you reject my offer, and I don't press you to accept it, let us at least part good friends. As for me, I can take care of myself." As I said this, I slung over my shoulder the cross-belt and carbine of one of the fugitives, and selecting a strongly-built, short-legged black horse as my mount, I adjusted the saddle, and sprung on his back.

"That was done like an old hussar, anyhow," said a soldier, who had been a cavalry man, "and I'll follow you, whatever the rest may do." He mounted as he spoke, and saluted as if on duty. Slight as the incident was, its effect was magical. Old habits of discipline revived at the first signal of obedience, and the corporal having made his men fall in, came up to my side for orders.

"Select the best of these horses," said I, "and let us press forward at once. We are about eighteen miles from the village of Wangheim; by halting a short distance outside of it, I can enter alone, and learn something about the state of the country, and the nearest French post. The cattle are all fresh, and we can easily reach the village before day break."

Three of my little "command" were tolerable horsemen, two of them having served in the artillery train, and the third being the dragoon I have alluded to. I accordingly threw out a couple

of these as an advanced picquet, keeping the last as my aide de camp at my side. The remainder formed the rear, with orders, if attacked, to dismount at once, and fire over the saddle, leaving myself and the others to manœuvre as cavalry. This was the only way to give confidence to those soldiers who in the ranks would have marched up to a battery, but on horseback were totally devoid of self-reliance. Meanwhile I imparted such instructions in equitation as I could, my own old experience as a riding-master well enabling me to select the most necessary and least difficult of a horseman's duties. Except the old corporal, all were very creditable pupils; but he, possibly deeming it a point of honour not to discredit his old career, rejected everything like teaching, and openly protested that, save to run away from a victorious enemy, or follow a beaten one, he saw no use in cavalry.

Nothing could be in better temper, however, nor more amicable, than our discourses on this head; and as I let drop, from time to time, little hints of my services on the Rhine and in Italy, I gradually perceived that I grew higher in the esteem of my companions, so that ere we rode a dozen miles together their confidence in me became complete.

In return for all their anecdotes of "blood and field," I told them several stories of my own life, and, at least, convinced them that if they had not chanced upon the very luckiest of mankind, they had, at least, fallen upon one who had seen enough of casualties not to be easily baffled, and who felt in every difficulty a self-confidence that no amount of discomfiture could ever entirely obliterate. No soldier can vie with a Frenchman in tempering respect with familiarity; so that while preserving towards me all the freedom of the comrade, they recognised in every detail of duty the necessity of prompt obedience, and followed every command I gave with implicit submission.

It was thus we rode along, till in the distance I saw the spire of a village church, and recognized what I knew must be Dorf Wangheim. It was yet an hour before sunrise, and all was tranquil around. I gave the word to trot, and after about forty minutes' sharp riding we gained a small pine wood, which skirted the village. Here I dis-

mounted my party, and prepared to make my *entrée* alone into the Dorf, carefully arranging my costume for that purpose, sticking a large bouquet of wild flowers in my hat, and assuming as much as I could of the Tyrol look and lounge in my gait. I shortened my stirrups, also, to a most awkward and inconvenient length, and gripped my reins into a heap in my hand.

It was thus I rode into Wangheim, saluting the people as I passed up the street, and with the short dry greeting of "Tag," and a nod as brief, playing Tyroler to the top of my bent. The "Syndicus," or the ruler of the village, lived in a good-sized house in the "Platz," which, being market-day, was crowded with people, although the articles for sale appeared to include little variety, almost every one leading a calf by a straw rope, the rest of the population contenting themselves with a wild turkey, or sometimes two, which, held under the arms, added the most singular element to the general concert of human voices around. Little stalls for rustic jewellery and artificial flowers, the latter in great request, ran along the sides of the square, with here and there a booth where skins and furs were displayed, more, however, as it appeared to give pleasure to a group of sturdy jagers, who stood around, recognising the track of their own bullets, than from any hope of sale. In fact, the business of the day was dull, and an experienced eye would have seen at a glance that turkeys were "heavy," and calves "looking down." No wonder that it should be so; the interest of the scene being concentrated on a little knot of some twenty youths, who, with tickets containing a number in their hats, stood before the Syndic's door. They were fine-looking, stalwart, straight fellows; and became admirably the manly costume of their native mountains; but their countenances were not without an expression of sadness, the reflection, as I soon saw, of the sadder faces around them. For so they stood, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, their tearful eyes turned on the little band. It puzzled me not a little at first to see these evidences of a conscription in a land where hitherto the population had answered the call to arms by a levy "*en masse*," while the air of depression and sadness seemed also strange in those who gloried in

the excitement of war. The first few sentences I overheard revealed the mystery. Wangheim was Bavarian; although strictly a Tyrol village, and Austrian Tyrol, too, it had been included within the Bavarian frontier, and the orders had arrived from Munich at the Syndicate to furnish a certain number of men by a certain day. This was terrible tidings; for although they did not as yet know that the war was against Austria, they had heard that the troops were for foreign service, and not for the defence of home and country, the only cause which a Tyrooler deems worthy of battle. As I listened, I gathered that the most complete ignorance prevailed as to the service or the destination to which they were intended. The Bavarians had merely issued their mandates to the various villages of the border, and neither sent emissaries nor officers to carry them out. Having seen how the "land lay," I pushed my way through the crowd, into the hall of the Syndicate, and by dint of a strong will and stout shoulder, at length gained the audience chamber; where, seated behind an elevated bench, the great man was dispensing justice. I advanced boldly, and demanded an immediate audience in private, stating that my business was most pressing, and not admitting of delay. The Syndic consulted for a second or two with his clerk, and retired, beckoning me to follow.

"You're not a Tyrooler," said he to me, the moment we were alone.

"That is easy to see, Herr Syndicus," replied I. "I'm an officer of the staff, in disguise, sent to make a hasty inspection of the frontier villages, and report upon the state of feeling that prevails amongst them, and how they stand affected towards the cause of Bavaria."

"And what have you found, Sir?" said he, with native caution; for a Bavarian Tyrooler has the quality in a perfection that neither a Scotchman nor a Russian can pretend to.

"That you are all Austrian at heart," said I, determined to dash at him with a frankness that I knew he could not resist. "There's not a Bavarian amongst you. I have made the whole tour of the Vorarlberg; through the Bregenzer Wald, down the valley of the Lech, by Immenstadt, and Wangheim; and it's all the same.

I have heard nothing but the old cry of 'Gott, und der Kaiser!'"

"Indeed!" said he, with an accent beautifully balanced between sorrow and astonishment.

"Even the men in authority, the Syndics, like yourself, have frankly told me how difficult it is to preserve allegiance to a government by whom they have been so harshly treated. I'm sure I have the 'grain question,' as they call it, and the 'Frei wechsel' with South Tyrol, off by heart," said I, laughing. "However, my business lies in another quarter. I have seen enough to show me that save the outcasts from home and family, that class so rare in the Tyrol, that men call adventurers, we need look for no willing recruits here; and you'll stare when I say that I'm glad of it—heartily glad of it."

The Syndic did, indeed, stare, but he never ventured a word in reply.

"I'll tell you why, then, Herr Syndicus. With a man like yourself one can afford to be open-hearted. Wangheim, Luttrich, Kempenfeld, and all the other villages at the foot of these mountains, were never other than Austrian. Diplomats and map-makers coloured them pale blue, but they were black and yellow underneath; and what's more to the purpose, Austrian they must become again. When the real object of this war is known, all Tyrol will declare for the house of Hapsburg. We begin to perceive this ourselves, and to dread the misfortunes and calamities that must fall upon you and the other frontier towns by this divided allegiance; for when you have sent off your available youth to the Bavarians, down will come Austria to revenge itself upon your undefended towns and villages."

The Syndic apparently had thought of all these things exactly with the same conclusions, for he shook his head gravely, and uttered a low faint sigh.

"I'm so convinced of what I tell you," said I, "that no sooner have I conducted to head-quarters the force I have under my command——"

"You have a force, then, actually under your orders?" cried he, starting.

"The advanced guard is picketed in yonder pine wood, if you have any curiosity to inspect them; you'll find them a little disorderly, perhaps, like all newly-raised levies, but I hope not discreditable allies for the great army."

The Syndic protested his sense of the

favour, but begged to take all their good qualities on trust.

I then went on to assure him that I should recommend the Government to permit the range of frontier towns to preserve a complete neutrality; by scarcely any possibility could the war come to *their* doors; and that there was neither sound policy nor humanity in sending them to seek it elsewhere. I will not stop to recount all the arguments I employed to enforce my opinions, nor how learnedly I discussed every question of European politics. The Syndic was amazed at the vast range of my acquirements, and could not help confessing it.

My interview ended by persuading him not to send on his levies of men till he had received further instructions from Munich; to supply my advanced guards with the rations and allowances intended for the others; and lastly, to advance me the sum of one hundred and seventy crown thalers, on the express pledge that the main body of my “marauders,” as I took opportunity to style them, should take the road by Kempen and Durchein, and not touch on the village of Wangheim at all.

When discussing this last point, I declared to the Syndic that he was depriving himself of a very imposing sight; that the men, whatever might be said of them in point of character, were a fine-looking, daring set of rascals, neither respecting laws nor fearing punishment, and that our band, for a newly formed one, was by no means contemptible. He resisted all these seducing prospects, and counted down his dollars with the air of a man who felt he had made a good bargain. I gave him a receipt in all form, and signed Maurice Tiernay at the foot of it as stoutly as though I had the *Grand Livre de France* at my back.

Let not the reader rashly condemn me for this fault, nor still more rashly conclude that I acted with a heartless and unprincipled spirit in this transaction. I own that a species of Jesuistry suggested the scheme, and that while providing for the exigencies of my own comrades, I satisfied my conscience by rendering a good service in return. The course of war, as I suspected it would, did sweep past this portion of the Bavarian Tyrol without inflicting any heavy loss. Such of the peasantry as joined the army fought

under Austrian banners, and Wangheim and the other border villages had not to pay the bloody penalty of a divided allegiance. I may add, too, for conscience sake, that while travelling this way many years after, I stopped a day at Wangheim to point out its picturesque scenery to a fair friend who accompanied me. The village inn was kept by an old, venerable-looking man, who also discharged the functions of “Vorstehér”—the title Syndicus was abolished. He was, although a little cold and reserved at first, very communicative, after a while, and full of stories of the old campaigns of France and Austria, amongst which he related one of a certain set of French freebooters that once passed through Wangheim, the Captain having actually breakfasted with himself, and persuaded him to advance a loan of nigh two hundred thalers on the faith of the Bavarian Government.

“He was a good-looking, dashing sort of fellow,” said he, “that could sing French love songs to the piano and jodle ‘Tyroler Lieder’ for the women. My daughter took a great fancy to him, and wore his sword-knot for many a day after, till we found that he had cheated and betrayed us. Even then, however, I don’t think she gave him up, though she did not speak of him as before. This is the fellow’s writing,” added he, producing a much-worn and much-crumpled scrap of paper from his old pocket-book, “and there’s his name. I have never been able to make out clearly whether it was Thier-ray or Lierray.”

“I know something about him,” said I, “and, with your permission, will keep the document and pay the debt. Your daughter is alive still?”

“Ay, and married, too, at Bruck, ten miles from this.”

“Well, if she has thrown away the old sword-knot, tell her to accept this one in memory of the French Captain, who was not, at least, an ungrateful rogue;” and I detached from my sabre the rich gold tassel and cord which I wore as a general officer.

This little incident I may be pardoned for interpolating from a portion of my life, of which I do not intend to speak further, as with the career of the Soldier of Fortune I mean to close these memoirs of Maurice Tiernay.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"A LUCKY MEETING."

THE reader will probably not complain if, passing over the manifold adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes of my little party, I come to our arrival at Ingoldstadt, where the head-quarters of General Vandamme were stationed. It was just as the recall was beating that we rode into the town, where, although nearly eight thousand men were assembled, our somewhat singular cavalcade attracted no small share of notice. Fresh rations for "man and beast" slung around our very ragged clothing, and four Austrian grenadiers tied by a cord, wrist to wrist, as prisoners behind us, we presented, it must be owned, a far more picturesque than soldierlike party.

Accepting all the attentions bestowed upon us in the most flattering sense, and affecting not to perceive the ridicule we were exciting on every hand, I rode up to the "État Major" and dismounted. I had obtained from "my prisoners" what I deemed a very important secret, and was resolved to make the most of it by asking for an immediate audience of the General.

"I am the Officier d'Ordonnance," said a young lieutenant of dragoons, stepping forward; "any communications you have to make must be addressed to *me*."

"I have taken four prisoners, Monsieur le Lieutenant," said I, "and would wish to inform General Vandamme on certain matters they have revealed to me."

"Are you in the service?" asked he, with a glance at my incongruous equipment.

"I have served, Sir," was my reply.

"In what army of brigands was it then," said he, laughing, "for, assuredly, you do not recall to my recollection any European force that I know of?"

"I may find leisure and inclination to give you the fullest information on this point at another moment, Sir; for the present my business is more pressing. Can I see General Vandamme?"

"Of course, you cannot, my worthy fellow! If you had served, as you say you have, you could scarcely have made so absurd a request. A French General of Division does not give au-

dience to every tatterdemalion who picks up a prisoner on the high road."

"It is exactly because I *have* served that I do make the request," said I, stoutly.

"How so, pray?" asked he, staring at me.

"Because I know well how often young staff-officers, in their self-sufficiency, overlook the most important points, and, from the humble character of their informants, frequently despise what their superiors, had they known it, would have largely profited by. And, even if I did not know this fact, I have the memory of another one scarcely less striking, which was, that General Massena himself admitted me to an audience when my appearance was not a whit more imposing than at present."

"You knew General Massena, then. Where was it, may I ask?"

"In Genoa, during the siege."

"And what regiment have you served in?"

"The Ninth Hussars."

"Quite enough, my good fellow. The Ninth were on the Sambre while that siege was going on," said he, laughing sarcastically.

"I never said that my regiment was at Genoa. I only asserted that I *was*," was my calm reply, for I was anxious to prolong the conversation, seeing that directly over our heads, on a balcony, a number of officers had just come out to smoke their cigars after dinner, amongst whom I recognised two or three in the uniform of General.

"And now for your name; let us have that," said he, seating himself, as if for a lengthy cross-examination.

I stole a quick glance over head, and seeing that two of the officers were eagerly listening to our colloquy, said aloud—

"I'll tell you no more, Sir. You have already heard quite enough to know what my business is. I didn't come here to relate my life and adventures."

"I say, Lestoeque," cried a large, burly man, from above, "have you picked up Robinson Crusoe, there?"

"He's far more like the man, Friday, mon General," said the young lieute-

nant, laughing, “although even a savage might have more deference for his superiors.”

“What does he want, then?” asked the other.

“An audience of yourself, mon General—nothing less.”

“Have you told him how I am accustomed to reward people who occupy my time on false pretences, Lestocque?” said the General, with a grin. “Does he know that the Salle de Police first, and the Prevot afterwards, comprise my gratitude?”

“He presumes to say, Sir, that he knows General Massena,” said the lieutenant.

“Diable! He knows *me*, does he say—he knows *me*? Who is he—what is he?” said a voice I well remembered, and at the same instant the brown, dark visage of General Massena peered over the balcony.

“He’s a countryman of your’s, Massena,” said Vandamme, laughing. “Eh, are you not a Piedmontais?”

Up to this moment I had stood silently listening to the dialogue around me, without the slightest apparent sign of noticing it. Now, however, as I was directly addressed, I drew myself up to a soldierlike attitude, and replied—

“No, Sir. I am more a Frenchman than General Vandamme, at least.”

“Send that fellow here; send him up, Lestocque, and have a corporal’s party ready for duty,” cried the General, as he threw the end of his cigar into the street, and walked hastily away.

It was not the first time in my life that my tongue had brought peril on my head; but I ascended the stairs with a firm step, and if not with a light, at least with a resolute heart, seeing how wonderfully little I had to lose, and that few men had a smaller stake in existence than myself.

The voices were loud, and in tones of anger, as I stepped out upon the terrace.

“So we are acquaintances, it would appear, my friend?” said Massena, as he stared fixedly at me.

“If General Massena cannot recall the occasion of our meeting,” said I, proudly, “I’ll scarcely remind him of it.”

“Come, come,” said Vandamme, angrily, “I must deal with this ‘galliard’ myself. Are you a French soldier?”

“I was, Sir; an officer of cavalry.”

“And were you broke? did you desert? or what was it?” cried he, impatiently.

“I kept better company than I believe is considered safe in these days, and was accidentally admitted to the acquaintance of the Prince de Condé——”

“That’s it!” said Vandamme, with a long whistle; “*that’s* the mischief, then. You are a Vendéen?”

“No, Sir; I was never a Royalist, although, as I have said, exposed to the very society whose fascinations might have made me one.”

“Your name is Tiernay, Monsieur, or I mistake much?” said a smart-looking young man in civilian dress.

I bowed an assent, without expressing any sentiment of either fear or anxiety.

“I can vouch for the perfect accuracy of that gentleman’s narrative,” said Monsieur de Bourrienne, for I now saw it was himself. “You may possibly remember a visiter——”

“At the Temple,” said I, interrupting him. “I recollect you perfectly, Sir, and thank you for this recognition.”

Monsieur de Bourrienne, however, did not pay much attention to my gratitude, but proceeded in a few hurried words to give some account of me to the bystanders.

“Well, it must be owned that he looks devilish unlike an officer of hussars,” said Massena, as he laughed, and made others laugh, at my strange equipment.

“And yet you saw me in a worse plight, General,” said I, coolly.

“How so—where was that?” cried he.

“It will be a sore wound to my pride, General,” said I, slowly, “if I must refresh your memory.”

“You were not at Valenciennes,” said he, musing. “No, no; *that* was before your day. Were you on the Meuse, then? No. Nor in Spain? I’ve always had hussars in my division; but I confess I do not remember all the officers.”

“Will Genoa not give the clue, Sir?” said I, glancing at him a keen look.

“Least of all,” cried he. “The cavalry were with Soult. I had nothing beyond an escort in the town.”

“So there’s no help for it,” said I,

with a sigh. "Do you remember a half-drowned wretch that was laid down at your feet in the Annunziata Church one morning during the siege?"

"A fellow who had made his escape from the English fleet, and swam ashore? What! are you—By Jove! so it is, the very same. Give me your hand, my brave fellow. I've often thought of you, and wondered what had befallen you. You joined that unlucky attack on Monte Faccio; and we had warm work ourselves on hands the day after. I say, Vandamme, the first news I had of our columns crossing the Alps were from this officer—for officer he was, and shall be again, if I live to command a French division."

Massena embraced me affectionately, as he said this; and then turning to the others, said—

"Gentlemen, you see before you the man you have often heard me speak of—a young officer of hussars, who, in the hope of rescuing a division of the French army, at that time shut up in a besieged city, performed one of the most gallant exploits on record. Within a week after he led a storming party against a mountain fortress; and I don't care if he lived in the intimacy of every Bourbon Prince, from the Count D'Artois downwards, he's a good Frenchman, and a brave soldier. Bourrienne, you're starting for head quarters? Well, it is not at such a moment as this, you can bear these matters in mind; but don't forget my friend Tiernay; depend upon it he'll do you no discredit. The Emperor knows well both how to employ and how to reward such men as him."

I heard these flattering speeches like one in a delicious dream. To stand in the midst of a distinguished group, while Massena thus spoke of me, seemed too much for reality, for praise had indeed become a rare accident to me; but from such a quarter it was less eulogy than fame. How hard was it to persuade myself that I was awake, as I found myself seated at the table, with a crowd of officers, pledging the toasts they gave, and drinking bumpers in friendly recognition with all around me.

Such was the curiosity to hear my story, that numbers of others crowded into the room, which gradually assumed the appearance of a theatre. There was scarcely an incident to which I

referred, that some one or other of those present could not vouch for; and whether I alluded to my earlier adventures in the Black Forest, or the expedition of Humbert, or to the later scenes of my life, I met corroboration from one quarter or another. Away as I was from Paris and its influences, in the midst of my comrades, I never hesitated to relate the whole of my acquaintance with Fouché,—a part of my narrative which, I must own, amused them more than all the rest. In the midst of all these intoxicating praises, and of a degree of wonder that might have turned wiser heads, I never forgot that I was in possession of what seemed to myself at least a very important military fact, no less than the mistaken movement of an Austrian general, who had marched his division so far to the southward as to leave an interval of several miles between himself and the main body of the Imperial forces. This fact I had obtained from the grenadiers I had made prisoners, and who were stragglers from the corps I alluded to.

The movement in question was doubtless intended to menace the right flank of our army, but every soldier of Napoleon well knew that so long as he could pierce the enemy's centre such flank attacks were ineffectual, the question being already decided before they could be undertaken.

My intelligence, important as it appeared to myself, struck the two generals as of even greater moment; and Massena, who had arrived only a few hours before from his own division to confer with Vandamme, resolved to take me with him at once to headquarters.

"You are quite certain of what you assert, Tiernay?" said he; "doubtful information, or a mere surmise, will not do with him before whom you will be summoned. You must be clear on every point, and brief—remember that—not a word more than is absolutely necessary."

I repeated that I had taken the utmost precautions to assure myself of the truth of the men's statement, and had ridden several leagues between the Austrian left and the left centre. The prisoners themselves could prove that they had marched from early morning till late in the afternoon without coming up with a single Austrian post.

The next question was to equip me

with a uniform—but what should it be? I was not attached to any corps, nor had I any real rank in the army. Massena hesitated about appointing me on his own staff without authority, nor could he advise me to assume the dress of my old regiment. Time was pressing, and it was decided—I own to my great discomfiture—that I should continue to wear my Tyrolean costume till my restoration to my former rank was fully established.

I was well tired, having already ridden thirteen leagues of a bad road, when I was obliged to mount once more, and accompany General Massena in his return to head-quarters. A good

supper and some excellent Bourdeaux, and, better than either, a light heart, gave me abundant energy; and after the first three or four miles of the way I felt as if I was equal to any fatigue.

As we rode along the General repeated all his cautions to me in the event of my being summoned to give information at head-quarters; the importance of all my replies being short, accurate, and to the purpose; and, above all, the avoidance of anything like an opinion or expression of my own judgment on passing events. I promised faithfully to observe all his counsels, and not bring discredit on his patronage.

CHAPTER L.

THE MARCH ON VIENNA.

ALL General Massena's wise counsels, and my own steady resolves to profit by them, were so far thrown away, that, on our arrival at Abensberg, we found that the Emperor had left it four hours before, and pushed on to Ebersfeld, a village about five leagues to the eastward. A despatch, however, awaited Massena, telling him to push forward with Oudinot's corps to Newstadt, and, with his own division, which comprised the whole French right, to manœuvre so as to menace the Archduke's base upon the Iser.

Let my reader not fear that I am about to inflict on him a story of the great campaign itself, nor compel him to seek refuge in a map from the terrible array of hard names of towns and villages for which that district is famous. It is enough for my purpose that I recall to his memory the striking fact, that when the French sought victory by turning and defeating the Austrian left, the Austrians were exactly in march to execute a similar movement on the French left wing. Napoleon, however, gave the first "check," and "mated" his adversary ere he could open his game. By the almost lightning speed of his manœuvres, he moved forward from Ratisbon with the great bulk of his army; and at the very time that the Archduke believed him to be awaiting battle around that city, he was far on his march to Landshut.

General Massena was taking a hurried cup of coffee and dictating a

few lines to his secretary, when a dragoon officer galloped into the town with a second despatch, which, whatever its contents, must needs have been momentous, for in a few minutes the drums were beating and trumpets sounding, and all the stirring signs of an immediate movement visible. It was yet an hour before daybreak, and dark as midnight; torches, however, blazed everywhere, and by their flaring light the artillery-trains and wagons drove through the narrow street of the village, shaking the frail old houses with their rude trot. Even in a retreating army, I have scarcely witnessed such a spectacle of uproar, confusion, and chaos; but still, in less than an hour the troops had all defiled from the town, the advanced guard was already some miles on its way; and, except a small escort of Lancers before the little inn where the General still remained, there was not a soldier to be seen. It may seem absurd to say it, but I must confess that my eagerness to know what was "going on" in front, was divided by a feeling of painful uneasiness at my ridiculous dress, and the shame I experienced at the glances bestowed on me by the soldiers of the escort. It was no time, however, to speak of myself or attend to my own fortunes, and I loitered about the court of the inn wondering if, in the midst of such stirring events, the General would chance to remember me. If I had but a frock and a shako, thought I, I could make my

way. It is this confounded velvet jacket and this absurd and tapering hat, will be my ruin. If I were to charge a battery, I'd only look like a merry-andrew after all; men will not respect what is only laughable. Perhaps after all, thought I, it matters little; doubtless Massena has forgotten me, and I shall be left behind like a broken limber. At one time I blamed myself for not pushing on with some detachment—at another I half-resolved to put a bold face on it, and present myself before the General; and between regrets for the past and doubts for the future, I at last worked myself up to a state of anxiety little short of fever.

While I walked to and fro in this distracted mood I perceived, by the bustle within doors, that the General was about to depart; at the same time several dismounted dragoons appeared leading saddle-horses, tightening girths, and adjusting curb-chains, all tokens of a start. While I looked on these preparations, I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs close behind, and the spluttering noise of a struggle. I turned and saw it was the General himself, who had just mounted his charger, but before catching his right stirrup the horse had plunged, and was dragging the "orderly" across the court by the bridle. Seeing, in an instant, that the soldier's effort to hold on was only depriving General Massena of all command of the horse, who must probably have fallen on his flank, I jumped forward, caught the stirrup, and slipped it over the General's foot, and then, with a sharp blow on the soldier's wrist, compelled him to relax his grasp. So suddenly were the two movements effected, that in less time than I take to relate it, all was over, and the General, who, for a heavy man, was a good rider, was fast seated in his saddle. I had now no time, however, to bestow on him, for the dragoon, stung by the insult of a blow, and from a peasant, as he deemed it, rushed at me with his sabre.

"*Halte la!*" cried Massena in a voice of thunder; "it was that country fellow saved me from a broken bone, which your infernal awkwardness might have given me. Throw him a couple of florins for me," cried he to his aide-de-camp, who just rode in; "and do you, Sir, join your ranks; I must look for another orderly."

"I am right glad to have been in the way, General," said I, springing forward, and touching my hat.

"What, Tiernay—this you?" cried he. "How is this? have I forgotten you all this time? What's to be done now? You ought to have gone on with the rest, Monsieur. You should have volunteered with some corps, eh?"

"I hoped to have been attached to yourself, General. I thought I could, perhaps, have made myself useful."

"Yes, yes, very true; so you might, I've no doubt; but my staff is full, I've no vacancy. What's to be done now? Lestocque, have we any spare cattle?"

"Yes, General; we've your own eight horses, and two of Cambronne's."

"Ah, poor fellow, he'll not want them more. I suppose Tiernay may as well take one of them, at least."

"There's an undress uniform, too, of Cambronne's would fit Monsieur de Tiernay," said the officer, who, I saw, had no fancy for my motley costume alongside of him.

"Oh, Tiernay doesn't care for that; he's too old a soldier to bestow a thought upon the colour of his jacket," said Massena.

"Pardon me, General, but it is exactly one of my weaknesses; and I feel that until I get rid of these trappings I shall never feel myself a soldier."

"I thought you had been made of other stuff," muttered the General, "and particularly since there's like to be little love-making in the present campaign." And with that he rode forward, leaving me to follow when I could.

"These are Cambronne's keys," said Lestocque, "and you'll find enough for your present wants in the saddle-bags. Take the grey, he's the better horse, and come up with us as fast as you can."

I saw that I had forfeited something of General Massena's good opinion by my dandyism; but I was consoled in a measure for the loss, as I saw the price at which I bought the forfeiture. The young officer, who had fallen three days before, and was a nephew of the General Cambronne, was a lieutenant in Murat's celebrated corps, the Lancers of "Berg," whose uniform was the handsomest in the French army. Even the undress scarlet frock and small silver helmet were more splendid than many full parade uniforms; and as I attired myself in these brilliant trappings, I

secretly vowed that the Austrians should see them in some conspicuous position ere a month was over. If I had but one sigh for the poor fellow to whose "galanterie" I succeeded, I had many a smile for myself as I passed and repassed before the glass, adjusting a belt or training an aigrette to fall more gracefully. While thus occupied, I felt something heavy clink against my leg, and opening the sabertasch, discovered a purse containing upwards of forty golden Napoleons and some silver. It was a singular way to succeed to a "heritage" I thought, but, with the firm resolve to make honest restitution, I replaced the money where I found it, and descended the stairs, my sabre jingling and my spurs clanking, to the infinite admiration of the hostess and her handmaiden, who looked on my transformation as a veritable piece of magic.

I'm sure Napoleon himself had not framed one-half as many plans for that campaign as I did while I rode along. By a close study of the map, and the aid of all the oral information in my power, I had at length obtained a tolerably accurate notion of the country; and I saw, or I thought I saw, at least, half a dozen distinct ways of annihilating the Austrians. I have often since felt shame, even to myself, at the effrontery with which I discussed the great manœuvres going forward, and the unblushing coolness with which I proffered my opinions and my criticisms; and I really believe that General Massena tolerated my boldness rather for the amusement it afforded him than from any other cause.

"Well, Tiernay," said he, as a fresh order reached him, with the most pressing injunction to hurry forward, "we are to move at once on Moosburg—what does that portend?"

"Sharp work, General," replied I, not noticing the sly malice of the question; "the Austrians are there in force."

"Do your grenadiers say so?"—asked he, sarcastically.

"No, General; but as the base of the operations is the Iser, they must needs guard all the bridges over the river, as well as protect the high road to Vienna by Landshut."

"But you forget that Landshut is a good eight leagues from that!" said he, with a laugh.

"They'll have to fall back there, nevertheless," said I, coolly, "or they

suffer themselves to be cut off from their own centre."

"Would you believe it," whispered Massena to a colonel at his side, "the fellow has just guessed our intended movement?"

Low as he spoke, my quick ears caught the words, and my heart thumped with delight as I heard them. This was the Emperor's strategy—Massena was to fall impetuously on the enemy's left at Moosburg, and drive them to a retreat on Landshut; when, at the moment of the confusion and disorder, they were to be attacked by Napoleon himself, with a vastly superior force. The game opened even sooner than expected, and a few minutes after the conversation I have reported, our "Tirailleurs" were exchanging shots with the enemy. These sounds, however, were soon drowned in the louder din of artillery, which thundered away at both sides till night-fall. It was a strange species of engagement, for we continued to march on the entire time, the enemy as steadily retiring before us, while the incessant cannonade never ceased.

Although frequently sent to the front with orders, I saw nothing of the Austrians; a low line of bluish smoke towards the horizon, now and then flashing into flame, denoted their position, and as we were about as invisible to them, a less exciting kind of warfare would be difficult to conceive. Neither was the destruction important; many of the Austrian shot were buried in the deep clay in our front; and considering the time, and the number of pieces in action, our loss was insignificant. Soldiers, if they be not the trained veterans of a hundred battles, grow very impatient in this kind of operation; they cannot conceive why they are not led forward, and wonder at the over caution of the General. Ours were mostly young levies, and were consequently very profuse of their comments and complaints.

"Have patience, my brave boys," said an old serjeant to some of the grumblers; "I've seen some service, and I never saw a battle open this way that there wasn't plenty of fighting ere it was over."

A long low range of hills bounds the plain to the west of Moosburg, and on these, as night closed, our bivouac fires were lighted, some of them extending to nearly half a mile

to the left of our real position, and giving the Austrians the impression that our force was stationed in that direction. A thin drizzly rain, cold enough to be sleet, was falling; and as the ground had been greatly cut up by the passage of artillery and cavalry, a less comfortable spot to bivouac in could not be imagined. It was difficult, too, to obtain wood for our fires, and our prospects for the dark hours were scarcely brilliant. The soldiers grumbled loudly at being obliged to sit and cook their messes at the murky flame of damp straw, while the fires at our left blazed away gaily without one to profit by them. Frenchmen, however, are rarely ill-humoured in face of the enemy, and their complaints assumed all the sarcastic drollery which they so well understand, and even over their half-dressed supper they were beginning to grow merry, when staff-officers were seen traversing the lines at full speed in all directions.

"We are attacked—the Austrians are upon us!" cried two or three soldiers, snatching up their muskets.

"No, no, friend," replied a veteran, "it's the other way; we are going at them."

This was the true reading of the problem; orders were sent to every brigade to form in close column of attack; artillery and cavalry to advance under their cover, and ready to deploy at a moment's notice.

Moosburg lay something short of two miles from us, having the Iser in front, over which was a wooden bridge, protected by a strong flanking battery. The river was not passable, nor had we any means of transporting artillery across it; so that to this spot our main attack was at once directed. Had the Austrian General, Heller, who was second in command to the Archduke Louis, either cut off the bridge, or taken effectual measures to oppose its passage, the great events of the campaign might have assumed a very different feature. It is said, however, that an entire Austrian brigade was encamped near Freising, and that the communication was left open to save them.

Still it must be owned that the Imperialists took few precautions for their safety; for, deceived by our line of watch-fires, the picquets extended but a short distance into the plain; and when attacked by our light cavalry,

many of them were cut off at once; and of those who fell back, several traversed the bridge, with their pursuers at their heels. Such was the impetuosity of the French attack, that although the most positive orders had been given by Massena that not more than three guns and their caissons should traverse the bridge together, and even these at a walk, seven or eight were seen passing at the same instant, and all at a gallop, making the old framework so rock and tremble, that it seemed ready to come to pieces. As often happens, the hardihood proved our safety. The Austrians counting upon our slow transit, only opened a heavy fire after several of our pieces had crossed, and were already in a position to reply to them. Their defence, if somewhat late, was a most gallant one; and the gunners continued to fire on our advancing columns till we captured the block house, and sabred the men at their guns. Meanwhile the Imperial Cuirassiers, twelve hundred strong, made a succession of furious charges upon us, driving our light cavalry away before them, and for a brief space making the fortune of the day almost doubtful. It soon appeared, however, that these brave fellows were merely covering the retreat of the main body, who in all haste were falling back on the villages of Furth and Arth. Some squadrons of Kellerman's heavy cavalry gave time for our light artillery to open their fire, and the Austrian ranks were rent open with terrific loss.

Day was now dawning, and showed us the Austrian army in retreat by the two great roads towards Landshut. Every rising spot of ground was occupied by artillery, and in some places defended by stockades, showing plainly enough that all hope of saving the guns was abandoned, and that they only thought of protecting their flying columns from our attack. These dispositions cost us heavily, for as we were obliged to carry each of these places before we could advance, the loss in this hand-to-hand encounter was very considerable. At length, however, the roads became so blocked up by artillery, that the infantry were driven to deile into the swampy fields at the road side, and here our cavalry cut them down unmercifully, while grape tore through the dense masses at half musket range.

Had discipline or command been possible, our condition might have been made perilous enough, since, in the impetuosity of attack, large masses of our cavalry got separated from their support, and were frequently seen struggling to cut their way out of the closing columns of the enemy. Twice or thrice it actually happened that officers surrendered the whole squadron as prisoners, and were rescued by their own comrades afterwards. The whole was a scene of pell-mell confusion and disorder; some, abandoning positions when successful defence was possible, others, obstinately holding their ground when destruction was inevitable. Few prisoners were taken; indeed, I believe, quarter was little thought of by either side. The terrible excitement had raised men's passions to the pitch of madness, and each fought with all the animosity of hate.

Massena was always in the front, and, as was his custom, comporting himself with a calm steadiness that he rarely displayed in the common occurrences of every-day life. Like the English Picton, the crash and thunder of conflict seemed to soothe and assuage the asperities of an irritable temper, and his mind appeared to find a congenial sphere in the turmoil and din of battle. The awkward attempt of a French squadron to gallop in a deep marsh, where men and horses were rolling indiscriminately together, actually gave him a hearty fit of laughter, and he issued his orders for their recall, as though the occurrence were a good joke. It was while observing this incident, that an orderly delivered into his hands some maps and papers that had just been captured from the fourgon of a staff-officer. Turning them rapidly over, Massena chanced upon the plan of a bridge, with marks indicative of points of defence at either side of it, and the arrangements for mining it, if necessary. It was too long to represent the bridge of Moosburg, and must probably mean that of Landshut; and so thinking, and deeming that its possession might be important to the Emperor, he ordered me to take a fresh horse, and hasten with it to the head-quarters. The orders I received were vague enough.

"You'll come up with the advance guard some eight or nine miles to the north'ard; you'll chance upon some of the columns near Fleishim."

Such were the hurried directions I obtained, in the midst of the smoke and din of a battle; but it was no time to ask for more precise instructions, and away I went.

In less than twenty minutes' sharp riding, I found myself in a little valley, enclosed by low hills, and watered by a small tributary of the Danube, along whose banks cottages were studded in the midst of what seemed one great orchard, since for miles the white and pink blossoms of fruit-trees were to be seen extending. The peasants were at work in the fields, and the oxen were toiling along with the heavy wagons, or the scarcely less cumbersome plough, as peacefully as though bloodshed and carnage were not within a thousand miles of them. No high road penetrated this secluded spot, and hence it lay secure, while ruin and devastation raged at either side of it. As the wind was from the west, nothing could be heard of the cannonade towards Moosburg, and the low hills completely shut out all signs of the conflict. I halted at a little wayside forge, to have a loose shoe fastened, and in the crowd of gazers who stood around me, wondering at my gay trappings and gaudy uniform, not one had the slightest suspicion that I was other than Austrian. One old man asked me if it were not true that the "French were coming?" and another laughed, and said, "They had better not;" and there was all they knew of that terrible struggle—the shock that was to rend in twain a great Empire.

Full of varied thought on this theme, I mounted and rode forward. At first, the narrow roads were so deep and heavy, that I made little progress; occasionally, too, I came to little streams, traversed by a bridge of a single plank, and was either compelled to swim my horse across, or wander long distances in search of a ford. These obstructions made me impatient, and my impatience but served to delay me more, and all my efforts to push directly forwards only tended to embarrass me. I could not ask for guidance, since I knew not the name of a single village or town, and to have inquired for the direction in which the troops were stationed, might very possibly have brought me into danger.

At last, and after some hours of toilsome wandering, I reached a small wayside inn, and resolving to obtain

some information of my whereabouts, I asked whither the road led that passed through a long, low, swampy plain, and disappeared in a pine wood.

"To Landshut," was the answer.

"And the distance?"

"Three German miles," said the host; "but they are worse than five; for since the new line has been opened, this road has fallen into neglect. Two of the bridges are broken, and a landslip has completely blocked up the passage at another place."

"Then how am I to gain the new road?"

Alas! there was nothing for it but going back to the forge where I had stopped three hours and a-half before, and whence I could take a narrow bridle-path to Fleisheim, that would bring me out on the great road. The very thought of retracing my way was intolerable; many of the places I had leaped my horse over would have been impossible to cross from the opposite side; once I narrowly escaped being carried down by a mill-race; and, in fact, no dangers nor inconveniences of the road in front of me, could equal those of the course I had just come. Besides all this, to return to Fleisheim would probably bring me far in the rear of the advancing columns, while if I pushed on towards Landshut, I might catch sight of them from some rising spot of ground.

"You will go, I see," cried the host, as he saw me set out. "Perhaps you're right; the old adage says, 'It's often the roughest road leads to the smoothest fortune.'"

Even that much encouragement was not without its value. I spurred into a canter with fresh spirits. The host of the little inn had not exaggerated; the road was execrable. Heavy rocks and mounds of earth had slipped down with the rains of winter, and remained in the middle of the way. The fallen masonry of the bridges had driven the streams into new channels, with deep pools among them; broken wagons and ruined carts marked the misfortunes of some who had ventured on the track; and except for a well-mounted and resolute horseman, the way was impracticable. I was well nigh overcome by fatigue and exhaustion, as clambering up a steep hill, with the bridle on my arm, I gained the crest of the ridge, and suddenly saw Landshut—for it could be no other—before

me. I have looked at many new pictures and scenes, but I own I never beheld one that gave me half the pleasure. The ancient town, with its gaunt old belfries, and still more ancient castle, stood on a bend of the Inn, which was here crossed by a long wooden bridge, supported on boats, a wide track of shingle and gravel on either side showing the course into which the melting snows often swelled the stream. From the point where I stood, I could see into the town. The Platz, the old gardens of the nunnery, the terrace of the castle, all were spread out before me; and to my utter surprise, there seemed little or no movement going forward. There were two guns in position at the bridge; some masons were at work on the houses, beside the river, piercing the walls for the use of musketry, and an infantry battalion was under arms in the market-place. These were all the preparations I could discover against the advance of a great army. But so it was; the Austrian spies had totally misled them, and while they believed that the great bulk of the French lay around Ratisbon, the centre of the army, sixty-five thousand strong, and led by Napoleon himself, was in march to the southward.

That the attack on Moosburg was still unknown at Landshut seemed certain; and I now perceived that, notwithstanding all the delays I had met with, I had really come by the most direct line; whereas, on account of the bend of the river no Austrian courier could have brought tidings of the engagement up to that time. My attention was next turned towards the direction whence our advance might be expected; but although I could see nearly four miles of the road, not a man was to be descried along it.

I slowly descended the ridge and, passing through a meadow, was approaching the high road, when suddenly I heard the clattering of a horse at full gallop coming along the causeway. I mounted at once, and pushed forward to an angle of the road, by which I was concealed from all view. The next instant, a Hungarian hussar turned the corner at top speed.

"What news?" cried I, in German. "Are they coming?"

"Ay, in force," shouted he without stopping.

I at once drew my pistol, and

levelled at him. The man's back was towards me, and my bullet would have pierced his skull. It was my duty, too, to have shot him, for moments were then worth days, or even weeks. I couldn't pull the trigger, however, and I replaced my weapon in the holster. Another horseman now swept past without perceiving me, and quickly behind him came a half squadron of hussars, all riding in mad haste and confusion. The horses, though "blown," were not sweated, so that I conjectured they had ridden fast though not far. Such was the eagerness to press on, and so intent were they on the thought of their own tidings, that none saw me, and the whole body swept by and disappeared. I waited a few minutes to listen, and as the clattering towards Landshut died away, all was silent. Trusting to my knowledge of German to save me, even if I fell in with the enemy, I now rode forward at speed in the direction of our advance. The road was straight as an arrow for miles, and a single object coming towards me was all I could detect. This proved to be a hussar of the squadron, whose horse, being dead lame, could not keep up with the rest, and now the poor fellow was making the best of his way back as well as he was able. Of what use, thought I, to make him my prisoner; one more or less at such a time can be of slight avail; so I merely halted him to ask how near the French were. The man could only speak Hungarian, but made signs that the lancers were close upon us, and counselled me to make my escape into the town with all speed. I intimated by a gesture that I could trust to my horse, and we parted. He was scarcely out of sight when the bright gleam of brass helmets came into view towards the west, and then I could make out the shining cuirasses of the "*Corps de Guides*," as, mounted on their powerful horses, they came galloping along.

"I thought I was foremost," said a young officer to me, as he rode up. "How came *you* in advance?"

"Where's the '*Etat Major*,'" cried I, in haste, and not heeding his question. "I have a despatch for the Emperor."

"Follow the road," said he, "and you'll come up with them in half an hour."

And with these hurried words we

passed each other. A sharp pistol report a moment after told me what had befallen the poor Hungarian; but I had little time to think of his fate. Our squadrons were coming on at a sharp pace, while in their rear the jingling clash of horse-artillery resounded. From a gentle rise of the road, I could see a vast distance of country, and perceive that the French columns extended for miles away—the great *chaussée* being reserved for the heavy artillery, while every by-road and lane were filled with troops of all arms, hurrying onward. It was one of those precipitous movements by which Napoleon so often paralysed an enemy at once, and finished a campaign by one daring exploit.

At such a time it was in vain for me to ask in what direction the staff might be found. All were eager and intent on their own projects; and as squadron after squadron passed, I saw it was a moment for action rather than for thought. Still I did not like to abandon all hope of succeeding after so much of peril and fatigue, and seeing that it was impossible to advance against the flood of horse and artillery that formed along the road, I jumped my horse into a field at the side, and pushed forward. Even here, however, the passage was not quite clear, since many, in their eagerness to get forward, had taken to the same line, and with cheering cries and wild shouts of joy, were galloping on. My showy uniform drew many an eye towards me, and at last a staff-officer cried out to me to stop, pointing with his sabre as he spoke to a hill a short distance off, where a group of officers were standing.

This was General Moulon and his staff, under whose order the advanced-guard was placed.

"A despatch—whence from?" cried he hastily, as I rode up.

"No, Sir; a plan of the bridge of Landshut, taken from the enemy this morning at Moosburg."

"Are they still there?" asked he.

"By this time they must be close upon Landshut; they were in full retreat when I left them at day-break."

"We'll be able to speak of the bridge without this," said he, laughing, and turning toward his staff, while he handed the sketch carelessly to some one beside him; "and you'll serve the Emperor quite as well, Sir, by

coming with us as hastening to the rear."

I professed myself ready and willing to follow his orders, and away I went with the staff, well pleased to be once more on active service.

Two cannon shots, and a rattling crash of small arms, told us that the combat had begun; and as we rose the hill, the bridge of Landshut was seen on fire in three places. Either from some mistake of his orders, or not daring to assume a responsibility for what was beyond the strict line of duty, the French commander of the artillery placed his guns in position along the river's bank, and prepared to reply to the fire now opening from the town, instead of at once dashing onward within the gates. Moulon hastened to repair the error; but by the delay in pushing through the dense masses of horse, foot, and artillery, that crowded the passage, it was full twenty minutes ere he came up. With a storm of oaths on the stupidity of the artillery colonel, he ordered the firing to cease, commanding both the cavalry and the train waggons to move right and left, and give place for a grenadier battalion, who were coming briskly on with their muskets at the sling.

The scene was now a madly-exciting one. The chevaux-de-frize at one end of the bridge was blazing; but beyond it on the bridge the Austrian engineer and his men were scattering combustible material, and with hempen torches touching the new-pitched timbers. An incessant roll of musketry issued from the houses on the river side, with now and then the deeper boom of a large gun, while the roar of voices, and the crashing noise of artillery passing through the streets, swelled into a fearful chorus. The French sappers quickly removed the burning chevaux-de-frize, and hurled the flaming timbers into the stream; and scarcely was this done, when Moulon, dismounting, advanced, cheering, at the head of his grenadiers. Charging over the burning bridge, they rushed forward; but their way was arrested by the strong timbers of a massive portcullis, which closed the passage. This had been concealed from our view by the smoke and flame; and now, as the press of men from behind grew each instant more powerful, a scene of terrible suffering ensued. The enemy, too,

poured down a deadly discharge, and grape-shot tore through us at pistol range. The onward rush of the columns to the rear defied retreat, and in the mad confusion, all orders and command were unheard or unheeded. Not knowing what delayed our advance, I was busily engaged in suppressing a fire at one of the middle buttresses, when, mounting the parapet, I saw the cause of our halt. I happened to have caught up one of the pitched torches at the instant, and the thought at once struck me how to employ it. To reach the portcullis, no other road lay open than the parapet itself—a wooden railing, wide enough for a footing, but exposed to the whole fire of the houses. There was little time for the choice of alternatives, even had our fate offered any, so I dashed on, and, as the balls whizzed and whistled around me, reached the front.

It was a terrible thing to touch the timbers against which our men were actually flattened, and to set fire to the bars around which their hands were clasped; but I saw that the Austrian musketry had already done its work on the leading files, and that not one man was living amongst them. By a blunder of one of the sappers, the portcullis had been smeared with pitch like the bridge; and as I applied the torch, the blaze sprung up, and, encouraged by the rush of air between the beams, spread in a second over the whole structure. Expecting my death-wound at every instant, I never ceased my task, even when it had become no longer necessary, impelled by a kind of insane persistence to destroy the barrier. The wind carrying the flame inward, however, had compelled the Austrians to fall back, and before they could again open a collected fire on us, the way was open, and the grenadiers, like enraged tigers, rushed wildly in.

I remember that my coat was twice on fire as, carried on my comrades' shoulders, I was borne along into the town. I recollect, too, the fearful scene of suffering that ensued, the mad butchery at each door-way as we passed, the piercing cries for mercy, and the groan of dying agony.

War has no such terrible spectacle as a town taken by infuriated soldiery, and even amongst the best of natures a relentless cruelty usurps the place of every chivalrous feeling. When or

how I was wounded I never could ascertain; but a round shot had penetrated my thigh, tearing the muscles into shreds, and giving to the surgeon who saw me the simple task of saying, "*Enlevez le—point d'espoir.*"

I heard thus much, and I have some recollection of a comrade having kissed my forehead, and there ended my reminiscences of Landshut. Nay, I am wrong; I cherish another and a more glorious one.

It was about four days after this occurrence that the surgeon in charge of the military hospital was obliged to secure by ligature a branch of the femoral artery which had been traversed by the ball through my thigh. The operation was a tedious and difficult one, for round shot, it would seem, have little respect for anatomy, and occasionally displace muscles in a sad fashion. I was very weak after it was over, and orders were left to give a spoonful of Bourdeaux and water from time to time during the evening, a direction which I listened to attentively, and never permitted my orderly to neglect. In fact, like a genuine sick man's fancy, it caught possession of my mind that this wine and water was to save me; and in the momentary rally of excitement it gave, I thought I tasted health once more. In this impression I never awoke from a short doze without a request for my cordial, and half mechanically would make signs to wet my lips as I slept.

It was near sunset, and I was lying with unclosed eyes, not asleep, but in that semi-conscious state that great bodily depression and loss of blood induce. The ward was unusually quiet, the little buzz of voices that generally mingled through the accents of suffer-

ing were hushed, and I could hear the surgeon's well-known voice as he spoke to some persons at the further end of the chamber.

By their stopping from time to time, I could remark that they were inspecting the different beds, but their voices were low and their steps cautious and noiseless.

"Tiernay—this is Tiernay," said some one reading my name from the paper over my head. Some low words which I could not catch followed, and then the surgeon replied—

"There is a chance for him yet, though the debility is greatly to be feared."

I made a sign at once to my mouth, and after a second's delay the spoon touched my lips, but so awkwardly was it applied, that the fluid ran down my chin; with a sickly impatience I turned away, but a mild low voice, soft as a woman's, said—

"Allons!—Let me try once more;" and now the spoon met my lips with due dexterity.

"Thanks," said I faintly, and I opened my eyes.

"You'll soon be about again, Tiernay," said the same voice; as for the person, I could distinguish nothing, for there were six or seven around me; "and if I know anything of a soldier's heart, this will do just as much as the doctor."

As he spoke he detached from his coat a small enamel cross, and placed it in my hand, with a gentle squeeze of the fingers, and then saying, "*au revoir*," moved on.

"Who's that?" cried I, suddenly, while a strange thrill ran through me.

"Hush!" whispered the surgeon, cautiously; "hush! it is the Emperor."

HISTORIC NOTES ON THE IRISH CENSUS.

THE mass of the people are little aware of the practical value of a Census. Some consider it a useless waste of money; others look upon it in the nature of an inquisitorial proceeding, inconsistent with the principles of British freedom; while the more thoughtless turn it into ridicule, and throw obstacles in the way of its inquiries, in their ignorance of the object for which it has been instituted.

The progress of time has done much for the investigation of truth. Every succeeding periodic enumeration has been attended with less difficulty, and this has arisen not merely from the spread of civilisation and education, or from improvements in the machinery of the Census itself, but from the fact, that the people are becoming more and more habituated to inquiries of the sort.

The Irish Census taken on the 30th of last March has justly claimed an amount of public interest and consideration, which no previous investigation of a similar kind, either in this or any other country, ever demanded—simply because neither general nor statistical history can supply results of anything like the same kind.

We imagined, when we commenced to consider this subject, that we might have been enabled to find some parallel to that which has taken place in Ireland within the last four years—such, for instance, as the effect produced by the great war in North-Western Europe. The means of comparison are not of that nature to enable us to speak with accuracy; but there can be little doubt that the destruction of human life during the continuance of that eventful conflict fell short of the loss the Irish people sustained from the year 1846 to the present time.

The gross result of the last Census has just been published. So far the general mind has been satisfied, and its curiosity appeased. Those who are ignorant of the advantages derived from statistical science, and who are unaware that in a correct knowledge of the status of a country is to be found the only sure basis for legislation, suppose that the mere enumeration of a people is the sole duty of a Census, and that the investigation about which there was so

much anxiety a few months ago is all over. This is not the case; the real business has but commenced. The arrangement, compilation, and reduction into order of the collected materials must occupy a considerable time, and then a voluminous publication, extending to every point to which inquiry has been directed, and containing reports upon every section into which the Census has been divided, will be presented to parliament. When this information shall be completed and made public, we shall be in a better condition to see in what precise manner the country and its inhabitants have been affected by the events of the preceding decade. Pending the production of this document by the Census Commissioners, we have turned our attention to the various attempts which have been made to compute the population of Ireland, and, by way of preface to future articles, present our readers with "*Historic Notes on the Irish Census.*"

Previous to the year 1813, when the first authentic enumeration of the people of Ireland was taken under the authority of Parliament, the amount of the population was computed chiefly by individuals who, from time to time, had applied their zeal and industry to the consideration of the subject. The statistical materials, from whence they obtained their results, were, for the most part, of an uncertain and unsatisfactory kind, and consequently the estimates we have of our numbers and progressive increase up to the date to which we have alluded, must be considered more conjectural than accurate.

To these calculations, however, in the absence of authorised inquiry by governmental machinery, there was much importance attached at the period when they were respectively published, and they now supply the science of political arithmetic with historic data not less interesting than instructive.

It is remarkable that from the year 1185, when Gerald Barry, commonly called Giraldus Cambrensis, visited Ireland, and found it, as he says, "without roads and almost uninhabited," up to the period when Lord Deputy Mount-

joy's Secretary, Fynes Morrison, calculated, that after the termination of the war of 1602, but 700,000 Irish subjects remained to Queen Elizabeth, there should be such utter silence by historians or other writers, as to the number of inhabitants in the country. This silence may be said to have been maintained up to the commencement of the seventeenth century, when, through the laborious researches of a learned doctor of medicine, named Petty, who settled in Ireland in 1652, and was subsequently appointed one of the surveyors to value the forfeited estates instituted during the Protectorate, we were supplied with the first computation to which any degree of faith may be attached. Petty was regarded as one of the ablest statisticians of his time, and all writers have adopted his estimates of the population in 1652 and 1672, as the sources from whence calculations of our numerical progress should be derived. "He was," says Ware, "a person of an admirable invention, of a prodigious working wit, and of so great worth and learning, that as he was fit for, so he was an ornament to the highest preferment." His first estimate is to be found in his tract entitled "*The Political Anatomy of Ireland*," in which he gives his opinion as to the amount of population in 1652:—

"The number of people," says he, being now (1672), about 1,100,000, and anno 1652 about 850,000, because I conceive that 80,000 of them have, in twenty years, increased, by generation, 70,000, by return of banished and expelled English, as also by the access of new ones; 80,000 of new sects, and 20,000 of returned Irish, being in all 250,000."

His next computation is contained in a report from the Council of Trade in Ireland to the Lord Lieutenant, in obedience to an order of Council, bearing date the 20th of January, 1675. This report was, as the preface to the tract on *Political Anatomy* says, "not only drawn but wholly

composed by Sir William Petty, and with which the Council concurred unanimously." His calculation rests chiefly on the number of hearths (or smokes as he calls them):—

"The number of people in Ireland in 1672 (says this document), is about 1,100,000, viz., 300,000 English, Scotch, and Welsh Protestants, and 800,000 Papists; whereof one-fourth are children unfit for labour, and 75,000 of the remainder are, by reason of their quality and estates, above the necessity of corporeal labour, so that there remains 750,000 labouring men and women, 500,000 whereof do perform the present work of the nation.

"The said 1,100,000 people do live in about 200,000 families or houses, whereof there are about 16,000 which have more than one chimney in each, and about 24,000 which have but one; all the other houses, being 160,000, are wretched nasty cabins, without chimney, window, or door-shut, even worse than those of the savage Americans, and wholly unfit for the making of merchantieth butter, cheese, or the manufacture of woollen, linen, or leather.

"By comparing the extent of the country with the number of people, it appears that Ireland is much under-peopled; forasmuch as there are about ten acres of good land to every head in Ireland, whereas in England and France there are but *four*, and in Holland scarce *one*."

Sir William, in arriving at his conclusion with respect to the population of 1672, was, in all probability, guided by the returns received from the hearth money collectors; a source upon which very little reliance could then be placed.

At that time the revenue was in management,* and the commissioners farmed out the hearth money† in almost every part of the kingdom, a system not likely to secure either accuracy or honesty in the returns. Mr. Gervais Parker Bushe (whose account of the population of Ireland in 1789 we shall hereafter notice), in speaking of Sir W. Petty's Report, says, "When I reflect that in 1786, when some offi-

* Clarendon's State Letters, vol. i. p. 6.

† "Hearth money was one of the oldest duties. By the Domesday Book it appears that fireage was paid to William the Conqueror for every chimney. It was not, however, known in Ireland till after the Restoration, when it was granted by 14 & 15 Car. II. c. 17, and by 17 & 18 Car. II. c. 18, in lieu of the Courts of Wards and Liveries, being a duty of two shillings yearly for each fire hearth, oven, &c., to be paid by the occupier of every dwelling throughout the kingdom, except such as live upon alms and are not able to get their living by work, and also except widows,

cers had been appointed to collect the duty, and after the frauds of several of them had been detected and punished, there were houses suppressed to the number of near two hundred thousand, can I suppose that the lists formed in 1672, under less efficient laws and a more imperfect method of calculation, could have been free from fraud and error?" Petty, even where he speaks about the smokes, is silent as to the source from whence he derives his calculations. Besides, as has been truly observed,* the tract on "Political Anatomy" is posthumous, evidently unfinished, and avowedly published in an imperfect state; and consequently these circumstances would combine to make a calculator cautious in forming deductions from such premises. It is agreed, however, that though his computations are open to objection in point of general accuracy, he is not likely to have erred in overrating the numbers, for he was well aware of the effects which war and concomitant pestilence had produced on the population.

Sir William Temple, in his letter to Lord Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1677, in describing the state of Ireland, says, "The want of trade proceeds from the want of people; and this is not grown from any ill qualities of the climate or air, but chiefly from the frequent revolutions of so many wars and rebellions, so great slaughters and calamities as have at several intervals of time succeeded the first conquest of the kingdom, in Henry the Second's time, until the year 1653. Two very great plagues followed the two great wars, those of Queen Elizabeth, and those of the last, which helped to drain the current stream of generation in this country." And again, in another passage, he says, "So that had it not been for the numbers of the British which the necessity of the late wars drew over, and of such who, either as adventurers or soldiers, seated themselves here upon account of the satisfaction made them in land,

the country had been, by the late war and plague, *left in a manner desolate.*"

This letter is dated July 22, 1673, ten years after Petty's Report to the Council of State. In an anonymous pamphlet, published in 1673, entitled "The Present State of Ireland, together with some Remarques upon the critical State thereof," in speaking of the population, the writer observes:—

"It hath been said of late by some, that the people of England are quadrupled within 400 years, as doubling every 200 years. How true this may be in relation to England, I know not; but I may be persuaded that this observation may be more properly applied to Ireland, which has been within these 400 years highly improved by clearing of grounds from a wilderness, and thereby constantly giving way for the enlargement of people's habitations. Ireland being reported to be greatly overgrown with woods in Giraldus Cambrensis his time. *Though Ireland was very populous before the late wars*, and is computed to be half as big as England, yet I dare not say that it contained half as many people as England did, because one-fourth part of Ireland is taken up with unprofitable bogs, lakes, and barren mountains; and for the townes and cities of England are far greater and more numerous in population to those of Ireland, inasmuch that the citie of London itself may be thought to contain more people than one-half of the kingdom of Ireland in the *best of times*. But whether Ireland did in her prime contain *two millions* of people, I will not take on me to determine, but to submit the decision of so doubtful a matter to more knowing persons."

It will be seen, then, from the authorities that we have quoted, that the population was considered greatly decreased, from the time when the country was supposed to be in her prime; wars, plagues, and famines having had nearly uninterrupted sway for a long period of her history, the eleven years from 1641 to 1653 being the most disastrous.

who shall procure a certificate from two justices of the peace yearly, that the house which they inhabit is not of greater value than eight shillings a year, and that they do not occupy land of eight shillings yearly, or have goods and chattles to the value of four pounds. This duty used formerly to be set to farm to the highest bidder, who collected it himself, and paid what he agreed for to the nearest collector of a district. But this practice has been discontinued ever since 1704."—*Sketch of the Revenue and Finances of Ireland*, p. 17.

* Rev. E. Groves's account of the proceedings in 1813 and 1814, to ascertain the population of Ireland, in Mason's Parochial Survey, vol. iii.

In the interval between 1672 and 1695, there does not appear to have been any attempt made to compute the number of people. In the latter year, Captain South, a gentleman of high scientific attainments, made a communication to the Royal Society of London,* in which he gives "an account of the number of people in the counties of Armagh, Louth, Meath, and city of Dublin, with an estimate of the number of people that were in the kingdom of Ireland the 10th January, 1695-6." The computation is grounded upon the poll-tax, showing the numbers assessed and exempted for the three counties, as well as the city of Dublin; and the conclusion, as to the number in the whole island, is arrived at according to the first quarter's assessment of the poll, in proportion to the counties, which (as he states) "were very exactly returned." Mr. Newenham, in his valuable treatise on the progress of the population of Ireland, attaches considerable importance to Captain South's computation. He compares it with that made by Sir W. Petty, in 1672, and comments upon the discernible coincidence between both estimates. According to the opinion of the former, he writes, "the increase by generation, under the circumstances affecting the population of Ireland when he wrote, could not have been more than 120,000 souls in twenty-five years, had internal tranquillity prevailed; and consequently the population of that country could not in such a case have amounted in 1695 to more than about 1,220,000. Proceeding, then, to show that, by the wars of the Revolution, and by subsequent political vexations, the population must have sustained a loss of 185,898 souls, he endeavours to show the perfect coincidence between the computations of Sir W. Petty, in 1672, which made the inhabitants of Ireland amount to 1,100,000, and the computation of Captain South, in 1695, which showed the numbers in that year to be 1,034,102. However ingenious this calculation may appear, it is difficult to attach to Captain South's estimate an amount of credit beyond that which a conjectural computation deserves; for though he gives the returns of the poll-tax as the data upon which his calculations were founded,

his account to the Royal Society is so brief, unexplanatory, and meagre in detail, that its value is questionable.

The next writer on the population of Ireland was Mr. Arthur Dobbs. In the second part of his essay on "The Trade and Improvement of Ireland," published in 1721, he thus tabulates the results of his computations for the years 1712, 1718, 1725, and 1726, grounded on the returns made by the collectors of hearth-money:—

	No. of Houses.	Population, at Six to a House.
1712 ...	349,849	... 2,099,094
1718 ...	361,508	... 2,169,048
1725 ...	386,229	... 2,317,374
1726 ...	384,851	... 2,309,106

The difference between the computation of 1725 and 1726, showing a decrease in the latter year, is accounted for by the default of the hearth collectors in not making a regular return of the houses of the poor, who, as the writer says, "are certified to live upon alms, and do not pay the tax; some, in their abstracts, returning them, and some not at all." Mr. Dobbs's calculations, founded upon the uncertain information supplied by the returns of inefficient and careless officers, must be classed with the previous attempts to ascertain the population, which are open to all the objections inseparable from a system of mere computation.

We now come to the year 1731, when another and unsatisfactory effort was made to arrive at the amount of the population. The progress of Roman Catholicism in Ireland at that time gave great anxiety to the Government, so much so, that the Lord Lieutenant,† in opening the session of Parliament on the 5th of October, 1731, called the attention of both houses to its increase in the country. "I shall leave it," said his Excellency, "to your consideration whether any further laws may be necessary to prevent the growth of Popery, and to secure you against all dangers from the great number of Papists in the kingdom." In accordance with this recommendation, the Lords appointed a Committee on the 2nd of November, 1731, to inquire into the state of Popery; and an order was made, directing that the archbishops and bishops, the parochial clergy, and the magistrates of the kingdom should

* "Philosophical Society's Transactions," vol. xxii. p. 520.

† The Duke of Dorset.

make a return of the *number of inhabitants* in each parish, and the number of Romish ecclesiastics and Popish schools. The returns were accordingly made, and the total number of souls was stated to have been 2,010,221. The Select Committee of the Lords stated, in their Report, that the information from the archbishops, bishops, and clergy was fuller and more particular than that received from the magistracy. The object of the inquiry from the Lords was one obviously of an unpopular and distasteful kind, and, therefore, it is not to be wondered that the returns from the magistracy, who must, of course, have sought to obtain the information from the people, turned out to be imperfect and inaccurate. The state of Ireland, too, at this period must also be considered, when, as has been justly remarked, large tracts of the country were not subject to magisterial jurisdiction or the influence of the clergy of the Established Church. This state of things will suggest that the result of an inquiry made by either of them would be far from satisfactory.

The hearth-money collectors continuing to make their returns, calculations founded thereon were made as to the amount of the population, extending from the year 1730 to 1775. The Commissioners of Revenue also required these officers to give, in a separate column, the religion of the head of each family. In the year 1736, an anonymous pamphlet was published, entitled, "An Abstract of the Number of Protestant and Popish Families in Ireland, taken from the Returns of the Collectors of the Hearth-money Office in Dublin, in the years 1732-1733." The number returned in one of these years was 386,902; "and if," says the writer, "we allow five to a family, then those families will contain 1,935,510 souls, and if we add to these the 12,000 soldiers and their families, and all such who live in colleges, hospitals, poor-houses, and the unreturned certified houses above mentioned, none of which are included in the aforesaid number of families returned by the hearth-money collectors, we may very well conclude that there are very nearly *two millions* of inhabitants in the kingdom." The author then proceeds to calculate the number of Protestant and Popish families.

Finding the number of inhabitants, he allows five souls as a proper medium to each family, and then, by ascertaining the religious persuasion of its head, he gets the number of persons of each religion. He thus calculates that, at that time, there were not three Roman Catholics to one Protestant in Ireland.

In De Burgho's "*Hibernia Dominicana*," he estimates that, in 1760, the population was 2,317,384. He does not mention the data from whence he derived his calculations, but it is more than probable that his estimate was grounded upon returns received from the Roman Catholic clergy. We have already stated that the hearth-money collectors' returns formed the basis upon which estimates were made of the population, and the following results were obtained from 1754 to 1785:—

1754 . . .	2,372,634 souls.
1767 . . .	2,544,276 „
1777 . . .	2,690,558 „
1785 . . .	2,845,982 „

Mr. Gervais Parker Bushe, who held the office of Commissioner of Revenue, read a paper on the 5th of June, 1790, before the Royal Irish Academy, which he entitled "*An Essay towards ascertaining the Population of Ireland*." From the peculiar advantages which his official position afforded him, he was the better enabled to correct the errors and frauds which had so long disgraced the returns of the hearth-money collectors, and thus his compilation may be considered as representing the most faithful estimate which had hitherto been made of the population. Mr. Bushe's account gives 4,040,000 as the number of souls in Ireland in 1778.

In 1791, a well-digested return, prepared by Mr. Wray, the Inspector of Hearth-money, was presented to the Irish House of Commons. He showed the number of hearths, and, by an allowance of six persons to each house, the population was estimated to be 4,206,612.

In 1792 Dr. Beaufort published an "*Ecclesiastical Map of Ireland*," and in the memoir which accompanies it, he gives the number of people in each county (save Tyrone), and the number of acres to each inhabitant.* His returns do not agree with those prepared in the same year by Inspector Wray, neither does he state the

* "*Beaufort's Map of Ireland*." Postscript, p. 142.

precise data upon which he forms his calculations. By giving five souls to a house, he makes the population, in 1792, 3,850,000; and at six, he estimates the number at 4,088,226.

We must now pass over a period of thirteen years, during which there does not seem to have been any computation made of our numbers, and this will bring us to Mr. Newenham's estimate. In his valuable treatise, already quoted, he discusses, with great ability, all the causes which led to the great increase of the population, supporting his arguments by the production of all the data, which research and industry could obtain, and arrives at the conclusion that the population had doubled itself since 1777, and that in 1805 Ireland contained 5,395,426 inhabitants.

Having now briefly glanced at the various attempts which had been made to compute the Irish people from 1652 to 1805, and which had for their basis the incomplete, ill-digested, and unfaithful returns of the hearth-money collectors, we shall now pass on to the date when the attention of the legislature was directed to the consideration of a more satisfactory mode for ascertaining the population. In 1801, the first authorised enumeration of the people of England had taken place, and in the year 1812, upon a motion that an account should be printed of the population of the several counties of Great Britain, Mr. Brougham called the attention of the House of Commons to the great defect in the existing law, animadverting strongly on the fact that it had not been extended to Ireland; and urged that, if a census were directed to be taken there, the number of persons attached to each religious sect should be specified, in order that their numerical relation to each other should be discernible. At a later period of the session, Sir John Newport, acting upon the suggestion, obtained leave to bring in a bill to take the census of Ireland, but deprecated any distinction being made between persons of religious persuasions, which, as he said, "could only have the effect of ranging, as it were, in hostile array those who, being kindred in blood and nation, differed only in religious creed." The bill underwent a great number of alterations during its progress, and, though it was entitled an "Act for ascertaining the Increase and Diminution of the Population," strange to say, there was no clause which em-

powered the obtaining of such information. The day appointed for commencing the inquiry was the 1st of May, 1813, and the points to which the enumerators' attention were directed were somewhat similar in detail to those of the Act of 1810, under which the second census of England was taken—viz., the number of inhabited houses; the number of families; the number of houses building; the number of uninhabited houses; the number of persons employed in and maintained by agriculture, trade, manufacture, handicraft; the number of souls in each barony, distinguishing males from females (excluding soldiers and seamen in the king's service); and the number of inhabitants in each city, town, and village. In England, the details of the census were carried out by the overseers of the poor,—a body long organised, and who, from their habits of visiting localities in the country, as well as from their knowledge of the poorer classes, were well qualified for the duty; while in Ireland a number of under-agents had to be chosen for the service of enumerators, who were, in pursuance of the Act of Parliament, appointed by the several Grand Juries to act within their respective limits. Those persons were generally selected without much reference to their capability to discharge the duty. Besides, the Grand Juries, who met but twice in the year, had but little interest in watching the operations of the Act or those who had been appointed to carry out its provisions, the objects of which were looked upon, even among the higher classes, with suspicion and distrust. Thus unwatched and uncontrolled by the Grand Juries, or by any central authority, the inferior agents became negligent and careless, while the great body of the people threw every obstacle in the way of affording information. Five years were wasted in useless attempts to collect the returns. Out of forty counties and counties of cities and towns into which Ireland is divided, ten only furnished complete returns; in four no steps whatever were taken in pursuance of the Act; and those of the remaining twenty-six were inaccurate or defective. Thus, then, failed the first attempt to enumerate the population of Ireland by a direct enumeration. With the data, however partially supplied, tables were prepared in 1824, the returns of the counties which

had been completed being taken as a basis for the compilation. The first table showed what had been done under the Act to complete the returns of 1813 and 1814; the second gave the totals of the returns for ten perfect counties; and the third gave the number of houses and souls (the two most important points) in every county; thus exhibiting at the same time the defects of the returns, and affording something like a ground for conjecture to work upon.

Mr. Lynch, the author of several treatises relative to Ireland,* and some tracts on philological subjects, devised the following process to complete the tables on the basis of the returns from the counties which were completed. From the number of houses returned to parliament in 1791 he deducted that of the houses returned in 1777, and thence inferred that, as the intervening term of fourteen years between 1777 and 1791 was to the difference or increase of houses thus found, so was the interval of twenty-three years—viz., from 1791 to 1814—to a fourth number, which, added to the number of houses in 1791, should give a number equal to that of the houses in 1814. Thus from the houses in Antrim county, in 1791 amounting to 30,314, he deducted the number of houses in the same county in 1777, amounting to 23,314, and thus showed that there remained an increase of 7,500 houses during the fourteen years. Then, pursuing the calculation, he urged that as fourteen years are to 7,500 (the increase during that period), so are twenty-three years to 18,321 houses, the increase during the latter period, which, added to 30,314 (the number of houses in 1791), would give a total of 42,625 houses for 1814. The number returned for that county in 1813 was 42,258, being but 367 less than what results from this calculation. The population, according to Mr. Lynch's process, amounted to 5,937,856 souls. During the progress of the census of 1813, Mr. Shaw Mason, who was Remembrancer and Receiver of First Fruits, as well as Secretary to the Board of Public Records, endeavoured to ascertain the proportion between the Pro-

testant and Roman Catholic population of Ireland. He opened a communication with the Established Clergy, and received returns from upwards of 200 parishes.† The tables were constructed according to the ecclesiastical divisions of Ireland, and the result given by Mr. Mason was 2½ Roman Catholics to 1 Protestant. Mr. Newenham, who adopted, in 1801, the civil division of the country for his calculations, estimated that the proportion was 4 to 1.

The experience which had been now gained in reference to the imperfect working of the act under which the Census of 1812 and 1813 was taken, enabled the Government to devise a more perfect machinery for the next Census, and in the year 1815, Mr. Peel, then Chief-Secretary for Ireland, introduced a bill into the House of Commons, which was passed into law in the same session. The chief difference between it and the preceding act consisted in the transfer of the duties of superintending the general management of the proceedings throughout the several counties from the grand juries to the bench of magistrates assembled at sessions. This was a wise alteration, and ensured the co-operation of a larger number of influential persons than could be found collected among the grand juries, and secured at the same time the advantage of having more frequent meetings, and, moreover, at quarter sessions, the benefit of the legal advice of the assistant-barristers. In the magistrates was vested the nomination of the enumerators, who were advised to be selected from the local tax-collectors. Uniformity in the details of the act was secured by a provision that the whole process should be conducted according to instructions to be issued from time to time from the Chief-Secretary's department to the bench of magistrates, through the assistant-barristers of each county, and the recorders of cities and towns. The act having passed, as we have before stated, in 1815, was not carried into effect until 1821, the 28th of May (the same day on which a similar operation was carried on in England) being that named upon which the Census was to be commenced. The stirring

* The Rev. E. Groves's Account of the Proceedings in 1813 and 1814 to ascertain the Population of Ireland. "Mason's Parochial Inquiry," vol. iii.

† We presume that the forms used in a Census might be made available by the Clergy of the Established Church in Ireland, should they desire at any time to learn the number of Protestants in their respective parishes.

political events which took place during the period that elapsed from 1815 to 1821, no doubt supplied the best reasons for choosing a time for enumerating the people, when the country should have been restored to something like tranquillity and prosperity. The total number of souls returned under the Census of 1821 was 6,801,827, which gave about $1\frac{1}{4}$ acres of arable land to each inhabitant, and about 365 inhabitants to a square mile. It also ascertained the age, occupation, and degree of mutual relationship of every inhabitant of Ireland, the particulars of which were very carefully and ably digested under the superintendence of Mr. Shaw Mason, whose preliminary observations in the Parliamentary Report comprise most masterly, well-considered, and practical information as to the mode in which the act was carried into effect, and the manner in which the returns had been subsequently collected and reduced to order. The expense of this Census was enormous, amounting to a sum exceeding £30,000.

We now pass to 1831, when another decennial enumeration took place. The bill for that purpose was introduced by Sir Henry Hardinge, Secretary for Ireland. The act was in substance the same as that passed in 1815, and provided that on the receipt of the returns from the various enumerators, they should be arranged and digested by an officer to be appointed by the Chief-Secretary for that purpose. Mr. O'Connell made some observations on that occasion,* from which it will be perceived that, like Mr. Brougham in 1810, he was anxious to have the religion of the people of Ireland distinguished in the forthcoming Census. Here is what is reported to have fallen from him:—"Mr. O'Connell begged to remark that an account was taken in 1635, of the amount of the Irish population, which was then stated at 3,000,000.† Fifty years afterwards, when the calculation was made by Sir W. Petty, the population had diminished nearly to the amount of 2,000,000. This decrease took place during the civil wars in Ireland, and suggested a

frightful reflection as to the sanguinary character of these wars. Sir W. Petty's accounts were, however, mere calculations. No Census was taken until 1815.‡ The gross numbers were given, but the results are not sufficiently accurate. The last Census was greatly under the real amount; this was demonstrated by what afterwards occurred. At the time when great distress was felt in Ireland, and subscriptions made to relieve the sufferers, the numbers actually relieved in the County of Mayo greatly exceeded, by no less than 35,000 persons, the total amount of the recorded population of that county. Of course none of the better classes received charitable assistance; so that in that county it is demonstrated that the Census fell short of the real population by at least 50,000 persons. He should suggest that this Census should discriminate, which the former did not, the religion of the inhabitants, so that the number professing different religions might be known. There were reasons—political reasons—why this should not be done in the last Census; but those reasons were now totally at an end. No improper, and, indeed, no political motive, could be gratified now by obtaining this information."

The suggestion was not assented to, and the bill passed into law, being in substance the same as the act for taking the population of 1821.§ Among other matters it was provided, that on the receipt of the returns from the various enumerators, they should be arranged and digested by an officer to be appointed by the Chief-Secretary for that purpose.|| When the final returns were received, it was found that the population was 7,767,400, being an increase on the numbers of 1821 of about $14\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The abstracts of the Census and returns were presented to Parliament in 1833. The Blue Book did not contain any report of the proceedings which were taken under the act; and in this respect, as well as in many others, presented a marked inferiority as a statistical document to that prepared in 1821. The returns of the Census of 1831 were subjected, in the year

* Hansard, vol. i., 3rd Series. 1850. p. 492. Nov. 12, 1830.

† There is no foundation whatever for the assertion that in 1653 the population was 3,000,000. See synoptical tables, page 563.

‡ Not until 1821.

§ 1 Wm. IV. cap. 19.

|| Mr. George Hatchell was the officer appointed.

1834, to the correction and revision of the Commission appointed to inquire into the state of public instruction in Ireland. This was the principal point of inquiry; but the Commissioners were also directed to ascertain the number of persons in communion with the United Church of England in Ireland; the number of the several places of worship belonging to Roman Catholics or Presbyterians, and Protestant dissenters; and the proportion of the population of each parish belonging to each of such persuasions respectively, adopting the population returns of 1831 as a basis. They were closely examined and corrected, and then sent back to the original enumerators, in order that they might distinguish the religious persuasions of the several persons therein mentioned. Queries were addressed to the clergy of the Established and Roman Catholic Churches, and to the Presbyterian ministers, from whom answers were obtained, as recorded by the Commissioners:—

Established Church	from 1390 parishes.
Roman Catholic	„ 868 „
Presbyterian	„ 210 „

Proceeding on the assumption that the same rate of increase had taken place between 1831 and 1834 as between 1821 and 1831, tables were prepared by which the visiting Commissioner* was enabled to determine the extent to which he was to add or diminish from the numbers of the population of any particular parish as given in the Census of 1831. Assuming, as a further fact, that the variations as to increase or diminution had been equal among the several religious denominations, the same rule of computation, applied to each of the denominations, gave the present numbers, bearing the same relative proportions with respect to religious tenets as in the classified census of 1831. It will be observed that the enumeration of 1834 was taken according to the ecclesiastical division of parishes, which neither in name nor territorial extent is identical with the civil, as existing in counties, and which was adopted in the population returns of 1821 and 1831. The numbers as given by the Commissioners of Public Instruction deduced from the corrected returns of 1831, were—

Established Church,	852,064
Roman Catholics,	6,427,712
Presbyterians,	642,856
Other Protestant Dissenters,	21,808

Making, in the whole, 7,143,940 persons bearing the following religious proportions to each other:—

Established Church,	10 ¹¹⁸ / ₁₀₀₀
Roman Catholics,	80 ¹¹⁸ / ₁₀₀₀
Presbyterians,	8 ¹¹⁸ / ₁₀₀₀
Other Protestant Dissenters	1 ¹¹⁸ / ₁₀₀₀

The members of the Established Church were found to be unequally dispersed throughout the country; Roman Catholics, generally diffused all over the island, exhibited the largest numbers as compared with the rest of the population in the provinces of Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam. In a digest of the evidence on the state of Ireland, in 1824–5,† the following opinions were given as to the proportion of Roman Catholics to Protestants, and it is remarkable that in proportion to the opportunity of knowledge which the witnesses respectively had, so does Protestant population appear to increase.

“1st. *Mr. O’Connell*, who is, as he states, totally ignorant of the North of Ireland, considers the Protestants considerably less than a seventh of the Roman Catholics.

“2nd. *Mr. Blake*, who, from the nature of his employment, must necessarily be more generally acquainted with the state of Ireland, but who yet attaches little weight to his opinion, concludes them one-fifth.

“3rd. *Mr. M’Culloch*, who has studied the subject of population, but who has no information respecting Ireland, except what he has derived from books, considers them more than a fifth and less than a fourth.

“4th. *Mr. Shaw Mason*, whose opportunities of information were extensive, but who has yet only partially exerted himself to estimate the relative populations, whose returns were principally from country parishes, and who does not attach much importance to his conclusions, regards them as less than a fourth and more than a third.

“5. *Mr. Leslie Foster*, who, as he states, has a personal knowledge of every part of Ireland, and who can check the result of his calculations by observation of their agreement with the actual state of things, compares the

* The members of the Commission were directed to visit every parish in Ireland

† Phelan and O’Sullivan, part I., p. 82.

Protestant population to the Roman Catholics as one to a little more than two and a half."

We now pass to 1841, when the next Census was taken in Ireland. The interval between 1834 and 1841 was characterized in England by considerable advance in statistical knowledge. An act for the general registry of deaths, births, and marriages for England was passed, and it became evident, from the interest which was created in the minds of scientific men, as expressed in some of the learned societies, that a Census in future should not be confined to the mere enumeration of a people, but that it should disclose every possible information which would tend to throw light on their social condition.

The Statistical Society of London took the matter up, and in its proceedings we find an able Report from a committee appointed to inquire into and suggest improvements in the mode of taking the next Census. After having entered largely into the question as it affected England, the proposed enumeration of the Irish people was then discussed, and practical alterations were proposed, which we shall presently see were more or less carried out by the Irish Census Commissioners of 1841. The enumeration was recommended to be taken by the police; and it was urged, also, that the only security against fallacious returns was to be found in the system of enumeration by names and not by marks. A central authority, such as the Secretary of State, was pointed out as necessary for the management of the returns. Inquiry was recommended into all circumstances connected with industrial occupations, and to the various facts illustrative thereof belonging to the field of vital statistics—minute classification of ages, accurate distinction of the sexes, place of birth, education, health, and sickness, were all suggested, and information as to the religious persuasions of the people was insisted on as being one of the most necessary points of inquiry. "The ascertainment of it," says the report, "would seem to be neglected by few claiming a high rank in civilization, and England ought not to be of the number."

The 3rd and 4th Victoria, c. 100, passed the legislature, and was entitled "An Act for taking an account of the Population of Ireland for the

year 1841." It required a return of the age, sex, occupation, and place of nativity, of every person abiding in the country, on the night of Sunday, the 6th of August, together with such other particulars as the Lord Lieutenant should direct. The act also required a return of the houses, distinguishing the inhabited from the uninhabited, and those that were building, and excluded any inquiry as to religion. Three Commissioners were appointed to carry this act into execution—Mr. Tighe Hamilton, Mr. Henry Brownrigg, and Capt. Larcom. The former gentleman held an appointment in the Castle of Dublin, which well qualified him to superintend the financial department of the Census. Mr. Brownrigg, an officer of high rank in the constabulary, was nominated in order to connect the Commission with the executive machinery of that force, who were then, for the first time, called on to act as enumerators, under the provisions of the Act of Parliament. Captain Larcom, of the Royal Engineers, who had acquired great knowledge of the country from his experience in the conduct of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, was selected to fill the other Commissionership; and Mr. Singleton, who was employed under Captain Larcom in the Survey, was appointed Secretary. His knowledge of official routine and the management of clerks, coupled with his topographical information, rendered his appointment valuable to this peculiar service. Mr. Wilde,* whose name was associated with several professional and literary productions, and whose ingenious tables on "Vital Statistics," in his then recently published work on "Austria," had excited considerable attention, was employed to report on the Tables of Deaths. Under his superintendence a department was organised for the compilation of vital statistics, and additional information was gained from public institutions, proprietors of cemeteries, results of coroners' inquests, &c., which, with other materials, was made to form a bill of mortality, being the first instance in which any effort had been made in this kingdom to exhibit this valuable statistic. The only conception of the kind arose with Sir William Petty, who, in 1683, published a small tract on the Dublin Bills of Mortality, MDCLXXXI.,

* Now one of the Commissioners for taking the Census of 1851.

and the state of that city. In the opening paragraph, he says:—"The observations on the London Bills of Mortality have been a new light to the world, and the like observations on those of Dublin may serve as a snuffers to make the same candle burn clearer." It would be beside our purpose to enter too minutely into detail in noticing the manner in which this Census was carried out.* The Report which accompanies the voluminous tables describes the mode in which the required information was collected, which was far more copious, more comprehensive, and better expressed than in any previous statistical publication which had appeared in Ireland, and procured for it, on high authority, the eulogium of being a model of a Census. For every county in Ireland a general table was prepared, which at one view showed the number of persons, the number of houses, the number of families, classified according to their pursuits and means; their occupations classified as ministering to either physical or moral wants; and the state of education, indicating the number under rudimentary instruction, so far as reading and writing, of persons from five years old and upwards. Then followed more detailed tables—of ages, education, marriage, house accommodation, and occupations. The amount of emigration, home, colonial, and foreign, is also elaborately shown, while the important head of rural economy is exemplified in tables, showing the division of land, the extent of woods and plantations, and the amount of farm and live stock. The vital statistics of the preceding decade,

embracing the several subjects of births, marriages, ages, and deaths, are also ably collected, and supply, in the absence of a general registry, much practical information. Accompanying the table of deaths, there is a voluminous Report by Mr. Wilde to the Census Commissioners, which gives a most interesting account of the history of the prevailing sources of mortality in Ireland. There are also attached to the general Report four maps of Ireland, which indicate, by comparative shading and explanatory figures, the density of the population, the extent of each class of house accommodation, the state of education, and the amount of property in live stock. In addition to these maps there are curves, representing the number of persons living, at every year of age, in the several provinces, the city of Dublin, the rural district of Mayo, and in the whole of Ireland. The appendix to the Report contains other interesting tables, devoted chiefly to the vital statistics of the Census.† The total population returned in the Census for 1841 was 8,175,124, being an increase of but 5½ per cent. as compared with 1831; while the addition to the numbers from 1821 to 1831 was 14½ per cent. This small amount of increase in the decade, from 1831 to 1841, is attributed by the Commissioners to various local as well as general causes—emigration, decrease in the annual addition to the resident population, recruits raised, and also the omission of the enumeration of the army serving in Ireland. The actual increase, taking these elements into consideration, is thus tabulated by the Commissioners:

Population of 1831, according to the Census	. 7,767,401
Add emigration from 1821 to 1831 . . .	70,000
Recruits raised from 1821 to 1831 . . .	46,402
	<hr/>
	7,883,808
Deduct the army in Ireland in 1831 . . .	29,486
	<hr/>
Computed population of 1831 . . .	7,854,817
Or that of 1841, as above . . .	8,747,588
	<hr/>
Computed increase between 1831 and 1841 . .	892,771

* In 1827 a very able work was published on the past and present statistical state of Ireland, exhibited in a series of tables, by Cæsar Moreau, Esq., F.R.S. Mr. Wakefield's work on Ireland contains some highly interesting remarks in reference to Population.

† Before the publication of the Census of 1841, Captain Larcom, with the permission of the Lord Lieutenant, read a valuable and elaborate paper before the Statistical Section of the British Association, at the meeting in Cork, in the year 1833.—*Proceedings of the London Statistical Society*, vol. vi.

With respect to the Census of 1821, the Commissioners of 1841 observed, that it was rather below than above the truth, while that of 1831 showed beyond all doubt numbers greater than the real population, which is sufficiently established from the fact that the enumerators were paid in proportion to the numbers they enumerated; the obvious tendency of which, as has been justly stated, would be to augment the total numbers. Thus, when allowance is made for the deficit of the census of 1821, and the excess of that of 1831, the computed increase of 893,271 in ten years, being at the rate of nearly twelve per cent., would indicate a reasonably uniform rate of increase in the fixed portion of the population.

From 1695 to 1725, the population had doubled. From 1725 to 1777 the increase was not at the same rate. From 1777 to 1831 we had nearly trebled our numbers; and from thence up to 1841, as we have just seen, there had been a uniform rate of progress.

In 1847, Lord Clarendon being de-

irous of ascertaining the quantity of food produced in Ireland in that year, applied to the Lords of the Treasury for a small sum of money for the purpose of making an agricultural survey. This interesting inquiry, which was of such obvious value on account of the change which the country was undergoing, was entrusted to Captain Larcom, and has since been annually carried on under that gentleman's superintendence. The police were employed in this service, and, as Captain Larcom says in his Report—"To the admirable discipline and organization of that body it is due, that the most extensive inquiry can be conducted in Ireland with as much precision and exactness as a model operation on the most limited scale."

Having now endeavoured to trace and describe all that has been, from the earliest attempts, done to compute the number of the people of Ireland, down to their actual enumeration, in 1841, it may be well to look synoptically at the results, before we proceed further:—

Year.	How ascertained.					Number.	Increase per cent.	Decrease per cent.
1603	Fynes Morrison					700,000
1652	Sir William Petty					850,000	21 $\frac{2}{3}$...
1672	Sir William Petty					1,100,000	30 $\frac{1}{9}$..
1695	Captain South					1,034,102	7 $\frac{1}{4}$...
1712	Mr. Dobbs					2,099,094	103	...
1718	Ditto					2,169,043	10 $\frac{3}{8}$...
1725	Ditto					2,317,374
1726	Ditto					2,309,106	...	7 $\frac{7}{8}$
1731	{ Established Clergy and Magistracy, by order of the Irish House of Lords ... }					2,010,221	...	13
1736	Anonymous pamphlet					2,000,000
1754	Hearth-money Collectors					2,372,034	18	...
1760	De Burgho (Hibernia Dominicana)					2,317,384
1767	Hearth-money Collectors					2,544,276	9 $\frac{7}{8}$...
1777	Ditto					2,690,556	5 $\frac{3}{4}$...
1785	Ditto					2,845,932	5 $\frac{3}{4}$...
1788	Mr. G. P. Bushe					4,040,000	42	...
1791	{ Hearth-money Collectors (Mr. Inspector Wray's return) ... }					4,206,612	4	...
1792	{ Dr. Beaufort Two calculations { 5 to a house ... 6 to a house ... }					3,850,000	...	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
						4,088,226	...	2 $\frac{1}{8}$
1805	Mr. Newenham					5,935,456	45 $\frac{1}{8}$...
1811	{ Incomplete returns, under Act of Par- liament, revised by Mr. Lynch ... }					5,977,856	1 $\frac{5}{8}$...
1812								
1813								
1821	Census under Act of 1815					6,801,827	13 $\frac{3}{4}$...
1831	Census of 1831					7,767,400	14 $\frac{1}{8}$...
1834	{ Commissioners of Public Instruction; re- vised and corrected census returns of 1831 }					7,943,940	2 $\frac{1}{4}$...
1841	Census of 1841					8,747,588	10 $\frac{1}{8}$...
1851	Census of 1851					6,515,794		20

We are now in 1851; another decade has passed; another periodical enumeration has taken place; the returns have been received by the authorities; and the world has learned the appalling fact, that Ireland has lost, in actual numbers, in somewhat less than five years, 1,649,340 of her inhabitants. Up to the year 1845 nothing had occurred to justify a doubt, but that the ordinary rate of increase would have been maintained. In the latter end of that year, the island, then in a state of comparative prosperity, was visited with a famine, which, in its direct devastating effect, and in the consequences which flowed from it, has no parallel in history. To that famine, thousands upon thousands yielded their lives; to the pestilence that followed it, thousands more; while, to avoid the horrors of both, myriads of the panic-struck inhabitants sailed from our shores. Up to 1845, the emigration to the United States and our colonies, from the United Kingdom, was, comparatively speaking, trifling in amount. In 1843 it was 57,212; in 1845, 70,086; in 1846, the numbers mounted to 129,851; and in 1847 they reached 258,270; in 1848 and 1849 they were 248,089 and 299,498. In 1850 the numbers were 280,849, of which 208,000 were Irish; and there can be little doubt that the next Report of the Emigration Commissioners will show, in the year 1851, a considerable increase in Irish emigration. Thus, as it is admirably put in Thom's Almanac for 1851:—

" The emigration of the last three years gives an annual average of 268,459 persons, being not very far short of the whole annual increase of the United Kingdom. If this emigration be analysed, the results as regards Ireland will be much more striking. For, assuming nine-tenths of the emigration from Liverpool to be Irish (which is a low estimate), and even omitting altogether, for want of accurate information, those who proceed from the Clyde, it will appear that the Irish emigration during the last three years has been 601,448; giving an average of 200,482 a-year. Now, the increase of population in Ireland between 1831 and 1841, as appears from the census returns, was 407,723, in spite of an emigration amounting during the same years to 455,239, thus making the real increase to be 862,959, or 86,295 a-year. Assuming the increase to have been at the same rate since 1841, when the popula-

tion was returned at 8,175,238, it would give for the eight years, to the close of 1849, 707,480 souls, or 88,435 per annum. The emigration, on the average of the last three years, according to this estimate, exceeded the increase of the population by 123,844 souls per annum. At this rate, therefore, the population would be decreased in about eight years by emigration alone to the extent of 1,000,000 souls; and when it is also taken into account that the emigration comprises a large proportion of those who are in the vigour of life, and on whom the increase of population mainly depends, it may be assumed that its influence in checking such increase is even greater than the mere figures imply."

So far then as the population has been decreased by emigration, we can have no difficulty at getting at the numbers accurately; but it remains for the Census Commissioners to inform us what proportion of the people died by famine and disease; when, where, and at what ages they ceased to live. We are now 296,033 fewer in number than we were in 1821, thirty years ago, and 1,659,340 less than we were in 1841. These are the figures which the official abstract presents. In every county in Ireland, with the exception of Dublin, there has been a decrease, while the principal cities (Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Galway, Carrickfergus) show an increase, ranging from three to forty-three per cent.; the former occurring in Drogheda, the latter in Galway. In the County of Mayo the population in 1841 was 388,887; the returns for 1851 make the numbers 173,798, being a decrease of 30-6 as compared with 1841! In Roscommon the falling off has been still greater, 31-3 per cent. In Cork 30-6; and this has all occurred in the last five years of the past decade. That the calamity fell heaviest on those parts of Ireland where the people trusted too much to the potato for support, and where there is but little prudential restraint observed in contracting marriage, is abundantly shown upon the face of the returns from Mayo, Galway, Cork, Clare, Kerry, Limerick, Tipperary, and Roscommon. In the northern counties, though the decrease has been general, yet the inhabitants did not suffer from the depopulating effects of the famine to anything like the same extent as in the southern and western provinces. In Leinster and Ulster the decrease per cent. between

1831 and 1841 is $15\frac{1}{8}$ and 16; in Munster and Connaught $23\frac{1}{8}$ and 20. The comparative safety with which the north passed through the ordeal, may be accounted for by the superior social condition of the people, induced, in an agricultural point of view, by the large average size of their arable farms, proving the greater skill and industry of the population, and also by the existence of manufactures, whereby remunerative employment is provided for both sexes. On the other hand, in the remote and backward parts of the west and south, the average size of the farms is very small, and a large proportion of the soil is uncultivated. When, therefore, the staple and almost exclusive food of the inhabitants came under the influence of a destructive blight, they were unprepared to meet the calamity, had no resource to turn to, and decimation of the population ensued. Besides they had been going on increasing their numbers at a ratio which, as compared with their means of subsistence, left them in comparative poverty and distress; and when Government relief, as well as private charity, ceased to be administered, the ruined and broken-hearted peasants left their wretched homes in the counties to swell the numbers of the adjoining cities and towns. It is no proof of the prosperity of the town of Galway to have thus added to its population 7,422 in ten years; neither can the increase which has taken place in the cities of Cork, Limerick, and Waterford, be looked upon as evidence of their commercial improvement or prosperity. In the counties of Antrim and Down there has been a small increase, while Belfast reckons 24,352 more people than dwelt there in 1841. This increase must be attributed to causes very different from those which have operated in the other cities and towns, for the northern capital had resources within itself not only to absorb this addition to its numbers, but to provide the means of an independent livelihood for the incomers. In Dublin, both county and city, there has been an increase; in the former 22,124, in the latter 7,459; and in this combined respect thus present an exception to the rest of Ireland. This may be reasonably accounted for from the fact, that disastrous times reduced the incomes of the gentry to such an extent as to prevent them residing in their country mansions; and being thus com-

pelled to economise in smaller establishments, they came to reside in the metropolis and its county environs. So far, then, as regards the enumeration of persons, we believe these to be the leading features of the census of 1851, as expressed in the abstract of the returns, in figures contained in one sheet of paper. They tell us, alas! of a decline of human life, of which there is no such record to be found in the page of history. Revolutions, wars, famines, plagues, and fires have done their worst elsewhere, but where, in so small a geographical space, is there to be found an example of so vast and so rapid a decrease in a population which, at the common rate of progress, should have now amounted to nearly nine millions? The Census Commissioners of 1851 have yet much to tell us. We can ascertain, as we have already stated, with accuracy, the amount of annual emigration; and so far we shall be enabled to account for a portion of the great decrease; but will the authorities be enabled to show what became of the rest of the population?

The Commissioners of 1841 felt, that in inquiring into the several subjects of births, deaths, and marriages, they were only giving information from sources upon which they could afford but a "tolerable approach to accuracy," and in their Report stated, that "whilst the ages of the living were those of the whole community, as enumerated in 1841, the births, marriages, and deaths were in various degrees short of the total amount of those which had occurred during the previous ten years, as they had, of course, no account of those events in families which had left the country, or had become extinct from natural causes, during that period." If this difficulty existed in 1841, how much more have the Census Commissioners of 1851 to contend with? But from such materials as are before them, we have no doubt we shall have all the facts well digested. There are other points of inquiry, however, which do not present the same obstacles in arriving at the truth, and an opportunity is now presented, of collecting a mass of statistics, the practical value of which cannot be over-estimated.

The act for taking an account of the population of Ireland in 1851, named the 31st of March as the day for the enumeration, thus decreasing the decennial period by sixty-eight days.

This alteration, which was recommended, we believe, by Captain Larcom, was also adopted in the Census Act of Great Britain. In Ireland it has the advantage of securing the enumeration of the harvest labourers who yearly emigrate to England between the months of May and August, and also by finding the agricultural portion of the population employed in the several localities, it ensures their more correct topographical distribution. The number of harvest labourers who temporarily emigrated in 1841, that is previous to the 6th of June, amounted only to 5,481, a number which had no very great disturbing influence in arriving at a true estimate of the population.

The English act directs the Census to be taken by the registrar-general of births, deaths, and marriages, subject to the supervising authority of the Home Secretary. In Ireland the act simply requires that the Census shall be taken by the police, and that the returns shall be reduced into order by such persons as the Lord Lieutenant should appoint. We understand it was originally intended that Captain Larcom was to have been the chief Commissioner. His health, however, having given way under the pressure of arduous duties in the Board of Public Works, he was reluctantly compelled, by his medical advisers, to resign the appointment. Upon his resignation it was deemed advisable, with the view of assimilating the executive of the Irish Census to that of the English, to appoint W. Donnelly, Esq. LL.D., the registrars-general of marriages, to the principal Commissionership. With him were associated Mr. Wilde as assistant Commissioner, and Mr. Singleton as Secretary. The public mind was well prepared for affording the required information, and the press of all political and religious persuasions, with one exception, most materially aided the authorities in explaining, in the clearest possible manner, the object of the Census. In addition to the subjects of former inquiry, there was instruction to specify the deaf, dumb, and blind. More exact information was given as to the mode of filling up the forms left at each house; and a kindly appeal was made to the country, asking, as a favour, to be supplied with that which they were entitled by the statute to demand as a right. Letters were also addressed to

the clergy of every denomination, as well as to professional and other classes of the community, enlisting their co-operation and support. The forms supplied to the public institutions required more detailed information than those issued in any previous Census. In fact the greatest possible care appears to have been taken to acquire the most accurate and minute knowledge of the condition of the country. We may here state that the agricultural survey of the present year has been entrusted to the present Commissioners, and will form, on its completion, a volume of its proceedings. The occupations of the people will be not the least important part of the inquiry, and we shall, no doubt, have them classified in such a way as will enable us to ascertain whether there has been an increase or decrease in the number of our producers, manufacturers, and traders, as well as in those occupied in professional pursuits, and in the cultivation of the arts and sciences. It has occurred to us that a very interesting statistic, in reference to occupations, would be afforded by an examination of the money orders of the Post-office, which, if we recollect rightly, requires the sender of the money to state his profession or occupation. It would be valuable to ascertain the class of persons who avail themselves of this medium of transmitting money. Under the several heads of emigration, rural economy, education, and vital statistics, there is a wide scope for inquiry; and from the nature of some of the new forms which have been issued, we shall be supplied with important statistics, particularly as regards the extent of our shipping trade, foreign and coastwise, with interesting details on the number of our fishing boats. All these matters will form the subject for future examination. Our preparatory object has been now effected. We have endeavoured to show how the population of Ireland has been computed from the earliest times, and we have briefly called attention to the present inquiry, the materials of which, when collected and reduced to order, will supply us with a knowledge of the condition we were in at a very important epoch in our history, and show, we trust, by comparison, when ten more years shall have rolled over, the great advance which, with God's blessing, will be observable in the prosperity of the country.

OUR GREAT EXHIBITION OF NOVELS FOR 1851.

THE glory of the Crystal Palace has passed away, although the sparkling dome still glitters in the sunshine, and its flags stream gaily in the fresh breezes which whisper through the surrounding foliage, and the whole of the magnificent structure strikes the eye of the stranger with wonder and awe; yet, to the inhabitants of these isles the idea has become so familiar as to have lost a portion of its charm, and the fickle public, like children tired of a new toy, are anxious now to pull to pieces the plaything which, a short time ago, afforded them so much amusement. Such is the evanescent nature of human enjoyment; such the caprice of the many-headed monster. Well, let them settle the question as they please; we care little whether the iconoclastic Chief Justice or Lord Brougham carry the day. The sight, in all the splendour of its meridian glory, was a rare one. There have been spectacles, perchance, rendered more attractive by the force of historic associations, but there never yet was one so deeply calculated to strike the mind of the spectator with mingled emotions of the deepest interest—the interest which belongs to the near and to the distant, to the past and to the present, was concentrated within that resplendent dome. There were trophies gathered from every nation, trophies prouder than any ever won by the sword; dusky men, who prayed to strange gods in strange countries far away, were there with their bales of quaint merchandise, smoking the calumet of peace with spruce tradesmen from Manchester. There was the blade of Damascus frosted with gold, beside “the plain useful article” from Sheffield. There was sculpture, the brightest beauty of informed life, and near the breathing graceful marble the printing press and the loom, the triumphs of art and the nobility of labour, the poet’s dream of inspiration wrought into life, and the result of the swart mechanic’s toil, stood there in touching contrast. But our readers may ask, what has all this to do with the subject of our present paper? Patience, and they shall know. The attractions of

that dome of glory have subsided, the pomp and splendid pageant have passed from its crystal walls; the beautiful spirit of mellow autumn is breathing its richness upon woods and fields, and the trees that waved in the fulness of their summer foliage around the graceful edifice are dropping now their leaves, as if in sympathy with its departing splendour.

We, therefore, in this pleasant time of year, when the world puts on her autumn glory, when sunshine and shadow, like the joy and sorrow of human life, fleet in succession over the fields—we, the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, raise for the world an EXHIBITION of our own. In the airy halls of our realms of thought, the mind may wander fancy free: though our long façades and spacious galleries glitter not with precious gems, nor flaunt with tapestry or cloth of gold, we have yet attractions which will interest the world when the great palace has,

“Like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Left not a wreck behind.”

We have fairer gems gathered from all quarters of the globe; the intellectual treasures of every country of the earth are rifled for the entertainment of our guests; and over the whole shines with steady, serene, and unfading splendour, a light beneath whose lustre even the ray of the great Kooh-i-noor must wane pale, for it is the light of our NATIONAL GENIUS.

The staple article produced by the writers and the manufacturers of fiction, for there are two separate and distinct classes, is, we think, upon the whole, improving. In some respects we can scarcely compete with our more brilliant and lively continental neighbours, but in others we are vastly superior. The old flimsy fabric called the fashionable novel is well nigh worn out. Although it has been supplanted by a healthier and more vigorous kind of article, it has yet left traces, prejudicial traces, upon the literature of England, which are not yet wholly effaced. New writers of much native genius and inherent power, who have

had, it may be, no better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of the classes above them, still resort to those well-known pages as to an encyclopedia, whence they may acquire, and having acquired, reproduce the necessary information. To this we owe the apparition of the stock nobleman who may be found lingering still in the realms of fiction; the card-playing dowager with her rouge and diamonds; the aristocratic beauty given to flirtation; with other like phenomena. We are also, no doubt, indebted to it for the names which still occasionally meet our eye. Why cannot the writers of the middle classes, from whose labours the literary market is, for the most part, supplied, stick to the Smiths, the Browns, and the Joneses, with whose melodious patronymic their ears are familiar, instead of trying it on with the Chelastons, the Havilands, and the De Montmorencies, with which they delight to garnish their pages. We think, we may be, indeed, heretical in our opinions, that Mr. Smith, the opulent cotton-spinner from Manchester, with napkin spread across his "fair round belly," looks quite as well, leaning back in his leathern arm chair, and holding his glass of old crusted port between his eye and the sun, as young Lord De Courcy, of the Guards, capering about at Almack's, to the Post-Horn Gallop, in waxy moustache, white tie, and gold waistcoat. The artist may know Smith, and, therefore, may be able to present us with a faithful likeness. He knows nothing of De Courcy, except through the medium of Mrs. Gore, or writers of her stamp. The less, therefore, he says about him manifestly the better for all parties concerned. What we have just hinted at is, beyond all question, a source of faults which are still discernible in our fictions of the day. If we turn to our continental neighbours, we have defects of another kind, which, if not equally unpalatable to the great mass of the reading public, are quite as much so to any reader of taste and refinement. What must ever render the German school of romances unpopular in these countries, is their extreme tendency to periphrasis, which

is too often conveyed in long detached sentences, the meaning of which frequently cannot be got at until we reach the final word. There is but little development of the world or of human nature ever visible in their pages, which smell so strongly of the lamp, and are evidently the production of retired and secluded men, whose wont it is to compose a novel upon the inspiration supplied by the tobacco pipe, having crammed for the occasion, we don't mean the pipe, but their own heads, with a sufficient stock of marketable ideas. If we turn to the French, however objectionable many of their romances may be in point of moral or of taste, they have at least one decided advantage over those of their contemporaries, in being generally the composition of men of the world, who, mixing largely in society, have thereby acquired that keen insight into the human heart, that penetration and knowledge of the springs of human nature, which can alone qualify any writer to be eminently successful in the field of fiction. But we must open up our wares for public inspection without further preface. *Places aux dames!* the lady shall lead the van.

When we first glanced at the title-page of these volumes,* we took it for granted that the story contained within their pages bore direct reference to the great question which at the time of their appearance was agitating the public mind; and we anticipated some new and startling illustration of the power of priestcraft, applied to a sensitive and shrinking nature, for the purpose of extorting some great concession, likely to be beneficial to the interests of the Holy Mother Church, the scene being laid in our own times. But upon scanning the contents of the book, we discovered that, in some degree at least, our impression was erroneous, for that the story we are now about to bring before the notice of our readers was in point of fact an historical romance, founded upon a period of our history which is fraught with the deepest interest, and that it illustrated the career of one of the most daring and ambitious spirits that ever exercised an influence over the fortunes of England. Nor, although seven centuries

* "The Lady and the Priest: an Historical Romance." By Mrs. Maberly. In three volumes. London: Colburn and Co. 1851.

have passed away since those strange and eventful times, is this story without a moral, which may be applied with irresistible force to recent transactions. In sketching the career of Thomas à Becket, in describing the upward course of that unscrupulous and daring adventurer, much of the secret history of the machinations of the Church of which he was the ostensible representative in these realms, must necessarily be laid before the public eye. Truth is stranger than fiction; but the fiction which is founded upon historical truth has not only a double charm, but an intrinsic importance, of which it is impossible to overestimate the value.

The career of the ambitious churchman is interwoven, however, with that of a being of a far different nature. The story of the sorrows of the Fair Rosamond, over whose short life Becket exercised so important an influence, forms an interesting contrast. The two pictures hang side by side in the dim old gallery of past traditions. Here they are, touched by the hand of genius, invested once more in the hues of life and reality, breathing from the canvass.

The story opens with a picturesque description of the external aspect and social condition of England at that period when monachism flourished in the country. We learn the startling fact that there were, in the twelfth century, more than a hundred thousand human beings immured within the walls of convents throughout the land. The architectural taste of the Normans was everywhere visible in the innumerable castles, churches, and abbeys; in the immediate vicinity of which was to be found the only luxuriant and flourishing cultivation which the country had to show. Elsewhere ruin and desolation only were visible, whole districts lay uncultivated, farming was neglected. The predatory incursions of the Welsh tribes, and the insatiable avarice of the Church, had paralysed the exertions of the labouring classes; no man cared to sow that which it was only too probable would be reaped by some other; industry had ceased to exist. The minds of men, enslaved by bigotry, could be moved by the influence of superstition alone. The crusades had drawn away the greater number of the principal landed proprietors, who abandoned

their estates to the mismanagement of careless or dishonest agents, having previously swept off everything that could be turned into money, for the purposes of their rash and reckless expedition.

Such was "merrie England" during the regime of the "ancient faith." Passing from this sad picture, which is drawn with no common power, let us turn to the portrait of Thomas à Becket, the Prior of the Convent of Severnstoke, as he ambles forth on his mule upon one of his earlier diplomatic errands:—

"His light and active figure was admirably adapted for exercise and toil, and he sat his uncouth steed with a grace not the less remarkable that his great height made it a matter of some difficulty. His splendid and well-proportioned figure was not to be concealed by the long robe of brown cloth girded round his waist, while the hood, which constantly fell back, gave to view a countenance not only regularly handsome, but striking and picturesque. His forehead was singularly high and broad, with masses of rich black hair curling closely around it; the crown of the head alone being shaven. His eyes were very long, large, and dark, but always seemed half closed, perhaps from the constant habit of looking downwards. It was only in speaking that the velvet softness of their eastern hue could be perceived; but when excited they flashed out with a brilliancy not to be surpassed. His nose was high and straight, and his mouth and chin well cut and defined, and expressive of great firmness. The foreign appearance of father Thomas might, in some degree, be accounted for by the fact of his mother having been born in the east, but he himself was a native of England. Much care was already written upon that brow, although the prior was still a young man; but ambition is a wearing passion, and no gown of serge or shirt of hair ever covered a breast more madly heaving with ambitious hope than did that which enveloped the tall and supple form of the Prior of Severnstoke. None could behold in him the mere ordinary mortal, nor could his holy garb thoroughly endue him with the meek and lowly air befitted to his calling.

"There was in him more of the soldier than of the priest, more of the statesman than the book-worm; and perhaps yet more than either, of the gay and chivalrous character of the Norman knight, though tempered down to strict outward decorum, for very careful was the holy fa-

ther of his earthly reputation. Through it he had attained his present position, but he had still much to gain. To rise to the highest honours is the natural wish of every aspiring nature, the dream of every ambitious mind; but with him it was more than a desire, more than a dream, it was a determination. He felt that the destiny of man lies mainly in the will of man, and to work out the dictates of that resolute will he devoted every energy of his soul. His strong and comprehensive mind never wavered; he anticipated the success he was resolved to attain, and the confidence this sentiment inspired was a first step towards his end."

The career of Becket is traced, step by step, from its commencement up to the close, with great minuteness. He had arisen from the humble grade of a benedictine friar to be the prior of a monastery of considerable importance. While occupying this comparatively humble position he took care to recommend himself to the favourable notice of his superiors, by a rigid and scrupulous attention to the routine of his daily duties, and at length acquired such a reputation for sanctity, discretion, and intelligence, that he was selected as a negotiator to superintend the arrangement of differences which had broken out with the Welsh, and by means of which the whole kingdom was at that time distracted. The Archbishopric of Canterbury was conferred upon him, and by a sedulous study of the character of the king, with a complete subservience to his will upon all occasions, he at length obtained so complete a mastery over the mind of Henry as to become the real ruler of England. The danger by which the realm was then threatened from the turbulent and ambitious spirit of the Church of Rome is thus powerfully described:—

"At the bottom of the king's heart lay a desire even more ardent than the others, namely, in some measure to control and humble the power of the Church. The task was difficult, to an ordinary mind it might seem impossible; but the spirit and determination of the king did not quail before the gigantic undertaking. The authority of the Church was almost unlimited; her riches were enormous, and her dependants innumerable. The legate of the Pope had, in fact, more power than the king; and the sagacity of Henry soon showed him that openly to defy a body which could answer that defiance by an ap-

peal to Rome to hurl her thunders at his head, was not the way to establish his authority. So long as this power of appeal existed, and the clergy had their separate laws, by which alone they would consent to be governed, he felt that he was not secure in his own kingdom. The abuses of the power of the Church had risen to an intolerable height; the rapacity of the priests, only equalled by their tyranny, was incredible; and the darkness of the age encouraged the superstition of the masses, and daily added to the ecclesiastical despotism. The people were kept in profound ignorance; the nobles were too much addicted to pleasure and to war to have leisure to learn; therefore, the only cultivation of intellect existed amongst the priests, which gave them complete dominion over the minds of men. All this was perfectly understood by Henry, whose powerful mind, far in advance of the times in which he lived, not only discovered the evil, but likewise the remedy. To proceed with caution was his first object; to lead where he could not controul, his design. It was for this reason he had applied to Theobald to send him, from among the sons of the Clergy, one in whom he could confide, and with whom he could live on terms of intimacy; and it was precisely for the contrary reason, to consolidate that power which Henry was bent on undermining, that the wily churchman had chosen the prior of Severnstoke, as a man whose great and varied abilities, deep subtlety, and daring courage, marked him out as a powerful defender of his order, and a worthy opponent of an intellect so elevated as that with which Henry II. was gifted."

The hold which this wily minister contrived to secure over his master was soon employed in furthering to the very utmost the designs of the Pope; but in carrying out his master's interest, he never, for a single instant, appears to have lost sight of his own. Pensions, emoluments, and honours of all kinds were heaped upon him, until he rose at last to a pitch of grandeur and magnificence to which royalty itself seemed to hold only a subordinate place. Then it was that, backed by the authority of the Church, he boldly threw of all allegiance to the king. Availing himself of the first pretext that offered the prospect of an open rupture, he defied the royal authority, in the very presence of the ministers of state, and declared openly that the Roman Pontiff was the only king and master whose authority he acknow-

ledged, or whose will he was disposed to obey.

But Henry II. was not the man to be defied with impunity; the gauntlet thus boldly thrown down on the part of Rome, was as fearlessly taken up; the quarrel became one of life and death, and the result is upon record as one of the most memorable passages in the history of England. In a parallel course with the career of the wily churchman, runs the simple and touching history of the fair Rosamond, which is narrated with truthful, and tender feeling. Over her very errors, although no attempt is made to conceal them, there is thrown a magic charm, which cannot fail to enlist the sympathy of all in her sufferings and sorrows. Those passages which describe her agony of mind, while bewildered in the maze of conflicting emotions into which her artless and trusting nature is led, by the diabolical jesuitry of Becket, are the most touching and useful in the whole book. The contact between the fierce and guileless innocence of her nature, and the priestly machinations by which she is assailed, is finely conceived, and artistically worked out. A more appropriate illustration of the tremendous power exercised by the Romish Church, and so often misapplied to base and unworthy purposes, can scarcely be adduced, than the hapless, helpless struggles of the poor girl, against the influence she could not resist, but which she had a presentiment was leading her to her destruction. She would prostrate herself in prayer before the altar, but she could only pray as she had been taught; and what had been her teaching? not only that it was permitted to do evil that good might come, but that if such good could be turned to the welfare of the Church, it was not only pardonable, but meritorious.

But we must hasten towards a conclusion. The incidents narrated in these interesting volumes, belonging, as they do, to history, are too familiar to all our readers to warrant us in dwelling upon them at any greater length. We have, therefore, endeavoured to afford an idea of the work rather by adducing specimens, than by a minute or elaborate analysis of its story; but as our very narrow limits have not permitted us to indulge our liberality in this regard, and we

have been obliged to pass over many of the most powerful passages, we must only refer the public at large to the book itself, and we do so most heartily. They will find within its pages lessons which, in times like these, have a force which is irresistible and convincing. We despise, and hold utterly at nought, that species of bigotry which, by distorting facts, and misinterpreting incidents, would cull from the history of the past materials to exasperate political animosity, and to embitter the present as well as the future. But if it be true that history is philosophy teaching by examples, we should be wrong to regret such lessons of its experience as can neither be gainsayed nor denied. Centuries have passed away since these events, now reproduced on the stage of fiction, took place. Has the character of Romish pretension altered since those troubled days? Has time, the great element of change, abated one jot the fraudulent subtlety, the persecuting spirit, or the domineering aspirations of Papal aggression? Alas, no! such expectations are visionary and delusive.

It becomes us, then, to lay such lessons deeply to our hearts; to reflect over them in our moments of leisure; and to apply them to the aspect of our own times. In this charming and instructive romance we see the impulses of an innocent and guileless nature withered up and turned to poison by the jesuitry of priestcraft; youth and happiness destroyed for ever; and a helpless human soul counted as nothing, when compared with the advancement of the ambitious Church. Need we go far from home to find another example as melancholy and as sad. We have but to look forth upon our own country to see how its social regeneration is retarded and paralysed by the same baneful and disturbing influences. We cannot conclude the subject better than in the very remarkable and eloquent words of an able contemporary:

“It is important that we should know the true character of the antagonist with whom we have to deal. The attack upon toleration and humanity is no feigned one; it is a duel *a l'outrance* between the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland and those who would extirpate the prejudices which have brought that division of the empire to its present pass. The Roman See appears to have abandoned the time-serving policy by which

its influence was acquired. Mildly despotic in Paraguay; in Spain armed with sword and torch;—argumentative in Northern Germany; suppliant in Great Britain; the friends and partisans of demagogues and agitators in Ireland, the Roman priests have hitherto been all things to all men. For the moment they have changed their tactics. They proclaim in unmeasured terms their pretensions to universal dominion, and will tolerate no rival near the throne. It remains yet to be seen whether they have not committed a capital blunder in their own sense, and whether they have not done precisely what their most virulent opponents would have desired. As long as they crept stealthily along the more secret paths of life, and confined their intrigues to tampering with women and dying men, it was not so easy to get a firm hold upon the collars of such Protean adversaries. But now they have descended into the arena against grown men; with only an insignificant minority at their disposal, they have flown in the face of a powerful government and a powerful press, backed as it is by the full weight of public opinion. The reasoning spirit of the age is against them; the commercial pursuits of the country, the traffic and movement to and fro of all men upon the surface of the earth are against them."

We owe, perhaps, an apology to our readers for having thus been betrayed into what might with some justice be termed a digression. It is not often that we mingle among the lighter effusions of fancy materials for serious and sober reflection, but questions are raised in this novel of too suggestive a nature to admit of their being passed over in silence. Having thus discharged a graver duty, we shall now resume our robe of criticism.

The volumes which we now proceed to notice,* must be regarded less in the light of fiction than as a compendious narrative of the events connected with those disastrous wars which have from time to time occurred in that valuable colonial possession where the scene is laid. We are not aware to what precise extent the author has written from his own personal observation and experience, or what opportunities he has been afforded for making himself acquainted with all the particulars which

he narrates, but there is an air of reality about the book which goes far to convince us that in many of the scenes presented to us with a vividness and power of description which can scarcely be surpassed, the author must himself have mingled. The interest of the narrative, which is overlaid by brilliant descriptions of scenery, and spirited representations of Bush warfare, is considerably enhanced by its connexion with the fortunes of a young and enterprising colonist, whose name supplies the volumes with their title. The plot is perfectly simple; nor is it encumbered by that variety of characters from which the modern novelist seems to think his stock materials should be taken; therefore we move easily onwards, without having our attention distracted by episodic events, which, in this species of writing, seem too often used for no other purpose than that of filling up the pages.

The hero of the tale is an enterprising Englishman of broken fortunes, who prefers trying in emigration the chances of retrieving his affairs, to leading a life of listless idleness in his own country. Difficulties of no ordinary nature have clouded the outset of his career. The patrimony of an ancient line—once considerable—has been transmitted to his hands encumbered with debts which it is impossible to discharge without a sale. A few thousand pounds in this way are scraped together, and with this, all that remains to him out of the wreck, Everard Tunstall goes forth to carve his way to independence. The recent death of his father had deprived him of his only surviving relative; there is not therefore much to induce him to remain in England, except, indeed, one tie of a tender nature, the severance of which is the only circumstance which embitters his departure. In more prosperous days he had become attached to a young lady, the only child of a military gentleman of distinguished rank. The hopeless embarrassment of his affairs necessarily forbade their union, and all future intercourse was interdicted by the lady's father. These are the circumstances under which the hero of

* "Everard Tunstall, a Tale of the Kaffir Wars." By Thomas Forrester, Author of "Rambles among the Fjelds and Fjords of Norway." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1851.

the story bids a long farewell to his native country, and prepares to seek in another land by energetic industry to win an independence. He has procured letters of recommendation to a Mr. Forbes, an eminent Scotch merchant resident in Cape Town, who becomes prepossessed in his favour, and eventually succeeds in procuring him an appointment as overseer and manager of the farm of a Dutch settler, named Van Arnveld, who resides at a considerable distance towards the interior. The homestead of the Dutchman, to which our adventurer soon removes, gives occasion for one of those picturesque and charming descriptions of scenery in which these volumes abound. We had marked it for extract, but so much matter more worthy, perhaps, of our readers' attention remains for us to narrate, that we are reluctantly compelled to refrain, and pass on to subjects of historical interest.

The period at which our adventurer took up his abode at the farm of Rosendal, was an eventful one in the fortunes of the Cape colony. The Kaffir war, which has led to such a waste of blood and treasure, was near its commencement.

The origin of this protracted and sanguinary struggle, its subsequent course, and its bearing upon our social and commercial relations in the colony, are ably and graphically delineated. An impression had gained ground, which Mr. Forester takes occasion to refute, that the colonists had themselves been in some degree to blame; that the continuance of these wars was mainly owing to their lust for fresh territorial acquisition; that they have fomented and prolonged them from a sordid calculation of the advantages accruing to themselves from the pecuniary outlay necessary to carry them to a successful termination. But we fully agree with the author, that the enormous losses to which most of the settlers have thereby been exposed, the stagnation of trade consequent on such continued disturbances, are a refutation which should convince any reasonable man that such an imputation cannot be sustained. The Dutch Africanders having transferred their allegiance to the English government, demanded, as an equivalent, protection from the predatory incursions of the native tribes, to which they had rendered themselves more exposed by the

disbanding of the corps of Burgher militia, originally organised for defence of the frontier. The attacks of the Kaffir tribes, in some degree, owe their origin to the fact of their expulsion from a district of country called the Zureburg, formerly occupied by a people called the Goraqua Hottentots, as well as to the instinct of self-preservation. "Thou shalt want ere I want," was the motto of some of the old border clans. And the Kaffirs doubtless see no reason why they should not help themselves from the fat sheep and oxen of the neighbouring colonists whenever they feel a desire for beef and mutton. It is also the opinion of the author of these volumes that the whole dispute has mainly arisen in consequence of the extension of our frontier. Its former boundary having been found untenable, recent aggressions have stretched it as far as the Keiskamma, the Buffalo, and the Kye rivers; a line which can only be defended and maintained by giving the colonists a power of self-government, that must lead to the organisation of such a colonial force as will be adequate for their protection. But a truce to digression; we must resume the thread of our narrative. The time selected for the "*res gestæ*," is about the period of the wars of 1834 and 1835, in which Hintza, the great chief of the Amakosa tribes, was slain; our adventurer had not long taken up his residence at the farm of Rosendal before he became aware that a formidable movement was on foot among the native tribes. An excursion which he makes into the heart of Kaffirland gives him an opportunity of observing their manners and customs, and becoming acquainted with the sources of their discontent. We must not allow ourselves to deviate too much into the details of the story, which are full of the deepest interest to all who wish to make themselves familiar with the colonial annals of this portion of our possessions; for them we can only refer our readers to the work itself, which is well worthy of a careful and attentive perusal. We must hasten onwards: the cloud of warfare which was lowering in the horizon soon burst into fearful violence. The first frontier attack of the Kaffirs was made on the thriving farm-house where the hero of the story had located himself; timely intelligence had been, however, conveyed so

as to enable the inmates to make some preparations for their defence, which were hardly completed before the attack commenced; but we must allow the author to narrate, in his own words, this scene, which is one of the most powerfully described in the whole compass of the story:—

“His patience was beginning to fail when he observed two dark figures issue from the thickets which surrounded the extremity of the range of buildings, and creep stealthily towards the kraals; they examined the fence for some distance along the front. There was no doubt of their being scouts sent forward to reconnoitre. The Dutch carpenter’s musket was levelled, but Van Arnveld thrust it aside. The scouts returned more hastily, apparently satisfied that the cattle were unguarded. In a few minutes the whole body of Kaffirs came rushing by the lurking-place, and extending themselves along the fence in front of the kraals, began hacking it with the blades of their assegais. Not till then did Van Arnveld and his party give their fire. It told sharply, for the distance was short, and the Kaffirs were closely huddled together. They were thrown into confusion; part retreated towards the wood, the rest, aware that the fire came from that quarter, rushed forward; the report of Van Arnveld’s guns was a signal for a general discharge from the garrison at the house. It met the advancing party with what effect Tunstal could not be certain, but there were shrieks and cries, and the whole body rushed back by the way they came, followed by shots from the Englishman’s second barrel. . . .

The discomfiture for the time was complete. How many had fallen could not be ascertained; again all was quiet. Both garrisons stood to their arms, expecting that one or other of them would be the object of attack if the Kaffirs had the boldness to renew it. They were mistaken. To force the kraals and drive off the cattle was still their mark. But they had learned to be cautious; they would try the fence at the rear. If they could once come upon a gap, the Kaffirs were adepts in clearing the kraals and goading the oxen forward, and they would soon have them out of the reach of effectual pursuit. The chances were in their favour, for they made their approach silently and stealthily, and the point for making the attempt was well chosen. Part of the band had already established themselves in the rear of the fence, when Van Arnveld’s quick eye discovered others crossing the rising ground at the back

of the kraals, and detected the manoeuvre. There was just light enough to see their outline at the edge of the ridge against the sky. A volley from the post brought down two of the party. It was instantly followed by a dropping fire from the garrison of the house, while the whole body of savages, scrambling up the bank, successively exposed themselves as they disappeared behind the ridge. Discomfited in two attempts the Kaffirs now held council; they had received unexpected checks and had been severely handled, but they were not disheartened; they had been able to ascertain that the prize was worth fighting for. That they must get rid of the defenders first and then the prey would be theirs. . . .

And now the whole body of the Kaffirs advanced openly, with loud cries and imprecations, to the assault of Van Arnveld’s post, pouring a flight of assegais, and firing such muskets as they possessed at every point in the building which seemed to offer a chance of being penetrated. The Africander had expected the movement and was prepared for it. He ordered his party to fire independently, singling out the boldest of the company, but reserving their fire until they had come near to the post, and reloading as fast as they could. Then many of the most forward were picked off, while Tunstal, perceiving that the post was attacked, and taking his aim from the flash of the guns, directed a galling fire against the ranks of the assailants. But the range was long, and except from the rifles and rovers, few shots told. The Kaffirs bore themselves bravely, charging up to the aperture of the building with loud cries to the garrison to come out, but they only exposed themselves to be slaughtered. Of what avail were assegais or even musket shots against stone walls, and doors and windows strongly barricaded.”

The attack thus graphically described proved but the commencement of a series of hostilities on the part of the Kaffir tribes, which were not terminated without much effusion of blood. The blooming fields of Rosendal were laid waste; the house became a blackened ruin; the former proprietor enrolled himself in the corps of his countrymen, and Everard proceeded to offer his services to the officer in command of the English troops. They were at once gladly accepted. After some campaigning, in which he greatly distinguished himself, he was promoted to the command of a company of native troops, and took an active part in the subsequent proceedings. In one of

the chance encounters with the Kafirs, which were of almost daily occurrence, the party of which he had the direction chanced to come to the relief of an English officer, who being in command of a detachment escorting a convoy, had been attacked by a horde of these savages, and was in a position of imminent peril. The surprise of our adventurer was great, at finding that he whom he had thus rescued was Colonel Hamilton, the father of the young lady to whom he was attached. The Colonel was on his way to join his regiment in India, had touched at the Cape, and, whilst there, hearing of the disturbances which convulsed the country, had volunteered his services.

Thus the lovers were once more brought in contact; and the conduct of Everard in the ensuing campaign recommended him so strongly to the favourable notice of the commander of the forces, that he was promoted to the rank of an unattached captain; and having received from England a surplus realised from the sale of his patrimony sufficient for the purpose, he became the purchaser from Arnveld of the house and farm of Rosendal. His circumstances being thus materially improved, the objections of Colonel Hamilton to the contemplated marriage soon disappeared; and our hero, happy in the possession of his beloved Julia, turned his sword into a ploughshare, and rapidly rose to be one of the wealthiest and most thriving colonists of the whole settlement.

Having thus cast a glance, necessarily a rapid one, at the principal incidents of this story, it only remains for us to recommend the author and his book to the favourable attention of the public. We do so most sincerely; for it is seldom we have read a work which has given us so much pleasure, as well as information upon a subject of such importance. We had marked many more passages for extraction, but a glance at the ground over which we had travelled, as well as that which still lies before us, warns us to bring our notice to a conclusion. We cannot, however, finish without indulging our readers with one short passage descriptive of the great Kaffir chieftain:—

“On the morrow the party swept rapidly over the fine country lying between the Kye and the Bashee, and dashing

up to the kraal, at which Hintza had taken up his temporary residence, our adventurer found himself at last, after his long travels, on the utmost verge of the country of the Amakosa, and in the presence of its paramount chief. The personal appearance of Hintza did not belie the anticipations which Tunstall had formed of the ruler of thirty thousand souls, his own immediate subjects, and the suzerain of all the chiefs of the Amakosa tribes. Hintza was at this time about forty-five years of age; in person, upwards of six feet high, robust and stout. His crimp hair was without ornament, and he wore whiskers and a short beard; his nose was low and aquiline; his lips prominent and large. His manner was dignified at least to the full extent of his pretensions; but he could not look any one steadily in the face; and altogether he had a most sinister expression of countenance. There was a lurking devil in his eye, which, added to the extreme darkness of his skin, unusual in a Kaffir, would have justified for him the title applied to another African king, of the “Great Black One.” His ample kaross was of beautiful leopard’s skin; and buskins of untanned hide covered his feet. His ornaments were, a brass belt round his waist, brass armlets, an ivory ring above one elbow, and red and white beads round his neck, and in one of his ears; he carried a sambok, or slip of buffalo-hide, in his hand.”

From the Cape of Good Hope, its tribes, and their sanguinary encounters, we retrace our steps to a country nearer home, which, basking, as it is, in the full sunshine of peace and civilisation, is not without black spots looming on its horizon.

In England the social condition of the labouring classes is beyond all doubt the great question of the day, and it is not until lately that its vast importance has been fully appreciated. In a world teeming with misery, the sufferings and privations of those sections of our fellow creatures, whom the accidents of our complicated civilisation crush into the dust, must always in some degree exist. They can, however, be materially alleviated, if not altogether diminished. The sympathy of those in whose hands lies the remedy has been at last awakened; much remains to be done, and statesmen are now fully alive to the imperative necessity of setting about the good work in earnest. But it is to a very different order of men that the praise is due

of having aroused public attention upon this all-important subject. The van in the great work of social regeneration has been led by the writers of the present time. The genius of Charles Dickens was the first that attempted to grapple with the subject, and lay plain and open before all beholders the extended wretchedness, the sore evils, which lie festering ever around the haunts of the most refined luxury and civilisation. The example set by him has not been in vain. Many of our literary fellow-labourers have followed in the same track; and in the volumes now before us* we recognise with pleasure a fresh aspirant for honours in the noblest field where fame can be won. It would scarcely be doing justice to these interesting volumes to try them by the rules of ordinary criticism, for they have an aim and object far higher than lies within the scope of every-day fiction; and the reader who takes them up to while away the tedium of an idle hour, if he be capable of thought at all, will find abundant matter for grave and serious reflection.

The topics treated of are of no common interest; and the startling facts which are disclosed do not admit of any doubt, for they have been embodied in Parliamentary reports: but we shall allow the author to introduce the subject in his own words.

“Within a few weeks one fearful trade has exacted a sacrifice of nearly a hundred lives, snatched from the world in the flush and pride of manhood, unsummoned and unprepared. In the depths of the earth, where her treasures are hid like a wise man's thoughts, the hardy and intrepid miner every day finds a grave. Here there must be something radically wrong—something human ingenuity may not be able to counteract, but which at least should command attention. Let us dive for a moment into those gloomy underground fields, those regions of eternal night, and see their undaunted reaper at his dread husbandry. In a work claiming the companionship of light hours it can be but a rapid glance, but perhaps some may rise from it with hearts enlarged, kinder, and better.

“And as we pass through the noble streets of the metropolis, exulting at the opulence of its merchants, the grandeur

of its public buildings, and the historic renown of its name, it were well to think of the misery and wretchedness that pine and pant in unknown back passages, accessible only through door-like courts, gaping into the main thoroughfares for breath. Where is the political Hercules who will undertake to cleanse such Augean stables? Where the Appian conduit that will form a healing and purifying stream through their reeking cellars? Long observation of the moral and social condition of the poorer classes has convinced me that it is not by measures of physical amelioration alone, be they ever so comprehensive, that the State can afford them effectual and permanent succour. It is necessary not only to ameliorate but to elevate; not only to relieve but to instruct. The mind recoils from the contemplation of that mass of dense and stolid ignorance which lies in all its awful breadth and nakedness festering at our doors. And surely there is no Dives so selfish as to withhold, in the midst of his own abundance, those frugal crumbs it so earnestly yearns to devour. Education is the kindly nurture by which its sores may be healed, its emaciated frame raised up, its strength, its moral health, restored. Then we shall no longer find that the humble children of labour live in an atmosphere poisoned by vice, nor will they be left to flounder in a slough of despond, having their very “household words” contaminated by foul associations. . . . It only remains to say that the *Times*, some three months ago, pointed to the present condition of the mining population, touched upon in these volumes, as abounding in points sufficiently available for the purposes of fiction. ‘The Daughter of Night’ was then nearly completed, though, from unforeseen circumstances, the publication has been delayed; and, with this introduction, I must leave her to relate her own story.”

Such is the author's praiseworthy design. The field of fiction upon which he has thus entered is one requiring no ordinary qualifications for its successful cultivation. The subject is a vast and interesting one, and the theme is equal to the subject; but we must proceed to lay before our readers as accurate an analysis of the incidents of the story as our space will admit.

The heroine of the tale is a trapper or labourer in a coal mine. The func-

* “The Daughter of Night: a Story of the Present Time.” By S. W. Fullom, Esq. In 3 vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1851.

tion of her office is a peculiar one, which, as some of our readers may not be initiated in such subterranean mysteries, we may as well, *en passant*, explain. The important duty of regulating the ventilation of the mine is her principal task. This process begins at the shaft, which is divided into two compartments, each having an inner partition for the passage of air. These are called the diving brattice and the drawing brattice. Through the former the air descends, passing through the main passage to the workings. The workings branch off from the gate road through low, narrow corridors, which open into gloomy excavations called boards, the coal of which has been previously exhausted. At the entrance to each board is a trap door, which being kept constantly shut by the trapper, except when a train of waggons passes through, forces the fresh air up the intervening passage into the next excavation. The ventilating draught thus traversing all the workings, comes round through another series of traps to the shaft, where, impelled upwards by the drawing brattice, it affords room for a fresh rush through the driving. The coal mine where the heroine of the story is thus humbly employed, belongs to a Mr. Belwood. We have not time to sketch his character, nor indeed is there much occasion we should, for it will be sufficiently developed by the incidents which follow.

An explosion takes place in the mine, which nearly destroys the unfortunate trapper. She is taken up in a state of complete insensibility, and conveyed to the house of her master. Her stay there is, however, of short duration. By mere accident she is entrusted by one of the ladies of the house (who had been imprudent enough to contract a private marriage) in a matter requiring the utmost courage as well as discretion. In her management of it both these qualities are tested to the utmost, and stand the test. From the Belwood family Millicent passes into the hands of a worthy physician, who places her under the care of a very amiable and exemplary old lady—a certain Mrs. Grantley—who educates and brings up the orphan with the most tender and affectionate regard; for all which she is amply repaid by the grateful devotion of her *protégé*. Upon two occasions she has given proofs so satisfactory and convincing, not only of her

devoted affection, but of her high and noble spirit, that Mrs. Grantley eventually adopts her as her own daughter, and from a life whose early days were clouded by misery and sorrow, she passes into comfort and prospective opulence. Mingling in the society to which her adopted mother has introduced her, the extreme beauty of Millicent soon attracts a host of admirers, of which two seem in every way worthy of her regard. The one preferred by her happens to be a near relative of her kind protector. He has, of course, been made acquainted with her early history, which would have been sufficient to deter many a man of his high rank and presumptive fortune from the contemplation of a union with one whose birth was so obscure and doubtful. Although such considerations have no weight with the ardent lover, they have with his father, a very aristocratic and testy old gentleman, who threatens to disinherit his son unless he abandons the idea. His apprehensions are soon removed by the admirable conduct of the young lady, for upon the discovery that her lover's marriage with her will lead to circumstances bearing so disadvantageously upon his future fortunes, at once puts an end to the affair, with a self-denying heroism worthy of the highest praise.

A sudden and sad reverse takes place in her career, hitherto so prosperous and happy. Millicent's protectress, Mrs. Grantley, is seized with an alarming illness, and while the pen is in her hand, with which she is about to execute a will leaving the entire of her property to her adopted daughter, she expires before the signature is completed; and by this unlucky stroke of fortune Millicent falls at once into an abyss of dark and gloomy penury, apparently as entire and as hopeless as that from which she had previously emerged. She finds among some humble Spitalfield weavers a refuge and a home. This transition affords our author another opportunity of laying before the public some of those sad scenes of misery and wretchedness which in the crowded lanes and alleys of the great metropolis are so fearfully frequent. While Millicent is a denizen of this humble abode, surrounded by the most squalid poverty, sharing the crust of the Spitalfields weaver, and endeavouring to contribute to the common support of the family by her own exertions,

a fearful visitant appears in the shape of the Cholera. Sad ravages are made among the miserable family. Surrounded by hunger, despair, and death, the spirit of the dauntless girl never falters.

Mr. Vavasour, one of the lovers who in the brief sunshine of her prosperity sought her hand, and won the love of her innocent heart, by some accident has discovered her retreat, and makes his appearance in the lowly dwelling—not, indeed, to renew the honourable overtures which he had formerly made, but for the purpose of endeavouring to wring from her in poverty the priceless gem which in the days of wealth and prosperity he had solicited in vain. He is repulsed with contempt; and the sufferings of Millicent seem but to deepen in intensity, when relief comes in the shape of a tried and trusty female friend, who had married fortunately and happily, and who removes Millicent from this sink of desolation and misery to her own comfortable home. There in peace and quiet she soon recovers her wonted spirits; bloom returns once more to the cheek which had been wasted by famine. Clothed in her former loveliness, she meets again her other admirer, Lord Childars; and the strange, eventful history, which had so many alternations of good and evil fortune, terminates in prosperity and peace.

In detailing the principal incidents of our heroine's career, we have purposely omitted, in order to simplify the narrative, allusion to another set of characters, who occupy but a subordinate position in the story, and have little or no influence upon the development of the plot. There is the old story of trusting and gentle innocence betrayed by deliberate and profligate villany, finely illustrated by the history of the unfortunate Helen Belwood and her unprincipled cousin. There are the housebreakers, "Spanish Bill" and "Black Jem," all of them portrayed by a pencil of singular power and vividness; and we could select a hundred passages which display a command of language and a power of description, which, if the author of these remarkable volumes be permitted to cultivate, may raise him to a place among the foremost writers of his day. It is very seldom we have met with a work which conveys to us the impression of such exuberance and felicity of diction on

the part of its writer; if anything there is positively too much. Words and images are heaped up with astonishing profusion; and the fault of the book is of a kind which seems to indicate that the peculiar turn of the author's mind would lead him in the direction of redundancy. The flow of the narrative is too rapid; the incidents follow each other in a succession too quick and too striking; thus the reader's mind is scarcely allowed sufficient time for pause or reflection. We hurry on with an interest almost breathless, nor is it until we have turned over the last page that we can spare leisure to look back and contemplate the ground over which we have travelled, or analyse the source of the sensations we have experienced. It is by no means easy, where the narrative is so closely woven and matted together, to select such detached specimens as would enable our readers to form a tolerable opinion as to the merits of the performance; but we cannot dismiss the "Daughter of Night" from our critical tribunal without one or two extracts, which we trust will be a sufficient specimen by way of proof that our praise has not been exaggerated:—

"There was one mourner in an obscure corner of the little gallery, screened from view by a curtain, who overlooked all. None had seen her enter, and her presence was unsuspected; but who there could mourn for the lost friend as she could? She tried to join in the service, but both voice and heart, paralysed by grief, and possessed wholly by the one terrible idea, refused. Yet her ear caught faintly the sublime words of the funeral psalm, read by Mr. Alderson in deep and solemn tones:—

" 'Lord, let me know mine end and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live.

" 'Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee: and verily every man living is altogether vanity!

" 'And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in thee!

"At length the door of the vault was opened, and the corpse was borne, amidst breathless silence, to its last resting-place. Millicent could watch no longer, and burying her face in her hands, she wept unrestrained.

"It was some time before she looked up, then glancing round, she perceived the church was empty, and she hurried

down to the nave, hoping to get out unobserved by Mr. Alderson; but on reaching it she found the door locked. Could it be that Mr. Alderson and the clerk had left the church? She flew to the vestry, and her fears were confirmed. It was closed.

"The prospect of remaining all night in the church, after a scene so harrowing to her feelings, for a moment confounded her; but endued with strong natural courage, developed by the bitter and cruel experiences of her sad childhood, she quickly rallied, repelling the superstitious terrors which the growing shades of evening gathered quickly around. In vain, however, she knocked against the massive pannels of the door, hoping to attract the attention of any chance loiterer; in vain paced the gloomy aisles, measuring with eager eye the mullioned panes of the old Gothic windows. Night and darkness came on, and she abandoned all hope of escape.

"She sat down on the steps of the communion table, as if no evil or malignant influence could approach so hallowed a spot; yet dread thoughts of her situation, of the green graves without, and the mouldering dead beneath, of wandering angels, invisible spirits, and mysterious intelligences, which might hover in adoration around the sacred table, still made her fearful and apprehensive. She thought of the two cherubim of the Hebrew ark, with their gilded wings extended above, till in a nervous panic she looked up, trembling, almost expecting to behold their colossal figures. Then her shrinking eye, restless as her fears, glanced timidly at the pulpit, which loomed through deep shadows in dim and imperfect outline, like some allegory of ancient Egypt, shrouded in the mists of time. And, by and by, the iron voice of the old clock told twelve.

"Twelve! The last stroke, heightened by silence, vibrated through arch and aisle with terrific distinctness, awakening an echo in every quarter. At the same moment, a gleam of moonlight, dimmed by the richly-coloured panes, peered faintly through the chancel window, marking the wall with a mystic streak, which, as it issued further, disclosed the effigy of a knight of old, standing up erect in his marble shroud, as if to watch over bones crumbling into dust. Then it rose to the scroll overhead which recorded his deeds and virtues, traced by a surer hand, and in characters far different, on the imperishable tablet of the Angel of Life. And thence the moonbeam crept on to an old cross, and there it seemed to rest. . . . But as night wore on, her courage revived. Faith, confidence in the presence and mercy of Providence, early

habits of self-possession and self-control, reassured and inspired her, and at last she slept as calmly on those cold steps as on a bed of down. Light streaming over the communion table broke her slumbers, and rising, she offered up her morning devotions with a thankful though sorrowful heart, but not doubting that great as might be the trials and struggles she was about to encounter, the beneficent power by which she had hitherto been upheld in the darkest hours, would still watch, compassionate, and protect her.

"Such was the assurance with which she prepared to engage in the great business and battle of life."

Such is a tolerable specimen of some of those powerful passages in which these interesting volumes abound. We could select many such had we that expansive power over our limits which we would desire. Before, however, we pass on, we must indulge our readers with one other extract which portrays, in powerful and vivid colours, the explosion in the coal mine:—

"Gradually she became sensible of an oppressive closeness in the air, rendering it difficult to respire. A strange sulphurous smell began to rise, penetrating to her chest, and exciting a feeling of nausea, intense and overpowering. What could it be? Her instinctive apprehension that some catastrophe was at hand grew stronger, became, in fact, irrepresible. Breathless, racked with suspense, she listened for the word to leave the pit, but in vain, though assured, from the departure of all the holers, that it must be past the regular time.

"What was to be done? To remain longer was impossible, and she determined, at risk of dismissal, to make the best of her way to the shaft. Opening the trap, she entered the passage, which, being between two exhausted boards, was so low and narrow that she was obliged to move along on her knees. It was also much darker—that is, though accustomed to see objects in the dark, and now, stooping down, she could not distinguish the rails in the tramway. Added to this, the poisonous odour became more virulent, the heat and dense air more oppressive; and she was yet nearly a quarter of a mile from the gate road or main thoroughfare, itself a mile in length. As she moved along, a lassitude seized her limbs, an unnatural drowsiness, which she could not shake off, weighed down and closed her eyes, and she began to feel a sort of reckless indifference to anything that might happen. By a great effort she aroused

herself; recovering that precious instinct which urges the most desperate to prize and cling to life, even when it would seem to possess no value; then, mustering all her energy, she pushed forwards, passing the several deserted workings and through as many doors, imprudently forsaken by their attendant trappers, while some were left open as if abandoned in haste. She was now in the last passage opening into the principal headway, and, from a rushing sound of water streaming down the black walls into a drain, knew she must be near the first trap. With outstretched hands she moved on, bruising her knees on splinters of coal, spillage from the day's trains, and often grazing her head against the timber-work above, supporting the mountain roof. But now the trap was reached, and, raising the click, she drew it open, when a terrific crash, a loud, roaring, tremendous thunder-clap, starting and expanding a myriad echoes, drove through the mine, shooting her headlong into the gate-road stunned and breathless. For a moment she lay perfectly stupefied, but then sprang up fully recollecting her situation. She had been thrown against a dead gap or line of deserted workings, where the seam of coal being exhausted the props which sustain the roof had been removed, and vast masses of earth, rock, and waste mineral, pressed by the enormous overweight, had fallen in, forming crude and fantastic heaps, with continual interstices, which realised the confusion of chaos. She knew that these Pandorian recesses generate the baneful stythe or choke damp always following close on explosions, which, rolling forth like a fog, carries death to the remotest nooks, and she instantly resumed her flight."

Near the village of Westwood, in one of the midland counties of England, embosomed in green woods, and surrounded by gardens and orchards, stood the ancient manor-house of Dene, where resided the lady from whose name the story we next notice derives its title.* When we are introduced to her, she is wearing away in tranquil seclusion the evening of a life, the earlier years of which had been clouded by suffering and sorrow. Of these the lingering traces are still visible on her countenance. Her matronly beauty is at times shaded by the remembrance of subdued and chastened sorrow; her

life is devoted to acts of benevolence and charity; the friend, comforter, and physician of all the poor in her neighbourhood, in the hour of trouble or of sickness they look, and never in vain, for her assistance. The current of her existence flows on in a sound and unruffled channel. There were some who looked upon her as a visionary enthusiast, but her enthusiasm, if such it could be called, consisted merely in having a heart which glowed with a warm consciousness of the beauty, greatness, and sublime glory of life. Her faith was that of the heart rather than of the intellect; her love of poetry and of flowers made up a part and portion of her being. Every living thing about her and near her was an object of her liveliest solicitude and interest. Her care extended over every household in the parish, and there was not a horse, a cow, a turkey, or a peacock resident in her own establishment, in the individual well-being of which she did not take the liveliest interest. She had been a belle in her day, but, marrying early, had retired to the old manor-house, where her life had glided away for thirty years in the peaceful routine which we have attempted to describe—full of pleasures to herself and benefits to others. Let us cast one passing glance, ere we proceed further, at her portrait as she sits in the old summer-house: her appearance is so bright and fair that one could almost fancy she was still young; although she had numbered more than fifty-five summers, time had scarcely set a wrinkle upon the rich but pale and delicate hue of her complexion. The few circling lines which were visible about her eyebrow vanished as she smiled; her dark brown hair was slightly sprinkled with grey; her large and clear blue eyes were full of love and tenderness; her nose was well defined and expressive of strength as well as of grace of mind; but it was about the mouth that could be most distinctly seen the peculiar sentiments of her soul, her devotion, her intellectuality, her deep affectionate sympathies, as well as her sorrows. Such is the picture of the principal heroine, for, although at the commencement of the story we imagined that she was to oc-

* "*Madame Dorrington, of the Dene; the Story of a Life.*" In 3 vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1851.

cupy but a subordinate position, the main interest eventually turns upon the incidents of her earlier life, and, by a shifting of scenes, we are thrown back to hear the passages of her eventful history, with the narration of which two volumes of the novel are occupied. In the third volume another set of characters, of which we had until then been only permitted a partial glance, are introduced to our notice. We stand, as it were, between two generations, both pass in review before us; and the interest which the parents have excited within us is hardly permitted to subside before the fortunes of their children enlist our sympathies at the period when the story opens. Mrs. Dorrington has two sons alive, in the youngest of whom, Vincent, then travelling abroad, the whole affection of her ardent nature is concentrated. But, before we proceed to narrate his fortunes, together with those of his elder and less amiable brother, we must, after the fashion which the author has set us, follow back the course of the story, and gather up its threads as far as they are connected with the original of the charming portrait to which we have already introduced our readers.

The maiden name of Mrs. Dorrington was Grace Delmy. Her forbears were what is termed gentlemen farmers. They wrote themselves yeomen, and resided upon a small paternal property of about five hundred acres, a solemn, fruitful, pleasant place of woods and fields lying amid heavy, full-grown hawthorn hedges, and the tinkling waters of the winding brook, which was the Fullbourne, whence it derived its name. Grace was the eldest of three children. Her father, a weak, poetical dreamer, living a life of visionary seclusion, had been prevailed upon, by the solicitations of his friends, to unite his destiny with that of a lady, whose strong will and passionate nature rendered her but little qualified for the practice of the domestic virtues. The union, as might be expected, proved a most unhappy one; and in due time certain events occurred to which it is unnecessary for us more particularly to allude, which indicated the necessity of a separation not only between the husband and wife, but between the mother and daughter. When these passages occurred, Grace, who had arrived at the dignity of wo-

manhood, was removed, and consigned to the care of certain distant family connexions resident in the city of London. During the period of her sojourn under their roof, she makes the acquaintance of her future husband, and retires to pass the remainder of her existence in that quiet abode where we had our first glimpse of her. The gentleman was a young lawyer, or rather a solicitor, who had been employed by her father to transact business of considerable importance. He had a high reputation for talent and integrity, and managed so judiciously the very complicated transactions which were thus entrusted to his care, as to win the esteem and regard of Mr. Delmy. His way to the young lady's heart was thus laid open to him, and his suit was not long in coming to a prosperous termination. Such are the leading incidents of the history of Mrs. Dorrington's early life; such the main outline of the first portion of the story. A host of personages appear and disappear, who have little to do with the development of the plot, and a variety of incidents take place, some of which more or less tend to maintain the interest of the story. There is the violent death of Mrs. Dorrington's brother, who was killed in a sudden affray with the horse dealer; the unfortunate marriage of her second brother, and his consequent emigration; the story of the swindling clergyman, which, as well as we recollect, appears to be merely an enlargement of the facts disclosed upon the investigation of a case which not long ago came within the jurisdiction of one of the police magistrates in London. As the greater proportion of these incidents seem rather to fill up the pauses in the narrative, than to aid in its development, we do not feel it necessary to encumber our notice by a more elaborate detail of them, but hasten to the second portion of the story, which derives its main interest from the sons of the Lady of the Dene.

Out of four which had been born unto her, two only are alive; John, the eldest, who has succeeded in comfortably establishing his fortunes in life through the medium of a lucky marriage; and Vincent, the youngest, who has for several years been wandering about through foreign countries, to the considerable dissatisfaction of his father. News of the tru-

ant reaches at length the Dene, through the medium of a certain Mr. Bathurst, to whom the young man has delegated the office of informing his parents of his welfare. The bearer of tidings so welcome is, of course, a welcome guest.

Mr. Bathurst takes up his abode at the Dene, and in the course of conversation happens to mention to Mrs. Dorrington that her son is very intimate with certain people of the name of Arden, whom chance has thrown across his path. Now it so happened that these very Ardens were not only near neighbours of the Dene, but persons of the very highest consideration in the whole province. Flora Arden, their only child, was heiress to their immense possessions; and when the fact comes out of their son's intimacy, alarm and pride are visibly depicted in the countenances of Mr. and Mrs. Dorrington. They knew that the young lady, with her beauty and her fortune, might command the most splendid alliance in the kingdom, and that her father was notoriously ambitious of winning a coronet for his daughter. The career, too, of Mr. Dorrington, although in the highest degree honourable to himself, had not been in a line of life which he conceived justified him in associating upon terms of equality with the great people of his county. Pride was his besetting sin, that species of pride which some men feel in the reflection that the position they enjoy is the result of their own industry and exertions. A small paternal property, which for a long series of years had been in the Dorrington family, was involved by each successive generation in fresh debts, so that when it came into the hands of the last proprietor, it was found so heavily incumbered as to be in great danger of passing from his hands for ever. It was in the humble capacity of solicitor that Mr. Dorrington commenced his early career. He became partner, eventually, in a most extensive and lucrative legal firm. He saw a certainty of clearing his estate by continuing in the firm; he might, by transferring his exertions to the more honourable arena of the bar, have won still more, but he might also fail. He preferred the humbler certainty, and he attained it. But during a long course of practice, at the head of the chief legal firm of the county town, he was in the employ of the greater part of the high landed gen-

try of the neighbourhood. In all their intercourse with him they showed nothing but respect for his talents, and kindness in their behaviour. Still, when he quitted his practice, and became an independent landowner, he did not forget that there might be a repugnance on the part of these neighbours to receive as an equal their late attorney.

With this disposition upon his part to stand aloof from any direct association with the higher aristocracy, Mr. Dorrington could not endure the idea that his son should place himself in a position which would expose him to the risk of a painful or humiliating repulse, as he had no doubt would be the inevitable result of any matrimonial overtures upon his part to a member of the wealthy and aristocratic family of the Ardens. But the apprehensions of the cautious solicitor were without foundation. In Italy, where they had met, a casual rencontre with some robbers to which the Ardens were exposed, with the opportune arrival of Vincent upon the scene of action in time to extricate them from very serious embarrassment, gave him vantage ground, which he never lost. Before they quitted the Continent, the affections of the lovely Flora were irretrievably his; their troth was plighted, and they were engaged to each other. But the course of true love did not on this occasion deviate from its usual erratic channel. A formidable obstacle arose in the shape of a young noble, the heir apparent to an earldom, and a vast extent of broad acres, whose pretensions were looked upon by the young lady's father in the most favourable light. Flora Arden had, however, her own ideas upon the subject of matrimony; her vision was not so entirely dazzled by the coronet in perspective as to incapacitate her from calmly and wisely weighing the merits of the two aspirants to her favour. She required a year to decide, and her choice having in the meantime fallen upon Vincent Dorrington, the termination of the period of probation was fixed upon as the fittest time for the revelation to her father of the determination to which she had come.

The momentous day upon which her fate was to be decided at length drew near. The family of the Ardens, having in the meantime returned from their travels, had taken up their resi-

dence at their country mansion. A great festival is given by Mr. Arden, in honour of his daughter's approaching nuptials, upon the very day when the year was over. Vincent Dorrington had received an invitation. The *parti* selected by Mr. Arden was also to be present, and every arrangement for the reception of his guests was made by the master of the mansion upon a scale of princely splendour. The young lady, however, peremptorily rejects Lord Chellaston, and declares her unalterable partiality for his rival in a manner too decisive to admit of a doubt. Parental authority is exercised in vain; she is proof alike to commands and to entreaties. A family quarrel is the result. She is sent off to reside with her aunt, but has not been long before her father is taken suddenly and seriously unwell. Upon his death-bed he repents of the violence he had exercised in endeavouring to bend his daughter's will. Vincent Dorrington is recalled; the hands of the lovers are joined; the parental blessing is given, and so the curtain falls.

Such is the main outline of the story, as well as we are able to extract it from the cloud of episodical incidents which embarrass its course. In the conception of the plot it will be seen there is not much that is either original or new. The two sets of characters which are introduced render it a task of no small difficulty to analyse and state simply such details as we have selected. The mechanism is not very artistic, and the method adopted of telling a story backwards as it were, beginning by introducing a series of portraits, and then pausing to narrate the pedigree of each, is about one of the least felicitous it is possible to imagine. The interest is broken when the attention is distracted, as it must necessarily be, by the introduction, at every possible interval, of some personage, with a long history appended not only of himself, but of his relations, without the least bearing on the progress of the story or its principal incidents. The idea forces itself upon our mind that this novel has been written by different persons at different periods, and sent to press without either of the

authors making the attempt to weave the materials into a compact and harmonious whole. The style, too, is cumbersome and heavy, abounding in epithets of the Anglo-German school, and seldom relieved by elegance or airiness of touch. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, and they are serious ones, the tale is not without interest; some of the descriptions of English scenery display a considerable amount of artistic power, although the incidents are commonplace, and there is no attempt whatever at the minute delineation of character, nor much endeavour, on the part of the writer or writers, to penetrate into the higher regions of their art. Madame Dorrington will have her admirers as well as her readers, for there is nothing in regard of morality which can offend the most fastidious critic. The food, although plain in quality, is healthy and wholesome, and we can, with a safe conscience, recommend the book to the perusal of any of our readers who wish to while away a summer's day in innocent enjoyment.

In the interesting volumes* which we now lay before our readers, will be found a great illustration of the old story of woman's devotion and disinterested love, repaid by the falsehood and neglect of man. The hero Thornton, who is the scion of an ancient house, and heir to a coronet and vast encumbered estates, forms an attachment to an amiable and interesting young lady, whom he marries privately. She is a Catholic, and the ceremony has not been performed according to law. His father, "the ruined peer," and the proprietor of Castle Deloraine, ignorant of his son's marriage, takes an early opportunity of informing him that his affairs are in a state of embarrassment so hopeless as to leave no chance of extrication unless he can succeed in winning the hand and affections of a certain wealthy heiress, to whom he contrives to procure an introduction. The young gentleman, who is also in difficulties on his own account, gets alarmed at the prospect before him, with babies and the Fleet prison in the distance, repents him of his precipitation; betrays the innocence which had trusted to his protection;

* "Castle Deloraine, or the Ruined Peer." By Maria Priscilla Smith. In 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1851.

deserts her whom he had betrayed; and fills up the measure of his degradation by contracting the alliance upon the base and mercenary speculation recommended by his unworthy parent. The gold, however, for which he had bartered his happiness and his manhood, brings him no satisfaction. He has discovered, when it is too late, that he has sacrificed the substance of happiness for its false and fleeting shadow; and that when he has reached the goal of his ambition, it has turned to dust and ashes within his grasp. Ellen Maynard, whom the heartless profligate had made his prey, falls into the hands of a French lady, with whom, previous to her luckless marriage, she had an acquaintance; a *roué* colonel named Brydon, who is a visiter at the house, sees Ellen and becomes fascinated by her attractions. He prevails upon Madame Leclerc, her protectress, not only to back his suit with her influence, but to afford him every facility as to admission to her house. But the neglected wife scorns his overtures; at length the notable device is hit upon by this worthy suitor's amiable confederate, of acquainting the hapless girl with the marriage of him whom she had fondly believed to be her husband. The news falls like a thunderbolt upon the poor girl. Taking the earliest opportunity of effecting her escape from the espionage by which she is surrounded, she flies to the family mansion of her faithless lord, and there receives but too fatal a corroboration of his perfidy. At the precise moment of her interview with him it so chances that the lady, to whom he legitimately belongs, enters the apartment unseen by either of its occupants, and thus becomes the witness of her husband's worthlessness and treachery. The shock is too much for her sensitive nature—she falls down in a swoon. Ellen flies from the house of her betrayer, and suicide terminates the short history of her mournful career. The retribution is terrible. The perfidious profligate becomes a changed and a broken-hearted man. He voluntarily renounces the splendid fortune which he had acquired by his marriage, and, retiring to his ruined castle, passes the remainder of his life in mournful regrets and penitence for the past.

We close these delightful volumes with reluctance. They have a higher and a nobler aim than comes within the ordinary scope of fiction. The reader who takes them up for amusement will rise from their perusal, if not a sadder, at least a wiser man. He will find forcibly inculcated those great social truths, which, in our reckless pursuit after ambition, or fame, or gold, we are apt too frequently to lose sight of—"That true happiness does not consist in the gratification of the passions, or the mere enjoyment of wealth, and that neither can satisfy the aspirations of an immortal soul."

That we should have placed the charming volumes, with a brief notice of which we must close this paper,* so far down on our list, is a breach of politeness, for which we must entreat the accomplished author's pardon. We should rather have said authoress—for we believe it is a matter of public notoriety that they are from the pen of a lady; but if circumstances, which were unavoidable, have made them the last, they are by no means the least, in point of merit, among the many fabrics of genius to which we have called the attention of our readers. The "*Tutor's Ward*" is a tale not only full of interest, but of instruction; it is suggestive of deep and solemn thought, for the moral it conveys is a fresh illustration of the fleeting and perishable nature of all human love. The hero—if we may be permitted to call him so—who occupies so prominent a position in the first portion of the story, belongs to that class of which William Dobbin is the representative. He has conceived a strong attachment for a young lady, a member of a family in which he fills the humble office of tutor. His love was not returned; but, notwithstanding that its object had made another choice, he still continues to preserve her image enshrined in the innermost depths of his being. He passes his life in musing over the beloved object with an intensity of devotion for which the annals of modern romance afford no parallel. Upon a certain dull October evening, as he is seated beside the fire, dreaming, as usual, over the memory of his early love, a knock comes to the door, and the very object of his thoughts makes her appearance, carrying a daughter in

* "*The Tutor's Ward*." By the author of "*Wayfaring Sketches*," &c. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1851.

her arms. Her husband had turned out a drunken profligate, and she has brought the child to her old lover, with the request that he will take it abroad, and educate it, removed from the example of its wretched father. John Forde (such is his name) fulfils the request. He removes Milicent to Aix in Provence, where he brings her up with tenderness and care. Her mother soon afterwards dies, and it is at this point that the leading interest of the story commences. Her education completed, Milicent arrives in England a grown-up young lady. On board the steamer which conveys her from Havre she has met with an elderly gentleman who makes her acquaintance, and contrives to extract from her the full particulars of her name, condition, and place of destination, with the intention which we shall presently see. Her father being dead, the young lady takes up her abode with some relatives. No sooner is she well settled in her new home, than her friend of the steamboat makes his appearance, and with him comes his nephew, one Stephen Aylmer, whom, it had appeared that, from the first moment he had caught sight of Milicent, it was his intention she should marry. The young couple, thus brought together, took a liking to each other; they become, in a short time, plighted lovers, and everything is going on as prosperously as we could desire, when a female cousin of Milicent arrives from Italy. No sooner has she learned what is going forward than she makes up her mind to appropriate the gentleman to herself, which, after a series of dexterous manœuvres, she succeeds in accomplishing. The unhappy Milicent, almost heart-broken, returns to Provence, whither she is followed by another admirer, who is unsuccessful in his pursuit. A few days before the marriage was to take place, the faith-

less swain is visited with a terrible retribution—he is struck by lightning, and remains blind and crippled for the rest of his life. Intelligence of the catastrophe has no sooner reached Milicent in her retirement, than she hastens back to England, takes the recreant to her arms, and marries him. The climax of this series of disasters now remains to be told. The blind man chances to be walking near the edge of a cliff; he is met by the discarded lover, of whom he inquires the way. He receives a false direction, falls over the edge of the precipice, and perishes miserably.

Such is as brief an outline as we can give of the main events of this story. Our readers will see that the improbabilities are somewhat startling; but setting these aside, there is nothing in the book at which the most hypercritical of our captious tribe can take the slightest exception. The purpose is a sound and healthy one; the style is easy and flowing, and the language often elegant and always graceful. We are exceedingly sorry that the length to which our previous observations have extended prevents us from doing this novel more ample justice. We can sincerely recommend it to the attention of our readers; and we hope no long period may elapse before we find the writer again in a field which her talents have qualified her to cultivate with eminent success.

The graceful fairy structure which we had raised for the edification of the public must now close, for its use is over; the clock is striking the hour, when the wand of office passes from our hand. We linger yet upon the threshold, as like a polite host we speed our departing guests.—

“A farewell then to all courteous readers;
A farewell to the rest.”

A LEGEND OF THE EAST NEUK OF FIFE.

It was a cold night in the March of the year 1708. The hour of ten had tolled from the old Gothic tower of the Collegiate Church; beating on his drum, the drummer in the livery of the burgh had proceeded from the Market-cross to the ruins of St. David's Castle, and from thence to the chapel of St. Rufus, and having made one long roll or flourish at the point from whence his peregrination began, he adjourned to the *Thane of Fife* to procure a dram, while the good folks of Crail composed themselves for the night, and the barring of doors and windows announced that those who were within had resolved to make themselves comfortable and secure, while those unfortunate wights that were without were likely to remain so.

Hollowly the German Sea was booming on the rocks of the harbour; and from its hazy surface a cold east wind swept over the flat, bleak coast of Crail; a star peeped at times between the flying clouds, and even the moon looked forth once, but immediately veiled her face again, as if one glance at the iron shore and barren scenery, unenlivened by hedge or tree, were quite enough to prevent her from looking again.

The town-drummer had received his dram and withdrawn, and Master Spiggot, the gudeman or landlord of the *Thane of Fife*, the principal tavern, and only inn or hostel in the burgh, was taking a last view of the main street, and considering the propriety of closing for the night. It was broad, spacious, and is still overlooked by many a tall and gable-ended mansion, whose antique and massive aspect announces that, like other Fifeshire burghs before the Union in the preceding year, it had seen better days. Indeed, the house then occupied by Master Spiggot himself, and from which his sign bearing the panoplied *Thane* at full gallop on a caparisoned steed swung creaking in the night wind, was one of those ancient edifices, and in former days had belonged to the provost of the adjoining kirk; but this was (as Spiggot said), "in the auld-warld times o' the Papistrie."

The gudeman shook his white head solemnly and sadly, as he looked down the empty thoroughfare.

"There *was* a time," he muttered, and paused.

Silent and desolate as any in the ruins of Thebes, the street was half covered with weeds and rank grass that grew between the stones, and Spiggot could see them waving in the dim starlight.

Crail is an out-of-the-way place. It is without thoroughfare and without trade; few leave it and still fewer think of going there, for there one feels as if on the very verge of society; for there, even by day, reigns a monastic gloom, a desertion, a melancholy, an uniform and voiceless silence, broken only by the croak of the gulls and the cawing of the clamorous gulls nestling on the old church tower, while the sea booms incessantly as it rolls on the rocky beach.

But there was a time when it was otherwise; when the hum of commerce rose around its sculptured cross, and there was a daily bustle in the chambers of its Town-hall, for there a portly provost and bailies with a battalion of seventeen corpulent councillors sat solemnly deliberating on the affairs of the burgh; and swelling with a municipal importance that was felt throughout the whole East Neuk of Fife; for, in those days, the bearded Russ and redhaired Dane, the Norwyer and the Hollander, laden with merchandise, furled their sails in that deserted harbour where now scarcely a fisherboat is seen; for on Crail, as on all its sister towns along the coast, fell surely and heavily the terrible blight of 1707, and now it is hastening rapidly to insignificance and decay.

On the sad changes a year had brought about, Spiggot pondered sadly, and was only roused from his dreamy mood by the sudden apparition of a traveller on horseback standing before him; for so long and so soft was the grass of the street that his approach had been unheard by the dreamer, whose mind was wandering after the departed glories of the East Neuk.

"A cold night, landlord, for such I take you to be," said the stranger, in a bold and cheerful voice, as he dismounted.

"A cauld night and a dreary too," sighed poor Boniface, as he bowed, and hastening to seize the stranger's bridle buckled it to a ring at the door-cheek; "but the sight of a visitor does gude to my heart; step in, Sir. A warm posset that was simmering in the parlour for myself is at your service, and I'll set the stall-boy to corn your beast and stable it."

"I thank you, gudeman; but for unharnessing it matters not, as I must ride onward; but I will take the posset with thanks, for I am chilled to death by my long ride along this misty coast."

Spiggot looked intently at the traveller as he stooped, and entering the low-arched door which was surmounted by an old monastic legend, trod into the bar with a heavy clanking stride, for he was accoutred with jack boots and gilded spurs. His rocquelaure was of scarlet cloth, warmly furred, and the long curls of his Ramillies wig flowed over it. His beaver was looped upon three sides with something of a military air, and one long white feather that adorned it, floated down his back, for the dew was heavy on it. He was a handsome man, about forty years of age, well sunburned, with a keen dark eye, and close-clipped moustache, which indicated that he had served in foreign wars. He threw his hat and long jewelled rapier aside, and on removing his rocquelaure, discovered a white velvet coat more richly covered with lace than any that Spiggot had ever seen even in the palmiest days of Crail.

According to the fashion of Queen Anne's courtiers, it was without a collar to display the long white cravat of point d'Espagne, without cuffs, and edged from top to bottom with broad bars of lace, clasps and buttons of silver the whole length; being compressed at the waist by a very ornamental belt, fastened by a large gold buckle.

"Your honour canna think of riding on to-night," urged Boniface; "and if a Crail-capon done just to perfection, and a stoup of the best wine, at least siccan wine as we get by the east seas, since that vile incorporating Union——"

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"Vile and damnable! say I," interrupted the stranger.

"True for ye, Sir," said Spiggot with a kindling eye; "but if these puir viands can induce ye to partake of the hospitality of my puir hostel, that like our gude burrowtoun is no just what it has been——"

"Gudeman, 'tis impossible, for I must ride so soon as I have imbibed thy posset."

"As ye please, Sir—your honour's will be done. Our guests are now, even as the visits of angels, unco few and far between; and thus, when one comes, we are loath to part with him. There is a deep pitfall, and an ugly gullyhole where the burn crosses the road at the town-head, and if ye miss the path, the rocks by the beach are steep, and in a night like this——"

"Host of mine," laughed the traveller, "I know right well every rood of the way, and by keeping to the left near the Auldlees may avoid both the blackpit and the sea-beach."

"Your honour kens the country hereawa then," said Spiggot with surprise.

"Of old, perhaps, I knew it as well as thee."

The gudeman of the *Thane* scrutinised the traveller's face keenly, but failed to recognise him, and until this moment he thought that no man in the East Neuk was unknown to him; but here his inspection was at fault.

"And hast thou no visitors with thee now, friend host?" he asked of Spiggot.

"One only, gude Sir, who came here on a brown horse about nightfall. He is an unco' foreign-looking man, but has been asking the way to the castle o' Balcomie."

"Ha! and thou didst tell of this plaguey pitfall, I warrant."

"Assuredly, your honour, in kindness I did but hint of it."

"And thereupon he stayed. Balcomie—indeed! and what manner of man is he?"

"By the corslet which he wears under his coat, and the jaunty cock of his beaver, I would say he had been a soldier."

"Good again—give him my most humble commendations, and ask him to share thy boasted posset of wine with me."

"What name did you say, Sir?"

"Thou inquisitive varlet, I said no

name," replied the gentleman, with a smile. "In these times men do not lightly give their names to each other, when the land is swarming with Jacobite plotters and government spies, disguised Jesuits, and Presbyterian tyrants. I may be the Devil or the Pope for all thou knowest."

"Might ye no be the Pretender?" said Spiggot, with a sour smile.

"Nay, I have a better travelling name than that; but say to this gentleman that the Major of Marshal Orkney's Dragoons requests the pleasure of sharing a stoup of wine with him."

"Sir, it mattereth little whether ye give your name or no," replied the host bitterly; "for we are a' nameless now. Twelve months ago, we were true Scottish men, but *now*——"

"Our king is an exile—our crown is buried for ever, and our brave soldiers are banished to far and foreign wars, while the grass is growing green in the streets of our capital—ay, green as it is at this hour in your burgh of Crail; but hence to the stranger; yet say not," added the traveller, bitterly and proudly, "that in his warmth the Scottish cavalier has betrayed himself."

While the speaker amused himself with examining a printed proclamation concerning the "Tiend Commissioners and Transplantation off Paroch Kirks," which was pasted over the stone mantelpiece of the bar, the landlord returned with the foreign gentleman's thanks, and an invitation to his chamber, whither the Major immediately repaired; following the host up a narrow stone spiral stair to a snugly wainscotted room, against the well-grated windows of which a sudden shower was now beginning to patter.

The foreigner, who was supping on a Crail-capon (in other words a broiled haddock) and stoup of Bourdeaux wine, arose at their entrance, and bowed with an air that was undisguisedly continental. He was a man above six feet, with a long straight nose, over which his dark eyebrows met and formed one unbroken line. He wore a suit of green Genoese velvet, so richly laced that little of the cloth was visible; a full bottomed wig, and a small corslet of the brightest steel (over which hung the ends of his cravat), as well as a pair of silver-mounted cavalry pistols that lay on the

table, together with his unmistakeable bearing, decided the Major of Orkney's that the stranger was a brother of the sword.

"Fair Sir, little introduction is necessary between us, as, I believe, we have both followed the drum in our time," said the Major, shaking the curls of his Ramillie wig with the air of a man who has decided on what he says.

"I *have* served, Monsieur," replied the foreigner, "under Marlborough and Eugene."

"Ah! in French Flanders? Landlord—gudeman, harkce; a double stoup of this wine; I have found a comrade to night—be quick and put my horse to stall, I will not ride hence for an hour or so. What regiment, Sir?"

"I was first under Grouvestien in the Horse of Driesberg."

"Then you were on the left of the second column at Ramillies—on that glorious 12th of May," said the Major, drawing the high-backed chair which the host handed him, and spreading out his legs before the fire, which burned merrily in the basket-grate on the hearth, "and latterly——"

"Under Wandenberg."

"Ah! an old tyrannical dog."

A dark cloud gathered on the stranger's lofty brow.

"I belonged to the Earl of Orkney's Grey Dragoons," said the Major; "and remember old Wandenberg making a bold charge in that brilliant onfall when we passed the lines of Monsieur le Mareschal Villars at Pont-a-Vendin, and pushed on to the plains of Lens."

"That was before we invested Doway and Fort-Escharpe, where old Albergotti so ably commanded ten thousand well-beaten soldiers."

"And then Villars drew off from his position at sunset and encamped on the plain before Arras."

"Thou forgettest, comrade, that previously he took up a position in rear of Escharpe."

"True; but now I am right into the very *melée* of those old affairs, and the mind carries one on like a rocket. Your health, Sir—by the way, I am still ignorant of your name."

"I have such very particular reasons for concealing it in this neighbourhood, that——"

"Do not think me inquisitive; in these times men should not pry too closely."

"Monsieur will pardon me I hope."

"No apology is necessary, save from myself, for now my curiosity is thoroughly and most impertinently whetted, to find a Frenchman in this part of the world, here in this out-o'-the-way place, where no one comes to, and no one goes from, on a bleak promontory of the German Sea, the East Neuk of Fife."

"Monsieur will again excuse me; but I have most particular business with a gentleman in this neighbourhood; and having travelled all the way from Paris, expressly to have it settled, I beg that I may be excused the pain of prevarication. The circumstance of my having served under the great Duke of Marlborough against my own King and countrymen is sufficiently explained when I acquaint you, that I was then a French Protestant refugee; but now, without changing my religion, I have King Louis' gracious pardon and kind protection extended to me."

"And so you were with Wandenberg when his troopers made that daring onfall at Pont-a-Vendin, and drove back the horse picquets of Villars," said the Major, to lead the conversation from a point which evidently seemed unpleasant to the stranger. "'Twas sharp, short, and decisive, as all cavalry affairs should be. You will of course remember that unpleasant affair of Wandenberg's troopers who were accused of permitting a French prisoner to escape. It caused a great excitement in the British camp, where some condemned the dragoons, others Van Wandenberg, and not a few our great Marlborough himself."

"I did hear something of it," said the stranger in a low voice.

"The prisoner whose escape was permitted was, I believe, the father of the youths who captured him, a circumstance which might at least have won them mercy——"

"From the Baron!"

"I forgot me—he was indeed merciless."

"But as I left his dragoons, and indeed the army about that time, I will be glad to hear *your* account of the affair."

"It is a very unpleasant story—the more so as I was somewhat concerned in it myself," said the Major, slowly filling his long stemmed glass, and watching the white worm in its stalk,

so intently as he recalled all the circumstances he was about to relate, that he did not observe the face of the French gentleman, which was pale as death; and after a short pause, he began as follows:—

"In the onfall at Pont-a-Vendin, it happened that two young Frenchmen who served as gentlemen volunteers with you in the dragoon regiment of Van Wandenberg, had permitted—how, or why, I pretend not to say—the escape of a certain prisoner of distinction. Some said he was no other than M. le Mareschal Villars himself. They claimed a court martial, but the old Baron, who was a savage-hearted Dutchman, insisted that they should be given up unconditionally to his own mercy, and in an evil moment of heedlessness or haste Marlborough consented, and sent me (I was his Aid-de-Camp) with a written order to that effect, addressed to Colonel the Baron Van Wandenberg, whose regiment of horse I met *en route* for St. Venant, about nightfall on a cold and snowy evening in the month of November.

"Snow covered the whole country, which was all a dead level, and a cold, leaden-coloured sky met the white horizon in one unbroken line, save where the leafless poplars of some far off village stood up, the landmarks of the plain. In broad flakes the snow fell fast, and directing their march by a distant spire, the Dutch troopers rode slowly over the deepening fields. They were all muffled in dark blue cloaks, on the capes of which the snow was freezing, while the breath of the men and horses curled like steam in the thickening and darkening air.

"Muffled to the nose in a well furred rocquelaure, with my wig tied to keep the snow from its curls, and my hat flapped over my face, I rode as fast as the deep snow would permit, and passing the rear of the column where, moody and disarmed, the two poor French volunteers were riding under care of an escort, I spurred to the Baron who rode in front near the kettle drums, and delivered my order; as I did so, recalling with sadness the anxious and wistful glance given me by the prisoners as I passed them.

"Wandenberg, who had no more shape than a huge hogshead, received the despatch with a growl of satisfaction. He would have bowed, but his neck was too short. I cannot but laugh

when I remember his strange aspect. In form he looked nearly as broad as he was long, being nearly eight feet in girth, and completely enveloped in a rough blue rocquelaure, which imparted to his figure the roundness of a ball. His face, reddened by skiedam and the frost, was glowing like crimson, while the broad beaver hat that overshadowed it, and the feathers with which the beaver was edged, were encrusted with the snow that was rapidly forming a pyramid on its crown, imparting to his whole aspect a drollery at which I could have laughed heartily, had not his well known acuteness and ferocity awed me into a becoming gravity of demeanour; and delivering my despatch with a tolerably good grace, I reined back my horse to await any reply he might be pleased to send the Duke.

“His dull Dutch eyes glared with sudden anger and triumph, as he folded the document, and surveyed the manacled prisoners. Thereafter he seized his speaking trumpet, and thundered out—

“‘Ruyters—halt! form open column of troops, trot!’

“It was done as rapidly as heavily armed Dutchmen on fat slow horses knee deep among snow could perform it, and then wheeling them into line, he gave the orders—

“‘Forward the flanks—form circle—sling musquetoons!—trumpeters ride to the centre and dismount.’

“By these unexpected manœuvres, I suddenly found myself enclosed in a hollow circle of the Dutch horsemen, and thus, as it were, compelled to become a spectator of the scene that ensued, though I had his Grace of Marlborough’s urgent orders to rejoin him without delay on the road to Aire.”

“‘And—and you saw——’

“Such a specimen of discipline as neither the devil nor De Martinet ever dreamed of; but thoroughly Dutch I warrant you.

“I have said it was intensely cold, and that the night was closing; but the whiteness of the snow that covered the vast plain, with the broad red circle of the half obscured moon that glimmered through the fast falling flakes as it rose behind a distant spire, cast a dim light upon the place where the Dutchmen halted. But deeming that insufficient, Van Wandenberg ordered

half a dozen torches to be lighted, for his troopers always had such things with them, being useful by night for various purposes; and hissing and sputtering in the falling snow flakes, their lurid and fitful glare was thrown on the close array of the Dutch dragoons, on their great cumbrous hats, on the steeple crowns of which, I have said, the snow was gathering in cones, and the pale features of the two prisoners, altogether imparting a wild, unearthly, and terrible effect to the scene about to be enacted on that wide and desolate moor.

“By order of Van Wandenberg, three halberts were fixed into the frozen earth, with their points bound together by a thong, after which the dismounted trumpeters lay hands on one of the young Frenchmen, whom they proceeded to strip of his coat and vest.

“Disarmed and surrounded, aware of the utter futility of resistance, the unfortunate volunteer offered none, but gazed wistfully and imploringly at me, and sure I am, that in my lowering brow and kindling eyes, he must have seen the storm that was gathering in my heart.

“‘Dieu vous benisse, Monsieur Officer,’ cried the Frenchman in a mournful voice, while shuddering with cold and horror as he was stripped to his shirt; ‘save me from this foul disgrace, and my prayers—yea, my life shall be for ever at your disposal.’

“‘Good comrade,’ said I ‘entreat me not, for here, I am powerless.’

“‘Baron,’ he exclaimed; ‘I am a gentleman—a gentleman of old France, and I dare thee to lay thy damnable scourge upon me.’

“‘Ach Gott! dare—do you say dare? ve vill zee,’ laughed Van Wandenberg, as the prisoner was dragged forward and about to be forcibly trussed to the halberts by the trumpeters, when animated to the very verge of insanity, he suddenly freed himself, and rushing like a madman upon the Baron struck him from his horse by one blow of his clenched hand. The horse snorted, the Dutch troopers opened their saucer eyes wider still, as the great and corpulent mass fell heavily among the deepening snow, and in an instant the foot of the Frenchman was pressed upon his throat, while he exclaimed—

“‘If I slay thee, thou hireling dog, as I have often slain thy clodpated

countrymen in other days,' and the Frenchman laughed fiercely, 'by St. Denis! I will have one foeman less on this side of Hell.'

"'Gott in Himmel! ach! mein tuy-vel! mein—mein Gott!' gasped the Dutchman as he floundered beneath the heel of the vengeful and infuriated Frenchman, who was determined on destroying him, till a blow from the baton of an officer stretched him almost senseless among the snow, where he was immediately grasped by the trumpeters, disrobed of his last remaining garment, and bound strongly to the halberts.

"Meanwhile the other prisoner had been pinioned and resolutely held by his escort, otherwise he would undoubtedly have fallen also upon Van Wandenberg, who choking with a tempest of passion that was too great to find utterance in words, had gathered up his rotund figure, and with an agility wonderful in a man of his years and vast obesity, so heavily armed, in a buff coat and jack boots ribbed with iron, a heavy sword and cloak, clambered on the back of his horse, as a clown would climb up a wall; and with a visage alternating between purple and blue, by the effects of rage and strangulation, he surveyed the prisoner for a moment in silence, and there gleamed in his piggish grey eyes an expression of fury and pain, bitterness and triumph combined, and he was only able to articulate one word—

"'Flog!'

"On the handsome young Frenchman's dark curly hair, glistening with the whitening snow that fell upon it, and on his tender skin reddening in the frosty atmosphere, on the swelling muscles of his athletic form, on a half-healed sabre-wound, and on the lineaments of a face that then expressed the extremity of mental agony, fell full the wavering light of the uplifted torches. The Dutch, accustomed to every species of extra-judicial cruelty by sea and land, looked on with the most grave stolidity and apathetic indifference; while I felt an astonishment and indignation that rapidly gave place to undisguised horror.

"'Flog!'

"The other prisoner uttered a groan that seemed to come from his very heart, and then covered his ears and eyes with his hands. Wielded by a muscular trumpeter, an immense

scourge of many-knotted cords was brought down with one fell sweep on the white back of the victim, and nine livid bars, each red, as if seared by a hot iron, rose under the infliction, and again the terrible instrument was reared by the trumpeter at the full stretch of his sinewy arm.

"Monsieur will be aware, that *until* the late Revolution of 1688, this kind of punishment was unknown here and elsewhere, save in Holland; and though I have seen soldiers run the gauntlet, ride the mare, and beaten by the martinets, I shall never, oh, no! never forget the sensation of horror with which this (to me) new punishment of the poor Frenchman inspired me; and, sure I am, that our great Duke of Marlborough could in no way have anticipated it.

"Accustomed, as I have said, to every kind of cruel severity, unmoved and stoically the Dutch looked on with their grey, lacklustre eyes, dull, unmeaning, and passionless in their stolidity, contrasting strongly with the expression of startled horror depicted in the strained eyeballs and bent brows of the victim's brother, when after a time he dared to look on this revolting punishment. Save an ill-repressed sob, or half-muttered interjection from the suffering man, no other sound broke the stillness of the place, where a thousand horsemen stood in close order, but the sputtering of the torches, in the red light of which our breaths were ascending like steam. Yes! there was one other sound, and it was a horrible one—the monotonous whiz of the scourge, as it cut the keen frosty air and descended on the lacerated back of the fainting prisoner. Sir, I see that my story disturbs you.

"A corpulent Provost Mareschal, with a pair of enormous moustachios, amid which the mouth of his meerscham was inserted, stood by smoking with admirable coolness, and marking the time with his cane, while a drummer tapped on his kettledrum, and four trumpeters had, each in succession, given their twenty-five lashes and withdrawn; twice had the knotted scourge been coagulated with blood, and twice had it been washed in the snow that now rose high around the feet of our champing and impatient horses; and now the fifth torturer approached, but still the compressed lips and clammy tongue of the proud

Frenchman refused to implore mercy. His head was bowed down on his breast, his body hung pendant from the cords that encircled his swollen and livid wrists; his back from neck to waist was one mass of lacerated flesh, on which the feathery snow-flakes were melting; for the agony he endured must have been like unto a stream of molten lead pouring over him; but no groan, no entreaty escaped him, and still the barbarous punishment proceeded.

"I have remarked that there is no event too horrible or too sad to be without a little of the ridiculous in it, and this was discernible here.

"One trumpeter, who appeared to have more humanity, or perhaps less skill than his predecessors, and did not exert himself sufficiently, was soundly beaten by the rattan of the trumpet-major, while the latter was castigated by the Provost Mareschal, who, in turn for remissness of duty, received sundry blows from the speaking-trumpet of the Baron; so they were all laying soundly on each other for a time.

"*'Morbleu!'* said the Frenchman, with a grim smile, *'twas quite in the Dutch taste, that.'*

"The Provost Mareschal continued to mark the time with the listless apathy of an automaton; the smoke curled from his meerschau, the drum continued to tap-tap-tap, until it seemed to sound like thunder to my strained ears, for every sense was painfully excited. All count had long been lost, but when several hundred lashes had been given, Van Wandenberg and half his Dutchmen were asleep in their saddles.

"It was now snowing thick and fast, but still this hideous dream continued, and still the scourging went on.

"At last the altered *sound* of the lash and the terrible aspect of the victim, who, after giving one or two convulsive shudders, threw back his head with glazed eyes and jaw relaxed, caused the trumpeter to recede a pace or two, and throw down his gory scourge, for some lingering sentiment of humanity, which even the Dutch discipline of King William had not extinguished, made him respect when dead the man whom he had dishonoured when alive.

"The young Frenchman was dead!

"An exclamation of disgust and indignation that escaped me woke up

the Baron, who after drinking deeply from a great pewter flask of skiedam that hung at his saddlebow, muttered *schelms* several times, rubbed his eyes, and then bellowed through his trumpet to bind up the *other* prisoner. Human endurance could stand this no more, and though I deemed the offer vain I proposed to give a hundred English guineas as ransom.

"*'Ach Gott!'* said the greedy Hollander immediately becoming interested; *'bot vere you get zo mosh guilder.'*

"*'Oh, readily, Mynheer Baron,'* I replied, drawing forth my pocket-book, *'I have here bills on his Grace the Duke of Marlborough's paymaster and on the Bank of Amsterdam for much more than that.'*

"*'Bot I cannot led off de brisoner for zo little—hunder ponds—dat ver small—zay two.'*

"*'If one is not enough, Mynheer Baron, I will refer to the decision of his grace the captain-general.'*

"*'Ach, der tuyvel! vill you?'* said the Dutchman, with a savage gleam in his little eyes which shewed that he quite understood my hint, *'vell, me vont quarrel vid you; gib me de bills and de schelm is yours.'*

"Resolving, nevertheless, to lay the whole affair before Marlborough, the moment I reached our trenches at Aire, I gave a bill for the required sum, and approaching the other Frenchman requested him to keep beside me; but he seemed too much confused by grief, and cold, and horror to comprehend what I said. Poor fellow! his whole soul and sympathies seemed absorbed in the mangled corpse of his brother, which was now unbound from the halbert and lay half sunk among the new fallen snow. While he stooped over it, and hastily, but tenderly, proceeded to draw the the half-frozen clothing upon the stiffened form, the orders of Van Wandenberg were heard hoarsely through his speaking-trumpet, as they rang over the desolate plain, and his troopers wheeled back from a circle into line—from line into open column of troops, and thereafter the torches were extinguished and the march begun. Slowly and solemnly the dragoons glided away into the darkness, each with a pyramid of snow rising from the steeple crown and ample brims of his broad beaver hat.

"It was now almost midnight; the

red moon had waned, the snow storm was increasing, and there were I and the young Frenchman, with his brother's corpse, left together on the wide plain, without a place to shelter us."

"*'Proceed, Monsieur,'* said the Frenchman, as the narrator paused; *'for I am well aware that your story ends not there.'*

"It does not—you seem interested; but I have little more to relate, save that I dismounted and assisted the poor Frenchman to raise the body from the snow, and to tie it across the saddle of my horse; taking the bridle in one hand, I supported him with the other, and thus we proceeded to the nearest town."

"*'To Armentieres on the Lys,'* exclaimed the Frenchman, seizing the hands of the Major as the latter paused again; *'to Armentieres, ten miles west of Lisle, and there you left them, after adding to your generosity by bestowing sufficient to inter his brother in the Protestant church of that town, and to convey himself to his native France. Oh! Monsieur, I am that Frenchman, and here, from my heart, from my soul, I thank you,'* and half kneeling, the stranger kissed the hand of the Major.

"*You!*" exclaimed the latter; "by Jove I am right glad to see you. Here at Crail, too, in the East Neuk o' Fife—'tis a strange chance; and what in heaven's name seek ye here? 'Tis a perilous time for a foreigner—still more, a Frenchman, to tread on Scottish ground. The war, the intrigues with St. Germans, the Popish plots, and the devil only knows what more, make travelling here more than a little dangerous."

"Monsieur, I know all that; the days are changed since the Scot was at home in France, and the Frenchman at home in Scotland, for so the old laws of Stuart and Bourbon made them. A few words will tell who I am and what I seek here. Excuse my reluctance to reveal myself before, for now you have a claim upon me. Oh! believe me, I knew not that I addressed the generous chevalier who, in that hour of despair, redeemed my life (and more than life), my honour, from the scourge, and enabled me to lay the head of my poor brother with reverence in the grave. You have heard of M. Henri Lemercier?"

"What! the great swordsman and

fencer—that noble master of the science of defence, with the fame of whose skill and valour all Europe is ringing?"

"I am he of whom Monsieur is pleased to speak so highly."

"Your hand again, Sir; zounds! but I dearly love this gallant science myself, and have even won me a little name as a handler of the rapier. There is but one man whom Europe calls your equal, Monsieur Lemercier."

"My superior, you mean, for I have many equals," replied the Frenchman, modestly. "You, doubtless, mean——"

"Sir William Hope, of Hopetoun."

"Ah! Mon Dieu, yes, he has, indeed, a great name in Europe as a fencer and master of arms, either with double or single falchion, case of falchions, backsword and dagger, pistol or quarter staff; and it is the fame of his skill and prowess in these weapons, and the reputation he has earned by his books on fencing, that hath brought me to-day to this remote part of Scotland."

"Zounds!" said the Major, shaking back the long powdered curls of his Ramillie wig, and looking remarkably grave; "you cannot mean to have a bout with Sir William. He hath a sure hand and a steady eye; I would rather stand a platoon than be once covered by his pistol."

"Monsieur, I have no enmity to this Sir William Hope, nor am I envious of his great name as a fencer. Ma foi! the world is quite wide enough for us both; but here lies my secret. I love Mademoiselle Athalie, the niece of Madame de Livry——"

"How—the old flame of the great Louis!"

"Oui," said Lemercier, smiling; "and many say that Athalie bears a somewhat suspicious resemblance to her aunt's royal lover; but that is no business of mine; she loves me very dearly, and is very good and amiable. Diable! I am well content to take her and her thirty thousand louis-d'or without making any troublesome inquiries. It would seem that my dear little Athalie is immensely vain of my reputation as a master of fence, and having heard that this Scottish Chevalier is esteemed the first man of the sword in Britain, and further, that report asserts he slew her brother in the line of battle at Blenheim, fighting

bravely for a standard, she declared that ere her hand was mine, I must measure swords with this Sir William, and dip this, her handkerchief, in his blood in token of his defeat, and of my conquest."

"A very pretty idea of Mademoiselle Athalie, and I doubt not Hopetoun will be overwhelmed by the obligation when he hears of it," said the Major of Orkney's, whose face brightened with a broad laugh; "and so much would I love to see two such brisk fellows as thou and he yoked together, at cut-and-thrust, that if permitted, I will rejoice in bearing the message of M. Lemercier to Sir William, whose Castle of Balcomie is close by here."

"Having no friend with me, I accept your offer with a thousand thanks," said Lemercier.

"Sir William did, indeed, slay an officer, as you have said, in that charge at Blenheim, where the regiment of the Marquis de Livry were cut to pieces by Orkney's Scots' Greys; but to be so good and amiable, and to love you so much withal, Mademoiselle Athalie must be a brisk dame to urge her favoured Chevalier on a venture so desperate; for, mark me, Monsieur Lemercier," said the Major, impressively, "none can know better than I, the skill—the long and carefully studied skill—of Sir William of Hopetoun, and permit me to warn you——"

"It matters not—I *must* fight him; love, honour, and rivalry, too, if you will have it so, all spur me on, and no time must be lost."

"Enough; I should have been in my stirrups an hour ago; and dark though the night be, I will ride to Balcomie with your message."

"A million of thanks—you will choose time and place for me."

"Say, to-morrow, at sunrise; be thou at the Standing-stone of Sauchope; 'tis a tall, rough block, in the fields near the Castle of Balcomie, and doubt not but Sir William will meet thee there."

"Thanks, thanks," again said the Frenchman, pressing the hand of the Major, who, apparently delighted at the prospect of witnessing such an encounter between the two most renowned swordsmen in Europe, drank off his stoup of wine, muffled himself in his rocquelaure, and with his little cocked hat stuck jauntily on one side of the Ramillie wig, left the apartment,

and demanded his horse and the reckoning.

"Then your honour *will* be fule hardy, and tempt Providence," said the landlord.

"Nay, gudeman, but you cannot tempt me to stay just now. I ride only through the town to Balcomie, and will return anon. The Hopetoun family are there, I believe?"

"Yes; but saving my Lady at the preachings, we see little o' them; for Sir William has bidden at Edinburgh, or elsewhere, since his English gold coft the auld tower from the Balcomies of that ilk, the year before the weary Union, devil mend it!"

"Amen, say I; and what callest thou English gold?"

"The doolfu' compensation, o' whilk men say he had his share."

"Man, thou liest, and they who say so lie! for to the last moment his voice was raised against that traitorous measure of Queensbury and Stair, and now every energy of his soul is bent to its undoing!" replied the Major fiercely, as he put spurs to his horse and rode rapidly down the dark, and then grassy, street, at the end of which the clank of his horse's hoofs died away, as he diverged upon the open ground that lay northward of the town, and by which he had to approach the tower of Balcomie.

The Frenchman remained long buried in thought, and as he sipped his wine, gazed dreamily on the changing embers that glowed on the hearth, and cast a warm light on the blue delft lining of the fireplace. The reminiscences of the war in Flanders had called up many a sad and many a bitter recollection.

"I would rather," thought he, "that the man I am to encounter to-morrow was not a Scot, for the kindness of to-night, and of that terrible night in the snow-clad plain of Arras, inspire me with a warm love for all the people of this land. But my promise must be redeemed, my adventure achieved, or thou, my dear, my rash Athalie, art lost to me!" and he paused to gaze with earnestness upon a jewel that glittered on his hand. It was a hair ring, bound with gold, and a little shield bearing initials, clasped the small brown tress that was so ingeniously woven round it.

As he gazed on the trinket, his full dark eyes brightened for a mo-

ment, as the mild memories of love and fondness rose in his heart, and a bright smile played upon his haughty lip and lofty brow. Other thoughts arose, and the eyebrows that almost met over the straight Grecian nose of Lemercier, were knit as he recalled the ominous words of his recent acquaintance—

“Mademoiselle Athalie must be a brisk dame to urge her favoured Chevalier on a venture so desperate.”

One bitter pang shot through his heart, but he thrust the thought aside, and pressed the ring to his lips.

“Oh, Athalie,” he said in a low voice, “I were worse than a villain to suspect thee.”

At that moment midnight tolled from the dull old bell of Crail, and the strangeness of the sound brought keenly home to the lonely heart of Lemercier, that he was in a foreign land.

The hour passed, but the Major did not return.

Morning came.

With grey dawn Lemercier was awake, and a few minutes found him dressed and ready. He attired himself with particular care, putting on a coat and vest, the embroidery of which presented as few conspicuous marks as possible to an antagonist's eye. He clasped his coat from the cravat to the waist, and compressed his embroidered belt. He adjusted his white silk roll-up stockings with great exactness; tied up the flowing curls of his wig with a white ribbon, placed a scarlet feather in his hat, and then took his sword. The edge and point of the blade, the shell and pommel, grasp and guard of the hilt were all examined with scrupulous care for the last time; he drew on his gloves with care, and giving to the landlord the reckoning, which he might never return to pay, Lemercier called for his horse and rode through the main street of Crail.

Following the directions he had received from his host, he hastily quitted the deserted and grass-grown street of the burgh (the very aspect of which he feared would chill him), and proceeded towards the ancient obelisk still known as the *Standing-stone of Sauchope*, which had been named as the place of rendezvous by that messenger who had not returned, and against whom M. Lemercier felt his anger a little excited.

It was a cool March morning; the

sky was clear and blue, and the few silver clouds that floated through it became edged with gold as the sun rose from his bed in the eastern sea—that burnished sea from which the cool fresh breeze swept over the level coast. The fields were assuming a vernal greenness, the buds were swelling on hedge and tree, and the vegetation of the summer that was to come—the summer that Lemercier might never see—was springing from amid the brown remains of the autumn that had gone, an autumn that he had passed with Athalie amid the gaieties and gardens of Paris and Versailles.

At the distance of a mile he saw the strong square tower of Balcomie, the residence of his antagonist. One side was involved in shadow, the other shone redly in the rising sun; and the morning smoke from its broad chimneys curled in dusky columns into the blue sky. The caw of the rooks that followed the plough, whose shining share turned up the aromatic soil, the merry whistle of the bonneted ploughboys, the voices of the blackbird and the mavis, made him sad, and pleased was Lemercier to leave behind him all such sounds of life, and reach the wild and solitary place where the obelisk stood—a grim and time-worn relic of the Druid ages or the Danish wars. A rough misshapen remnant of antiquity it still remains to mark the scene of this hostile meeting, which yet forms one of the most famous traditions of the East Neuk.

As Lemercier rode up he perceived a gentleman standing near the stone. His back was towards him, and he was apparently intent on caressing his charger, whose reins he had thrown negligently over his arm.

Lemercier thought he recognised the hat, edged with white feathers, the full-bottomed wig, and the peculiar lacing of the white velvet coat, and on the stranger turning he immediately knew his friend of the preceding night.

“Bon jour, my dear Sir,” said Lemercier.

“A good morning,” replied the other, and they politely raised their little cocked hats.

“I had some misgivings when Monsieur did not return to me,” said the Frenchman. “Sir William has accepted my challenge?”

“Yes, Monsieur, and is now before you,” replied the other, springing on

horseback. "I am Sir William Hope, of Hopetoun, and am here at your service."

"You!" exclaimed the Frenchman, in tones of blended astonishment and grief; "ah! unsay what you have said. I cannot point my sword against the breast of my best benefactor—against him to whom I owe both honour and life. Can I forget that night on the plains of Arras? Ah, my God! what a mistake; what a misfortune. Ah! Athalie, to what have you so unthinkingly urged me?"

"Think of her only, and forget all of me save that I am your antagonist, your enemy, as I stand between thee and her. Come on, M. Lemercier, do not forget your promise to Mademoiselle; we will sheath our swords on the first blood drawn."

"So be it then, if the first is thine," and unsheathing their long and keen-edged rapiers they put spurs to their horses, and closing up hand to hand, engaged with admirable skill and address.

The skill of one swordsman seemed equalled only by that of the other.

Lemercier was the first fencer at the Court of France, where fencing was an accomplishment known to all, and there was no man in Britain equal to Sir William Hope, whose *Complete Fencing Master* was long famous among the lovers of the noble science of defence.

They rode round each other in circles. Warily and sternly they began to watch each other's eyes, till they flashed in unison with their blades; their hearts beat quicker as their passions became excited and their rivalry roused; and their nerves became strung as the hope of conquest was whetted. The wish of merely being wounded ended in a desire to wound; and the desire to wound in a clamorous anxiety to vanquish and destroy. Save the incessant clash of the notched rapiers, as each deadly thrust was adroitly parried and furiously repeated, the straining of stirrup-leathers, as each fencer swayed to and fro in his saddle, their suppressed breathing, and the champing of iron bits, Lemercier and his foe saw nothing but the gleam and heard nothing but the clash of each other's glittering swords.

The sun came up in his glory from the shining ocean; the mavis soared

above them in the blue sky; the early flowers of spring were unfolding their dewy cups to the growing warmth, but still man fought with man, and the hatred in their hearts waxed fierce and strong.

In many places their richly laced coats were cut and torn. One lost his hat and had received a severe scar on the forehead, and the other had one on his bridle hand. They often paused breathlessly, and in weariness lowered the points of their weapons to glare upon each other with a ferocity that could have no end but death—until at the sixth encounter, when Lemercier became exhausted, and failing to parry with sufficient force a fierce and furious thrust, was run through the breast so near the heart, that he fell from his horse gasping and weltering in blood.

Sir William Hope flung away his rapier and sprang to his assistance, but the unfortunate Frenchman could only draw from his finger the ring of Athalie, and with her name on his lips expired—being actually choked in his own blood.

Such was the account of this combat given by the horrified Master Spiggot, who suspecting "that there was something wrong," had followed his guest to the scene of the encounter, the memory of which is still preserved in the noble house of Hopetoun, and the legends of the burghers of Crail.

So died Lemercier.

Of what Sir William said or thought on the occasion, we have no record. In the good old times he would have eased his conscience by the endowment of an altar, or foundation of a yearly mass; but in the year 1708 such things had long been a dead letter in the East Neuk; and so in lieu thereof he interred him honourably in the aisle of the ancient kirk, where a marble tablet long marked the place of his repose.

Sir William did more; he carefully transmitted the ring of Lemercier to the bereaved Athalie, but before its arrival in Paris, she had dried her tears for the poor Chevalier, and wedded one of his numerous rivals. Thus, she forgot him sooner than his conqueror, who reached a good old age, and died at his Castle of Balcomie, with his last breath regretting the combat of the morning at the Standing-stone of Sauchope.

A GOOD SPEC.—A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY B. B. FELTUS.

London. Scene—An Old House in the City. Characters—Mrs. MORLEY; her Daughter EMMA; her Niece, Miss FANFLAME; Mr. MORTON.

Miss F.—Well, I ne'er thought that this old house had been
So full of speculations. Claraville!
That name goes coupled with most weighty marks
Of my good aunt's approval. He is rich,
And for his other qualities—high birth,
And great consideration in the world—
They are as currently received and known
As my ten thousand charms have been in Bath;
Courtied as much, too. 'Twere not well to lose
Such high advancement as I see must spring
From this alliance, if my cousin Emma
Can be schooled into (others all laughed out)
Prudential motives. To amuse one's self
With here-and-there acquaintanceship which chance
May send to fill up those blank leaves of time,
When nothing serious, nothing of more note
Than raree-shows of sigh-blown sentiment,
Keep life in motion—this for my short stay
May give me occupation.

Enter Mrs. MORLEY.

Mrs. M.— Well said, niece.
La! this comes from the world. You've spent your days
To better purpose than to throw yourself,
Like beggar's offal, into the embrace
Of the first chance-begotten cast-away,
That rubs by you i' the crossing.

Miss F.— Bless me, aunt!
Can Emma so have lost that self-respect
She owes herself at least, though she forget
Her mother's admonitions, as to give
The weakest shade of the least likelihood
To anything so shocking.

Mrs. M.— Then it seems
She could not bring herself to make confession
Of that which, even if but hinted at,
Would set you in hysterics.

Miss F.— Oh, my feelings!
Mrs. M.—Your feelings! Lud, my child, if you knew all,
You'd say my feelings, and my poor weak nerves,
Were gone for ever.

Miss F.—(*Aside.*) That indeed I should.
However, aunt, perhaps I can endure
To hear what name the odious creature has:
Pray let me know it.

Mrs. M.— 'Twere too much for me
To tell you his true name; but as it goes,
My brother, the old dotard, took him up,
And called him Evan Galliard.

Miss F.— Evan Galliard!
Yes, yes, last year at Cheltenham, I remember,
A charming letter came from Julia Pride,

Which gave some hints of this, set down by me
As newspaper predictions, kept afloat
In morning visits.

Mrs. M.— We must join our wits,
And ply her well with lectures. Yes, her ears
Must get enough to shame her.

Miss F.— My dear aunt,
You must not be too violent ; good breeding
Cuts without scratching.

Mrs. M.— I can suit all times,
And manners too, as the occasion wants
A suitable demeanour.

Miss F.— Have you heard
Of any gentlemanly, humble friend,
Whom we might bend to suit our purposes ?

Mrs. M.— Well thought on, niece ; I've heard there is one Morton,
A strange, half-witted, moody, nincompoop,
Who, on the score of poor relationship,
Is quite a standing guest with Claraville.

Miss F.— Many are such ; as ignorant of life
As if their wits ran blindfold through the world.

Mrs. M.— Ay, ay, but, niece, may not this moon-calf serve,
Like lightships on a strand, to keep us clear,
And give us knowledge of all dangers hid
Between us and our hopes.

Miss F.— O good conceit !
La ! if I tickle not this gentleman,
And send him soaring, like a paper kite,
Into an element he ne'er before
Had dared to venture in ; while with me abides
The charm to let him gently down again,
Or keep him there for pastime. Ha ! ha ! ha !
Dear aunt, this is a rare conceit of thine ;
Come let's about it.

Mrs. M.— My head's full of plans,
All tending to one object—one design
In which my hopes are centered : I would hear
From some one who is near to Claraville,
Even more than common fame may say of him :
Meantime on Emma I'll bestow my time,
And fashion her to meet the meeting tide
Of happiness before her with a heart
High as her fortune.

[Exit Mrs. MORLEY.]

Miss F.— Oh dear, those laughing fits will break my heart.
Heaven bless me, what a vulgar harridan !
How her tongue fastens on the very words,
That smell like garlic of low company !
Preserve me, all ye Graces, from the touch
Of pestilential cockneys ! dwell with me
The phrase exclusive, because not express'd
With this or that peculiar dialect.
O dear, delightful Bath ! dear dowagers,
Whose hopes hang on the issue of a card.
Dear crowded rooms, where Fashion's votaries meet
With radiant glances and perpetual smiles ;
Those morning visits, and the sweet routine
Of rides, drives, shoppings, novels, notes, and news,
My heart is with you still : a poor exchange
This moping cousin, and this vulgar aunt.
Yet no ; even here these fog-enshrouded glooms
Must yield to my attractions. Come, ye arts,
Which custom hath so realised in me,

That what I am is borrowed more than mine ;
 Come, ye seductive train of ogles, sighs,
 And all of which the vanity of men
 Makes guesswork of success, attend on me !
 For never yet did such a motley train
 Kneel courting fascination from your spells
 As this occasion offers. [*Exit.*

MRS. MORLEY and MORTON.

MORTON.—Yes, Madam, 'tis a broad inheritance,
 And a fine relic of the feudal times
 Is the old castle : somewhat modernised,
 But not divested of that interest
 We always feel on seeing anything
 That bears the stamp of ancient grandeur on't.

MRS. M.—La, Sir, this is the very thing I like,
 And doubtless there is much fine tapestry,
 And pictures of great value.

MORTON.—In the great hall there is a Gothic window,
 Whose shafts are fretted with quaint heraldry,
 And rare devices : in the oriel next
 There is a picture done by Angelo
 Of his great ancestor who fell at Agincourt,
 Sir Clarence Claraville.

MRS. M.— How comes it, Sir,
 He is not styl'd "My Lord?"

MORTON.—His granduncle was Lord De Claraville,
 Who, dying without issue, his estate
 Went to his nephew ; but the title fell
 Into abeyance.

MRS. M.— Of the Lower House,
 Is he a member ?

MORTON.—His vote still props the ministerial side,
 And t'other day, at levee, he kissed hands
 On being appointed of the Privy Council.

MRS. M.—I've heard, too, Sir, he is the pink of fashion ;
 But I would hope he is not given to play.

MORTON.—No, Madam ; they who know him best find fault
 With his penurious abstinence from gaming :
 For myself, I sometimes tickle Fortune's ribs,
 But he stands too secure in his own wealth
 To look to chance for filling his exchequer.

MRS. M.—But I have heard he seldom goes to church,
 And that his morals need the anchorage
 Of due restriction.

MORTON.— Men of rank, at times,
 Will slide into a casual indiscretion,
 But when a real love will fill his heart,
 I'll answer for't 'twill not grow less by keeping.

MRS. M.—You'll wonder, Mr. Morton, at these questions ;
 But the truth is, that Mr. Claraville
 Hath paid most marked attentions to my daughter ;
 And more than that, Sir, hath entreated me
 With oft-repeated overtures of marriage ;
 Wherefore, good Sir, I did make bold from you,
 As being a common friend to each of us,
 To gain such knowledge of this gentleman
 As might support my good opinion of him.
 But, Sir, my daughter hath a rich old uncle,
 Childless, and without any nearer heir
 Than me, his sister. He, of course, must hear of,
 And give his sanction and encouragement

To this alliance, ere we can approach
 To closer treaty. For due deference
 Must still be paid to rich affinity,
 Lest, on some jealous pique, a wicked clause
 Might break the back of our expectancy
 And just reversion. Thus it rests. My care
 Shall be, to bend my daughter's thoughts to love
 And sweet disposal towards him.

MORTON.— Pray accept
 My poor, but fervent hopes, that all may speed
 Even better than our wills would order it.

[*Exit.*]

EMMA, *reclining on a Sofa.* Enter MISS FANFLAME.

Miss F.—Poor thing, she sleepeth, if that can be sleep
 That shows such sadness. She is weeping still,
 And her lips move, as if she did reveal
 Her sorrow to some saint that pitied her.
 Oh! how her poor heart beats! I hear it throb,
 As if it wrestled with some agony
 That haunts her even in sleep. Her cheek is pale,
 But fresh, as if the rose that late was there
 Had droop'd, but died not. What a natural grace
 Dwells in the rich profusion of her hair,
 Floating around her like the drapery
 Of a light summer cloud. My pretty cousin——

E.—Alas! I wish my vital spark had flown
 With that sweet dream, which hath but left me now
 To waking consciousness of what I am.

Miss F.—Canst thou remember what it was thou dream'dst?

E.—Methought 'twas twilight, and I stood alone
 Upon the shore of a far distant land,
 Listing the low-voiced ripples of the tide
 That, with a gentle measure in its flow,
 Crept slyly onwards. 'Twas a summer eve,
 And all around was silent—a deep calm,
 Yet eloquent in all sweet impulses,
 All joys of souls and sense. I did not speak,
 For words were idle when my beating heart
 Spoke its own rapture, and all feelings blent
 Into one element, one form, one hue,
 One harmony of love. And I stood thus,
 In hopelessness of full beatitude;
 For there was nothing further, nothing more
 Which Hope could image to my happiness—
 No thought of higher bliss; and tears gushed forth
 And were not checked, for there was no one near
 More life-like than the living breathing world,
 More dull than the pervading sympathy
 That smiled in all around me.

Miss F.— 'Twas a dream
 Too spirit-like methinks for happiness;
 If I did sleep for ever, my stray thoughts
 Would never cast themselves in such a mould—
 'Tis true I saw you weep.

E.— While thus I stood,
 Methought a voice that I had heard before,
 But softened to a more transporting tone
 Than ever yet was breathed by human lips,
 Fell on my ear. I looked to whence it came,
 And there before me stood the embodied shape,
 The living form of one till then unseen,

Unfelt, but as the presence of a joy
Whose source I knew not.

Miss F.— Oh, you saw him, then.

E.—He clasped me to his heart, his lips met mine,
And, after a long silence of deep joy—

“Believe not we can part”—’twas thus he spoke—

“Thou wert alone—ah, no, that could not be,

Since thou wert happy, thou wert full of joy—

Joy which for thee is only where I am ;

But as thou felt it now and knew it not,

’Twas my immortal presence felt unseen.”

Miss F.—’Twas a sweet dream, indeed, dear coz., but still
Somewhat too high and airy for my taste.

E.—Yet, cousin, blame me not if I can’t share

A temper so instinctively allied

To worldly maxims.

Miss F.— Nay, dear Emma, why

This trifling ? You have heard, and seen—nay, more,

The world hath heard and seen of Claraville.

I’ve seen whole ball-rooms throb as with one heart,

When he, the lord of manors, no lean ghost

Of an old, outworn race, but one whose waste

Could not outrun the stream of wealth that flow’d

Each year into his coffers—ay, I’ve seen

Whole ball-rooms quake as if one yawning hope

Were gaping to devour him. And this man,

So rich, so noble, without even one speck

Of any vice that might not suit his rank ;

This man, I say again, so rich—in short,

So exquisite, so——

E.— Prithee stop,

And spare the farther mention of a name

Which, oft repeated, wakens in my heart

A feeling near to hatred.

Miss F.— You are mad,

Or other love must so have wrought upon you

That you have not got eyes, or ears, or sense

To measure rightly Claraville’s regards.

E.—I hear my mother’s step. If she should speak

More of a thing so much against my peace

As—as——

Miss F.—Ay, Emma, I know all the rest.

But, fie, to feel so coldly for a man

So worthy of your love, and, what is more,

So rich in fortune’s gifts as Claraville.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LXV.

PATRICK MACDOWELL, ESQ., R.A.

THE agreeable duty which now awaits us of conferring such a tribute of national respect as is in our power to bestow, upon a gentleman whose eminence reflects so much lustre upon this country, is but an act of tardy justice. We have had it long in contemplation to assign a prominent place in our gallery to one whose works have lifted him into a far prouder position than any we could find for their author. The eminence he has attained is the well-merited result of an impartial comparison, by competent judges, of his productions with those of his most gifted contemporaries in art. The guerdon of public applause has been nobly won by his own genius and his own unassisted exertions. Had a different duty devolved upon us—had we to point out the merits of an artist comparatively unknown to fame—we might, perhaps, have been liable to the imputation of an undue zeal on behalf of a distinguished countryman who we conceived was not fully appreciated, or of endeavouring to elevate to an undue importance in the estimation of the public, works which it had passed over with coldness or contempt. Such, however, in this instance can never be the case; not that we would have it supposed that we should, even for a moment, hesitate to promote, as far as lay in our power, the just pretensions of struggling and unfriended genius. We should have been equally proud and happy to have lent our assistance to our countryman before he had attained his present distinction, as we are now in the full splendour of his fame. We may, perhaps, err in saying as proud, for, as the case at present stands, we have peculiar gratification in the reflection, that, although we have not sent him forth with sails filled by the breath of provincial applause to try his fortune on the rough waves of metropolitan competition, the world has sent him back to us with the stamp of fame upon him—fame honourably acquired by his own talents. Therefore it is that, on the walls of this our common home, that home from which so many of our children have gone forth on their respective paths of life to win renown for themselves and for us, we hang up this portrait side by side with the rest. We look at it with pride, an honourable pride, for it is the picture of a man who, by no unworthy acts, has risen to eminence; who, destitute alike of connexion and of patronage, without one friend to lend him a helping hand through his earlier struggles, self-educated and self-relying, led on by the light of his own genius, has overcome obstacles sufficient to have daunted any less enthusiastic spirit; and by patient industry and perseverance raised himself to an honourable distinction in an art in which, in times like the present, of all others, success is most difficult of attainment.

The spirit of the age, we are sorry to write it, notwithstanding all the diffusion of education, is far from a noble one. The attention of men is too much absorbed in the sordid cares of life, and in making themselves richer than they are, to allow them to care much for sculpture, unless so far as it appeals to their personal vanity, or ministers to their taste for ornament or show. It is either neglected altogether, or cultivated only as an object of connoisseurship or luxury. The susceptibility to poetic influence becomes less felt, and the noble art which, in other ages, was recognised as a great moral power, capable of acting upon the imagination, languishes, or is limited in its application to objects which it requires no ordinary exercise of the artist's skill to ennoble or to beautify.

Any one who is in the habit of visiting the Exhibitions will be at no loss in understanding the force of our observations. He will see the shelves crowded with busts of men whose only qualification to have their features preserved for the admiration and awe of after ages, consists in their ability to pay the artist for his work. So long as *he* is employed in any way we have, perhaps, no right to grumble; but we cannot help thinking that marble is not the proper medium for transmitting fair, round bellies and double-chins to posterity. That subjects of this character largely preponderate, to the exclusion of those of the highest range of art, no observer of ordinary shrewdness can for a moment doubt.

If sculpture is to flourish in the land, like painting and poetry, there should be due encouragement given, and unlimited sway allowed to the cultivation of its romantic as well as its classical tendencies. It may be that, independently of the causes at which we have hinted, there is something in our modern institutions inimical to its true spirit. Poetry in every other shape is living and breathing around us; in sculpture alone the spirit of creation languishes. Many of our artists are content with mere imitations and reproductions of old ideas—the wearisome repetitions of forms from which the ancient spirit has long since passed away. The great distinction which characterises the works of the subject of our present memoir from those of his contemporaries, is the striking originality of his conceptions. He has sedulously avoided this beaten path, the bent of his genius being eminently imaginative. He has, accordingly, thought for himself, working out his own conceptions into life and beauty. It requires but a casual glance at his works to recognise the presence of that creative charm which constitutes the highest beauty of informed art.

The subject of our memoir is a native of the north of Ireland. Belfast is entitled to the honour of being his birth-place. In that thriving and now opulent city, whose honest inhabitants have claimed for it the title of “the Athens of Ireland” (a title to which, as we shall show presently, an opportunity is now afforded them of establishing their claims), the future sculptor first saw the light on the 12th of August, 1799. His father was a tradesman of the place. Heavy losses in business involved him in ruin. He died early, leaving his wife and only child almost entirely unprovided for. At a school in the town, kept by a gentleman who united, in happy combination, the trade of an engraver with the profession of a schoolmaster, the boy received the rudiments of his education, and to this circumstance we are probably indebted for the early appearance of those symptoms of a love of art which soon began to develope themselves. When his school duties were over for the day, the child of eight years of age was wont to amuse himself by making copies from a collection of prints in the possession of the preceptor—a privilege accorded by special favour, in consequence of the accidental discovery of a drawing on the back of the pupil’s slate, whereon was portrayed a sportsman in full costume, accompanied by his dogs—a performance which was the result of certain stolen visits, paid after school-hours were over, to a shop-window where the original was exposed to the admiration of the passers-by.

When our young votary of art was about twelve years of age, his mother left Ireland and settled in England, where she had some friends, who seem to have evinced a wish to set the boy afloat in some mode of life less precarious than that to which his own inclinations had led him. He pleaded hard to be permitted to select any employment which would afford him the opportunity of cultivating his favourite propensity. But the fiat had gone forth. Those in whose hands was the disposal of his fate were less disposed to show any indulgence to his taste than the old pedagogues of former years. They determined upon binding him apprentice to a coach builder. The necessary arrangements were soon completed, the indentures were made out, the apprentice entered with a heavy heart upon his new employment, and, but for the occurrence of the circumstances which soon afterwards took place, it is highly probable that the genius which has conceived forms of such ideal loveliness, with the cunning hand whose skill has fashioned them into shape and lent imperishable beauty to the lifeless marble, might at this moment have been occupied in devising patent axles, or stuffing easy cushions for some turtle-fed alderman of the city of London!

Fortunately for the world, fortunately for his native city, whose grateful appreciation of the fame her eminent son has reflected upon her will, we trust, be commensurate with her Athenian pretensions, the coach-builder became bankrupt, his effects were sold; the indentures, not without some difficulty made on his part, were cancelled; and an accident bringing the released apprentice to lodge at the house of a Mons. Chenu, a French sculptor, who lived in Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, he availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the place, and plunged once more into his old pursuits. He practised eagerly, and drew diligently from the plaster casts by which he was surrounded. He then commenced modelling from various parts of the human figure, and at length attained what he conceived was a sufficient degree of skill to warrant him in making an

essay upon the whole figure. His first attempt was a copy of the *Venus* by Donatelli. When it was finished he shewed it to Chenu, who was so pleased with the performance that he at once offered to become the purchaser, and paid the artist eight guineas for his work.

Inspired by this early and perhaps unexpected success, the young artist did not relax in his exertions. He continued his task of self-instruction by carefully copying and modelling whatever came in his way, disposing of the fruits of his industry wherever he could to the customers whom chance provided. In such occupation he continued to pass his time until the death of his mother, when he changed his abode to Seymour-street, Euston-square. While resident there he happened to make the acquaintance of two young Scotchmen, who having accidentally seen an advertisement in the newspapers inviting artists to send in models for the erection of a monument to Major Cartwright, very good-naturedly called to endeavour to persuade Mr. Macdowell to try his fortune. After some little hesitation he set to work, modelled a figure which was forwarded to the place where the committee were occupied in their deliberations. He was, however, unfortunately too late; a statue had been already selected; but the fidelity of the likeness, and the beauty of the execution, apparent in the new arrival, so won upon the committee, that Mr. Macdowell's design was ultimately decided upon. The funds at command, however, proved insufficient; an inferior artist was called in to complete the work; and thus a conception of great merit and beauty has only partially been realized.

The first group which Mr. Macdowell attempted was taken from Moore's "*Loves of the Angels*." Of this work we are unfortunately not in a condition to speak; but it is probable that it is distinguished by the same elegance, harmony of design, and originality of conception which have won for him such universal admiration in those productions with which we are familiar.

We believe the first commission which he received to execute in marble was given him by Mr. Cooper, formerly M.P. for Sligo. It was the group of *Cephalus* and *Procris*, taken from *Ovid*. Up to this period, although his talent was abundantly recognised in the metropolitan circles of art, our artist was comparatively unknown to the world at large. The work which brought him prominently before the public was his statue of the "*Girl Reading*," which appeared at the first exhibition of the new Academy in Trafalgar-square. It at once caught the eye of Sir Francis Chantrey, who not only took infinite pains in selecting a position where it could be seen to advantage, but warmly expatiated upon its great merits to his brethren. The eminent artist had probably not forgotten how in the earlier part of his own career he had been befriended in a similar manner himself. "When Chantrey sent his bust of *Horne Tooke* to the Exhibition," says Allan Cunningham, "he was young and unfriended, but the great merit of the work did not escape the eye of Nollekens. He lifted it from the floor, set it before him, moved his head to and fro, and having satisfied himself of its excellence, turned round to those who were arranging the works for the Exhibition, and said, 'There's a fine,—a very fine work: let the man who made it be known. Remove one of my busts, and put this one in its place, for well it deserves it.' Often afterwards, when desired to model a bust, he said in his most persuasive way, 'Go to Chantrey; he's the man for a bust. I always recommend him.'"

To convey any adequate idea of the delicate and chastened beauty of the "*Girl Reading*," to those who have not had the good fortune to see it, we feel is quite beyond our powers. The slight and graceful proportions of the fair student as she bends over the favourite volume upon which her gaze is intently fixed; the beauty of the drapery, which falls in waving folds over the form whose delicate proportions it at once covers and reveals; the softly rounded arms; the exquisite symmetry of the small, well-turned head; the features displaying beauty and expression in such a happy combination,—all form as perfect a realisation as it is possible to conceive of a poet's most exquisite dream caught and transferred to the living marble.

When we reflect that this beautiful piece of sculpture, which may stand the test of comparison with many of the triumphs of ancient or of modern art, is the work of one who has been entirely self-educated in that profession in which he has acquired such consummate skill; that he has raised himself to distinction

by his own unassisted exertions ; indebted to no powerful patron for support, nor to the exercise of an influence which some of his brethren disdain not to employ, more powerful, perhaps, than any patron ; that he came and cast himself a friendless struggler in that great ocean whose waves have swallowed up so many a solitary aspirant, and stemmed his way nobly through its stormy roughness ; the admiration we cannot but feel for his genius is enhanced by our respect for the industry and energy which have encountered so many difficulties to triumph over them all.

No sooner had the statue of the " Girl Reading " become known, than Fame flowed in upon the artist. He was elected an Associate, and afterwards a Member of the Royal Academy ; and her Majesty, at a subsequent private view of the Exhibition, having been informed that he was in the room, commanded his presentation. Fame, however, although pleasant in the contemplation and delightful in the possession, is not enough. She too often comes when we have neither the means nor the capacity of enjoying her. She comes, too, sometimes, without providing her votaries with that substantial crop of benefits which they are entitled to reap ; and the artist who has added fresh lustre to the reputation of his country, who has enriched her galleries with the triumphs of his genius, and left works of imperishable beauty, the delight and admiration of after ages, has too often been carelessly provided for by his own. The stately towers of Blenheim still stand an enduring attestation of the melancholy truth. That sad story which they tell of the artist's broken fortunes, and the ungrateful disregard of the country which he endued with his splendid conceptions, has its moral for all times.

Through the friendly offices of Sir J. Emerson Tennant, Mr. Macdowell became known to the late Mr. Beaumont, M.P. for Yorkshire, a munificent patron of art, who at once gave him commissions for two large groups in marble, leaving the selection of subjects to himself, as well as an order for a marble statue of the " Girl Reading." He at the same time informed the artist that he would be happy to give him ample employment for the space of three years, on the condition, however, that during the whole of that period he should accept no commissions from others. The statue of the " Girl Reading " had, however, in the meantime attracted the notice of Lord Ellesmere, who gave him a commission to execute it in marble. Upon receiving this order the restriction was at once removed in the most handsome manner by Mr. Beaumont, and the artist permitted to enjoy the full, free, and unrestricted benefit of his industry. And, in truth, when one comes to consider the whole extent of the labour and drudgery, to say nothing of the mental anxiety, necessarily attendant on the completion of a single piece of sculpture—still more of a group—does this relaxation seem unreasonable ? Little does the ordinary spectator, who saunters through a gallery idling away a few leisure moments, know of how slow and difficult a growth is one of those works of art, over which his eye so listlessly roves. A marble statue has to be conceived, sketched, modelled, cast in plaster, rough-hewn, carved, and finely polished, with a minuteness of care and attention of which he can form no adequate notion ; and the creation which causes to some but a passing glance of approval, is the result of as complicated and difficult a series of operations as can well be conceived.

Our information unfortunately does not enable us to lay before our readers a list, chronologically arranged, of the many beautiful productions of our artist's chisel ; we can only, therefore, advert to the principal ones that have contributed to establish his reputation, and which we have ourselves had an opportunity of inspecting. Shortly after the appearance of the " Girl Reading," its gifted author, through the kindness of his new friend, Mr. Beaumont, was provided with the means of making a journey to Italy, for the purpose of improving himself in knowledge of art. He remained in Rome for about eight months, and shortly after his return to England he produced, in marble, the magnificent group of " Love Triumphant," which was partially modelled before his departure. Of this splendid piece of sculpture it would ill become us to speak in that commonplace and hackneyed jargon, the cant of art, which those employ who profess to describe what we can only feel.

" We leave to learned fingers and wise hands
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell

How well his connoisseurship understands
 The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell—
 Let these describe the indescribable.
 I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream
 Wherein that image must for ever dwell—
 The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
 That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam !”

In this exquisite group the figures are of the full size of life, and are carved out of a single block of solid marble; and although, in tender and delicate beauty, and poetry of expression, it would be difficult to surpass that work which first earned the artist his fame, the group of “*Love Triumphant*” possesses more than sufficient merit to establish the reputation of a dozen artists. Were this our own solitary opinion, we might, perhaps, be accused of looking with too favourable an eye upon the production, because it was by the chisel of a countryman. It is, therefore, perhaps, fortunate for our credit that the metropolitan journals—the opinion of whose writers appears to be accepted as the infallible test of public approval—were unanimous in their enthusiastic admiration, and sounded the praises of “*Love Triumphant*” in terms of which the artist might well be honourably proud.

Of the numerous productions of Mr. Macdowell’s chisel, that which has, perhaps more than any other, united in its favour the suffrages of all observers, is his colossal group of “*Virginius and his Daughter*,” which appeared at the Great Exhibition. It is not our chief favourite. We incline to the opinion that the genius of our artist is better adapted to give expression to sentiments of tender and graceful beauty than to the grand or terrible. Be this as it may, the group of “*Virginius*” has earned the unqualified admiration of the finest judges of art. The tribune is represented in the act of supporting his dead child on his left hand; in the other he raises the dagger, while with an expression of concentrated indignation and anguish which is indescribable, he utters the memorable execration—“*Ad tribunal te inquit Appi, tuumque caput sanguine hoc consecro!*” The contrast between the stalwart masculine form, so full of vigorous power and energy, and the frail, broken flower from which life has passed away, is finely conceived, and worked out with exquisite skill. The beautiful lines of Macaulay form so apt a commentary upon this noble theme, that we trust we shall be excused if we recall them to the recollection of our readers:—

“ And then his eyes grew very dim, his throat began to swell,
 And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake—‘ Farewell, sweet child, farewell !
 Oh, how I loved my darling ! Though stern I sometimes be,
 To thee thou know’st I was not so—who could be so to thee ?
 And how my darling loved me ! how glad she was to hear
 My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year !
 And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
 And took my sword and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown !
 Now all these things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
 Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays.
 And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
 Or watch beside the old man’s bed, or weep upon his urn !
 The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls—
 The house that envied not the wealth of Capua’s marble halls—
 Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
 And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
 The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way !
 See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite’s upon their prey !
 With all his wit, he little deems, that spurned, betrayed, bereft,
 Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
 He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave.
 Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt or blow—
 Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
 Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss ;
 And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this’——
 With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.”

Passing from this magnificent group, we turn to the gentle figure, in which is beautifully expressed the sentiment of early sorrow. This statue has been classed among the most successful of the sculptor's productions. Its merits have been elaborately discussed by critics of art, and its praises sung by poets. We leave to those who assume the power of measuring beauty by the rule and compass, of analysing the various elements in which it consists, and of endeavouring to teach a tasteless public what works of art it is proper they should admire, and what they should pass over in silence and neglect, to ascertain in exact proportion what amount of originality is apparent in the conception, or of artistic power is displayed in the execution of this charming statue. All we can say upon either subject is, that we have seldom seen a work more fresh and beautiful in feeling, or one which gives us a higher idea of our artist's wonderful power in expressing a poetical sentiment in marble, so as to bring it within the range of the sympathies and feelings of the human heart.

"Early Sorrow" is represented by the figure of a girl mourning for the fate of a dead bird, which she is clasping in one hand tenderly to her bosom. Her eyes, in which we can almost fancy we see the gathering tears, are turned with an expression of wistful sorrow less upon the lifeless form of her favourite than to a little bunch of fruit which lies at her feet, and has, apparently, just been dropped from her other hand.

The whole subject is replete with suggestions of touching beauty. We have placed before us, by the wonderful power of art, a series of associations, and each of them in itself a picture. There stands the gentle mourner, to whom sorrow has been as unknown as sin; the sunshine of her innocent life is crossed now by the first shadow of that grief which sooner or later teaches us the perishable nature of all human love. Her favourite, gone far away beyond the reach of her tenderness and care, is pressed to the heart whose innocent affection he was the first to win. The playful caresses which have coaxed him so often into joy and song can never reach him more; pressed to the soft bosom where he used to nestle, whose genial warmth he shall never feel again, lies, with drooping head and unruffled plumage, the lifeless bird; and the fruit, gathered for his delight, is dropped in silent grief away, for its use is over!

We have seen several attempts to express the sentiments which a theme so suggestive could scarcely have failed to excite; and we have great pleasure in laying before our readers some stanzas from the pen of Mr. Alaric Watts, which, shortly after the exhibition of this beautiful piece of sculpture, made their appearance in the columns of one of our contemporaries:—

THE EARLY SORROW.

" 'Tis her first sorrow; but to her as deep
As the great griefs maturer hearts that wring
When some strong wrench undeemed of bids us weep
O'er the lost hope to which we loved to cling.

" The bird is dead!—the nursling of her hand—
That from her cup the honied dew would sip;
That on her finger used to take his stand,
And peck the mimic cherry on her lip.

" The willing captive, that her eye could chain,
Her voice arrest, howe'er inclined to roam,
The house-bred god (worshipped alas in vain),
Whose radiant wings flashed sunshine through her home,

" Pressed to her bosom, now can feel no more
The genial warmth of old he used to love;
His sportive wiles and truant flights are o'er—
The ark of comfort welds the lifeless dove!

" 'Twas but a bird; but when life's years are few,
How slight a thing may make our sun of bliss
Cold as the heart that needs be taught anew
Trifles oft from the joys that most we miss.

- "The soft, pure wax of childhood's ductile breast
 Will yield an impress to the gentlest touch.
 They err who make its little grief their jest;
 Slight ills are sorrows still, if felt as such.
- "'Tis her first sorrow, and she feels the more.
 That sorrow's name she scarce hath known till now;
 But the full burst of keener anguish o'er,
 A softer shade hath settled on her brow.
- "The bitter tears that would not be repressed
 Are dried like dew drops on the sun-touched leaf;
 The deep, wild sobs that lately stirred her breast
 At length have yielded to a tenderer grief.
- "She weeps no more; her very sighs are stilled;
 A tranquil sadness breathes from her sweet face,
 As though her mind, with soothing memories filled,
 Had nothing left of sorrow, but its grace!
- "The sculptor marked the change with earnest eyes;
 He knew the phase whence fame might best be won;
 And when her grief assumed its loveliest guise,
 He struck her chastened beauty into stone.
- "There let it live, till Love and Hope decay,
 The type of sorrow unallied to sin;
 To test this truth to many an after day,
 'One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin!'"

We are not informed at what precise period the "Eve" of Mr. Macdowell made its appearance. It is a conception of consummate grace and beauty; the figure is of the full size of life, and entirely nude. The description by Milton of our first mother, as she is about to pluck the forbidden fruit, is familiar to every reader. If they would know how nobly poetic images of the rarest beauty can be expressed by sculpture, they must see this production, which is instinct with life and loveliness. Although it had no sooner appeared than it at once attracted the unqualified admiration not of the public only, but of the first judges of art, strange to say, the sculptor has never yet received a commission to execute it in marble. We cannot suppose it possible that a production of such admitted merit and unrivalled beauty will be suffered for any length of time to remain in its present perishable form. We hope it will speedily be transferred to marble, for it is well worthy to take its place in any gallery beside the most exquisite creations of ancient or of modern art.

The statue of the "Girl Praying," is another *chef-d'œuvre*, which attests the power of the sculptor's genius. The figure is slight, and full of graceful beauty; the hands are joined in an attitude of supplication, and the eyes raised with an expression of earnest devotion, of which it would be difficult in language to convey any adequate idea. This charming production, with another of kindred beauty, the nymph preparing for the bath, were both purchased by the late Mr. Beaumont, of whose kindness, liberality, and friendship the sculptor, in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Art Journal*, speaks in terms which do as much honour to the protégé as to the patron.

These rare productions, of which we have spoken in terms which their acknowledged merit fully justifies, are no ephemeral productions, calculated to win little more than transient applause. They contain the elements of certain immortality; they are the works of a man whose genius has led him into the highest realms of imaginative art, and whose complete success is the best and the most convincing proof that his aspirations have not soared beyond their legitimate range. We must, therefore, plead guilty to feeling some surprise, that one who has acquired so complete a mastery over art, whose imagination is so deeply imbued with forms and shapes of exquisite beauty, whose ideals of female loveliness have rarely been equalled, and never surpassed, should have so little employment in a branch of his art, in which his antecedents of study have so eminently qualified him to excel.

We allude to bust sculpture. With one or two exceptions, the complete success of which proves the soundness of our opinion, the chisel of this eminent man has never been put into requisition for this purpose; and while artists whose works are not fit to rank with the sweepings of his studio, are driving a prosperous trade in this, the more lucrative branch of the profession, the chisel of Mr. Macdowell is comparatively unemployed. We must say this neglect reflects but little credit upon the taste of the age. The mind, consonant with beautiful ideals, of an artist, whose manipulation of marble is so perfect—whose hand has adorned every subject he has touched, and has touched none that he has not elevated—should not be left alone with the memories of his fame. He should have abundant employment—employment to remunerate him for those splendid works of art, the labour of long years, with which he has enriched his country. The dispensers of such patronage, the leaders of rank and fashion in the great metropolis, should know, and we will take care they shall know, that there is in their city one who is more capable of transferring to marble the beauty and the grace of their wives and daughters, than any sculptor this age has ever produced. If any one should doubt our assertion, let him turn to the statue in marble of Psyche, which may be seen at the Art Union in Pall Mall. It has been said by some critic of art, that the classical and mythological sculptures of our modern artists bear about the same proportion to the ancient marbles as the tragedies of Racine do to those of Sophocles. The statue to which we refer will prove, that this age and this country have produced a sculptor, who has rescued us from such a reproach. We have never seen a modern conception of an idea taken from the old heathen mythology, which can stand the test of a more rigid comparison with the triumphs of ancient art, than the Psyche of Macdowell.

The subject has long been a favourite one with sculptors; many have tried, and few succeeded. The story is almost too sad and touching to have its sentiment properly caught in marble. How well our artist has succeeded in embodying it, a casual inspection of his work will convince the most sceptical. He has thrown a sort of magic of expression around the whole head which cannot be described. We see before us, fashioned into a beauty which can never die, the image of the forsaken girl, as she mourns for the lost love she was never to find again but in heaven. The features are so innocent and child-like, wearing, with the softest feminine beauty, an air of resigned tenderness and melancholy, more perfect in expression than anything we have ever seen in marble. In our opinion, this statue is beyond all question the finest production of our artist's genius. It has been purchased by Mr. Thomas Baring for the sum of five hundred guineas.

The brief account of these beautiful works, which we have thus been enabled to lay before our readers, would necessarily be imperfect did we not add a few words concerning their author. The sketch prefixed to this notice affords a tolerably accurate idea of the sculptor's features. In person he is of the middle-size, and slight, with looks silent and dignified; his manners are mild and unassuming, with a winning gentleness which bespeaks the kindness of his nature. Our acquaintance with him is a very slight one; in society where we have met him he appeared rather reserved. But it is in his own studio, surrounded by his favourite works, that the sculptor is seen to the greatest advantage. His enthusiasm in all that relates to art, seems unbounded. Of his own works he speaks with a modesty and diffidence which are very charming. We shall not easily forget the agreeable half-hour we spent in his *attelier*, where many a writer of rank and distinction frequently drops in, to interrupt his labours. "One day," said Mr. Macdowell, "there came in a gentleman, whose features I thought were familiar to me, although I could not at the moment recollect where I had seen them. He remained with me for nearly an hour, discussing various works of art, with an ability which made me wonder who he could possibly be. When he was preparing to take his leave, after having given me a commission, he said, 'Perhaps you do not know I am Sir Robert Peel.'"

Sometime afterwards the sculptor received a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

* Whitehall, December 5.

"SIR,—I have the satisfaction of informing you that you will be selected by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury for the erection of the public monument,

voted by Parliament, to commemorate the services of Admiral Lord Exmouth. I hope this selection will call public attention to your merit as a sculptor, and be of advantage to you.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"P.S.—An official communication will shortly be made to you from the Board of Treasury.

"P. Macdowell, Esq.,

"75, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square."

The statue of Lord Exmouth, which now stands in the hall of Greenwich Hospital, is too well known to require any comment from us. It fully justified the expectations of the public, as well as his discrimination who had selected the artist; and the episode derives much interest at this time from the proof it affords that the departed statesman was fully entitled to the reputation he enjoyed of being a liberal and discerning patron of art.

We must now take our reluctant leave of a subject over which we have lingered with unqualified delight, and to which we have been enabled to do but imperfect justice. The fame which our countryman has won so well we hope he may live long to enjoy. No other means lie within our reach than those which we now adopt, of showing that his genius is recognised and fully appreciated by Ireland. We put it now to his own townsmen, to the opulent denizens of that thriving city whence he went forth to win a name second to none among the artists of his age, whether they are not bound to show, by some mark of their approval better calculated to serve him than empty praise, that they are alive to the merits of Mr. Macdowell. If Belfast arrogate to herself the name of the Athens of Ireland, let her now vindicate her claims to the title; she has a noble opportunity of doing so. With the place of his birth the name of the sculptor must henceforth be linked in indissoluble association. The town can add no fresh distinction to a fame which is European, but the fame of the artist reflects back lustre on the town. The beautiful creations of his chisel can never perish. The inspiration of genius has placed them beyond the reach of time. When some one hereafter, gazing upon them, shall learn the artist's name and his country, let it not be added that the place of his nativity, save in sending him forth a friendless wanderer into the bleak, cold world, did nothing more for her gifted son. No! in the ATHENS of Ireland there are men, honest men and rich, who have risen to wealth by their own energy and industry. They will be proud to recognise the merits of one who, by the force of the same qualities, has risen to fame. They will rescue the capital of Ulster from such a reproach as would inevitably disgrace her should she neglect a man with whose fame the capital of England is ringing.

As to a practical mode of carrying into effect the suggestion we have thus thrown out, there cannot be much difficulty. Queen Victoria was the first monarch of these realms who ever condescended to bestow a personal inspection upon that portion of the British dominions; no record whatever exists of so distinguished a mark of the sovereign's interest and favour. We conceive it would be an act peculiarly appropriate and graceful if the people of Belfast would avail themselves of such an opportunity, as they might now have, of attesting at once their loyalty and their love of art, by putting in requisition the services of their eminent townsman, and employing him to execute a suitable memorial of the royal visit, which might be placed in their new Town Hall. As to his qualifications for such a task, they are now in the possession of abundant evidence. If any further were requisite it may be derived from the fact, which has occurred since the preceding portion of this article was penned, that the Royal Commissioners have awarded their prize medal, for sculpture, to our distinguished countryman.

ON A GIRL WHO HAS FALLEN ASLEEP OVER A VOLUME OF SPENSER'S FAERY
QUEEN.

SUGGESTED BY A STATUE IN THE LATE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,
BY PATRICK MACDOWELL, ESQ.

I.

THE summer sun is sinking fast amid the golden west,
The truant linnet, home returned, has sung himself to rest;—
The bee has left the fox-glove bell, the brook so stilly flows,
That not a breath is on the air but whispers of repose.

II.

The landscape wears a mellow green, its loveliest hues the sky,
And nought but images of peace are present to the eye;
Sweet soothing sights, and slumberous sounds that gentlest thoughts instil,
Of power to bid each tranced sense grow captive to their will!

III.

Plunged heart-deep in the sweetest song that ever poet sung;—
Of Una wandering, all unharmed, life's tangled wilds among;
Just as her favourite page is turned, she owns the soft controul,
And sleep, the balmy sleep of youth, is sliding on her soul!*

IV.

With drooping head, and yielding form, half sitting, half reclined,—
Swayed to and fro, like the willow wand that waves with every wind;—
Her eyelids, snowy fair, that show like evening lilies twain,
So gently close, the lightest breath may open them again!

V.

But lo! a change! a deeper seal is pressed upon her eyes,
Oh! when did ever mortal sleep put on a fairer guise!
No sign of consciousness she gives may waking life beseem,
Save that her hand still clasps the book that stirred her fairy dream.

VI.

Hush! let her sleep; no evil eye with baleful glance is near;
No envious spirit stoops to pour his poison in her ear;—
But inly pray she may escape upon her onward way,
The pestilence that walks by night, the shaft that flies by day!

VII.

Not hers the wild and feverish sleep—brief respite snatched from pain—
From which the heart-sick sufferer prays she ne'er may wake again;
Nor the sad uneasy slumbers wrung from grief's unwilling grace,
That bring the soul no added strength for this world's toilsome race.

* The notion that it is only a dull book, or a dull sermon, that is provocative of sleep, is a fallacy. Anything which, in certain conditions of the body, confines the attention to a single subject, however engrossing, is calculated to produce a sedative effect upon the nerves. Dr. Binns has some curious remarks upon this subject in his "Philosophy of Sleep," to which I beg to refer any reader who may consider it an anomaly that a young lady should slumber over the "Faëry Queen."

VIII.

Not hers the visions, all too fair, that mock the mourner's eye,
Of friends she never more may meet, of pleasures long gone by;—
So beautiful and passing sweet, a present heaven that make,
To deepen but the darkness 'round, that 'waits us when we 'wake!

IX.

Sweet thoughts of innocence and peace are flitting o'er her brain,
Of fireside loves, and homebred joys, a blithe and radiant train;
And when those visions fair depart, her only change will be
To the "sober certainty of bliss," the bright reality!

X.

Then wake her not, her happy dreams are written on her face;
And who may tell what seraph forms one idle word may chase;
The heaven about our youth that lies, is with her in her sleep,
And angel sentinels around, their guardian vigils keep!

XI.

Oh! ever thus may slumber lie as lightly on her brow;
Her gentle heart o'erflow with thoughts as pure as fill it now;
And may the peace all human ken that passeth, be her guest,
When, in God's good time, she lays her down to take her final rest!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

LONDON DURING THE SUMMER OF 1851.

Reasons for not being Singular—Immigration and Emigration—Contraband Practices justly punished—More to be seen at Home than Abroad—Great Travellers not always believed—Perils by Sea and by Excursion Trains—Advantages of Life Insurance—London Novelties, Noises, and Nuisances—Omnibuses, Cabs, Carriages, and Casualties—Noiseless Wheels—Theatres—Punch, Acrobats, and Peripatetic Smoking—Great Increase in the Bills of Mortality from the Latter Practice—Peaceable Invasion by the French—The Army out of Town, and the Police incog.—The Exhibition—The False Prophets—The Attraction—The Close—The Consequences.

ONE fine afternoon in June last, sauntering down Sackville-street, about two P.M., I met nobody, at which I was a little surprised; that capacious thoroughfare being usually very crowded at that particular time, and there being, on the day in question, neither a review in the Park, a regatta at Kingstown, nor a steeple-chase at Lucan. I walked twice from one end to the other, and back again, without encountering even a funeral. The very houses seemed asleep, the statue of Lord Nelson, on the top of the monument, appeared uneasy, as if it wanted to get away, and the Post Office clock looked as if it was somewhere else. The whole city was sombre, silent, and deserted as the disinterred Pompeii. I began to doubt my own identity, and thought, with the ghost in Colman's poem, "I am not here, but I am there." At last I perceived

a solitary policeman doing nothing. I approached, and accosting the blue-coated functionary, demanded of him why he and I were "alone in our glory?" "Sir," said he, "all Dublin is out of town, and not expected home before October. Every body is gone to the Exhibition." "In that case," said I to myself, "there is no use in remaining here to act the last man. I may as well float with the tide, and add another insignificant unit to the enormous mass of immigration hourly rolling into London." So resolving, I went home, possessed myself of a few sovereigns, and in imitation of Sterne, packed up in a seedy portmanteau half-a-dozen shirts, and a sufficiently respectable pair of black dress unmentionables. The light marching order recommended and adopted by that great military authority, Sir Charles Napier, is to be preferred, as more

complete, and compressible into a smaller compass. With the packing of the portmanteau ended all resemblance between my journey and that of the facetious Mr. Yorick, whose *quasi* sentimentality and indelicate, unclerical humour I have no desire to emulate. Still less do I acknowledge fellowship with the spleen and jaundice which causes such tourists as the learned Smelfungus to travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry "'tis all barren!" I profess myself, on the contrary, to be a merry cosmopolitan, who wishes to see everything, and goes up and down with a predetermination to be amused with everything he sees;—one much more disposed to laugh with or at the world, as it is, than to quarrel with existing arrangements, or try to tinker them into something better.

The desire to mend everything, and improve everybody, so universal in the present day, is doubtless praiseworthy and benevolent, and in strict accordance with the natural law of progression; but it becomes extremely irksome to both master and pupil when carried too constantly into practice, and engenders a mutual habit of calculating discontent. It will be found an agreeable variety to be sometimes satisfied without inquiry, and without reasoning on the why or wherefore. The task of regenerating society, whether in the moral, political, theological, dramatical, or other practical departments, may be safely left to the Guild of literature and art, the Archæological Institute, the British Association for improving Science, the Peace Congress, the Sanatory Club, the Cobdenites, Vegetarians, Tea-totallers, Agapemonists, Mesmerists, Electro-Biologists, Homœopathists, and the innumerable universal philanthropists who are labouring, with most disinterested perseverance, to root out evil from the social system, to enlighten a darkened public, and to bring about a millennium of happiness and perfection before the appointed time. Two important results appear to be already established. Diseases are wearing away, and increased longevity is growing very fashionable. Parrs and Jenkines will soon be of everyday occurrence, and Louis Cornaro will cease to be quoted as a remarkable exception. The three score years and ten allotted by the psalmist as the usual *verge* of human existence, will become instead

the *central* point. This may be objected to by the orthodox as flying in the face of established authority; and, however agreeable to the individual parties, tends to promote confusion in the mercantile dealings of the world. It will especially confound the politics of Jew money-lenders who traffic with impatient heirs, puzzle the calculations of speculators in annuities, and revolutionise entirely the current tables of life insurance.

I think it was the sage Thales of Miletus who bequeathed to posterity the valuable aphorism, "Know thyself." It could be easily written in Greek, but that would look pedantic, and the phrase sounds very well in the vernacular. In following up this profitable, though difficult inquiry, I may venture to set myself down as an average individual, very much resembling a great many other people. Fond of moving about, endowed with a curious disposition, a sharp eye, a prominent organ of casuality, a reasonably good temper (when not contradicted), a sound digestion, and an excellent appetite. Gentle and philosophical reader, do not hastily disparage or sneer at the last two items, but pray that they may be well defined in your own physical conformation. When you travel you will find them worth thinking of in summing up the balance sheet of comfort. Add to the list a well stocked purse (in this point, alas! I confess myself rather weak), and you combine all the necessary ingredients for a pleasurable tour. If you are saturnine or atrabilious, stay at home; or abjure pen and ink. Every identical man feels, thinks, speculates, and concludes, talks, and writes, in compliance with the particular bent of his mind; or, as all this is more intelligibly condensed in a modern English word, according to his *idiosyncrasy*. But it is an idle piece of egotism to suppose that because your views are eccentric or original, they are of necessity wiser or better than those of your neighbours; that you can either convert others to the same way of thinking, or by so doing improve the general tone of manners and morals. You had better, therefore, be content to abandon Utopian fantasies, take things as you find them, and proceed with unpretending pencil

Since steam and railways have brought the poles together, a pilgrimage to Jerusalem is scarcely thought more of than a pic-nic to the Seven Churches. The achievement which immortalised Buck Whaley sinks into a very commonplace occurrence. There is scarcely a novelty to be discovered, except in the unexplored and neglected, because familiar, scenes of home, which contain more that is worth examining than people are inclined to believe, with little labour, too, and less expense. It is not absolutely necessary, either for amusement or instruction, to circumnavigate the globe, to cross the Himalayas, to ascend to the summit of Mont Blanc, to search for relics of the Ark in the region of Ararat, or to stand on the apex of the Great Pyramid. All these are mighty deeds in locomotion, and furnish food for goodly volumes and interminable stories. But the colossal tourists who bestride the world are not believed either by their friends or the ungrateful public, when they return home and tell of the marvels they saw, and the perils they surmounted. Envy detracts from honour, and incredulity is the reward of enterprise. If you propose to enlighten or entertain a mixed company with your "travel's history," you will not find an audience of Desdemonas. Self-sufficient youngsters will whisper audibly disrespectful allusions to Baron Munchausen, Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, and Ferdinand Mendez Pinto. The patient and long-suffering Bruce was treated by his contemporaries as a romancer. The tardy justice of posterity has found out that he spoke the truth. "Did you observe any musical instruments in Abyssinia?" inquired a lady, at a large party, where he was relating his adventures. "Only a few lyres, madam," replied the great traveller. "There's one fewer since he came away," whispered the malicious wit, George Selwyn, to his nearest neighbour. Danger, too, must be counted for something among the accompaniments of foreign travel. Although the world is so much improved, there be still "land rats and water rats," "land thieves and water thieves," as honest Shylock cautions us. It is quite possible, even in these days of advanced civilisation, to die of the plague in the Lazaretto at Smyrna, to be carried off by a tiger in a jungle of Central India, or to be strangled by a

boa constrictor while sauntering "under the shade of melancholy boughs," in the cinnamon groves of Ceylon. Inordinate yearnings after fame are attended with awkward casualties. Had Dædalus been content to escape from Crete in the regular way, without inventing wings, his son and heir might have lived to a good old age, instead of perishing in his minority, through the mad ambition of looking at the sun. The creeping tortoise and the burrowing mole are less brilliant than the soaring eagle, but they have their uses and amusements in their obscurity, after their own fashion—live longer, and in greater safety. Be content with home travel, and visit London two or three times per annum. There is always something new, and you will get more for your money than by wandering to Cairo, Constantinople, or Calcutta; that is, if you know where to look for it. During the last summer, all that the world could show of rarity, of ingenious invention, or excellent art, was to be found in the Crystal Palace. By crossing from one department to the other, you were as completely in the country labelled, as if the carpet of Prince Houssein had actually annihilated space and time, and carried you there in a minute. You heard its language, saw its complexion, and investigated its productions. The whole formed a scene of realised enchantment—an embodied, animated cosmorama, to lose yourself in for a month, without weariness, and dream of for ever after. But we are becoming poetical and grandiloquent, repeating what has been better said a thousand times already. After all, there is less merit in saying fine things on a lofty subject, than in embellishing an insignificant one. "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere.*" The exact meaning of the satirist in this sentence has been disputed almost as often as it is quoted, but the following may pass for a periphrastic translations. It is not every man who can describe a dinner cleverly, or every poet who can invest with interest a game at cards. Look at Shakspeare in *minimis*, not in his Hamlets, Macbeths, and Othellos, but in his little microscopic characters of half a dozen lines; mark their individuality, and then you will clearly understand what genius can compound from nothing. There is more in trifles than appears

at first sight. Cast your eyes well round you. Examine your every-day adventures, and dissect the familiar incidents of life. Every street or lane, beaten track, common cabbage-garden, or familiar beach, contains matter for speculation. Read Mantell's "Thoughts on a Pebble," and you will begin to examine the heaps of rubbish you pass piled up on the roads. Pin your faith on the Bard of Avon, who knew more than you do, and if your reason is satisfied, as it ought to be, that an intelligence beyond your fathoming has planned the universe, you will discover, and the discovery will add to your happiness,

"Tongues in the trees, books in the living brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

But now to commence my journey. Having a hasty call or two to make before reaching the railroad terminus, the portmanteau I have already alluded to as containing my travelling preparations preceded me. As it was not more than half filled, I had contrived to smuggle into it, most improperly, a stone jar, containing a gallon of a certain contraband distillation, which had no business there, and which, having nefariously eluded her Majesty's customs, I intended to present as a choice offering to a particular friend. On the platform I discovered a lamentable wreck. A careless official had thrown down the portmanteau violently, the faithless lock had given way, the jar was smashed, and there lay the chosen wardrobe, scattered in wild confusion, and saturated with mountain dew. The whole station was reeking with alcoholic effluvium, while porters, passengers, and an unsympathising public, looked on the ruin with grinning satisfaction, or laughed outrageously at the ungraceful exposure. At first I joined in the laugh as heartily as the rest, little dreaming that the matter touched me so nearly; but when, on a second glance, I recognised my own luckless property, I changed my note, and was strongly tempted

"To fall a cursing like a very drab,"

as Hamlet reproaches himself for doing under circumstances of much heavier provocation. But the case, like his, was beyond remedy, so I smothered my indignation and proceeded on my journey.

To sail in or out of the Bay of Dublin is a pleasant operation on a fine summer's day, and the surrounding scenery very beautiful, when you are fortunate enough to see it. But fogs, mist, and rain generally encase our western Thulé in a mantle of gloom. On the evening I am referring to, all was distinctly palpable, while the Irish Sea, so often turbulent and stormy, lay without a ripple on its surface, smooth and tranquil as sleeping infancy. As I looked on it, I repeated to myself Moore's beautiful lines on approaching Bermuda:—

"The sea is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tides."

Addressing a taciturn Saxon who stood near me, I asked him if he admired the bay? to which he answered, he did. I then ventured to inquire did he think it resembled Naples? to which he responded, he didn't; and walked away, evidently wishing me to understand that he considered me and my observations a bore. The comparison of our bay with that of Naples is a popular hallucination we are rather given to indulge in, and some enthusiasts, in the fervour of patriotism, are inclined to assign ours the preference. If we can get over the deficiencies of a clear, cloudless sky, a glowing, balmy atmosphere, the blue pellucid waters of the Mediterranean, the city rising amphitheatrically from the shores, the active crater of Vesuvius, with the lofty islands of Ischia, Procida, and Capri, in the foreground, and the outline of the stately Appenines defined in the distance—why, the resemblance may be considered rather striking, and tolerably faithful in its details. Both are bays, certainly, which is a strong leading coincidence. We have fine things to show in Irish scenery, peculiarly our own, and should be content with them. "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" The harbour and river of Cork, Lough Neagh, the Shannon, Killarney, and the Giant's Causeway, may challenge rivalry without fear of defeat. But we should give up comparison or competition with the Bay of Naples, which somewhat resembles the nationality of Richie Moniplies, who held that the Nor Loch at Edinburgh and the water of Leith were far superior to the

Thames at London. It reminds us, too, of the reasoning by which Captain Fluellen undertakes to show the exact parallel between Alexander of Macedon and Harry of Monmouth. "There is a river in Macedon, look you, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things." Even more conclusive was the logic of a Parisian, who, in maintaining the supremacy of the Seine over the Thames, spat on the ground contemptuously, and exclaimed—" *La Tamise! Voilà la Tamise!*"

As you approach Liverpool, and run along the coast to the entrance of the Mersey, all is flattish and unpicturesque. Here, indeed, the natural beauties of the bay of Dublin stand forth in unquestionable superiority. But, alas the while! we want the forests of masts in the river and docks, the Custom-house, where there is really commercial business to transact, the pyramids of warehouses, the countless pilot-boats, seldom without a customer, and the mercantile flags of all the nations in the world, fluttering in their variegated devices. In Dublin, our quays are lined with Whitehaven colliers, *importing* coals which would not be required if industry and capital called into use our own unworked mineral wealth; and emigrant vessels, *exporting* hourly the best blood and sinew of the land. Why is Liverpool, less favoured by nature, a stupendous emporium, while the metropolis of Ireland is an empty, mouldering storehouse? Why is Glasgow almost a second London, and the Clyde (a narrow canal when it approaches the city) a rival to the Thames, while poverty sweeps through the streets of Limerick, and the broad, majestic Shannon is scarcely furrowed by a keel? Profounder heads than mine, and deeper politicians than I pretend to be, must answer these questions; but I wish they were answered by somebody, and the remedy discovered before it is too late. As Sir William Curtis was wont to phrase it, in his favourite toast—"Here's to a speedy peace—and soon!"

Political economists and public orators tell us we are in a transition state; so we are, and so is everything; but they add—on the high road to improvement. So they have prophesied these twenty years, but as Roderigo retorts on Iago, "It hath not appeared," and we are a little impatient for the brightening horizon. If it would take a hint from the railroads, and travel by an express train, it would be all the better for the living community. Should the tide of emigration continue to flow with its present rapid current for a few years longer, when the good time comes there will be nobody left to welcome it in.

There are a few people still in existence old-fashioned and "slow" enough to regret the defunct stage-coaches, which consumed something like thirty hours between Liverpool and London; but they usually deposited you in safety at your journey's end, with a full complement of limbs, or, at the worst, with the slight fracture of a rib or so, and now and then with an innocuous overturn. They were liberal of stoppages too, to allow time for recruiting exhausted nature. You could eat and drink at every stage, which helped to get over the flagging minutes, and furnished topics for conversation. Railroad rapidity is delicious, particularly to those who have no occasion to be in a hurry, and are fond of perilous excitement. All prudent travellers should invest three pence extra in an insurance ticket, by which precaution, if you are smashed to atoms, your bereaved widow, or other legal representative, will be entitled to receive one thousand pounds sterling, in lawful currency of the realm. Many take a newspaper, ready folded and directed, which, as soon as they arrive in Liverpool, they drop into the post-office at the station, to signify—so far all is well. Instead of this, take an envelope addressed to your better half, into which you insert your insurance ticket, and thus a double satisfaction reaches her at the same moment—the certainty that you have escaped the perils of the deep, and the voucher for damages in case the next news of your whereabouts should be in a pleasant paragraph in the *Times*, headed "Awful Collision and unprecedented Loss of Life!" Recollect if you are returned among the killed, search will be made in your waistcoat

pocket, supposing any remnant of it or you should be found (which is very unlikely), to ascertain your identity. If your insurance ticket is there, it will be "prigged" and claimed by the fortunate holder, as the lottery prizes were of old, or, more likely, will be ignored altogether. You cannot get a day rule to demand payment in person, and unless proof be deposited in some other hands, the precaution becomes a mockery. We received this hint from a long-headed friend, and we claim the gratitude of the travelling public for communicating it without a fee. Monster excursion trains hold out advantages too tempting to be neglected, even by the constitutionally timid, who worships fear as a religion. If you are fortunate enough to pass through this ordeal without damage, you may with perfect confidence embark in a balloon or diving bell, and advertise yourself as a walking safety valve for the rest of your life. From that moment you are casualty proof, invulnerable as Achilles, and snug as King Duncan in his narrow quarters. "Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing can touch you further." You need never travel again on your own hook; thousands will seek you out, and offer to pay your expenses for the chance of being safe in your company. The superhuman, unnatural velocity of modern movements, the ease and speed with which every branch of knowledge is mastered, and all notions of fifty years' standing laughed down, are unquestionably more edifying and profitable than the heavy, narrow-minded, tie-wig system of former days, which perpetuated ignorance because of its antiquity, and encouraged error when hallowed by the lapse of time. It is delightfully exciting to see everybody going a-head in a perpetual, ceaseless gallop; but, as a set off on the *per contra* side, let it not be forgotten that cases of insanity and suicide are multiplying in an equivalent ratio. Medical men will bear testimony to the first of these facts, and the columns of the daily papers afford ample evidence of the second. Think over this, ye very fast gentlemen of the present day, and pull up a little, before you have run the world and yourselves to a standstill.

One of the first things which strikes a visitor with bewildered astonishment, on arriving in Babylon the Great, is the countless multitude of every imaginable invention of vehicle, tearing along with speed and clatter, equal to that of the spectral Wilhelm, with his fair and frightened Leonora behind him. They seldom stop; still more rarely upset; and scarcely ever run against each other or over the public. In Dublin we deserve to be run over, it being established as a national characteristic never to look before us. London pedestrians are more wary, and make a sharp reconnoissance, as well to the front as on each flank, before they venture to attack a crossing. This is doubly indispensable, as some of the streets are macadamized with wood, which deadens sound, and your cockney Jehu is usually a silent individual, and not given to shout, as Paddy is, to warn you of his approach. The utmost he ejaculates is, "Now, stoopid!" if you are determined to cross his path. But he is most marvellous as a charioteer. His hand and eye are true as the dial to the sun. They keep time and calculate distance with the unerring certainty of a chronometer. Perch yourself on the summit of an omnibus, and observe how he threads defiles beset with more dangers and obstructions than the ancient Thermopylæ or modern Khyber. He wants a Homer to do justice to his deeds. Shades of Automedon and Cebriones, wherever you are, look out, and wonder at him.* See how he carries his unwieldy fabric through a passage hardly wide enough to admit a wheelbarrow; now steering to the right, and now to the left, with as many sinuosities as a gliding snake, avoiding contact with ponderous wagons, and never running down small craft, unless it happens to be a cab with which he has a personal feud. Observe how he pauses not in all the crowded confusion of Fleet-street, Cornhill, or Cheapside,—a never-ending, and apparently inextricable labyrinth of perplexity, more puzzling than the maze at Hampton Court, or the still better imitation of one at the Princess's Theatre. The cab-driver is equally skilful, and as his vehicle is compact and light, he can achieve even greater wonders, goes at a more rapid

* Every schoolboy knows, but every grown gentleman may not recollect, that Automedon and Cebriones were the respective charioteers of Achilles and Hector.

pace, and creeps through smaller crevices. Between him and his brother of the omnibus an internecine war exists: each would destroy his rival without remorse if he could do so with impunity. They despise each other as thoroughly as we once heard a private soldier say he did non-commissioned officers and militiamen; and hate with the intensity of actors who play the same line of business. But the contest is unequal, should they chance to come into collision. It resembles the Macedonian phalanx bearing down on a cohort of half-armed velites, or a three-decker engaging a gun-brig. Yet Count D'Orsay once, in a fashionable light cab, carried off the near hind-wheel of an omnibus which tried to upset him, and without sustaining the slightest injury himself;—a remarkable triumph of mind over matter.

The style of London driving is as different from that which obtains in Dublin as a Hansom cab is from an outside car. Yet our native aurigarius is a clever fellow in his way; an animal completely *sui generis*, who in the fulness of genius soars above rules, and laughs at the formality of a linch pin. As the late Chief Justice used facetiously to describe him, he drives with the reins and holds on by his whip. We once heard a stranger call our cars cruelty vans. They used to carry a tolerable load for one horse: we have seen six adults, besides the driver, and small children unlimited in the well. But this only happened on gala days or pic nic parties. Let us compare the load which the two unhappy quadrupeds attached to a London omnibus are doomed to drag after them. Twelve insides and nine out, according to law, with as many more as they can stow illegally, not including conductor and cad, and luggage *à discretion*. The entire weight is nearer three tons than two. Eight horses, or four relays, are the complement allotted for this work in the twenty-four hours, eighteen of which at least are consumed in active duty. Nine months wears out the energies of the over-tasked animal, which is then sold by auction to the knackers, and so closes his miserable career.

The capacity of a London cab for carrying luggage is immeasurable. It never was correctly gauged, and appears to expand with the occasion. As

long as you are willing to pay extra, your trunks and packages will find "ample room and verge enough;" but there is no such thing as getting in or out of one of these indispensable conveyances without a dispute. A cabman never has a book, and never knows his fare; he leaves that to you, on the spec. of your overpaying him, which you generally do, as you cannot afford to lose time in altercation. A shilling with a row, and eighteen pence without one, you will find a fair average scale for ordinary distances. An anecdote has been recorded in print, lately, which is certainly *unique*, and but that it appeared in a book of unquestionable authority, might have been pronounced incredible. "Your fare, I believe, is eighteen pence?" said the occupant of a cab, on abdicating; "No, Sir, only a shilling," was the reply. The name and number should have been preserved, for the honour of cab flesh; but then the immortality would have been dearly purchased by immediate excommunication in full conclave at the hands of his brotherhood.

A ruralised being, accustomed to the perfect silence of the country, unbroken except when the voice of Nature speaks in the elements; or the still more sombre monotony of a provincial town, particularly a cathedral one; can form no idea of the contrast with which the clamour of London streets absolutely prostrates the senses on a first introduction. In one respect, it resembles the wonders of the Crystal Palace, as baffling all description. When a stranger mentions this to a resident, he laughs, and says, "never mind, you'll soon get used to it." Use lessens marvel, certainly; the eels, they say, become reconciled to skinning from practice, and custom changes Nature. The man who can so familiarise himself with the din of London as not to hear it should be preserved in a glass-case, and exhibited as an acoustic curiosity. Many years since, in the course of military service in France, I was stationed in a mill, and slept within a few inches of the wheel, which invariably commenced its gambols at night, and struck work in the morning. The grinding of a worn-out barrel-organ, or the drone of a bagpipe, would have been cheerful and exhilarating, compared to those harrowing vibrations. The late ingenious Charles Lamb had a constitutional antipathy, as he himself informs

us, to boisterous sounds, from the beating of a carpenter's hammer on a hot day, up to the "measured malice of music," inclusive. For my sins, I also am punished with a defective ear, and am little able to appreciate the prodigies of a *concert monstre* of ophicleides and trombones, or the harmony of a polka on six dozen drums. These "concord of sweet sounds" produce no effect on such an ill-constructed temperament. The case is lamentable, and denounced by high authority; but illustrious exemplars may be named as labouring under a similar deficiency. The celebrated Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, said he liked music almost as well as he did thunder, or any other noise; and Dr. Johnson lamented that difficult concertos were not impossible. This mill-wheel at first drove me into midsummer frenzy; but in a week I became reconciled to it, in a fortnight we were on terms of endearing intimacy, and in less than a month I could not close my eyes, if by any accident there was a pause in its operations. It was impossible to sleep without the accompaniment. The regular, monotonous thump was the only tune I ever mastered, or could hum correctly in my life. It rings in my ears now as distinctly as if I heard it last night for the first time.

The most effectual remedies against the ceaseless thunder of the streets are double windows. John Kemble, who passed many hours in study, lived in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, leading direct to the British Museum, and, of course, one of the noisiest localities in London. His library looked to the front, but he protected himself by the contrivance mentioned. The magnificent mansion lately erected by Mr. Hope in Piccadilly, and not far from a cab-stand, is, perhaps, *par excellence*, the best situated for studying clamour, in all its varieties, of any in the metropolis.

On my first arrival, wishing to be central and quiet, I put myself into the hands of an experienced Londoner, and on his recommendation took lodgings in the Strand. I might, with more hope of tranquillity, have engaged a first floor in the tower of Babel. In doors, or out of doors, morning, noon, or night, it was all one. I could neither hear myself speak, nor catch the words of another. I mounted from room to room, from parlour to attic,

and at last, as a final retreat, ensconced myself under the roof. But I forgot that noise, being an imponderable, like smoke, or mephitic vapour, was lighter than atmospheric air, and would ascend along with me. To escape all, I should have gone down to the cellar. I migrated thence to Piccadilly, which was comparatively worse; and so on to Oxford-street (still under advice), which I found superlatively intolerable. I then determined to look out for myself, and after many peregrinations, was seduced into a little, snug-looking street with, for the nonce, a demure, hypocritical air of silence, bounded on the left, as you look north, by Tottenham-court Road, and on the right by Gower-street. At last, thought I, "*Inveni portum!*" I have got into harbour, and shall cast anchor. Alas! in escaping from various Scyllas, I had run my head into a concentrated Charybdis. I was in the high way to the Euston-square and King's-cross Stations. The street, which was formerly a secluded nook, had now become transformed into a tumultuous thoroughfare. There was scarcely an interval of repose, even in the dead, witching time of night. Throughout the twenty-four hours, the ceaseless roll of wheels continued without intermission, and always at the height when the world is usually supposed to rest. There is something unnatural in this, I said to myself; the place is haunted, and I'll try to find out the mystery. On the third evening I resolved to sit up, and accordingly put out my candles, and took post at the window about half-past twelve. For half an hour all was silent. I began to meditate, and my thoughts reverted to distant times and places. Then followed a dream, which, as Lord Byron says, was not all a dream. A noise and hubbub broke forth, with the fury of a typhoon after a momentary lull, and appalling as the yells of Guido Cavalcanti, with his demon hounds, as described by Dryden and Boccaccio. On a sudden the street was filled with cabs and omnibuses, loaded with passengers and luggage, as if every train and station in the kingdom had moved up to town by a simultaneous action, and disgorged their contents at the same place and the same moment. They were driving furiously against each other, screeching, crashing, and upsetting. A sort of unearthly light

made everything apparent—all were skeletons. Skeleton omnibuses and cabs, skeleton passengers and drivers, skeleton portmanteaus and carpet bags, and a *mêlée* of skeleton police, with glazed hats and enormous batons, laying about them in all directions, breaking wheels, heads, arms, and legs, in indiscriminate liberality. I grew wild with terror, and screamed lustily. The effort awoke me; I was lying on the floor in total darkness, having glided unconsciously from my chair; but the din of sounds still continued, and it was some time before I could convince myself I had actually been asleep.

What a pity it is the patent noiseless wheels are not adopted into general use. You will see them on two or three private carriages, and on one public cab, which plies from the stand in Piccadilly as a sort of advertisement. The invention is as simple as it is ingenious, and consists in the application of a solid band of vulcanised India-rubber over the iron tyres, thus combining luxury with economy. The wear and tear of the carriage is reduced, and the durability of the new material has been well tested by experience. The advantages are summed up, in the announcement of the patentee, as follows:—"The luxury of motion without noise is the distinctive characteristic of the patent wheels, while their collateral advantages are the imparting of greater ease to a carriage, reducing its draught considerably, and rendering it very economical in wear and tear." It seems strange there should be any hesitation or delay in the universal patronage of such a valuable discovery. When old Lear suggests that it would be an excellent stratagem to shoe a troop of horse with felt, we receive it as the chimera of a madman, but we should not be at all surprised at the next general war to hear of whole regiments of cavalry shod with noiseless gutta percha or India-rubber, and executing decisive charges in profound silence.

A descendant of the persevering calculator who counted every *but*, and *to*, and *the* in the Bible, furnished me with some curious statistics on certain classes of population. According to his tables, there are in London 12,000 itinerant barrel organs, 18,000 monkeys, and 56,000 parrots in cages.

Wandering dogs, with no ostensible owners, are seldom seen, and a beggar is almost as great a curiosity as the live hippopotamus. When many street amusements were done away with by Act of Parliament, our old friend Punch was specially protected on the ground of his antiquity and prescriptive rights. But his day has gone by. He is considered too slow for modern taste. You meet him occasionally in a secluded corner, or an unfrequented square, but he fails to attract a numerous congregation. His practical jokes fall as flat as the humour of a revived comedy, and his fight with the arch-enemy gains him no applause; even his crowning feat, hanging Jack Ketch in his own noose, is received coldly, as a disrespect to constituted authority. Acrobats, wandering melodists, and painted Indian jugglers, are hourly superseding his popularity.

The predictions of Sir Francis Head and the alarmists have been verified during the summer. London for some months has been in the possession of the French, but quite in a family way, and without disturbing our amicable relations. We wonder sometimes how our continental friends contrive to live in so expensive a city as London, knowing that they are not usually endowed with a superfluity of the circulating medium; but there they are, and appear to enjoy themselves amazingly. They are less mystified by the wonders of the Exhibition than by the total absence of soldiers, the order and regularity of the vast multitudes who throng the streets, and the perfect ease with which a few policemen manage everything without any apparent effort. These points are quite incomprehensible to foreigners, who are accustomed to behold in every capital in Europe a vast entrenched camp bristling with bayonets and artillery, a powder magazine ready to explode with the slightest ignition. They saw Queen Victoria go into the heart of the city to the Lord Mayor's fête, and return through countless thousands in the middle of the night, with a simple escort of honour. They saw her pass, in all the splendour of regal state, to prorogue the two Houses of Parliament, still only with a few policemen to keep the passage clear, while all London stood in respectful attendance, cheering and saluting with spontaneous loyalty. Here were evidences of a firmly-

based monarchy, a paternal government, a nation satisfied with their institutions, and their power of maintaining them; more convincing than a triple line of fortifications, and a bivouac of troops in every square. Good reader, on one of these occasions did you ever notice the Life Guards when keeping some portions of the ground. The conduct of the horses is well worthy of observation. There is a perfect understanding between them and the public. Under the extremest pressure from without, they never evince impatience or attempt to kick, but sometimes gently simulate an offensive movement which they have not the least intention of executing. They push a little occasionally with their huge hind-quarters and raise their legs, as much as to say, "You must stand back, but I shall not hurt you if you don't." While on this subject, let me not forget the dray-horses, who alone are worth coming to see, if you had no other inducement: their size and condition are prodigious. During the regency of George IV., eight of these, coal-black and sleek as satin, were sent as a present to the Shah of Persia. With European potentates the splendour of royalty, "the dread and fear of kings," is much enhanced by rapid, lightning-like velocity; in the East it all depends on slowness, even the solemn elephant is too quick for state. When the Shah beheld these noble animals put through their paces, which neither blandishment nor bullying could stimulate beyond a heavy walk, he clapped his hands in ecstasy, and shouted, three times, "Bismillah!" They were instantly invested with high dignities, lodged in stalls of state, proclaimed sacred, and bowstring and bastinado denounced against all who looked on them without permission. The charger of Caligula, who was created consul, and fed with gilded oats in an ivory manger, was treated with less distinguished honour. The breed has been perpetuated in the royal stables of Ispahan, even as the Hanoverian cream colours are preserved in the mews at St. James's.

Among the articles of traffic which were most in demand during the Exhibition season, cigars have taken the lead. It would be dangerous to say

how many millions have been sold. The run on real Havannas was so great that they were called for much faster than they could be made. The smoking mania is now become a universal epidemic. Of all intolerable street nuisances this is the greatest, and ought to be resisted by every true-born Briton who has a spark of patriotism or independence left. The very atmosphere is redolent of the odious weed. If you meet twenty men, they have, on the average, thirty cigars or pipes among them. From the peer and the heavy dragoon, down to the butcher's boy and the omnibus cad, there is scarcely an exception.

A leading medical practitioner, at Brighton, has lately given a list of sixteen cases of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his own knowledge within the last six months. Then, the expense is ruinous. Many young men smoke eighteen cigars per diem, besides what they give to their friends. Not long ago, I heard an inveterate smoker, whose entire income could scarcely have amounted to three hundred a-year, declare that his cigars alone cost him one hundred and fifty. He drew the long bow, of course; but if fifty was the truth, it was bad enough.

A curious phase in the disease is the taste for short, dirty pipes, black with age, use, and abomination, which has crept in lately. Every third dandy you meet has one of these in his cheek. The cutty and the cigar hold divided reign. Several speculators, during the last year, traversed Ireland, buying up sackloads of these indigenous productions, which they sold again in London at an enormous premium. The peculiar aroma, so much coveted, is only to be met with in specimens of the *dhudeen*, which have passed through many mouths in successive generations, and have become family relics.

Even in Boston, in the United States, in the land where, according to some naturalists, children are born with lighted cigars in their mouths, there is a law against smoking in the streets, and penalties inflicted on the offender.* With all our respect for our transatlantic brethren, and their matchless energies, we scarcely expected to have received from them such a lesson in refined civilisation. The

* See Lady E. S. Wortley's "Recent Travels in the United States."

remarks of Cob, the water-carrier, on this subject, in Ben Jonson's play, two hundred and fifty years ago, are as applicable in 1851, as if they were written the day before yesterday:—"By gad's me, I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this same filthy, roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers. There were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight. One of them, they say, will never 'scape it. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe. Why it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it. It's little better than ratsbane or rosaker."

Our foreign visitors appear greatly struck with the extent and enormous population of London; but a general impression seems to exist, more especially among the French, that England altogether is *un pays triste*. A Parisian carries the same gay *nonchalance* to the Bourse with which he enlivens the salons and cafés. John Bull cannot do this. With him, the Stock Exchange is the serious business of his life. He has no idea of mixing up a laugh, or a trifling anecdote, with monetary calculations. But his mistake is, that he cannot leave his commercial face at home when he mingles in society, or locked up in the desk with his scrip and debentures. He enjoys himself with an effort; and whether he is dancing, playing cards, or enduring music, appears very much as if he was thinking of something else. If you tell him a joke, he laughs at the climax, as a matter of duty, but seldom looks as if he were listening. He has usually what the French call *l'air préoccupé*, and which they consider, not without cause, the very antipodes of enjoyment. He cannot give himself up, heart and soul, as they do, to the influence of the moment. This is one leading reason why our national drama, which is always, to a certain extent, a reflex of national character, with much more nerve and vigour, has far less ease, variety, and piquancy, than that of our neighbours. It is not that our writers are deficient in sparkling wit or

broad humour. The comedies of Congreve, Farquhar, Sheridan, Colman, and various living authors, attest the contrary; but their telling points are got up for the occasion, and worked off with labour; as professed diners out prime themselves with their best stories for public display, where they appear all fun and brilliancy, but if you catch them at home *en deshabille*, they have a look of constitutional melancholy, while their gibes and mockeries are as threadbare as their dressing-gowns. In fact, we often assume gaiety without any feeling of mirth, while the French laugh constitutionally at the most solemn matters, as a portion of the burlesque of life. Let us be content to keep our gravity, and national reproach of heaviness, rather than run into the opposite extreme.

During the attractive period of the Exhibition, there have been nineteen theatres open in London, including two Italian Operas and the St. James's, devoted entirely to French tragedy and comedy. This list applies to legitimates only, and has no reference to hippodromes, gardens, casinos, Grecian saloons, and the thousand and one irregulars, which swarm in every corner of the city and suburbs, and where dramatic performances, under some form or other, are nightly represented. If London is less gay than Paris, it has quite as many places of public amusement. Nearly all have reaped a golden harvest, principally gathered in from the visitors and foreign strangers, although throughout the month of May there was an alarm of failure, and managerial faces elongated in proportion. But the panic was momentary, and ever since June a reactionary tide has been setting in, which has filled the theatrical treasures (with two or three exceptions) even to overflowing. In one of the periodicals for August, I was a little surprised at seeing it stated that the theatres were empty; that the managers had made an egregious mistake in expecting they would be filled; that our dramas were not formed on the model suited to the taste of continental audiences; and that the Exhibition was reason enough for a "beggarly account of empty boxes," as neither foreigner nor native could

sit out a play on a hot evening, after a morning devoted to the wonders of the Crystal Palace. While I read this in a respectable print, deliberately asserted, I witnessed nightly facts in direct refutation. All the theatres were so crowded, that I could scarcely find squeezing room; more than half the dramas I saw were adaptations or translations from the French; while at least five-sixths of the audiences were composed of foreigners, and holiday excursionists from the country. That the same pieces were repeated night after night, with little variety, is a tolerable proof of continued attraction, and also that the attraction rested with the strangers. The resident playgoers were literally *tabooed* by the "hundred-and-sixtieth night of the *Alhambra*;" the "two hundred and twenty-third of *King Charming*;" and the "three hundred and thirty-first of *Green Bushes*."

But strange eccentricities are indulged in by some of the professional chroniclers, who undertake to enlighten the public on the passing events of the day. In the theatrical department, sudden and unexpected changes have occasionally produced whimsical mistakes. Performances have actually been criticised which never took place, and elaborate paragraphs have been written on actors, who, instead of flourishing on the boards, were writhing in bed under the gentle discipline of a physician. Not long since, a remarkable case came within my own notice. All the world was ringing with the praises of a particular actor, and seeing him announced in one of his most popular characters, I went to the theatre full of expectation. But the great luminary was suffering under a temporary eclipse, and unable to shine. The next day I read that he had appeared with unwonted brilliancy, and had sent the audience home in a state of maddened excitement. I was sorely puzzled, and began to doubt if I had been there, long habit having accustomed me to place implicit reliance on the oracular fidelity of everything I saw in print. "Can such things be?" thought I; "and am I only a myth, a fable, an embodied chimera, a sort of physical dream?" I was fast lapsing into Pyrrhanism, and felt myself in the predicament in which I once saw a gallant officer, who had lost his leg at Waterloo, but was so

bewildered by the inventions and details of a gasconading amateur, who, of course, had not been present, that he looked down on his stump, and felt it several times, to be convinced that he was really himself, and not a surreptitious double. Above twenty years ago, I read in a Bath paper (which I have still in my possession) the death of the Duke of Cumberland, the present living King of Hanover, officially announced, with a black border, and several minute particulars.

I had long been desirous of seeing the French comedian, Bouffé, and availed myself of this opportunity, as he made a short visit to London during the summer. Fame had not exaggerated his merits. He appeared to me far superior to Gavandan, Brunet, or Potier, all of whom I recollected since my first acquaintance with Paris in 1815. His range is more diversified than that of either of the well-known triumvirate I have named. He can touch the softer feelings, and rouse the sterner passions, with as much ease as he can elicit peals of boisterous mirth. I saw him in Grandet, in *La Fille de l'Avare*, and in *Le Gamin de Paris*, two characters of the most opposite description, the one an aged man, the other a boy. I have seldom witnessed performances which made such an impression on me. He is a wonderful artist. His representation of *Le Gamin* was without blemish; and one of his most extraordinary stage endowments is, that being, as I understand, a man of fifty, his look, figure, and action are identically that of a young scamp of fifteen or sixteen. Lafont, in the same piece, enacted an irascible old general, martyred with gout and family annoyances, most admirably. It was the truest exhibition of natural passion, mixed with feeling, I ever saw. Downton's Sir Anthony Absolute, in his best days, was not to be compared to it.

The praises bestowed on Mademoiselle Rachel by her admirers are amply merited by that accomplished artist. Nothing can exceed the intensity, the overpowering force, and whirlwind of agonised emotion to which she abandons herself, and carries her audience with her beyond the power of resistance. The mental conceptions and physical execution are equally surprising. Endowed with youth, a fine figure, a countenance of lofty tragic contour, beaming with expression, and a voice

of extraordinary compass, nothing is wanting to complete a perfect triumph in the histrionic art, but better materials to work with, and characters and situations to delineate, more in accordance with the ordinary sympathies and feelings of human nature. The *Phédre*, *Hermione*, and *Camille* of Racine and Corneille, as represented by Mademoiselle Rachel, are striking instances of the commanding genius with which the actress goes beyond the author, and leaves him at an immeasurable distance. This opinion will be laughed at, and held in contempt by the critics who affect profound admiration of French tragedy in the abstract; but we feel convinced, if these frigid travesties of the classical model were retranslated now, and produced on the English stage, they would be avoided as intolerable inflictions; and the English actress who attacked an audience with the same overwhelming energy, would be retreated from, and written down as unnatural, offensive, and extravagant; and all this from the sovereign influence of fashion, which erects a temple to the exotic idol, while it scarcely offers a single votive garland at the shrine of native talent. It is a common cry among the supposed supporters of the drama, that English acting has degenerated, or passed into a fading tradition. Those who wish to be convinced of the contrary, should go to the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford-street, and witness Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, as now performed there. From all the plays I saw in London, I select this as being the most perfect, whether as regards the acting of every character, or what is usually understood by the getting up, or *mise en scene*. Nothing was wanting, and nothing forgotten, or slurred negligently over. Garrick was very proud of the way in which this play was acted, under his management, at Drury-lane. "Go and see *Twelfth Night* at my theatre," he was wont to say to all strangers who called on him; "not any particular scene or actor, but the comedy altogether." The recent revival may stand by the side of its earlier type, and lose nothing in the comparison. In English acting we have often been condemned by foreigners for neglecting details, and paying little attention to the manner in which subordinate parts are filled. The reproach was just. For a long time, in

all these points, we were behind our continental neighbours; but a sweeping reform has taken place, and the play we have named will strike all who see it as a remarkable instance of the system on which this reform is carried out in one of our leading theatres. Perhaps the most faultless performance on the modern stage is Mrs. C. Kean's *Viola*. Here we have one of the sweetest creations of Shakspeare's fancy embodied as exactly as if the present accomplished representative had been foreseen by the imagination of the author. In figure, features, expression, and costume, in the delicate humour of the lighter points, and the exquisite pathos of the serious passages, the portrait is one in which the most fastidious caviller would be taxed to discover a defective feature, or suggest an improvement. We happened to sit in the stalls next to an enthusiastic septuagenarian, who remembered Mrs. Jordan in the same character in the zenith of her reputation. We entered into talk, and he volunteered a comparison. Mrs. Jordan was, on the whole, he said inferior to Mrs. Kean. She had greater breadth, higher colouring, exuberant spirits, and a broad-wheeled laugh peculiar to herself, but all this would appear coarse and vulgar to modern refinement. In personal requisites, in elegance and delicacy of manner, in the grace of sentiment, and general finish, the picture was incomplete, and much less agreeable than that presented by her successor.

Theatrical criticism in London is not at present at a very high degree of temperature, either as regards literary pretension or accurate judgment. Nothing can be more difficult to handle than this complicated subject; yet every novice in writing imagines he can master it by inspiration. It is enough to be employed, and he becomes at once an ex-officio oracle. Among the regular practitioners there is a recognised conventionalism in style, and an affectation of technical phraseology, which is scarcely intelligible, and anything but instructive. We can trace but little independence of opinion, often joined to superficial knowledge, and highly seasoned with *cliquerie*, private partiality, or personal prejudice. A short residence in the metropolis suffices to lay all this open to the attentive observer. Some of these daily and weekly critics write to order;

while others are bound in a solemn league and covenant of dogmatical opinions, drawn within a narrow circle, as regards authors, managers, and actors. Any dissenters from their own code they ostracise with unsparing severity, adopting in its most extended sense the Scriptural sentence "He that is not with me is against me." Among those gentlemen, also, are dramatic authors, which is, at least, a questionable foundation for general impartiality. We should certainly not select them by choice on a special jury to try the merits of their brethren, whose productions have been chosen by managers in preference to their own. A thoroughly independent writer, with a mastery of his theme, and no preconceived opinions, might "purge the general weal" of much chaff, and do good service in the cause of the drama. He must prepare himself at the same time to encounter a nest of hornets, and gird up his loins for "a war to the knife." *Mais le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*; the fame and profit would scarcely keep pace with the labour and annoyance; and there has been such a result as martyrdom in an effort to advance the truth. "Things must be as they may," says Corporal Nym, who had seen a good deal of the world, and rested his philosophy on experience. We enlist under his banners; and while we see and mention what we think wrong, have no ambition to stand forward as reformers.

And now, what is to be said of the Exhibition—the "World's Fair," as the Yankees christened it—the wonder of wonders, the most perfect realisation of a magnificent idea which ever entered into the mind of man. The scheme of Henri Quatre, for a general peace coalition throughout Europe, was hardly as sublime, and clearly not so practicable. To pass it over in a paragraph, would be to act *Hamlet*, with the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire; and to go into minute detail, would occupy volumes, besides repeating what has appeared for the last five months in daily and hebdomadal print, and has filled the windows of all the print-shops with graphic illustrations in endless variety. The subject never tires, and is exhaustless as it is exciting. There is argument

in it for a week, description for a month, and a topic of conversation for ever.

Where are now the croakers who prophesied it would fail, and the opposers of everything, who thought ("the wish was father to the thought")* it would be gutted by a simultaneous *emeute* of all the Socialists in the world, expressly engaged for that particular performance?

It has been computed, by a calculation founded on the police returns, that nearly seven millions of persons have visited the Crystal Palace. The total receipt of money considerably exceeds half-a-million sterling, leaving a profitable balance of £240,000. Exact tables will no doubt be published when the accounts are wound up, comprising also an estimate of the value of the goods exhibited, and the proportion which has been sold. How will the overplus be appropriated, and what will be the ultimate destination of the building? These inquiries, so often repeated by public curiosity, will soon be disposed of. With many reasons for the retention of Mr. Paxton's magnificent structure, there are powerful arguments in favour of its removal. It was erected as a temporary depository, for an express purpose, which has been gloriously accomplished, and under the express condition of being pulled down within a given period. The same authority which establishes one condition can abrogate it by another, when deemed necessary. It becomes simply a question of what is most desirable. In matters which interest the public, the public voice is entitled to every consideration; but it is not easy to collect this from pamphlets written by individuals, editorial paragraphs in the papers, or letters signed Agricola, Vitruvius, or Palladio. The fate of the Crystal Palace lies with the Committee and Board of Directors, who probably have not read three-fourths of the opinions published for their edification; but all their measures hitherto have been conducted with so much wisdom, that they are not likely to make a false step at the close. The whole has been a great national event; an epoch in the history of the world; a point from which to take a fresh departure, as in calculating reckonings at sea; a fixed base

* Shakspeare's Second Part of *Henry IV*.

of operations ; a period to date from in the chronology of future annalists. "I was in the great battle under the walls of Moscow !" This, said Napoleon to his veterans, on the morning of Borodino, will be your proudest recollection when reposing from the toils of service. And often shall we, in the garrulity of old age, repeat to our grandchildren, "I was in London at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and will tell you all the miracles I saw there." The enormous mass of all that the intellect and ingenuity of man could produce of rare and valuable, the discoveries of industry, the triumphs of art, the improvements of science, brought together with such cost and labour from the remotest corners of the earth, and arranged with such unparalleled skill, all are now scattered abroad, and are passing into the hands of different purchasers—never to be collected again. The daily recurring thousands, whose presence gave life and animated interest to the glowing scene, have subsided back into the sober, plodding tenor of ordinary avocation. The equipages of the royal, the noble, and the refined, no longer throng the surrounding avenues. The ceaseless sound of many voices, the strange blending of many foreign languages, will very shortly be succeeded by monotonous silence. The building will still occupy the vast area, an untenanted monument, an empty reminiscence, a casket stripped of the treasures it was constructed to enclose. The historic records, the practical influence on civilisation, the removal of prejudices, the increase of commercial intercourse, will be more enduring and more satisfactory memorials of the mighty bazaar, than the Crystal Palace transformed into a winter-garden, or a gigantic riding-school. Devoted to such purposes as these, it may be still useful and ornamental ; but it will no longer be a connecting link with the object which called it into existence. It will resemble the funereal pyramid of Cheops, without the ashes of the founder ; the mausoleum without the relics of the hero it was intended to preserve ; or the mere outward case of the watch divested of its costly and complicated machinery. Better that all should be removed, than a mutilated skeleton should be retained. There may be barbarism, but there is something grand in the obsequies of Alaric, the conquering Ostrogoth. His

devoted followers, by the labour of their prisoners, forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, near Consentia, erected his sepulchre in the empty bed of the river, piled over his mortal remains the accumulated treasures and memorials of many conquered nations, including those of imperial Rome, and then turned on the stream again to engulf the monarch and his trophies, that no vestige of either might remain as tangible evidences, after the soul which gave them reality, and power, and substance, had been summoned back to its account. The immortality of the Exhibition is not dependent on the mutation or destruction of the building that contained it. It rests with the historian, the painter, the engraver, and the consequences to be transmitted through succeeding generations.

Among the striking features which distinguished this great gathering, may be noticed the little trouble the police had in preserving order, and the trifling amount of robbery. The gentlemen of the swell mob were too closely watched to transact business without the certainty of detection. On the most crowded days, the heterogeneous mass of visitors conducted themselves with unusual decorum, evincing no disposition to push or jostle, or show their independence ; but varying their gratified curiosity during long intervals with a very peaceable and praiseworthy devotion to creature comforts. Many parties came provided with ample store of provender, either from motives of economy or convenience ; but the different refreshment saloons must have driven a thriving trade ; and as no fermented liquors of any kind were allowed to be sold within the building, cases of drunkenness very seldom occurred. All property dropped by accident, and found by the police, was carefully collected together and kept till claimed. The published lists contained some singular articles. As usual, ladies were the principal sufferers, and chiefly in bustles, reticules, pocket-handkerchiefs, bunches of keys, and parasols. In the enumeration of treasure-trove, children formed the leading item, exceeding in number all the others we have just named. It does not appear that any of these stray duplicates were intentionally lost, although, as we heard a father, who suffered under a legion of "enfants ter-

ribles," declare, the opportunities were tempting, and looked as if specially contrived.

The only way of seeing the Exhibition thoroughly was by a season ticket, of which, of course, none but residents could avail themselves. You thus took your time, divided your visits into sections, and examined everything in succession. To-day you were in France, to-morrow in Austria, the day following you travelled into Italy, and the next week you crossed the Atlantic in imagination, and glanced over the United States.

On this plan it required three months, at the rate of several hours per diem, to become acquainted with the entire collection. A country family arriving by an excursion train with a return ticket, good for a week, and sometimes only for three days, could obtain little better than a bird's-eye view, galloping through, catalogue in hand, as rapidly as Sir Francis Head galloped across the Pampas, reeking with perspiration, and resolved, as a point of principle, as well as value received, to go regularly through the official list of twenty thousand articles. Up to the last three weeks, additions were continually pouring in. Among the latest and most interesting were a service of pure Californian gold, manufactured at New York, and a Swedish piece of ordnance, apparently a sixty-eight pounder, on a new invention, to load at the breech.* I was very anxious to understand how this was managed, and stood listening one day for more than an hour to a convocation of pundits, who were explaining it all together in different languages, neither listening to the other, and each, as far as I could interpret, profoundly mistaken. I was rather disappointed with the United States department, which, on the whole, was meagre compared with many others; but the Americans have reason to be well satisfied, and are in high feather with the success of their summer's cruise to the old country. Their Greek slave is a lovely specimen of modern sculpture, although there is some justice in the criticism which pointed out that she has more the expression of a conscious beauty than the

subdued air of an exposed captive. But the form is exquisite, and the natural grace of the attitude not to be exceeded. America has also won the first industrial prize for an improved reaping-machine; and, outside the walls of the Crystal Palace, she has picked our unpickable locks, and beaten our fastest yachts, to use an expression derived, we believe, from her own vocabulary, into so many cocked hats. Verily, we must learn to step a little quicker, and go a-head, after brother Jonathan's own style, unless we wish to see him leave us behind in the general race of improvement.

I was much delighted to observe a goodly show of Irish poplins, linens, laces, and ornamental furniture, which hold their ground manfully, and still more so to hear from the custodians that they had received a vast amount of orders. The light elegant cars attracted much observation. How is it they are not more frequently adopted in England for summer jaunts and family intercourse in the country? Both in appearance and for convenience they are superior to the usual four-wheeled vehicle drawn by one horse. In the crowded streets of London they could never answer. No sane man would venture to drive one through the Strand, unless under promise of a pension for his widow, or in commutation of a criminal sentence. He might dispose of the fee simple of himself, cargo, car and horse, for about five minutes' purchase.

The display of geological specimens was scarcely equal to what I expected to see at such a place on such an occasion. The fossils were few, and I noticed none of particular rarity. More space might have been allotted to these, and the collection might have been enlarged with advantage; but there is now such an admirable assortment at the New Museum in Jermyn-street, that any deficiency in this department was of little consequence. But these rambling notes must cease, or they will soon swell into a *catalogue raisonné*.

The impression left on the mind after each successive visit, was one of unmingled admiration, with gratitude to the presiding Providence which crown-

* It does not appear that this is a new invention, as may be tested, among other coincidences, by examining some very ancient pieces of ordnance preserved in the United Service Museum, Whitehall-place.

ed this great undertaking with such brilliant success. The blessing that was invoked in reverential humility by the greatest of earthly sovereigns on the inaugural day, has been signally vouchsafed. The six months which have since rolled on have been pregnant with instruction. All has been harmony, peace, and good-will. A mantle of protection was thrown round the Crystal Palace from the first opening of its doors; all felt they were entering on a scene devoted exclusively to instructive recreation, where evil passions had no field for their exercise. That great and permanent advantages will result we feel convinced, irrespective of the vast additional sums of money which have been brought into circulation, and the many thousands who have thereby been enabled to obtain employment. It has been calculated that, during the summer, the average population of London has been increased by nearly 300,000 souls. An intercourse has sprung up which had no previous existence. Foreigners have acquired more knowledge of us, our habits, institutions, resources, and peculiarities, from ocular observation, during the last six months, than in the thirty-six years which had previously

elapsed since the Continent was finally opened on the fall of Napoleon. We had gone among them, but they had come sparingly to us. Many prejudices have been abandoned, and many mistaken views have given way, which are never likely again to obtain influence. Our foreign friends have seen that there are better avenues to public prosperity than annual revolutions erected on barricades, and a government and constitution may be firmly established, without a garrison of a hundred thousand men to enforce obedience. A monarchy, based on opinion rendered doubly valuable by its independent exercise, is much more nearly allied to rational liberty than the pseudo-republicanism which proclaims equal rights and privileges, while it shackles the freedom of the press and trembles under discussion. The Exhibition of all Nations has been an honest peace-offering from England to the whole world—a cordial proclamation of amity, unaccompanied by protocols or remonstrances. It has been responded to in the same spirit; it is felt and acknowledged to be a great movement in itself, and we look with confidence to the important consequences which the progress of events will unfold.

GLASGOW IN 1851.

I HAD visited Glasgow about twenty years ago, and vividly remembered its noble Trongate-street, one of the loftiest and most picturesque street-pieces in Europe. I had also a recollection of several handsome ranges of modern cut stone buildings in the district lying west and north of the older parts of the city. A crowded wharf, a stately bridge, and considerable quantities of smoke issuing from many funnels and chimneys completed the picture as memory had preserved it. On revisiting Glasgow this summer, it was with some difficulty I could believe it the same city. To reach the Trongate from the western suburbs, I had to go for a distance of two miles and upwards through a west end as handsome as most parts of the new town of Edinburgh, all of cut stone, all regularly laid out in terraces,

circuses, crescents, squares, and long street perspectives; to pass by club-houses, banks, and public institutions, all built sumptuously; and to admire on every hand, especially at the intersections of these fine lines of building, a series of rival churches of the Establishment and of the Free Kirk lifting their emulous porticos and spires in every variety of architectural pretension. But alas! in proportion to the growth of this great new city has been the increase in the number of funnels and chimneys, and in their dense overcasting volumes of smoke, so that already the fine-dressed stones of the circuses and terraces that only a year ago received their first occupants, are turned to a grimy grey; and wherever you raise your eyes past the richly-carved cornices and balustraded parapets

which top the buildings on either hand, you perceive overhead an impending soot-storm driven in murky whirls across the field of vision. The city is girdled with a belt of factories, and crowned, if the figure may be excused, with a chaplet of chimney-stalks. In the middle of the culminating group springs up the great St. Rollox chimney, a hollow, brick pillar, forty feet in diameter at the base, and 450 feet high. You might imagine it the Genius of manufacturing Industry that keeps perpetually streaming forth the black, voluminous pennon from its summit, as from a mighty flag-staff. Night and day without intermission the St. Rollox stalk keeps some hundreds of bushels of soot continually suspended in dusky vortices over the heads of the citizens of Glasgow. About fifty minor vomitories surround it, and some 500 others of various sizes prolong the line of circumfumption on either side quite round the city to the river bank. Though the space enclosed is ample, no part of it is half a mile from some portion of the marginal cloud; and save through one segment, comprising about an eighth part of the circle on the north and west, the line of surrounding chimneys is almost continuous. Strange, that so much wealth should have been expended in creating a city so sumptuous in the midst of adjuncts so unpleasing. There are abundance of sites on the opposite side of the river, not much farther from the Exchange, and comparatively free from the neighbourhood of factories; but a few cottage villas are as yet the only residences that have sprung up in that quarter, while year after year, almost month after month, the city stretches out the long white lines of its new streets among the smutted hedgerows and lugubrious groves of the northern river bank. Here was once as pretty a rural outlet as need be desired. The clear, full Kelvin running over its red ledges of sandstone, between green meadows and steep wooded banks, justified, in all but the height of its little cascade, the charming picture drawn by Tannahill:—

“ Let us haste to Kelvin Grove,
Bonnie lassie, O !
Through its mazes let us rove,
Bonnie lassie, O !
Where the glen resounds the call
Of the lofty waterfall
Through the mountain's rocky hall,
Bonnie lassie, O ! ”

The Kelvin now for nearly a mile

from its junction with the Clyde is no better than a running sink; and even though its sloppy mill-weirs and little clogged rapids made as much noise as the fall of Foyers, they would hardly be heard amid the outrageous clatter and whizz of the ship-yards, iron works, and spinning factories which lie around its embouchure. Above the fine archway, however, which carries the great western road over Kelvin Glen, the place retains as many of its original charms as muddied waters and the breathings of the smutty south will permit; for, with the wind in any other quarter, this region enjoys a comparatively pure atmosphere; and with its still verdant though dark-complexioned groves, and ivied terraces, contrasts refreshingly with the scene nearer the Clyde. It is a doleful spectacle indeed which is presented by the trees, hedgerows, and what once were running brooks, on which the factory region has lately intruded. The trees stand stripped of their bark, like the last of a garrison subjected to the scalping knife; ashes load their leaves, and shreds of cotton hang on their branches like ragged offerings on a bush at an Irish holy well. What was lately a babbling brook,—

“ With its cool, melodious sound,

now slobbers along, lukewarm, steaming, and red, blue, or yellow, according to the discharges it receives at different hours of the day. Here, in the remains of a half-stubbed hedge, all leafless and blue-moulded, you may behold a bush of broom; perhaps the last of the growth that once clothed with golden blossoms the long reach of river bank, from hence to the end of the *Broomielaw*. Industry now blossoms in gold of another texture along this bank of Clyde. An acre of land here must be ill-circumstanced not to be worth five thousand pounds. Cast your eye along the river-side; what a *strepitus*—what a *fremitus* of industry! what a series of works! Here they are making yarns and cloths, there looms and spinning mules; here the hulls of iron-ships, there the steam-engines to propel them; here they are loading, there unloading the finished vessels—*ferret opus*; in the hot pursuit of wealth every man looks straight before him. The materials are their own. They dig the coal and iron out of their own soil. One of these great steamships, launched on the Clyde and ready

for sea, value fifty thousand pounds, has not five thousand pounds' worth of foreign material, including the imported bread of the workmen, in her cost of production. It is a calling up and creation of so much new wealth out of the land of Lanarkshire, and the minds and muscles of the artisans of the shipyard. Little wonder that there are new streets of fine houses on the riverbanks, where new fleets of fine ships are yearly launched on the river's bosom. Here, too, the artisans have their streets of fine houses as well as the owners and contractors; built of the same cut stone, only not so smoothly chiselled; with the same airy windows, only not of plate-glass; and the same lofty and regular façades, only divided into flats internally, and having a common stair of stone, opening direct from the street. For from six to ten pounds a year, a workman can lodge himself and his family, comfortably, conveniently, and decently, in one of these tenements. His stair-door separates him from the other inmates of the house as effectually as the street-door of a householder in one of the courts or lanes of an Irish city. This is one great advantage arising from the use of stone in building, that everything is made solid and independent. A noisy neighbour on the other side of one of those substantial party-walls, or separated by a well-deadened flooring, is as little heard as in a separate dwelling. But it is only in the newer parts of the city that these well-arranged dwellings of the working classes are to be seen. In the wynds and lanes of the old town, the poor are huddled together, as wretchedly as even in the Dublin Liberties. But the artisans, the smiths, carpenters, shipwrights, and most of the better order of workmen, have their dwellings up the clean stone-stairs, and in the well-ventilated and thoroughly-drained flats of the secondary streets of the new town. The dress and appearance of this class bespeak comfortable independence, intelligence, and order. In nothing is the contrast between the humbler population of Dublin and of Glasgow more apparent, than in the appearance of the drivers of the public conveyances. Two-wheeled vehicles are not permitted to ply for hire; the hackney-cabs are consequently built as open broughams, the upper panels being glazed. He would be an unreasonable traveller who would desire any-

thing more comfortable or easy than these little glass coaches, with their velvet cushions and stained transparencies. The drivers array themselves in such costumes as we would see here worn by a land-steward, or even by a country gentleman going about his farm. It must be owned, however, that after a sixpenny drive from side to side of Dublin, the fares of these Glasgow carriages, which you must pay at the rate of a shilling a mile, excite an unpleasing surprise. And what is worse even than the high rate of fares, you are constantly called upon, even within the city, for tolls. However, all things in this great hive of production are dear, except, indeed, coal, which they sell at the pit-mouth for three or four shillings a ton; and consequently care not to economise by any smoke-burning apparatus in their furnaces. If the coal were dearer, the city would be so much the cleaner; but then, if they had not that abundance of coal, one-half the city probably would not be there to be begrimed. If this were a statistical account of Glasgow, it would remain for the reader to be conducted through a succession of trades and manufactures, including almost every known species of productive industry practised in Britain; some of them, such as iron-founding and the manufacture of vitriol, soda, and the chemical agents of the bleachfield being carried on here on a pre-eminent scale. But it is time to say something of the minor commercial arrangements for the distribution and retailing of the vast supplies required for this rich, and, as you shall presently see, luxurious population. Passing along the principal streets of retail business, the eye is attracted by the extraordinary display of plate, and jewellery, of gilding, and of fine upholstery. There is not much equipage; there seems to be no promenading, no equestrianism; the streets are filled with people intent on business; it is within doors that the citizens of Glasgow indulge the love of splendour, which, strange as it may appear, is one of the most noticeable social characteristics of this hard-working and plain-mannered population. Next to the show of fine plate, china, furniture, and hangings, your eye will be taken with the frequent display of the good things of the table—greengrocer, fruiterer, fishmonger, and flesher, all setting forth their wares with the

accessorial splendours of plate-glass and gilding. There is no part of London, or Paris more sumptuous in its shop-fronts than Buchanan-street; and no class of town residents, either in London or elsewhere, who are larger consumers of the good things of life than the merchants and manufacturers who inhabit the adjoining districts of the new city of Glasgow. Good living prevails even to the obstruction of good society. The early hours necessary for the pursuits of business prohibit balls and *soirees*. The dinner-table is the only point of social re-union; and the temptations among a wealthy community to outvie one another in the sumptuousness of those state banquets, is anything but conducive to easy intercourse; while the time devoted to an elaborate series of courses leaves little opportunity for cultivating the elegancies of the drawing-room. Then, during six or seven months of the year, three out of four of the more respectable families are located at the sea side. During this season the town entertainments are necessarily confined to gentlemen guests; and when the families return to town, religious exercises are said to engross the evenings of the ladies, to an extent that might be curtailed with social advantage. Here again the unhappy smoke is remotely a cause of these drawbacks. Out door enjoyments are wholly prohibited by it. If the ladies of Glasgow could walk about in the forenoons without being smutted, they would devise open-air entertainments at which they could display themselves and their wardrobes to advantage, and would engage the youth in amiable pleasures without ceremony, cost, or the ignoble emulation of larders and plate chests. It is said that the smoke-consuming apparatus (the use of which, it seems, is now to be enforced under the act of parliament) is only partially effectual, so that even though the owners be compelled, by legislative authority, to adopt these improvements, the nuisance will be but half abated. Surely the resources of science have not been taxed to the utmost to devise a cure. When we consider that the furnace only needs draught; that, provided the smoke be withdrawn, it matters not whether it goes up a chimney or along an underground pipe; that the soot which forms it is a pondrous body and would drop into proper reservoirs by its own gravity, if the

gases which carry it were compressed into closer bounds, while the heated gases, freed from their burthen, would spring upward by their own lightness, disengaged of the disseminated carbon:—again, when we consider that each particle of carbon has its affinities for other substances, and that in the course of a smoke funnel, whether over or under ground, there is room for every kind of contact;—it does seem strange that the personal and social enjoyments of nearly four hundred thousand people should be compromised, and half the splendour of a magnificent city should be lost, because the art of combustion has been suffered to remain in exactly the same condition it was in before the invention of the steam engine. If some ingenious benefactor could free Glasgow from this plague of coal-smoke it would emerge from its cloud the most sumptuous provincial city in Europe.

The style of domestic building is remarkably good. In the first-class private streets the houses frequently have independent façades, and these are usually distinguished by well decorated window architraves and a bold cornice. In the mansions of less pretension there is, perhaps, an excess of window over wall, a drawback attendant, no doubt, on the costliness of the ground. In internal arrangement, a marble hall, an oak dining-parlour, and a white-and-gold drawing-room, are prominent features. The oak-panelled parlour is almost universal, and the ceiling is generally included in the same style of decoration as the walls. In the clubs and in some new buildings in the region of the Exchange, the taste for *rococo* design, propagated from the school of the London *decadence*, deforms what would otherwise be very noble piles. But it is in their new churches, of which there is an inconceivable number, that the Glasgow architects have committed the most reprehensible extravagances. As a general rule, those of the Free Kirk are the more florid and, to speak truth, the more bizarre. Every variety of the Gothic has been adopted; pointed, perpendicular, flamboyant, and modern composite. They look much more like Roman Catholic chapels than houses of Presbyterian worship. There is not one of these in which the want of an altar would not be felt by a stranger familiar with ecclesiastical forms, as a patent incongruity.

Others of them are in the style peculiar to what is known as the Engineering school ; but none built on the good old model of the rectangular, capacious, apartment, with its serviceable porticoes and double range of common-sense windows. The greatest emulation has been exhibited in the spires of these rival sets of edifices. The favourite aim appears to have been to surround the base of the spire with the richest possible arrangements of niches, canopies, and crockets. It is not to be denied that some of these steeples are both imposing and picturesque ; but they are invariably out of proportion with the little edifices to which they are attached, and in their whole design and feeling are Roman Catholic and not Presbyterian. The niches which one sees in such situations are useless, if they be not for images of the saints. The crosses which surmount every pinnacle seem set there in ostentatious perversity, to remind us that there are no crucifixes within. The dim tracery of stained glass windows, frequently adopted in the bodies of these buildings, is not the proper light in which to witness the simple Scottish service of the Lord's Table. There is an air of pettiness and inappropriateness about these Presbyterian *capellæ*. It needs great bulk in that style of building to obtain the effect of size ; and, in edifices designed for the convenient hearing of a preacher, which is the main object in the reformed worship of the Church of Scotland, great size is unattainable. Thus necessarily prohibited from any attempt at rivaling the grandeur of mediæval remains, it is vain for the Scottish architects to attempt an imitation of their minor characteristics. The old cathedral of Glasgow, though an edifice of only the third or fourth class in its kind, is magnified into inordinate majesty by the comparison. It looks as if it could take in a dozen of these imitative chapels through its great west window. The cathedral, indeed, is seen to great advantage, having been most thoroughly repaired and disincumbered of the masses of rubbish which had choked up its remarkable crypts and undercrofts. Immediately behind rises a bank of sandstone rock and gravel, which has been converted into an admirably arranged necropolis. A lofty archway carries the road across an intervening ravine, and conducts to the

middle of the ascent, which is thickly covered with monuments of every variety of design. The colossal statue of John Knox, on its thick bulbous pillar, crowns the mount—not pleasingly. As a background to the cathedral this hill of tombs is strikingly appropriate ; but the effect would be better if the arrangements of the cemetery would admit of more greenery : at present the glare of so many separate white objects spotting the surface, detracts materially from the breadth and repose which are essential to the harmonious combination of the necropolis with its solemn and antique foreground. As a corrective to the mediæval element in the scene, the eye of the philosophic spectator will dwell complacently on the adjoining Infirmary, a massive, substantial, well-ordered pile, in the taste of the earlier and better period of the present century, and will not be much offended even with the prospect of the St. Rollox stalk which towers high over spire and dome, although at a considerable distance on the north. A general impression prevails in Glasgow that their necropolis is superior to that at *Pere la Chaise*, and in some respects it is so. But in the detail of the tombs, the elegance and purity of the French designs are wanting. The Glasgow necropolis, however, is about to receive a new feature, in the addition of a considerable space of cut-out quarry, which will place at the disposal of the tomb-designers the whole range of Lydian and Idumean examples in sepulchral art. We here might adopt the hint with advantage. The old quarry at Killiney, with its amphitheatre of rock, and quiet green area might be converted into an appropriate resting-place for the inhabitants of Kingstown and Dalkey. It is true, the wall of granite would not carve into forms as delicate as those of the fine sandstone of Telmessus or Petra ; but it would yield vaults as enduring, and mural devices sufficiently imposing. The rock which has been brought within the precincts of the Glasgow burial-ground is hard, impracticable basalt ; but if these active people adopt the idea of rock-burial, it will be drilled into sepulchral galleries with as certain success as the softest sandstone. In some of the obeliscal tombs on the mount at present, are seen admirable examples of the art of cutting and polishing the hardest species of granite.

Two blocks, one of the snow-white stone of Aberdeen, the other of the rose-coloured porphyry of Peterhead, are particularly observable. Their polish is as perfect as that of a vitreous surface, and, so far, the atmosphere, loaded though it is with acrid ingredients, seems to have had no effect on them. No marble surface could endure the action of such solvents. This success in polishing a material of so great beauty, and capable of being employed for open air decoration in large masses, promises an important increase to the means of city decoration. How splendid an object, for example, would the York column be, if it were a polished instead of an opaque shaft; and surely if these obelisks at Glasgow retain their polish under the shadow almost of the St. Rollox chimney, any monument of the same sort might safely set the smoke of London at defiance.

The bridge of Glasgow, meaning the lowest of its three bridges, at the head of the Broomielaw, I have characterised as a stately object. It is a notable example of the power of certain segmental and parabolic curves to detract from the effect of structures otherwise grand in their dimensions, and of noble position. This is a great bridge; long, lofty, and wide, spanning a river full of shipping, between quays of cut stone; itself built of white cut granite, still comparatively unsullied. No one can deny that it is a noble work; yet the eye is sensible of something uneasy, it might almost be called ungainly, in its high piers and straight-groined arches. They were the French who first set us the example of these parabolic curves in the archways of bridges; and where it is necessary to carry a roadway at a very low level, as across the Seine to the foot of the steps of the Chamber of Deputies, such a form of arch is appropriate, and in the hands of a French architect becomes elegant. But on the Clyde, at Glasgow, between streets high above the water-line at both sides, with a roadway necessarily approaching a dead level, whatever the form of arch adopted, these singularities of form are out of place, and, even though they were required, have been exaggerated. It is greatly to be wished that engineers had had more regard to beauty. It is not enough that a public structure shall be large and convenient. It ought to have such a grace as the minds of the be-

holders might profit by; and undoubtedly there are certain orders of curves, and certain forms and proportions of parts in buildings which are more in harmony with the minds and senses of educated men than others. Let any one, for example, crossing the Forth at Stirling, contrast the form of the arches in the modern and ancient bridges, which there stand side by side. The one disturbs, the other delights the eye. But it will be said the modern form is the stronger. This is an engineering delusion; the existence of the old bridge at this day testifies to its strength better than any formula; and it seems to have strength enough to stand five hundred years longer. It is narrow and unnecessarily lofty; but it would detract nothing from the beautiful effect of its semicircular arches, to lower it to the requisite level, or widen its roadway to a capacity for modern traffic. Notwithstanding the abrupt lines of its arch-groinings, the Glasgow bridge is, nevertheless, worthy of its noble site, looking down as it does over a double line of wharfs, nearly two miles in extent, crowded at either side with shipping, and from end to end alive with the production and transfer of wealth. The shipping of Glasgow, however, is as nothing compared with that of Liverpool. Glasgow chiefly needs water-carriage for its own goods and its own population; but Liverpool is the port of Manchester, of Leeds, of Birmingham, and a dozen other great towns. It is the traffic of all the great midland towns of England that ascends the Mersey. But among all the rivers in Europe, next to the Thames, the Clyde probably takes precedence in the number of its river steamers, and in the transport of passengers to different localities along its banks. These vessels, which are of considerable size and very swift, have their principal station at the upper end of the Broomielaw, from which they may be said to ply in an endless chain, they come and go in so quick a succession. Descending the river by one of these water-omnibuses, the channel narrows as we proceed, till, opposite the extreme western limits of the city, it contracts for a short distance to a mere ship canal. But the city of Glasgow has set to work to cut its river a wide new channel at that point; and perhaps before these lines shall reach the more distant readers of *THE DUB-*

LIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, the Clyde will have been put to bed in its new cradle by this watchful and untiring nurse of commerce. You perceive the retaining walls at either side of the channel are sunken and somewhat dilapidated; and the swell caused by the frequent paddles of the steamers, brawls along the ragged masonry with destructive violence. But it is from no neglect towards the river that these counterscarps of its banks are showing signs of subsidence and failure. The river, since they were built, has been scooped out by the action of steam-dredges to more than twice its former depth, and the old retaining walls are merely following the descent of their foundations. As soon as the dredging operations are complete, all will be replaced new and strong. But how abominably dirty the water is! It is getting blacker and fouler as we proceed; the melancholy-looking meadows are all scalded, sour, and discoloured, inward from the fetid margin. Right and left ascends the "clank of hammers closing rivets up," not, indeed, in helmets and cuirasses, but in engine-boilers and iron steamships, every rivet being half an inch thick, and the reverberation of the hammers making a stunning metallic din more intolerable than a cannonade. This salvo comes from the works of Mr. Robert Napier; that from those of Messrs. Tod and Macgregor; this again resounds from the factories of Messrs. Smith and Rodger. These are the nether Joves of this Cocytus; they sit among their smoke-clouds and thunder.

As the channel widens the waters become somewhat purer. The meadows at length, with enough to do, carry their green to the water's edge. Here are suburban groves and villas on the height of Partick on the left, and presently we pass, on the opposite bank, some noble mansions of the old style embosomed in good timber. Elderslee, where once was the seat of Wallace Wight, and Blytheswood, a fine mansion of one of the Campbells, now probably the most powerful man of the clan, for he is owner of the ground-rents of a great part of Glasgow. On this side comes down the dismal river Cart from Paisley, stealing sluggishly round the "water-neb." The purity of the Clyde is not increased by the accession. But it winds and widens, and clarifies itself as it proceeds; and

at length, sweeping round the wooded slopes and lawns of Blantyre, expands into the head of its saltwater estuary at Bowling. Here the ground which, so far, had been low and tame on the northern bank, rises into a finely wooded slope surmounted by crags, and trending away in picturesque hills and precipitous banks towards the rock of Dumbarton. On the left hand the woods of Blantyre clothe the nearer acclivities of a corresponding upland. Lord Blantyre's mansion is one of those wide-spread, large-windowed edifices which partake partly of the character of the great mansion, partly of that of the villa. It seems a much larger but less imposing house than that of Blytheswood, and, like all the great houses of this part of the country, is built of fine cut stone. The prospect towards the river commands a moving procession of all kinds of shipping passing and re-passing along the base of the wooded, crag-crowned eminences above described; but unhappily nine out of ten of the subjects of the panorama leave the trail of the carbon behind them. With regard to the woods here and elsewhere about the shores of the Clyde, beech seems to be the principal timber, and that not of a large growth. The aspect of the lower portion of the landscape is consequently somewhat tame. Below Bowling the estuary continues to expand till we pass the battlemented sea-rock of Dumbarton and enter on the great basin between Helensburg and Greenock. Two permanent smoke depots, on the left, indicate the respective positions of Port Glasgow and Greenock. With neither of these have we anything to do, our business being with Glasgow proper and its marine suburbs, of which we have just arrived opposite one of the most considerable, Helensburg, stretching about a couple of miles along the northern shore of the estuary, towards the entrance of that branch of it called the Gairloch. The basin of the Clyde, which has Greenock and Port Glasgow on its southern shore, expands northward into three several collateral lochs, the Gair (or short) Loch, Loch Long, with its subordinate branch of Loch Goil, and the Holy Loch. Collectively these localities lie at a distance of from thirty to fifty miles from Glasgow, and for *twenty miles* and upwards, in the aggregate, their coasts are studded with the bathing and sum-

mer villas of the Glasgow citizens. There is no such assemblage of marine lodges in the world. At Helensburg, at the eastern or nearer extremity of the district, the Clyde still retains some trace of its freshwater impurities. At the Gair Loch these are nearly imperceptible, and below Loch Long disappear altogether. It is not, however, until you get embayed in some of these collateral fiords, that you lose sight of the permanent eyesore of the smoke of Greenock. The Dukes of Argyle have wisely planted their palace of Rosneath on the inward slope of the headland which separates the Gair Loch from the outer waters, and have wrapped themselves up in a screen of thick wood, through which they expose only a turret of their stables towards the latter. Helensburg is more of a town than any other of these collections of villas. Its long and somewhat glaring series of shops, villas, and rival churches, terminates opposite Rosneath, in another set of ducal stables, a substantial square building, almost handsome enough itself for the residence of a peer. Rosneath is a pillared palace, the columns reaching from the basement to the parapet, low, but smooth and large, and of a rich-toned delicate stone, looking out with an air of polished placidity from between clumps of ancient timber. On the opposite bank of the Gair Loch all the resources of villa architecture have been put in execution. It is hard to say whether the mansions, the lodges, or the mere boxes display most elegance or best adaptation to their uses. Here, as everywhere else along this series of marine retreats, the very best examples may be seen of the most that can be done with a limited sum and within limited space, for the accommodation of families coming to country quarters for the summer season. Not but that there are occasional examples of bad taste, as where some ambitious citizen designs a Tudor villa with an inordinate excess of gables and finials, or, it may be, a Rhinfels, or a Tillietudlem, on his half-acre. One (Walter) Scottic enthusiast has reproduced, with marvellous fidelity to everything old, rude, and inconvenient, the ideal of a turreted house of the Tullyveolan character. It stands on a projecting rood of ground close to the water's edge, at Port-Glasgow, and looks out from amid the

smoke of successively passing steamers with a woful air of folly and inappropriateness. There are, however, but few exceptions to the general neatness, compactness, and elegance of the villas. Some are of white cut stone, some cemented, and others built of the black basalt of the country, relieved by white coigns and architraves. These last have a particularly pretty and comfortable appearance; others, again, of the more ambitious class affect the style of the Italian villa, with the Belvidere tower. On a promontory of the Gair Loch there is a very effective piece of lawn and villa in this taste. The richly-decorated white spire of a Free church rising from the adjoining woods, and the dark, square-set Belvidere, backed by the distant highlands which tower over the head of Loch Long, make a charming picture. The woods of Rosneath are succeeded, as we approach the entrance to Loch Long, by the villa districts of Cove and Killcreiggan. The promontory of Strowan, separating Loch Long from the Holy Loch, is in like manner fringed with the white line of villas of Strone Point. Rounding the promontory, we come on Kilmun. On the opposite side of the loch we have Sand Bank and Kirn; and, again, coming out on the Clyde side, we find, stretching westward from the entrance to the Holy Loch for a distance of, perhaps, two miles along the shore, another series of beautiful bathing villas called Dunoon. At each of these localities is a jetty, and at each jetty during the season are constant arrivals and departures of river steamers. It is half-an-hour to Greenock, and thence to Glasgow, by railway, an hour; so that the man of business leaving his family in pure air and among delightful scenery at eight in the morning, may be seated at his desk among the lucrative disagreeables of Glasgow at ten. Hence the enormous traffic by river steamers, constantly carrying this great moveable population to and from their town and country residences. The families of Glasgow men of business thus enjoy a larger share of variety and of the enjoyments to be derived from fine country scenery and a fine sea side than those of, perhaps, any other citizens of the Queen's dominions. But there are the two drawbacks of comparative absenteeism of their male members except on Saturdays at e'en, on the one hand, and of

a sooty atmosphere, on the other. Loch Long and the Holy Loch reach boldly up into the heart of the mountains of Argyleshire. The former, in particular, with its collateral arm of Loch Goil, exhibits scenery of great grandeur, and entire seclusion from the busy world of the Clyde. The Holy Loch itself does not penetrate nearly so far, but it may be viewed as forming part of the long, deep, and picturesque Loch Eck, which discharges its waters by a short, broad channel into its upper extremity. A lovelier combination of land, water, and mountain cannot be desired than is presented by the Holy Loch. The forms of the mountains at the head of the lake are particularly graceful. A road, level and smooth as an avenue, encircles the inlet, and leads up between green, steep, impending mountains to Loch Eck; thence, within the compass of an easy drive, you may cross by Glen Finnert, amid grand and rugged scenery, to Ardentiny on Loch Long on the right, and so round by Strone, on the one side; or may make a circuit to the left, and embrace another equally delightful scope of highlands, terminating at Sand Bank. But the outlets of Glasgow are not yet exhausted. That little town of villas at Wemyss Bay, on the opposite side of the estuary, is another delightful, detached suburb; and beyond this, Largs, and still farther westward, Millport, on the Greater Cumbray Island; and here, again, on the Isle of Bute, on the northern side, Rothesay; and even farther off, in Arran, Brodick and Lamnish—all these places are mainly supported by the concourse of families from Glasgow. But at Dunoon ends what may be called the marine suburb of this wonderful city.

It is difficult to assign any probable limit to the growth of this vast industrial hive. Glasgow is comparatively independent of the casualties which might be speculated on as impediments to the increase of most of our other large cities. A further fall in rents, from the operation of free trade, a reverse in India, or a financial catastrophe at home, would depopulate large districts of London. A succession of short cotton crops, or a year's hostilities with America, would break up Manchester; but Glasgow owes nothing to the presence of a landed or professional aristocracy or of a colonial proprietary; and although largely occupied with the

manufacture of cottons, yet has no exclusive dependence on that or any other branch of trade exercised on an imported raw material. If all its cotton factories were closed to-morrow, the hum of industry would hardly be less loud or incessant. Its ships, engines, and machinery are its staple articles of trade; and the iron and coal necessary for the production of these are drawn from the earth on which the factories stand. It is impossible to imagine any catastrophe short of a complete social disruption, which can put an end to the demand for steam-vessels, steam-engines, and mill machinery. Every new improvement in machinery necessitates a renewal in whole or in part of the apparatus of the factory. Ingenious men are continually busy in devising fresh mechanical aids in every branch of production. A millowner, or other manufacturer, who has not changed his machinery for two or three years, is left hopelessly behind in the race of competition. So it is in the engines of steam-vessels; and in the form and build of the vessels themselves. There will be demand for these as long as civilisation lasts; and these, and tens of thousands of other like products of the mine and the forge, Glasgow can always supply from within herself. Her destiny, therefore, seems to be one of steady and secure progress; and it is no rash conjecture to predict that men of the present generation may live to see her population mount to three-quarters of a million.

The political leanings of the people of Glasgow are democratic; but being men of business, they are thoroughly aware of the value of order; and there is no city in the empire where a revolutionist would be likely to receive less favour. War elsewhere, however, and the cessation of rival industry among competing nations, may not be as repulsive ideas to set before them as a philanthropist might wish; and thousands who would proffer themselves as special constables to suppress the least attempt at a street riot at home, sympathise enthusiastically with the cause of Mazzini, and throng in ecstasy to listen, although they do not understand his language, to the orations of Gavazzi. In the *personnel* of its mercantile classes—saving, of course, some individual exceptions—Glasgow must be satisfied to rank after Liverpool. The

merchants of Liverpool are more citizens of the world, and better graced with worldly accomplishments. In this respect they stand first, perhaps, in Britain. But, energetic though they are, they want the eager industry of the people of Glasgow. It was here the steam-engine was first applied to the propulsion of floating vessels; here that the substitution of iron for timber in the construction of shipping, first made us independent of imported materials in the production of these prime agents in civilisation; here that the inhabitants of an inland city first set the example of opening a way for the sea and its heaviest burthens to their doors, through a distance of twenty miles of shallow river, so that first-class frigates now lie at their wharfs, receiving their engines out of the machine-makers' yards, where twenty years ago would hardly have been water for a frigate's tender. Perhaps in the whole course of centralising interference, there never occurred a more monstrous instance of presumption than in the authorities at Somerset House claiming to transfer the management of the Clyde to London. Glasgow, it is true, measured by population, is but a sixth part of London; but measured by the wealth they respectively produce, London is not a sixth part of Glasgow. The one has grown great by the absorption of the wealth of the provinces; the other, without depriving the country of a single rich resident, of a single profitable trade or beneficial institution, has grown rich by the conversion of the gifts of nature into new forms of value and utility, which it adds from year to year to the national stock of wealth. If ever a community have given practical evidence of the capacity to manage their own affairs with advantage to themselves and the country, it has been this of Glasgow. In the midst of their prosperity and just elation, however, *surgit amari aliquid*. A population, in great part composed of the dregs of the Irish workhouses, has sprung up amongst them, and they groan, like ourselves, under an oppressive poor-rate. Of £65,000 poor-rate levied off one parish in Glasgow, £45,000 is consumed by Irish. They ship these wretches back to Belfast, and Belfast reships them to Glasgow; unprofitable commerce! The odour in which the Irish at large are held in Glasgow is not ren-

dered the less pungent by these interchanges. We are regarded as beggarly, proud, lazy, Popish, and disaffected. We cannot all, however, be iron-workers, or even cotton-spinners; and it must be owned that a more just and temperate judgment of our demerits would probably be formed by a community less busy and more reflective. The weak side of prosperity is its intolerance of the ill success in life of others. They have a similar contempt and dislike for the Highlanders. Democratic in a high degree—republican even, if a republic could be compassed without a disturbance—they have, nevertheless, a strong sense of the dignity of titles, and regard individual noblemen with singular consideration. The Duke of Atholl, however, was near being roughly treated when he lately descended from his Grampians to lay the foundation stone of their new bridge. The Duke is a Celt and a Freemason; both characters involving a kind of sentiment with which the Glasgow people—though three-fourths of Celtic origin themselves—have little sympathy; and he came amongst them, laden with the odium of that unhappy right (or rather wrong) of way, through Glen Tilt. There seems little doubt that the passage through Glen Tilt had become dedicated to the public before the Duke sought to revive the privilege formerly exercised by his father and grandfather, of stopping the passage on the occasion of great hunting matches. It seems that it is the nature of deer to fly even from the scent of man; and that once, when the Duke had projected a grand hunting match for the entertainment of the Queen and Prince Albert, and had got the deer assembled in Glen Tilt, some unsavoury traveller passed up the defile, and the herd getting wind of him, went off in disgust. When the royal huntress came to Glen Tilt next morning, there were no deer to catch, and the Duke's disappointment was excessive, as well as his annoyance, at what he considered an intrusion on his rights. Hence the prohibition, the assertion of the counter-right, the collision, and the lawsuit, which is still pending. In the meantime, and we believe ever since the first assertion of the Duke's claim, every one who is not above asking, obtains permission to pass, as a matter of course. It seems no more than justice to say this much on the

Duke's behalf, although he is alleged to be so proud a man that he disclaims the services of all apologists, and would not even condescend to disavow the forged letter, bearing his signature, which was published by the *Times*. He may be proud, and in the matter of Glen Tilt he probably is wrong; but whether he resent the liberty taken with his name or not, he cannot help the fact being here recorded, that while other Highland proprietors have turned their once cheerful straths into sheep-walks and solitudes, he has not allowed a single man of his tenantry to leave his estate. It is a thousand pities that the public and such a man do not understand one another better.

An instructive lesson may be derived from noticing the names over the shop-fronts of Glasgow. A large proportion are those of men of Highland descent. It is, in great measure, a Celtic population; though here the Celts are in such disrepute. *Quam temere in nosmet!* Surely there must be as much in soil, air, and occupation, as there is in blood, that makes distinctions between classes and families of men. The slothfulness and imaginativeness of the Highlander are here converted into an immitigable activity and positiveness. One-half, probably, of the most prosperous men of business in the city are of High-

land extraction. Celt and Saxon alike indulge a liberal love of whiskey, which they carry off with exemplary steadiness. We here in Ireland neither drink so much nor spend so much as these thriving and sober-minded people; yet we are accused of drunkenness and extravagance. It is consolatory to think, that, after all, there is nothing in the blood of three out of four of our countrymen which need impede them in the pursuit either of wealth or knowledge. But it is time to remember that we went into these digressions opposite Dunoon.

The style of building in Rothesay, and the other lower towns on the Clyde, has less of the villa character than in those we have passed by. The shipping, scattered over a broader surface, no longer crowd the river. The mansions and parks on the shore are more widespread, secluded, and aristocratic; and, as in Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi, the appearance of the blue water below New Orleans indicates that the exhibition draws to a close, so the swell that meets us as we pass beyond the Lesser Cumbray, and come in sight of the Craig of Ailsa, tells that we are out of the Clyde. We leave the scene of much enjoyment, of many kindnesses, and, let us hope, of some instruction, with a hearty aspiration—*let Glasgow flourish!*

individuals. Neither interest nor disbursement can place this volume on the shelves of the geological collector.

The "Palæontographical Society," established in 1848, deserves the utmost praise and encouragement. For a trifling annual subscription of one guinea, an average of three monographs in quarto is supplied to each member. The plates are beautifully executed, and the letter-press descriptions written by the leading professors of the day. We know no other channel through which the same amount of value could be obtained for the same money. There has also lately been instituted, under the superintendence of an experienced geologist, Mr. E. Charlesworth, Curator of the York Museum, a "British Natural History Society," the object of which is, by raising a fund, to distribute among the subscribers series of fossils, so as to enable them, at a comparatively very small cost, to establish a large collection. Above forty thousand specimens have thus been distributed in sets, derived hitherto from the tertiary deposits of the Isle of Wight, and the adjacent Hampshire cliffs. These specimens are very perfect and beautiful, and if adequately encouraged, the conductors purpose extending their arrangements to collecting and distributing, in a similar way, the fossils of the mountain limestone of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Kildare. A single subscription of 12s. 6d. entitles the party to a suite of one hundred specimens, embracing examples of forty species; and so on in a similar proportion, by doubling or trebling the amount paid. The geological student should not suffer the advantages offered by these societies to escape, or lose the opportunity of thus acquiring knowledge with a trifling expenditure of time and money, two valuable commodities, which all cannot afford to disburse with equal liberality.

"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." These clear and impressive words of the Psalmist are selected by the Rev. Dr. J. Pye Smith, to head the opening chapter of his most agreeable and instructive volume, on the relation between Scripture and Geology, published about twelve years since. He has chosen them as an apposite text to introduce his subject, nor should they ever be lost sight of in

pursuing geological inquiry, or in examining the phenomena so plainly and palpably preserved and held forward to the eye and heart desirous of knowledge, for the express purpose of investigation.

These physical evidences of other dispositions of the material world, distinct from, and by myriads of ages antecedent to those which now exist, were not placed where they are without object or arrangement. Neither did they assume special form and classified position, by chance, by any self-dependent faculty, and immutable progressive law in nature, nor by any exercise of inherent, individual power or attribute. They are there by the single fiat or will of the Creator of all things; so arranged and planned in the changes and revolutions of matter produced by his omnipotent wisdom, to instruct MAN, the representative of himself on earth, his last and greatest work, made expressly after his own image, unconnected with, and unproduced by any inferior or intermediate agency, his sole responsible creature; *and to assist him in the development of truth.* They are land-marks, and directing beacons, designed by a superintending power to encourage and enlighten him in his course; and not breakers, shifting sands, or bewildering meteors, to entangle and destroy his vessel, or drive him from his haven of refuge. The organic remains of former worlds, so profusely distributed throughout our planet in its present state, have been aptly designated "*Medals of Creation*," and "*Footprints of the Creator*," To prove that they are so, to ascertain their history, to apply the knowledge thence derived to our own moral and intellectual improvement, and in so doing to glorify the one great source from whence all things emanate; this must surely be considered an ennobling and profitable exercise of man's intellect—a just adaptation of the faculties and opportunities which have been pre-eminently accorded to him.

To this sole end, and with this single object, the rational disciples of geology employ their time, and direct their endeavours. The visions of enthusiasm, and the mischievous dogmas of infidelity, will in due course be reduced to reason, or compelled to retire from the field of discussion. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.* In this case, all must be

clear and convincing. Objection must be answered by fact, and argument vanquished by instance. Positive proof must be opposed to ingenious sophistry. In mere commonplace disquisitions, obscurity is injurious; on a leading point of ethical truth or religious conviction, mystification or doubt is fatal.

The scriptural passage quoted above has often been used and appealed to, as bearing directly on the subject of geology. That it does so, appears sufficiently evident, but only in connexion with all other matters comprised within the system or arrangement of the universe. Each separate operation of nature, each minute illustration of the presiding providence which governs the external world, is included in the sentence. Any attempt at individual, exclusive application (which has more than once been set forward in the case of geology), is equally unnecessary and untenable. Such narrow reasoning weakens its own cause by relying on evidence which proves nothing.

Not very many years since, when geology began to assume general importance, to attract general attention, and to be received as an acknowledged science, religious people became alarmed, lest, as they said and feared, too close an investigation of the new and startling doctrine should impugn the Mosaic history of creation, or strike at the foundations of revealed religion. The clamour was natural, but the cause imaginary. The sound geologists, convinced they were right, boldly challenged the most scrutinising inquiry. Never mind, said they, apparent discrepancies at first sight. They exist only on the surface, and will easily be reconciled. They resemble the morning mists which herald the brightness of day, and will all disappear as the subject is more carefully examined. The writings of Moses are inspired; the Bible is, unquestionably, the Word of God; it is a true record. The evidences of geology are actual, not imaginary. They are physical, tangible, before us, around us, in our hands, subject to our sight, and offered to our researches. They prove themselves. They are not arguments, but facts. You cannot deny them, for if you do, your own senses

confute you. The sacred records exist; the disinterred organic memorials exist along with them. They stand side by side. Both are true. Truth cannot oppose truth, each must support the other. They are branches of the same tree, derived from the same stem, and deduce authenticity from the same parent source.

Many prejudices were to be encountered, and many difficulties surmounted, although, fortunately, the days of darkness and tyranny had gone by, when Galileo was consigned to the dungeons of the Inquisition for demonstrating the rotatory motion of the earth, and Harvey had to encounter the tender investigation of the Star Chamber for discovering the circulation of the blood. Towards the end of the last century, the Canon Recupero, a learned naturalist of Catania, had like to have got into trouble with his Diocesan for discovering the antiquity of Etna, which, though a mountain of yesterday when compared with the Grampians of Scotland, the Mendips of Somerset, or the Granites of Wicklow, he ascertained to be at least more than 14,000 years old. It requires two thousand years and upwards to form a scanty soil on the surface of a lava. In sinking a pit near Iaci Reale, of a great depth, seven distinct lavas were pierced through, one under the other, the surfaces of which were parallel, and most of them covered with a thick bed of rich earth. "The eruption which formed the lowest of these lavas," says the Canon, "if we may be allowed to reason from analogy, must have flowed from the mountain at least 14,000 years ago." Recupero who was timid and orthodox, was exceedingly embarrassed by his own discoveries. Moses, he said, hung like a dead weight upon him, and blunted all his zeal for inquiry, while, at the same time, he could not reject the physical evidences he beheld. The Bishop of Catania settled the question, by ordering him instantly to make his mountain young enough to agree with Moses, or take the consequences. "I could have wished," says Bishop Watson, "he had shut up his mouth with an argument, rather than the threat of an ecclesiastical censure."*

But "time and the hour" have worked their full effect; and, with

* See Brydone's *Travels in Sicily*, and Bishop Watson's *Letter to Gibbon*.

very few exceptions, those who cavilled against the existence of earlier forms of matter, have discovered that the reasoning submitted to them was sound, the test unimpeachable, and the result satisfactory. Geology, fairly interpreted, supports natural and revealed religion, in every point. The pious alarmists have gained an additional entrenchment where they apprehended a breaching battery.

Then arose ingenious, multiplied, and inconclusive discussions, on the supposed length of the six days of creation. Whether each was a year, or a lustrum, or a decade, or a century, or simply twenty-four hours, according to our present division and estimate of time. All this afforded good scope for *theological* eloquence and argumentation, with, as usual, some sacrifice of temper, but was and is quite unnecessary for *geological* proof or purpose. The first two verses of Genesis were all that either required. "*In the beginning*, God created the heaven and the earth :—and the earth was without form and void ; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." There is an interval of undefined duration between these two epochs, that of the first production of matter, and the time when it had become shapeless. This interval suffices for all the successive cataclysms, which alternately submersed and upheaved the various ingredients of which our planet the earth is composed, until it was finally remodelled from its last chaotic state for the reception of man, its new inhabitant, with the new race of animals, then also for the first time created, to be subject to his rule, and subservient to his necessities.

It is needless here to recapitulate the arguments leading to this conclusion, so ably and convincingly set forth by Dr. Buckland, Dean of Westminster, Dr. Pye Smyth, Professor Sedgwick, Professor Silliman, of Yale College, Connecticut, Dr. Conybeare, Mr. Joshua Trimner, and other eminently learned and religious authorities. For a single selection, the opinion of the late Dr. Chalmers (who examined long and decided cautiously) may be introduced, as quoted by the Dean of Westminster in his celebrated Bridgewater Treatise, entitled, "*Geology and Mineralogy considered with Reference to Natural Theology* :"—

"I have great satisfaction in finding

that the view of this subject, which I have here expressed, and have long entertained, is in perfect accordance with the highly valuable opinion of Dr. Chalmers, recorded in the following passages of his '*Evidence of the Christian Revelation*,' Chap. VII. :—'Does Moses ever say, that when God created the heavens and the earth, he did more at the time alluded to than transform them out of previously existing materials? Or does he ever say that there was not an interval of many ages between the first act of creation described in the first verse of the book of Genesis, and said to have been performed at the *beginning*, and those more detailed operations, the account of which commences at the second verse, and which are described to us as having been performed in so many days? Or, finally, does he ever make us understand that the genealogies of man went any farther than to fix the antiquity of the species, and, of consequence, that they left the antiquity of the globe a free subject for the speculation of philosophers.'"

On the influence of progressive proof as leading to conviction, no case more decisive could be produced than that of so clear an arguer, and so thoroughly a religious man as Dr. Chalmers. In his work on the *Evidences of Christianity*, already referred to, he devoted a chapter to the refutation of what he then called the "*scepticism of geologists*." Twenty years after, in his publication on *Natural Theology*, he commenced his considerations respecting the origin of the world with a section headed, "*The Geological Argument in behalf of a Deity*."

It having been found that Scripture and geology might easily be reconciled by those who were desirous of finding them in accordance, some writers who still questioned the great antiquity of the earth, although they could not dispute the evidence of successive changes, set themselves to prove that all these transformations in the crust or surface of the terrestrial globe had taken place within the six thousand and odd years which have elapsed since the creation of man ; that the powers of Omnipotence had been quiescent except during that inconsiderable segment of time ; that stratification and fossilisation of every kind were produced at the Noachian Deluge ; and that all which geology presents and claims, must be taken as tokens and relics of that mighty but recent occurrence. Among the earliest and best-known supporters of this

doctrine we may enumerate De Saussure, Professor De Luc, and his editor, the Rev. H. De La Fite, the Rev. Joseph Townsend, in his "Character of Moses," and Mr. Granville Penn, in his work called "A comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mosaical Geologies." We believe the present Dean of York to be the latest defender of a theory which has been sufficiently shown to be quite impossible. All these zealous but mistaken advocates wasted considerable time and ink on works, some of which were scantily circulated, excited but little attention, and gained few converts to their side of the argument.

These writers are men of religious conviction, thoroughly impressed with a sense of the truth of sacred history, and the possibility of reconciling that truth with the memorials which the earth itself presents. They fail only through the means they adopt, and the road on which they travel, to arrive at a safe conclusion. A reconciliation of conflicting evidence is not to be accomplished by referring all the various changes which have taken place to the 1655 years comprised within the creation of Adam and the day when the generation of Noah went into the ark, "and the ark went upon the face of the waters." The regular super-position of strata, the enormous thickness and solidity of some of the formations, the time they must have taken in depositing, and the strength and force with which they are cemented together; the vegetable nature of coal, which is now clearly ascertained, and the 120,000 years which the Newcastle bed alone is calculated to have required for production; the inconceivable number of organic occupants which the world could not have contained altogether; so opposed in nature; so incongruous in habits;* these and many other physical evidences subvert the doctrine of limitation, and demonstrate unanswerably that a preadamite world did exist for countless ages, formed of materials and elements similar to those we see, investigate, and tread upon, but differently arranged and modified. Man could never have been coeval or contemporaneous with the animal creation which preceded him, and was

not made for his dominion. With all his mental and intellectual superiority, he could not physically have disputed territory with the gigantic iguanodon, the ravenous hylæosaur, the rapid ichthyosaur or plesiosaur, the enormous megalosaurus, the massive, stately mastodon, or the colossal megatherium. They were never formed or intended to be denizens of the same community, or to hold intercourse or fellowship. The age of reptiles was distinct from the age of the large mammalia, and that of man widely removed from either. Our world was not for them nor theirs for us.

According to the best evidence, the deluge recorded in Scripture was a gradual overwhelming of the earth by water, for the purpose of sweeping away all living things, except those only preserved in the ark. This was followed by a slow subsidence of the same agent; but in neither proceeding were there the violent convulsions or disruptions which geological changes require. In the words of Dr. Buckland, "Bridgewater Treatise,"—"It has been justly argued, that as the rise of the waters of the Mosaic deluge is represented to have been gradual, and of short duration, they would have produced comparatively little change on the surface of the country overflowed. The large preponderance of extinct species among the animals we find in caves, and in superficial deposits of diluvium, and the non-discovery of human bones along with them, afford other strong reasons for referring these species to a period anterior to the creation of man." This is a remarkable and valuable recantation, by a leading geologist, of a theory which he himself had laboured to establish, and which, on further examination, he was compelled to abandon. In his celebrated treatise, "*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*," published in 1823, he had referred all the bones of animals, and other remains, discovered in Kirkdale Cavern, Yorkshire, to the period of the Mosaic inundation. Professor Sedgwick, who had entertained similar notions, also renounced them from the chair of the Geological Society in 1831. On these, and other changes of opinion, together with the resignation of some insuffi-

* In the confined district of Tilgate Forest alone, Dr. Mantell discovered the remains of above eighty individuals of the Iguanodon species.

ciently proved hypotheses, to make room for more solid ones, the opponents of geology exulted and clapped their hands, and then threw in the teeth of its supporters the charge, that because they were not agreed among themselves, and unanimous, their science was nought. We should like to know what science or invention, in its non-age and progress towards maturity, could be found good under this postulatium? Dr. Buckland replied, with sound reasoning, "It is argued unfairly against geology, that because its followers are as yet agreed on no complete and incontrovertible theory of the earth, and because early opinions, advanced on imperfect evidence, have yielded in succession to more extensive discoveries, therefore nothing certain is known upon the whole subject, and that all geological deductions must be crude, unauthentic, and conjectural. Admitting that we have much to learn, we contend that much sound knowledge has been already acquired, and we protest against the rejection of established parts, because the whole is not yet made perfect." In the thirteen years which have elapsed since Dr. Buckland penned these lines, geology has made a giant stride in advance; from a few conjectural theories, many of them not more than half a century old, it is rising fast into a proved science, as Herschel has pronounced it, second only to astronomy in the magnitude and sublimity of the objects of which it treats, and almost equally wonderful in its scope and discoveries.

Some very pious and orthodox writers question whether the Noachian deluge was universal, and produce reasonable arguments to show it was not necessary it should be so for the purpose intended. Among other corroborative evidences, the actual existence of trees in Central Africa and America, said to be older than the date assigned to that event, is brought forward to support this hypothesis: it being impossible that vegetable, any more than animal matter, could endure for ten months under water without decomposition or decay.* In the words of Dr. Pye Smith, "Certainly the experiment cannot be tried; but all analogy, all physiological reasoning from the functions of vegetable

life, decide in the negative, and determine that elephants, and oxen, and men might live so long under water, almost as well as dicotyledonous trees." If the gigantic Baobab (*Adansonia digitata*) of Senegal, and the Taxodium (*Cypressus disticha*) of Mexico, be as old as Mons. de Candolle and other eminent naturalists maintain them to be, it is quite certain they never could have been covered over by the deluge, and that the deluge never covered the countries where they are to be found.

When the ark rested on Ararat, and the family of Noah, with their train of attendant animals, came forth from long confinement, in all probability they stepped out on a world, in outward form and attributes, but little changed from that which they had left. The olive remained standing while the waters were abating. This fact, which is beyond the solution of philosophical inquiry, imparts to the flood altogether the character of a preternatural event (according to Sir C. Lyell, "*Principles of Geology*"), and in this light we suspect it must ever be considered. That the deluge, with all its accompanying incidents as related by Moses, occurred, we cannot be permitted to doubt; but on the question as to whether any traces of it now exist on the earth, we may answer with Professors Sedgwick and Buckland, "none have yet been found, and perhaps it is not intended that they ever should be found."

On a topic so important, and opening such an extensive arena of discussion, there has been exhibited, as was to be expected, much angry feeling; a great diversity of reasoning, with considerable shifting, skirmishing, fencing, advancing, and retreating, before the parties engaged, fairly joined issue in the conflict, and came to a decision. It could have been wished there had been more personal civility, as well as greater simplicity of language, in these and other similar conflicts. Much time is commonly wasted, hard words exchanged, and learned expletives, with a new-fangled phraseology, are bandied about in unintelligible profuseness. There have not been wanting irreverent scoffers, who compare these outrageously scientific controversies to what Squire Ralpho calls "cobwebs

* See Supplementary Note I. at page 440 of Dr. Pye Smith's "*Scripture and Geology*" on the longevity of trees, where many authorities are quoted.

of the brain," and charges on the good knight Sir Hudibras as the abuse of human learning,

"That renders all the avenues
To truth, impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things in debate,
By art perplex and intricate:
For as in sword and buckler fight
All blows do on the target light,
So, when men argue, the great'st part
O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' argument."

Notwithstanding the rapid progress of geological science, with the clearing up of many obscurities and impediments, we suspect some time must yet elapse before it becomes popular in the usual acceptation of the term. It is too essentially scientific for the million, and yet we scarcely know how this is to be remedied. Learning loves not willingly to dispense with its classical derivations, its Greek and Latin compounds, its sesquipedalian nominatives; while the unlettered or half-educated disciple finds it difficult either to understand or remember them. Something might be done on the road to simplification, if one general nomenclature was agreed on and established, instead of leaving every professor or discoverer to adopt his own according to his individual views, and the locality of his researches. But this, if at all practicable, must be a work of slow progression, resulting from constant intercourse, a perfect understanding between distant parties, and very enlightened views. Even the great Exhibition has not yet brought the ends of the world into such close contact, as to induce all mankind to work together on one concentric principle of general improvement.

It would be very desirable if some limit or restrictive power could be laid on the practice so unsparingly adopted lately, of multiplying species of fossil shells upon the most minute and sometimes almost microscopic variation. The ambition of contributors to seek the alluring immortality of a name is natural and laudable enough; but, at the same time, science is terribly encumbered by these unnecessary augmentations. This remark may be particularly applied to the families of Ammonitidæ, Spiriferæ, and Terebratulæ, which are becoming almost end-

less. On the slightest difference in the position or course of a siphuncle, the structure of a hinge, the circularity of a whorl, the shape of an aperture, or the number of septa and striæ in a specimen, a hard name is immediately invented, and a new species proclaimed. For instances, may be named two fossils of the lias formation, or alum shale at Whitby, the Ammonites Annulatus and Angulatus of Sowerby, which are so nearly identical that the most experienced examiner can with difficulty distinguish one from the other.* Also many of the smaller terebratulæ, or atrypæ as they are sometimes called, of the carboniferous limestone. A man is not less an individual of the Genus Bimana, Species Homo, because he happens to have a Roman nose two inches longer than the usual allowance, or one leg a little shorter than the other, or six fingers on his right hand and five on his left. He may be a variety, or an exception, or an eccentricity, if you please; but he is still a man, *homo simplex*, and certainly not a new species. If half the so-denominated new species were classified and amalgamated with the old ones, it would materially elucidate the study of fossil remains, and diminish, to his infinite comfort, the labour of the student. There has also been a very unhandsome and immoral piracy practised by some unconscientious geologists against unsuspecting or defunct brethren in the article of names, which have been appropriated without scruple or acknowledgment in many cases. Among the ill-used may be set forth prominently Mr. W. Martin, author of "*Petrificata Derbiensia*," who published, in 1809, a valuable work on the limestone fossils of Derbyshire, and containing (with the exception of "Ure's Rutherglen") the earliest figured examples from that formation. Martin's names of the fossils he discovered have been unceremoniously and remorselessly pillaged from him by succeeding labourers, with little reference to the original parent. His book and Ure's are scarce, and are worth consulting as early pioneers. The plates to "*Petrificata Derbiensia*" are as faithful as they are elegantly engraved.

Mr. W. Smith, who has been com-

* Several of the *oolitic ammonites* appear quite the same, though all have different names assigned to them. The entire number includes nearly five hundred species.

plimented with the title of the Father of English Geology, in 1815 published his Geological Map of England, the result of many years' laborious personal examination, and long journeys on foot. It has, as a matter of course, been improved and augmented by more recent discoveries; but will ever remain an invaluable memorial of his ability and untiring perseverance, an acquisition which may be added to, but can never be disregarded or set aside. D'Aubisson, in praise of this map, says, "What many celebrated mineralogists have accomplished for a small part of Germany only during half a century, has been effected by a single individual for the whole of England." But William Smith bestowed even a greater benefit on geological science in his treatise entitled "*Strata identified by Organic Remains*," in which he ascertained and clearly demonstrated that the order of succession among stratified rocks was never inverted, although some are occasionally absent in particular localities, and that they may be recognised and compared at the opposite ends of the earth by their characteristic fossils. This is by far the most valuable general rule which has yet been laid down, and may be invariably depended on by the geological inquirer. It is not pretended there are no exceptions; such are equally well known to exist, although the identical species are peculiar, and confined to identical formations, beginning and ending with them; yet now and then a stray individual escapes into the next series, and is perpetuated for a time; while in two instances, the *Nautilus* and *Terebratula*, they have been preserved throughout from the Cambrian group, the earliest producing organic remains, down to the newest tertiary inclusive, without a single break or omission in the chain, and both exist still among recent genera. There is more simplification, and with it more advantage to science, in this one conclusion, which is admitted by all sound geologists to be incontrovertible, than in many ponderous volumes of reasoning not derived from practical observation. Notwithstanding the present advanced state of geological knowledge, we must still expect mistakes, erroneous conjectures, and varying theories, before we can establish a

practical science as perfectly harmonious in all its parts as mathematics or astronomy. But Cuvier and comparative anatomy have rendered it impossible that the world should again be entertained by the wild speculations of a Scheuchzer, who, in 1726, declared a salamander or batrachian reptile from the quarries of Eningen* to be a fossil man, "*Homo diluvii testis*," or a human witness of the Deluge; neither shall we again be mystified by the earlier and more daring imposition of a Mazurier, who, in 1613, having found the bones of a mastodon in a sandpit, near the Château de Chaumon, gave out that he excavated them from a sepulchre, thirty feet in length, on which was inscribed *Teutobochus Rex*; and that the said bones were the gigantic skeleton of Teutobochus, King of the Cimbri, killed in the great battle where he and his nation were destroyed by Marius, 101 years before the Christian era. These occasional absurdities are inseparable from the progress of all scientific investigation, but geology, from its complicated nature, is pre-eminently exposed to them.

"*Footprints of the Creator*" is the title of a very well-written and extremely interesting volume, by Mr. Hugh Miller, of Edinburgh, whose name has already obtained honourable note in the records of Geology. He established an enduring reputation by his work on the "*Old Red Sandstone*" of Scotland, first published in 1841. That important formation was then but little known, and he being among the earliest investigators who examined it in careful detail, the result of his researches proved in a high degree valuable and satisfactory. With no apparent pretence, and without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, his book at once became popular. There is pure ore in every chapter, unmixed with dross, and a simple, forcible style, in which amusement is pleasingly blended with instruction. His present treatise consists partly of a description and comparative analysis of the "*Asiaticus*," a fossil ganoid of large dimensions, lately discovered by him in the lower old red sandstone, or Devonian series, as it is sometimes called, at Stromness, in Orkney. Specimens of this singular individual, and others

* There is a very fine specimen in the British Museum.

appertaining to kindred classes, had long been known to exist in Russia, and had been mentioned by Kutorga, a writer seldom heard of in England, and the eminent French savant, Lamarck, of whom it may be said, in homely phrase, he is better known than trusted. But, as Mr. Miller informs us, "it was left to a living naturalist, M. Eichwald, to fix their true position zoologically among the class of fishes, and to Sir Roderic Murchison to determine their position geologically as ichthyolites of the old red sandstone!" These ichthyolites are, in some cases, gigantic, varying from twelve to eighteen and twenty-three feet in length, and they occur in a *very early* fossiliferous formation. We request the attention of the reader to these facts, for reasons which will presently be set before him. The remaining portion of Mr. Miller's volume is occupied by an able and, we may say, conclusive reply to the unsteady sophistical arguments of the "progressive development" advocates, as set forth in the "*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*," a book published anonymously in 1845, and of which no one seems particularly anxious to acknowledge the paternity or maternity, as the case may be. It has been whispered, amongst other surmises, that the authorship might be claimed by a fair and noble lady, but science, in such cases, does not care to individualise, and has nothing to do with what may be idle conjecture. We know not, and we heed not, who wrote the book, but we are satisfied its bent is evil, and we are very desirous to abate the mischief which might arise from its obtaining currency. The avowal, which, perhaps, was held back, in the first instance, as a sort of commercial speculation, until it was seen "how the book would take," is not likely to be volunteered now when public opinion has so generally denounced its tenets, and both arguments and facts have so thoroughly disproved its conclusions. This production ("*Vestiges of Creation*") has been much read and more talked of by some who did and a great many who did not perceive or comprehend its object. It was soon felt that subtle, dangerous, undermining principles

were here propounded, not boldly announced, but sily insinuated, implied rather than declared, but, at the same time, subversive of true religion and utterly opposed to the doctrines of revelation. Joined to all this, may be observed a goodly mixture of pious phraseology, with respectful acknowledgments of the attributes of divinity—a style seldom wanting in the disquisitions of freethinkers and deistical casuists. The sacred name is ever in their mouths, but to detract from rather than augment the honour with which it should be accompanied. They shelter themselves behind the buckler of Deity, and are all the while endeavouring to weaken their own defence. If you tax them with the fact, they deny your inference. "It is quite a mistake," say they, "to suppose we have any wish to break down established theories or run counter to received opinions; we are pursuing a scientific inquiry for the pure love of science—these are open questions to be argued without prejudice on either side." That the history of man's origin, so distinctly laid down in the Mosaic account, is still an *open* question, will startle some and make others smile. These new doctrines, not the less dangerous that they are disingenuously set forward, being supported by plausible evidence, it was not immediately seen how they were to be disproved. Of all who have grappled with the discussion Mr. Miller (with the single exception, perhaps, of Professor Sedgwick*) has given this development hypothesis the roughest and most decisive fall, and on the very ground demanded by its advocates—geologic facts opposed to geologic assertions, physics against physics, real instances against imaginary deductions, and clear, straightforward evidences of non-development in the face of an intricate romance of developing progress. Mr. Miller writes logically and intelligibly, with a vigorous and healthy mind, a perfect knowledge of his subject, and a power of reasoning in well-chosen language entirely divested of obscurity. We understand every word he writes, and we feel quite satisfied that he understands them all himself—a condition not always following as a necessary consequence.

* See *Edinburgh Review*.

It has been said that no reader of Corneille's *Heracles* was ever found capable of unravelling the plot of that most complicated tragedy under three perusals, and that he, the author, after a lapse of five years, was never more able to disentangle the web he had wrought himself.

The system of progressive development, or *transmutation** of one species into another, originally promulgated in France by Maillet, in the reign of Louis XV., enlarged and adopted by Lamarck, and, in the present day, encouraged by several of our own writers, supposes that the creative power, originally established by a presiding Omnipotence, has been fixed from the beginning on an immutable law of nature; that each succeeding form of organic animal, beginning with the lowest and ascending up to man, grows out of a preceding and inferior race, without any separate or renewed act of creation; that the first cause having provided the system, interferes no longer, but suffers all things to proceed on the plan laid down, and to act according to that un-deviating plan without free will or responsibility. The system does not assume to explain how or when the lower order of existence merges into the superior one, or by what process the limited instinct of the brute expands into the unbounded intellect of the man; but simply asserts that it does so, and that nothing is extinguished or destroyed, but that all living things are undergoing continual change; that the fish in appointed time becomes a bird, the bird a reptile, the reptile a mammal, the mammal a monkey, and the monkey a human being endowed with reason, "in form and moving, how express and admirable; in action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a god!" Neither does the system deny, but rather implies, that at some subsequent period not defined, man may yet rise into a higher development, somewhat resembling the angelic nature, and still be a terminable inhabitant of this existing planet. But he is not to be sensible of this change, nor thereby to endure for ever. The immortality of the soul is set aside; the soul itself is not accounted for; and a future state, with rewards and pun-

ishments, entirely renounced. As far as it is possible to understand what is not very clearly expressed, we believe this to be a fair synopsis of the Lamarckian theory and its dependencies, when fairly examined, although it would be difficult to establish thus much from the actual words of its supporters. Under the conditions of this doctrine, the entire scheme of Christian redemption is treated as a fable. It can signify little to the transmuted man, who will neither retain a sense of what he formerly was, nor a knowledge of what he is ultimately to become, whether he is advanced in the scale to a height of perfection, and expanded into a seraphic essence, or reduced back to an insignificant monad; whether he dwindles into the infinitesimal atom of vitality from which he originally emanated, or becomes the microscopic *Acarus Crossii*, which these ingenious discoverers maintain he can create himself by a certain combination of chemical and electrical forces.

This, perhaps, is not direct, unmitigated *Atheism*, honestly avowed and boldly adopted, but it bears a strong resemblance to that consolatory and enlightened creed. The disciples of this doctrine suppose and admit an original Creator, with power to do all things, but at the same time take from him the power of superintending, revising, and regulating his own work. He has constructed it on certain fixed principles, with self-acting faculties of perpetual renewal, and so he leaves it ever after to proceed by itself. Such a presiding Deity is very different, indeed, from the Great First Cause we are taught to love and worship, and whose attributes we think and hope we understand through the aid of reason and revelation. It is truly marvellous that doctrines such as we have described should be gravely set forth in responsible print, and still more so, that in an enlightened (and, let us suppose, a religious) age, they should find believers and followers. Mr. Miller expresses his opinion with regret, that "this development hypothesis, that would fain transfer the work of creation from the department of miracle to the province of natural law, and would strike down, in the process of removal,

* A term suggested by Dr. Buckland, as more distinctly expressing the Lamarckian theory.

all the old landmarks, ethical and religious, is fast spreading among an active and ingenious order of minds, both in Britain and America, and has long been known on the Continent." And in a few pages farther on he adds, "The evangelistic Churches cannot, in consistency with their character, or with a due regard to the interests of their people, slight or overlook a form of error, at once exceedingly plausible and consummately dangerous, and which is telling so widely on society, that one can scarce travel by railway, or in a steam-boat, or encounter a group of intelligent mechanics, without finding decided traces of its ravages." The following observations of Mr. Miller, on the best mode of combating these insidious fallacies, are so sound, and so clearly expressed, that we give the extract without comment. The reasoning speaks for itself:—

"But ere the Churches can be prepared competently to deal with these, or the other objections of a similar class, which the infidelity of an age, so largely engaged as the present in physical pursuits, will be from time to time originating, they must greatly extend their educational walks into the field of physical science. The mighty change which has taken place, during the present century, in the direction in which the minds of the first order are operating, though indicated on the face of the country in characters which cannot be mistaken, seems to have too much escaped the notice of our theologians. Speculative theology and the metaphysics are cognate branches of the same science; and when, as in the last and the preceding ages, the higher philosophy of the world was metaphysical, the Churches took ready cognisance of the fact, and in due accordance with the requirements of the time, the battle of the evidences was fought on metaphysical ground. But judging from the preparations made in their colleges and halls, they do not seem sufficiently aware—though the low thunder of every railway, and the snort of every steam-engine, and the whistle of the wind amid the wires of every electric telegraph, seem to publish the fact—that it is in the department of physics, not of metaphysics, that the greater minds of the age are engaged. . . . Let them not shut their eyes to the danger which is obviously coming. The battle of the evidences will have as certainly to be fought on the field of physical science, as it was contested in the last age on that of the metaphysics. And on this new arena, the combatants

will have to employ new weapons, which it will be the privilege of the challenger to choose. The old opposed to these would prove but of little avail. In an age of muskets and artillery, the bows and arrows of an obsolete school of warfare would be found greatly less than sufficient in the field of battle, for purposes either of assault or defence."

It is no new discovery, but an authentic truism, that if you wish to win in any contest, you must fight your enemy with his own weapons. Strike harder with these than he can, and your victory is certain. If, when the next war occurs, we bring into effect the "long range" principle, and send forth steamers armed with a battery of two hundred pounders, warranted to carry a point-blank shot twenty miles; and against the feasibility of this, there is only the same negative evidence, which Dr. Johnson said might be adduced on the non-existence of witches; why, our opponents must fabricate the same, or superior leviathans of destruction, or we shall assuredly annihilate them in every battle. Acting precisely on this plan of tactics, Mr. Miller grapples with the author of the "*Vestiges*," and when he demands a *fish* from an early fossiliferous formation, knocks him down with an enormous "*Asterolepis*" from the old red sandstone of Orkney. This "*Asterolepis*" is an ugly customer, more difficult to dispose of than a folio of metaphysics. It appears as a positive fact against a negative argument. Ay, but the old red sandstone represents only the second period in the physical history of the world. To beat our man completely, to drive him from his own chosen field of battle, we must find a fish for him in an earlier formation; and fortunately we can produce more than one. Building on the insecure ground of negative evidence, up to a certain date, and disregarding the fact that ever since the publication of Sir R. Murchison's great work on the "*Silurian System*," in 1839, ichthyolites were known to occur in the upper series of that formation, the author of the "*Vestiges*" asserts, as a leading corroboration of his principle of creation, that the first seas were, for numberless ages, destitute of fish. "I fix my opponents," says he, "down to the consideration of this fact, so that no diversion respecting high mollusks shall avail them." "And how," retorts Mr. Miller, "is this

bold challenge to be met? Most directly, and after a fashion that at once discomfits the challenger. 'I fix my opponents down,' says the author of the *Vestiges*, 'to the consideration of this fact, *i.e.* that of the absence of fishes from the earliest fossiliferous formations.' And I, in turn, fix you down, I reply, to the consideration of the antagonist fact, that fishes were *not* absent from the earliest fossiliferous formations. From none of the great geological formations were fishes absent; not even from the formations of the Cambrian division." He then proceeds to show, on authorities that will not be disputed, *viz.*, Sir Roderic Murchison, Professors Sedgwick and Phillips, that the *Ouchus* has been found in the Llandeilo flags, and in the lower Silurian rocks of Bala; and the defensive spines of placoids in the Oriskany and Onondago limestone of New York, rocks which occur near the base of the upper Silurian system, as developed in the western world. One of these last is figured by Professor Silliman in the *American Journal of Science* for 1846, and must have belonged to an individual of goodly dimensions, a full grown bulky fish, disporting amid the smaller ones, as we often see in the existing waters. Here is at once an answer to, and a geological refutation of the leading dogma set forth by Professor Oken as champion elect for the progressive development hypothesis, that "no organism is, nor ever has one been created, which is not microscopic." The teachers of this unsound philosophy are equally unfortunate in their assumed deductions from physical geology, and their arguments drawn from metaphysical subtleties. Both are daring yet shadowy, full of glitter and pretension, but unsubstantial, and based on sand. They remind us of what experienced grandmothers, and anxious, depreciating aunts say of the eccentric genius of the family, who is perpetually astonishing with some wild feat, but never satisfies or convinces them. "Ah! what a pity it is such talents should be so unprofitably employed." Strange infatuation, which impels the most brilliant elements of mind to wander by choice and lose themselves in the mazes

of error, when the broad highway of truth lies open for investigation. What is it but another evidence of the empty, inherent pride which led presumptuous man to attempt the tower of Babel, and the fabled Titans to imagine they could carry Olympus by assault? The gigantic strides making hourly in every department of industrial science, the great discoveries in mechanics and chemistry, the power of the electric telegraph, which almost realises the poet's rhapsodical wish to annihilate time and space, the superhuman speed of the railroad, the congregated wonders of the Crystal Palace, where the produce of the world was so lately assembled under one view, throwing into the shade Arabian fictions of splendour; all these things, which ought to elevate the intellect of man, improve his social happiness, and increase his sense of responsibility, at the same time awaken new ideas of self-importance, and dangerously expand his vanity. He fancies himself no longer an insignificant, dependent consequence, but an influential cause. His faculties run riot in the contemplation of their own achievements, and thus he—

"Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

Under the specious name of "philosophic inquiry," more audacious infidelity is concealed than the inquirers find it convenient to acknowledge, or many who are invited to accompany them can easily detect.

A new impetus has lately been given to the cupidity of man, and his avaricious propensities have been roused into action in an unnatural degree by the discovery of apparently exhaustless stores of gold in the far distant regions of California.* The restless activity of Saxon enterprise has brought to light what Mexican indolence might have disregarded for ages. Neither distance, disbursement, danger, nor disease, with death in the perspective, endless toil and privation in the foreground, deter the unsettled spirits of the world in both hemispheres, from this absorbing centre of attraction, this ascertained, palpable El Dorado, the produce

* Since this was written, the accounts of the new gold diggings in Australia have reached England.

of which appears likely to realise the most glowing anticipations of early travellers, whose overheated inquiries tended to create the fables they easily persuaded themselves to believe. Much loss of life and property, accompanied by misery and attendant crime in more than the usual proportion, has arisen, is constantly multiplying, and will continue to multiply for a long series of years, until necessity imposes restraint, unbridled license demands its own corrective, and the boiling fever of excitement has cooled down to a more moderate temperature. What the effect of this large quantity of gold, so amply and recklessly brought into the market, may ultimately be, it is impossible to calculate at present. It has not yet appeared that the increased diffusion of the precious metal is changing the relations of commerce, or is even perceptible in the reciprocal dealings of civilised nations. The distance from whence the new supply comes, the labour of obtaining it, the natural peculiarities of the locality, with other causes, will render this change, when it occurs, a work of slow progression, even supposing the increase to go on steadily, without interval, and the sources it emanates from to continue uniformly prolific. The countries which produce the greatest quantities of gold and silver are not (with the exception, perhaps, of Russia, which State is an anomaly, imperfectly understood*) included among the richest, the most enlightened, or the most powerful in the world. There are veins and arteries of greater strength and influence, more replete with sound, wholesome vitality, where these glittering ores, with their alluring, but often nominal importance, are not to be found at all. Lead, copper, tin, iron, and above all, coal, decide the destinies of nations, and fix their value in the political scale, with a preponderating weight, in comparison with which the diamond treasures of Golconda, the golden sands of the Sacramento, the interminable silver of Potosi and Guanaxuato, and all the costly products which teem as it were spontaneously from the bowels of the

new world, appear as feathers when considered in the balance.† It has been computed by able authorities, that the British islands contain a greater quantity of the metallic and mineral substances most essential in commerce, than all the other countries of Europe combined; while the supply of iron and coal, the most material of all, exceeds in a degree almost incalculable. The coal-fields of Durham and Northumberland are nearly eight hundred square miles in extent. Those of Whitehaven, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Wales and Scotland are also of vast magnitude; while in many parts of Ireland are seams unopened and neglected, from want of capital and local objections, which have hitherto checked the spirit of enterprise. It is also to be remarked that in our favoured land iron and coal are invariably found in close proximity, a condition not commonly existing in other countries. This juxtaposition more than doubles the relative value of each, as the profitable working of one depends on the other. Here is an evident arrangement of Providence, demanding thoughtful gratitude, not sufficiently expressed, but which the "Vestiges" men would pass over, and include in their immutable laws of self-acting nature, *if they could*; only, in our case, it constitutes the exception rather than the rule. The vast demand for coal, owing to the increase of steam in every branch of mechanics and engineering, a demand continually augmenting, with the reckless waste usually attendant on great consumption, have excited many fears as to the probable failure, and at no very distant period, of this invaluable commodity. Able arguments have been set forth on both sides of a question, which, with many others, argument can never decide. But unnecessary waste in anything cannot be sufficiently reprobated. The early settlers in unexplored lands hew down primæval trees without remorse or measure, for immediate fuel or convenient clearance, and fancy they can never be entirely swept away. How often, in a few years, do they look on the empty space

* The quantity of gold said to be derived from Siberia is conjectural, and has never been clearly ascertained. Russian policy mystifies on all points.

† It is an ascertained fact that the mountain of Potosi, in Peru, has supplied, since its discovery, in 1545, to the beginning of the present century, as much silver as amounts in value to 235 millions of pounds sterling. The vein of Guanaxuato, in Mexico, in a given number of years, has produced double this average.

with tardy, unavailing self-reproach, and regret the stately patriarchs of the forest it would take centuries to replant and restore. The world would still move on in systematic rotation; society, though unhinged for a moment, would recover itself, and, under a little remodelling, might exist happily and improvingly, without gold or silver. Something else would soon be substituted for these symbols of circulating opulence. But the extinction of coal would paralyse all human energies, entirely change the current of the human mind, and strike a death-blow at the welfare and improvement of the posterity of Adam. Whether as regards personal comfort, intellectual progress, or commercial prosperity, the catastrophe, in an age of universal steam application, would be a decisive one.* The remarks of Professor Ansted on this point are well put, and are worthy of consideration, while they are at the same time less gloomy than those of other competent writers, and embrace a different view of our internal resources:—

“I confess it seems to me but a vain thing to attempt any calculation as to the duration of our mineral treasures, as it is a problem for the solution of which there can be no sufficient data. Nor, indeed, can I perceive what useful object is to be gained by the endeavour to make out how many hundred years England may exist, assuming, as it is not unusual to do, that the source of the greatness she has attained is to be looked for in her mineral riches, and chiefly in her large supplies of coal. I am convinced that it is not to the possession of coal or iron, but to the energetic habits of her people, who make the best use of those advantages, that England owes her greatness; and I believe that her resources are strictly within herself, and that so long as her sons press forward in the race, and are earnestly determined not to lose, without a struggle, the high position they have attained amongst nations, so long will she continue fertile in resources, and constantly communicate fresh supplies of life and energy.”†

Before quitting the subject, it may

be well to observe, that some portion of the Newcastle district is the only important deposit of coal which has yet given any symptoms of exhaustion, and that the great fields of Wales are still almost untouched. According to the computation of Mr. Bakewell, the coal in South Wales alone would supply all England for 2,000 years. There is no reason to suppose new seams will not be discovered as the old ones decay. Exportation to foreign countries is also a very serious consideration; so much so, that the ministry in 1846 imposed a tax with a view of restraining the practice. Dr. Buckland, in his *Bridge-water Treatise*, denounces the export of coal abroad in strong terms, as equally destructive with waste; while Mr. Buddle, and other advocates on the opposite side, maintain, that “by imposing restrictions we shall only stimulate other nations to discover coal in their own territories, and thus to become independent of us for their supply.”

For all purposes connected with mining, civil engineering, the construction of railroads, or agriculture, geological knowledge is an invaluable auxiliary. Large fortunes have been frittered away in futile attempts to discover veins of ore, or beds of coal, in formations where, by the ordinary arrangements which regulate the natural world, it was impossible either could exist. Had geology been studied and attended to in those days, many idle, ruinous speculations could never have enticed deluded victims, and much money had been reserved for better purposes. It is true this noble science does not undertake to direct, with unerring aim, where the metallic vein so anxiously sought for is to be found; but it has established the more essential negative in this case of where it is not, and has destroyed for ever the idiotic nonsense of the incantation and the divining rod. It shows to a demonstration that the hidden treasures of the earth are not scattered at random, without object, order, or method, but are regularly distributed in certain deposits, attainable under certain conditions; and directs the

* The value of coal annually raised to the surface in England amounts to nearly ten millions of pounds sterling.

† “*Geology, Introductory, Descriptive, and Practical.*” By D. T. Ansted. Vol. i. p. 365.

search for them on fixed principles instead of uncertain conjecture. As regards coal, geology may be considered a faithful guide that never wanders from the safe track. The casual appearance of the substance called *lignite*, or wood coal, in strata where the true mineral is not to be found, is a dangerous deception which has misled many. Some years since the Duchess of Dorset was induced by certain parties, who were blinded by the discovery of this *ignis fatuus* at Bexhill, in the Wealden formation of Sussex, to expend £10,000 in a hopeless experiment, which never had the slightest foundation for a successful issue. Sir Roderic Murchison, in his "Silurian System," mentions numerous enterprises conducted with equal wisdom, and leading to a similar result. At the Kingsthorpe pits, within a mile of Northampton, in the middle of the oolitic formation, not long ago, £20,000 was thrown away by a joint-stock company, before they suffered themselves to be convinced that by continuing to bore through the strata which presented themselves, they might reach the centre of the earth, provided their apparatus extended so far, sooner than they would stumble on a bed of coal. An able geologist, the late Mr. Richardson, of the British Museum, who happened to be lecturing in the neighbourhood, was consulted at the commencement of the hopeful undertaking, and his opinion laughed at when he decidedly predicted its failure. Many, who could ill afford even a small outlay, paid dearly for their imprudence, and were nearly ruined by the mad presumption that inveigled them into a speculation, which even a rudimentary acquaintance with geology would have shown to be fruitless. "It will thus be seen," says Mr. Richardson, "that the power which the skilful geologist possesses to determine on the existence or non-existence of coal in any given locality, may be regarded as one of the most striking proofs of the importance and usefulness of the science."* In the infancy of railroads, when they first began to intersect the country, after the fashion of an enormous gridiron, somewhat resembling the ground-plan of the Palace of the

Escuria in Spain, great mistakes were made in forming deep cuttings through soft clays and sandy soils, not sufficiently solid to resist the rains of winter, and which occasionally fell in like an avalanche on a small scale, with enormous loss to the company and considerable danger to the public. All this is now guarded against, and similar mistakes are not likely to occur in future, an acquaintance with geology being included as an essential ingredient in the education of the civil engineer.

To the agriculturist, there is no part of his business more important than draining. In the skill with which this process is applied, the value of farming or gardening land, in nine cases out of ten, almost entirely consists; and here especially a knowledge of the strata of each particular district becomes a matter of leading consideration. A soil naturally good may be rendered barren and unproductive by being superimposed on a bed of impervious clay, through which the confined water which has accumulated beneath cannot force itself, and bring the accompanying fertilisation, except through the medium of boring for Artesian wells—an operation in geology so well known and understood that minute description is unnecessary. The most stupendous experiment which has yet been made in this branch, and attended with triumphant success, was that effected in the Plaine de Grenelle, near Paris. After boring to the unprecedented depth of fifteen hundred feet, and being almost reduced to give up in despair, in a happy moment the engineers persevered, under the urgent representations of M. Arago, and going three hundred feet deeper still, at last up gushed the imprisoned store, impatient of escape; and thence sufficient water is now derived, in a few days, to supply the entire city of Paris for twelve months. "About half-a-million of gallons is regularly ejected in every twenty-four hours, the water being perfectly limpid since tubes were inserted in the aperture."†

The practice of boring for water by means of Artesian wells, where natural springs are deficient, and which

* Richardson's "Geology for Beginners," p. 15. 1846.

† Ansted's "Geology," vol. ii. p. 527.

has derived its name from an erroneous conception that these wells were first introduced in the province of Artois in France, is of ancient date, and has been in use ever since the beginning of the twelfth century. It is based on a very simple principle in hydrostatics—namely, that water, when directed by confined tubes, will always rise to the level of the open fluid with which it communicates, whenever the means of so doing are afforded. According to Professor Ansted (vol. ii. p. 528)—“There is no reason to doubt the permanency of the supply of water obtained from Artesian wells. As an instance, perhaps the oldest on record, may be mentioned a spring of this kind at Lillers, in the north of France, which has continued to give the same supply of water, projected to the same height above the surface, for upwards of seven hundred years, the quantity daily poured out at the surface, not having been known to vary during that long period.”

These are no natural phenomena, such as the subterranean thermal springs of Bath, which supply an unceasing aggregate of water daily at the high temperature of 116 degrees. That they have continued to do so from the date of the Roman occupancy is historically ascertained, and there can be little doubt they were in existence for many centuries earlier. The water produced by the Artesian system of boring has passed through a projecting porous deposit, overlaid again in some places by an impervious one, under which it has collected itself waiting to be released; it is continually supplied by fresh rains which fall on the upper surface, and again find a passage through that portion which is permeable.

Another interesting fact deserves mention, as connected with the subject of enriching land. Lime, which is much used in many localities, according to the nature and disposition of the strata, may become scarce; guano, now so generally preferred, may cease to be abundantly imported from exhaustion; and animal manure at home may prove insufficient, in the lapse of time, for the demand, or unequal to

the supply which the continual nourishment of soil requires. Geology instructs us that the great bone-bed, as it is sometimes called, extending for miles near the Aust Passage, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, contains, in the Lias formation, an extensive deposit of the *coprolites* of large fish and saurian animals, a ready-made, natural magazine of rich compost, close at hand, easily worked, stored up in inexhaustible profusion, and as effective in its components for the purposes required, as if accumulated within the date and by the hands of the existing generation.

The Rock of Gibraltar consists, in great part, of a very superior kind of limestone,* but for a long time this was either unknown, disregarded, or treated as unimportant. For many years large sums were annually employed by Government in completing the stupendous fortifications of this national trophy of British prowess, with the double object of rendering a stronghold of the first importance impregnable, and of instructing the young engineer officers in the practical part of their duties. It was the custom to send out the lime thus used in barrels, and ships were freighted for the purpose of conveying this, with other public supplies, at considerable cost. Sundry thousands of pounds sterling were thus deducted from the common exchequer; rather an expensive illustration of the profound policy of sending coals to Newcastle, which a little insight into the local geology might have rendered superfluous. Whence came the mortar which had been used in building the town of Gibraltar itself, or Algeiras, San Roque, Tangiers, Tetuan, or Ceuta, all as it were within a stone's throw? Was it found in the neighbourhood, or imported from some distant land, or did it fall from the moon, as aerolites and meteoric stones are supposed to do? We wonder some Solomon in so many successive ministries never thought of asking such a simple question. They were as easily mystified as the Royal Society, when Charles II., whose reputation as an amateur chemist gave authority to his proposition,

* It is capable of a high polish, and often manufactured into cannon and other fanciful devices for chimney or table ornaments.

demanding of that erudite body, why, if a silver basin was filled to the brim with water, and a live fish was then immersed, the water would not overflow? Meetings were held, and more than one profoundly elaborate and learned essay written without coming to a satisfactory conclusion, until, at last, the president began to suspect they were in danger of passing into a proverb. He suggested that, as his Majesty was notoriously a wag, he might possibly be laughing at them, and that it would be just as well to verify the experiment before committing themselves further. Accordingly, a well-filled basin was produced, when the gambols of the intrusive fish at once settled the question by displacing a considerable quantity of the aqueous element.

The new edition of the "Elements of Geology," by Sir Charles Lyell, and the thick corresponding octavo of Sir Henry De la Beche, founded on an earlier and more condensed publication, entitled "How to observe Geology," are standard works of the first class, sedulously revised and improved by late discoveries. They will be found most important instructors to the student, when the rudiments are mastered, yet they cannot with justice be classed as A B C books, but require to be preceded by a grammar and dictionary. They are not to be read carelessly, or with a pre-occupied mind; and though a little diffuse and expanded, scarcely more so than the subject requires. Imaginative and entertaining, in some respects, as the wildest romance, geology at the same time embodies a substantial reality, which is not to be dismissed or understood by general reference, or without lengthened and laborious explanation. It must be examined with mathematical acuteness, and where the evidences are not conclusive, they should be rejected as inadmissible, or at least held in abeyance until better can be brought forward to supply their places.

The neglect of geological knowledge in architecture has produced the most deplorable consequences in the premature decomposition of magnificent structures, owing to the perishable quality of the stone employed in their

erection. The Capitol, at Washington, is rapidly crumbling down to its very base; and thus one of the most splendid senate houses in the world presents a memorable record of the human ignorance which refused to learn, although a very easy page in nature's book was offered for perusal. This Capitol is built of perishable sandstone, while the marble quarries which have supplied materials for the admired public buildings of Baltimore lie within forty miles. The new church of St. Peter's, at Brighton, has already the appearance of dilapidated antiquity. Several colleges have been entirely rebuilt. The bridges of Westminster and Blackfriars, which cost, respectively, £427,000 and £153,000, and are neither of them more than a century old, have several times required repairs nearly equivalent to renewal. The latter is now pronounced almost irrecoverable, while the former is under sentence, and will be removed as soon as a new one can be erected in the same vicinity.

Many fine sculptures, both ancient and modern, are depreciated in value by flaws, which a scientific selection of the material would never have permitted to exist. The attic marble of Pentelicus, used by Phidias, Praxiteles, and Lysippus, their contemporaries and successors, is disfigured by metallic stains, producing absolute deformity in some of the otherwise perfect productions of the Grecian masters. It is there yet, abundant to-day as of old, the veins are not exhausted—

"Still in Apollo's beam Mendeli's marbles glare."*

But more recent experience has transferred the demand to the Italian localities of Massa and Carrara, as producing a superior stone of unblemished purity. Canova and Thorwaldsen worked invariably with the produce of the Italian quarries. We have as good at home in some parts of Devonshire, in Derbyshire, and Staffordshire, in Scotland and in Ireland, in the barren wilds of Connemara. Start not, incredulous reader! What is here stated is true; and of this the unpatriotic sceptic may satisfy himself by examining the specimens in the British Museum, and in the new Geological

* Childe Harold, Canto ii. Mendeli is the modern Romaic name of Pentelicus.

Collection in Jermyn-street. If during the Exhibition he happened to extend his walks to the department assigned to native British rocks, in the Crystal Palace, there he might have seen before him ample corroboration. Should he be particularly locomotive, with time on his hands, and find himself endowed with cash as well as curiosity, let him venture across the channel, and pay a morning call to old Dublin. There, in an obscure corner called Stephen's-green, to be discovered only by means of M^cGlashan's Handbook, which will carry the gentle bearer through the penetralia of that ancient metropolis, even as the telescope of my Lord Rosse enables the eye of science to traverse throughout what Milton calls the "vast empyrean," the enterprising stranger will light upon a goodly edifice, occupied of late by the Earl of Cardigan, but now devoted to geological curiosities. There are things there worth coming to see; and among others, specimens of native Irish marble, which must render the shade of Phidias himself uneasy, if it knows anything about them. To suit the prevailing taste for foreign productions, they are occasionally sold as such, and not easily detected. The late Sir Francis Chantrey was well versed in mineralogy and geology, and was always minutely particular in the choice of his marbles.

It has been said and repeated, we pretend not to decide whether on slender or substantial foundation, that the new Houses of Parliament, those gorgeous illustrations of florid Gothic, in all the glory of revival, so carefully determined on, so deliberately proceeded with, are already exhibiting symptoms of a tendency to decay before they are completed. If this be really the case, it offers another lamentable instance of money wasted, and judgment falsified by the event. Discoloured in part, they certainly are, and more than might have been looked for, considering how few years

have elapsed since they struggled above the level of the Thames; but that may be inevitable from the smoky atmosphere of London, and the exhalations of the river.* Every precaution, too, appears to have been taken in the selection of the vast congeries of materials "from turret to foundation-stone," and the advantages of experience in all departments duly applied. In 1839, a commission, including more than one eminent geologist, was appointed by Parliament to visit the most remarkable quarries in the kingdom, to inquire into the qualities of the stone to be used in erecting the great national palace of legislation, and to recommend that which to their judgment seemed the most eligible.† Their Report was published, for the information of the House of Commons, on the 27th of August in the same year. They appear to have executed this most responsible duty with all possible diligence, care, and attention to every important detail. The Report is interesting in itself, and replete with valuable information for the architectural student. There are tables annexed containing a list of the principal quarries visited in England and Scotland; the chemical composition and other qualities of the different stones; also, a list of the most remarkable buildings, with the dates when they were first constructed, and an account of their present condition. On the recommendation of the Commissioners, it was determined to select magnesian limestone from the well-known quarries in the neighbourhood of Bolsover, in Derbyshire. This stone, when taken from its original bed, is of a very beautiful light yellow colour, has a pearly lustre when broken, was said to exhibit very slight disintegration, and not to change by exposure. Southwell Minster, in Nottinghamshire, was examined in evidence of its durability. This church is described as in excellent preservation; and the Norman portions of the ele-

* This is clearly a local disadvantage, and no fault in the composition of the stone. Many recent buildings in London become begrimed and dingy in five years; while in the new town of Edinburgh, there is scarcely any perceptible change in the colour of houses which have been erected for nearly a century.

† The Commission consisted of Charles Barry, Esq., Architect of the New Buildings; Sir Henry De La Beche; William Smith, Esq.; and Mr. Charles H. Smith. It would have been difficult to select parties with more practical knowledge, or better suited to the work they had in hand.

venth century, built of limestone, similar to that of Bolsover, are reported as being throughout in a perfect state, and betraying no injury from time or weather. We have never seen Southwell church, except at a distance, from the top of a coach in the good old days of horses and ostlers, when eight miles an hour was considered a desperate rate of locomotion; but in all the buildings, whether lay or ecclesiastic, we *have* examined, in which magnesian limestone from Yorkshire and Derbyshire had been used, there are both discolorisation and decay to an extent which would make the founders of York and Beverley Minsters, the old church of Doncaster, and many other coeval and younger edifices, turn themselves and rattle their bones in their coffins with disgust, provided they retained in those narrow domiciles, any reminiscence of what Coleridge used sometimes to call sentiety. It is to be regretted that the Commissioners were not tempted to visit Ireland in the progress of their scientific investigation. The grey compact limestone which abounds in the south, particularly throughout Cork and Tipperary, was well worthy of a place in the Report. The old bridges, castles, and abbeys scattered over those extensive counties are permanent evidences of its durability, while the new College of Cork, and many other recent buildings in that city and elsewhere, attest the superior beauty of the material. The traveller who visits the Rock of Cashel,* when he can take his eye from the splendid panorama of nature which lies spread out like a map under his gaze, to examine the extraordinary relics of man's labour with which that far-famed eminence is crowned, cannot fail to be particularly struck by the quality of

the stone of which they are composed. Cormac's Chapel, which, with the exception of the Round Tower, takes the lead in antiquity, is, as is well known, an early structure in the Norman style of the beginning of the twelfth century, and now therefore nearly 750 years old. The stone, either in substance or colour, exhibits no symptoms of decay or disfigurement, while the rich ornamental sculptures and carved mouldings are as perfect, distinct, and sharp as if they were produced yesterday by the hand of the chiseller. The expense of quarrying in Ireland is less than in England, and the cost of transit by sea from Cork to London would hardly exceed that by canal and waggon from Derbyshire, Yorkshire, or Durham. Even if it did, the consideration is of inferior moment in a mighty national undertaking. A fatality seems to attend many of our great public buildings. They are no sooner completed than it is discovered there was some radical error in the commencement. Either the style is ill-chosen, the plan incongruous, or the site inconvenient. A double outlay is thus incurred to rectify mistakes which ought never to have had existence. Building to pull down, and pulling down to build up again, have become almost as national with John Bull as playing at cricket, riding steeple-chases, or paying taxes. A wondering foreigner who inquired the other day for what certain unsightly edifices in the metropolis were intended (the National Gallery being one), was answered in the words which the poet applied to even a more important subject:—

“For nothing else but to be mended.”

Triumphal arches, statues, columns, and fountains are either thrust back

* The United Kingdom contains no spot more worthy of a visit than the Rock of Cashel. In one respect it resembles the “Crystal Palace” and its contents,—description falls below the reality. This interesting locality is now within three hours of Dublin by the Great Southern and Western line, which may be recommended as a model railroad, perfect in every department, whether as regards the solid beauty of its construction, the regularity of the arrangements, or the civility of the officials. Time is kept to a moment, and the comfort and privileges of each distinct class of passengers most scrupulously attended to. We are a little emphatic in these remarks from the constant complaints we see daily in the London papers of the total irregularity and inattention practised on many of the English lines. It may seem very like a joke to invite our brother John over to Ireland to enlighten him, but we are quite serious when we assure him that a trip by rail from Dublin to Cork and Limerick, and back again, will open his eyes, and show him that we know something of business, although it is the prevailing fashion to think the contrary.

into obscure localities where they are seldom noticed, or pushed forward into crowded thoroughfares where they are chiefly remarked as ingenious deformities. Why, with an unlimited command of money, high pretensions, and acknowledged endowments, taking a distinguished lead, as we are entitled to do, in mechanical science, we should be so glaringly deficient in architectural taste, is a problem which ought to be solved, and a national reproach which might easily be removed.

The observations we have ventured are not strung together with any ambitious aspirations after originality, or any unjust desire to appropriate the ideas of other and far abler exponents. We are humble commentators following in the track of discovery, disciples rather than teachers, anxious to learn ourselves, and zealous to dissipate the errors into which succeeding students may be seduced by plausible and conflicting theories. We wish to show what Geology really is, how it has been occasionally misapplied, and how

it may operate in the transactions of the world. In proportion as this noble science becomes simplified and intelligible, its uses will be acknowledged, and its advantages perceived. The development of strata in our own land is singularly favourable to the happiness and prosperity of the inhabitants. A glance over the geological map of the British Islands will show the peculiar blessings which Providence has thus vouchsafed to us, at once as incentives to industry and evidences of dispensation. We cannot conclude more aptly than with a passage from Scripture, which has been felicitously quoted already by more than one writer, as expressing with forcible distinctness our own individual position: "A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee."*

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER LI.

"SCHÖNBRUNN" IN 1809.

ABOUT two months afterwards, on a warm evening of summer, I entered Vienna in a litter, along with some twelve hundred other wounded men, escorted by a regiment of Cuirassiers. I was weak and unable to walk. The fever of my wound had reduced me to a skeleton; but I was consoled for everything by knowing that I was a captain on the Emperor's own staff, and decorated by himself with the Cross of "the Legion." Nor were these my only distinctions, for my name had been included among the lists of the "Officiers d'Elite;" a new institution of the Emperor, enjoying considerable privileges and increase of pay.

To this latter elevation, too, I owed my handsome quarters in the "Raab"

Palace at Vienna, and the sentry at my door, like that of a field officer. Fortune, indeed, began to smile upon me, and never are her flatteries more welcome than in the first hours of returning health, after a long sickness. I was visited by the first men of the army; marshals and generals figured among the names of my intimates, and invitations flowed in upon me from all that were distinguished by rank and station.

Vienna, at that period, presented few features of a city occupied by an enemy. The guards, it is true, on all arsenals and forts, were French, and the gates were held by them; but there was no interruption to the course of trade and commerce. The theatres were open every night, and balls and

* Deuteronomy, viii. 9, 10.

receptions went on with only redoubled frequency. Unlike his policy towards Russia, Napoleon abstained from all that might humiliate the Austrians. Every possible concession was made to their natural tastes and feelings, and officers of all ranks in the French army were strictly enjoined to observe a conduct of conciliation and civility on every occasion of intercourse with the citizens. Few general orders could be more palatable to Frenchmen, and they set about the task of cultivating the good esteem of the Viennese with a most honest desire for success. Accident, too, aided their efforts not a little; for it chanced that a short time before the battle of Aspern, the city had been garrisoned by Croat and Wallachian regiments, whose officers, scarcely half civilised, and with all the brutal ferocity of barbarian tribes, were most favourably supplanted by Frenchmen, in the best of possible tempers with themselves and the world.

It might be argued, that the Austrians would have shown more patriotism in holding themselves aloof, and avoiding all interchange of civilities with their conquerors. Perhaps, too, this line of conduct would have prevailed to a greater extent, had not those in high places set an opposite example. But so it was; and in the hope of obtaining more favourable treatment in their last extremity, the princes of the Imperial House, and the highest nobles of the land, freely accepted the invitations of our marshals, and as freely received them at their own tables.

There was something of pride, too, in the way these great families continued to keep up the splendour of their households, large retinues of servants and gorgeous equipages, when the very empire itself was crumbling to pieces. And to the costly expenditure of that fevered interval may be dated the ruin of some of the richest of the Austrian nobility. To maintain a corresponding style, and to receive the proud guests with suitable magnificence, enormous “allowances” were made to the French generals; while in striking contrast to all the splendour, the Emperor Napoleon lived at Schönbrunn with a most simple household and restricted retinue.

“Berthier’s” Palace, in the “Graben,” was, by its superior magnificence, the recognised centre of French society;

and thither flocked every evening all that was most distinguished in rank of both nations. Motives of policy, or at least the terrible pressure of necessity, filled these salons with the highest personages of the empire; while as if accepting, as inevitable, the glorious ascendancy of Napoleon, many of the French *émigré* families emerged from their retirement to pay their court to the favoured lieutenants of Napoleon. Marmont, who was highly connected with the French aristocracy, gave no slight aid to this movement; and it was currently believed at the time, was secretly entrusted by the Emperor with the task of accomplishing, what in modern phrase is styled, a “fusion.”

The real source of all these flattering attentions on the Austrian side, however, was the well-founded dread of the partition of the empire; a plan over which Napoleon was then hourly in deliberation, and to the non-accomplishment of which he ascribed, in the days of his last exile, all the calamities of his fall. Be this as it may, few thoughts of the graver interests at stake disturbed the pleasure we felt in the luxurious life of that delightful city; nor can I, through the whole of a long and varied career, call to mind any period of more unmixed enjoyment.

Fortune stood by me in everything. Marshal Marmont required as the head of his *Etat-major* an officer who could speak and write German, and if possible, who understood the Tyrol dialect. I was selected for the appointment; but then there arose a difficulty. The etiquette of the service demanded that the *Chef d’Etat-major* should be at least a lieutenant-colonel, and I was but a captain.

“No matter,” said he; “you are *officier d’Elite*, which always gives *brevet rank*, and so one step more will place you where we want you. Come with me to Schönbrunn to-night, and I’ll try and arrange it.”

I was still very weak and unable for any fatigue, as I accompanied the Marshal to the quaint old palace which, at about a league from the capital, formed the head-quarters of the Emperor. Up to this time I had never been presented to Napoleon, and had formed to myself the most gorgeous notions of the state and splendour that should surround such majesty. Guess then my astonishment, and, need I own, disappoint-

ment, as we drove up a straight avenue, very sparingly lighted, and descended at a large door, where a lieutenant's guard was stationed. It was customary for the Marshals and Generals of Division, to present themselves each evening at Schönbrunn, from six to nine o'clock, and we found that eight or ten carriages were already in waiting when we arrived. An officer of the household recognised the Marshal as he alighted, and as we mounted the stairs whispered a few words hurriedly in his ear, of which I only caught one, "Komorn," the name of the Hungarian fortress on the Danube where the Imperial family of Vienna and the cabinet had sought refuge.

"Diantre!" exclaimed Marmont, "bad news! My dear Tiernay, we have fallen on an unlucky moment to ask a favour! The despatches from Komorn are, it would seem, unsatisfactory. The Tyrol is far from quiet. Kuffstein, I think that's the name, or some such place, is attacked by a large force, and likely to fall into their hands from assault."

"That can scarcely be, Sir," said I, interrupting; "I know Kuffstein well. I was two years a prisoner there; and, except by famine, the fortress is inaccessible."

"What! are you certain of this?" cried he, eagerly; "is there not one side on which escalade is possible?"

"Quite impracticable on every quarter, believe me, Sir. A hundred men of the line and twenty gunners might hold Kuffstein against the world."

"You hear what he says, Lefebvre," said Marmont to the officer; "I think I might venture to bring him up?" The other shook his head doubtfully, and said nothing. "Well, announce *me* then," said the Marshal; "and, Tiernay, do you throw yourself on one of those sofas there and wait for me."

I did as I was bade, and, partly from the unusual fatigue and in part from the warmth of a summer evening, soon fell off into a heavy sleep. I was suddenly awake by a voice saying, "Come along, captain, be quick, your name has been called twice!" I sprung up and looked about me, without the very vaguest notion of where I was. "Where to? Where am I going?" asked I, in my confusion. "Follow that gentleman," was the brief reply; and so I did in the same dreamy state that a sleep-walker might have

done. Some confused impression that I was in attendance on General Marmont was all that I could collect, when I found myself standing in a great room densely crowded with officers of rank. Though gathered in groups and knots chatting, there was, from time to time, a sort of movement in the mass that seemed communicated by some single impulse; and then all would remain watchful and attentive for some seconds, their eyes turned in the direction of a large door at the end of the apartment. At last this was thrown suddenly open, and a number of persons entered, at whose appearance every tongue was hushed, and the very slightest gesture subdued. The crowd meanwhile fell back, forming a species of circle round the room, in front of which this newly entered group walked. I cannot now remember what struggling efforts I made to collect my faculties, and think where I was then standing; but if a thunderbolt had struck the ground before me, it could not have given me a more terrific shock than that I felt on seeing the Emperor himself address the general officer beside me.

I cannot pretend to have enjoyed many opportunities of royal notice. At the time I speak of, such distinction was altogether unknown to me; but even when most highly favoured in that respect, I have never been able to divest myself of a most crushing feeling of my inferiority—a sense at once so humiliating and painful, that I longed to be away and out of a presence where I might dare to look at him who addressed me, and venture on something beyond mere replies to interrogatories. This situation, good reader, with all your courtly breeding and aplomb to boot, is never totally free of constraint; but imagine what it can be when, instead of standing in the faint sunshine of a royal smile, you find yourself cowering under the stern and relentless look of anger, and that anger an Emperor's.

This was precisely my predicament, for in my confusion I had not noticed how, as the Emperor drew near to any individual to converse, the others, at either side, immediately retired out of hearing, preserving an air of obedient attention, but without in any way obtruding themselves on the royal notice. The consequence was, that as his Majesty stood to talk with Marshal Oudinot, I maintained my place, never

perceiving my awkwardness till I saw that I made one of three figures isolated in the floor of the chamber. To say that I had rather have stood in face of an enemy's battery, is no exaggeration. I'd have walked up to a gun with a stouter heart than I felt at this terrible moment; and yet there was something in that sidelong glance of angry meaning that actually nailed me to the spot, and I could not have fallen back to save my life. There were, I afterwards learned, no end of signals and telegraphic notices to me from the officers in waiting. Gestures and indications for my guidance abounded, but I saw none of them. I had drawn myself up in an attitude of parade stiffness—neither looked right nor left—and waited as a criminal might have waited for the fall of the axe that was to end his sufferings for ever.

That the Emperor remained something like two hours and a-half in conversation with the Marshal, I should have been quite ready to verify on oath; but the simple fact was, that the interview occupied under four minutes; and then General Oudinot backed out of the presence, leaving me alone in front of his Majesty.

The silence of the chamber was quite dreadful, as, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his head slightly thrown forward, the Emperor stared steadily at me. I am more than half ashamed of the confession; but what between the effect of long illness and suffering, the length of time I had been standing, and the emotion I experienced, I felt myself growing dizzy, and a sickly faintness began to creep over me, and but for the support of my sabre, I should actually have fallen.

“You seem weak; you had better sit down,” said the Emperor, in a soft and mild voice.

“Yes, Sire, I have not quite recovered yet,” muttered I, indistinctly; but before I could well finish the sentence, Marmont was beside the Emperor, and speaking rapidly to him.

“Ah, indeed!” cried Napoleon, tapping his snuff-box, and smiling. “This is Tiernay, then. Parbleu! we have heard something of you before.”

Marmont still continued to talk on; and I heard the words, Rhine, Genoa, and Kuffstein distinctly fall from him. The Emperor smiled twice, and nodded his head slowly, as if assenting to what was said.

“But his wound?” said Napoleon, doubtfully.

“He says that your Majesty cured him when the doctor despaired,” said Marmont. “I'm sure, Sire, he has equal faith in what you still could do for him.”

“Well, Sir,” said the Emperor, addressing me, “if all I hear of you be correct, you carry a stouter heart before the enemy than you seem to wear here. Your name is high in Marshal Massena's list; and General Marmont desires to have your services on his staff. I make no objection; you shall have your grade.”

I bowed without speaking; indeed, I could not have uttered a word, even if it had been my duty.

“They have extracted the ball, I hope?” said the Emperor to me, and pointing to my thigh.

“It never lodged, Sire; it was a round shot,” said I.

“Diable! a round shot! You're a lucky fellow, Colonel Tiernay,” said he, laying a stress on the title, “a very lucky fellow.”

“I shall ever think so, Sire, since your Majesty has said it,” was my answer.

“I was not a Lieutenant-Colonel at your age,” resumed Napoleon; “nor were you either, Marmont. You see, Sir, that we live in better times; at least, in times when merit is better rewarded.” And with this he passed on; and Marmont, slipping my arm within his own, led me away, down the great stair, through crowds of attendant orderlies and groups of servants. At last we reached our carriage, and in half-an-hour re-entered Vienna, my heart wild with excitement, and burning with zealous ardour to do something for the service of the Emperor.

The next morning I removed to General Marmont's quarters; and for the first time put on the golden aigrette of Chef d'état Major, not a little to the astonishment of all who saw the “boy Colonel,” as, half in sarcasm, half in praise, they styled me. From an early hour of the morning till the time of a late dinner, I was incessantly occupied. The staff duties were excessively severe, and the number of letters to be read and replied to almost beyond belief. The war had again assumed something of importance in the Tyrol. Hofer and Spechbacher were at the head of considerable forces, which in the

fastnesses of their native mountains were more than a match for any regular soldiery. The news from Spain was gloomy: England was already threatening her long-planned attack on the Scheldt. Whatever real importance might attach to these movements, the Austrian cabinet made them the pretext for demanding more favourable conditions; and Metternich was emboldened to go so far as to ask for the restoration of the Empire in all its former integrity.

These negotiations between the two cabinets at the time assumed the most singular form which probably was ever adopted in such intercourse; all the disagreeable intelligences and disastrous tidings being communicated from one side to the other with the mock politeness of friendly relations. As for instance, the Austrian cabinet would forward an extract from one of Hofer's descriptions of a victory; to which the French would reply by a bulletin of Eugene Beauharnois, or, as Napoleon on one occasion did, by a copy of a letter from the Emperor Alexander, filled with expressions of friendship, and professing the most perfect confidence in his "brother of France." So far was this petty and most contemptible warfare carried, that every little gossip and every passing story was pressed into the service, and if not directly addressed to the cabinet, at least conveyed to its knowledge by some indirect channel.

It is probable I should have forgotten this curious feature of the time, if not impressed on my memory by personal circumstances too important to be easily obliterated from memory. An Austrian officer arrived one morning from Komorn, with an account of the defeat of Lefebvre's force before Schenatz, and of a great victory gained by Hofer and Spechbacher over the French and Bavarians. Two thousand prisoners were said to have been taken, and the French driven across the Inn, and in full retreat on Kuffstein. Now, as I had been confined at Kuffstein, and could speak of its impregnable character from actual observation, I was immediately sent off with despatches about some indifferent matter, to the cabinet, with injunctions to speak freely about the fortress, and declare that we

were perfectly confident of its security. I may mention incidentally, and as showing the real character of my mission, that a secret despatch from Lefebvre had already reached Vienna, in which he declared that he should be compelled to evacuate the Tyrol, and fall back into Bavaria.

"I have provided you with introductions that will secure your friendly reception," said Marmont to me. "The replies to these despatches will require some days, during which you will have time to make many acquaintances about the court, and if practicable to effect a very delicate object."

This, after considerable injunctions as to secrecy and so forth, was no less than to obtain a miniature, or a copy of a miniature, of the young Archduchess, who had been so dangerously ill during the siege of Vienna, and whom report represented as exceedingly handsome. A good-looking young fellow, a colonel, of two or three-and-twenty, with unlimited bribery, if needed, at command, should find little difficulty in the mission: at least, so Marmont assured me; and from his enthusiasm on the subject, I saw, or fancied I saw, that he would have had no objection to be employed in the service himself. For while professing how absurd it was to offer any advice or suggestion on such a subject to one like myself, he entered into details, and sketched out a plan of campaign, that might well have made a chapter of "Gil Blas." It would possibly happen, he reminded me, that the Austrian court would grow suspicious of me, and not exactly feel at ease, were my stay prolonged beyond a day or two; in which case it was left entirely to my ingenuity to devise reasons for my remaining; and I was at liberty to despatch couriers for instructions, and await replies, to any extent I thought requisite. In fact, I had a species of general commission to press into the service whatever resources could forward the object of my mission, success being the only point not to be dispensed with.

"Take a week, if you like—a month, if you must, Tiernay," said he to me at parting; "but, above all, no failure! mind that—no failure!"

CHAPTER LII.

“KOMORN FORTY YEARS AGO.”

I DOUBT if our great Emperor dated his first despatch from Schönbrunn with a prouder sense of elevation, than did I write “Komorn” at the top of my first letter to Marshal Marmont, detailing, as I had been directed, every incident of my reception. I will not pretend to say that my communication might be regarded as a model for diplomatic correspondence; but having since that period seen something of the lucubrations of great envoys and plenipos, I am only astonished at my unconscious imitation of their style; blending, as I did, the objects of my mission with every little personal incident, and making each trivial circumstance bear upon the fortune of my embassy.

I narrated my morning interview with Prince Metternich, whose courteous but haughty politeness was not a whit shaken by the calamitous position of his country, and who wished to treat the great events of the campaign as among the transient reverses which war deals out, on this side, to-day, on that, to-morrow. I told that my confidence in the impregnable character of Kuffstein only raised a smile, for it had already been surrendered to the Tyrolese; and I summed up my political conjectures by suggesting that there was enough of calm confidence in the minister’s manner to induce me to suspect that they were calculating on the support of the northern powers, and had not given up the cause for lost. I knew for certain that a Russian courier had arrived and departed since my own coming; and although the greatest secrecy had attended the event, I ascertained the fact, that he had come from St. Petersburg, and was returning to Moscow, where the Emperor Alexander then was. Perhaps I was a little piqued, I am afraid I was, at the indifference manifested at my own presence, and the little, or indeed no importance, attached to my prolonged stay. For when I informed Count Stadion that I should await some tidings from Vienna, before returning thither, he very politely expressed his pleasure at the prospect of my company, and proposed that we should have some partridge shooting, for which the coun-

try along the Danube is famous. The younger brother of this minister, Count Ernest Stadion, and a young Hungarian magnate, Palakzi, were my constant companions. They were both about my own age, but had only joined the army that same spring, and were most devoted admirers of one who had already won his epaulettes as a colonel in the French service. They showed me every object of interest and curiosity in the neighbourhood, arranged parties for riding and shooting, and, in fact, treated me in all respects like a much valued guest—well repaid, as it seemed, by those stories of war and battle-fields which my own life and memory supplied.

My improved health was already noticed by all, when Metternich sent me a most polite message, stating, that if my services at Vienna could be dispensed with for a while longer, that it was hoped I would continue to reside where I had derived such benefit, and breathe the cheering breezes of Hungary for the remainder of the autumn.

It was full eight-and-twenty years later that I accidentally learned to what curious circumstance I owed this invitation. It chanced that the young Archduchess, who was ill during the siege, was lingering in a slow convalescence, and to amuse the tedious hours of her sick couch, Madame Palakzi, the mother of my young friend, was accustomed to recount some of the stories which I, in the course of the morning, happened to relate to her son. So guardedly was all this contrived and carried on, that it was not, as I have said, for nearly thirty years after that I knew of it; and then, the secret was told me by the chief personage herself, the Grand Duchess of Parma.

Though nothing could better have chimed in with my plans than this request, yet, in reality, the secret object of my mission appeared just as remote as on the first day of my arrival. My acquaintances were limited to some half dozen gentlemen in waiting, and about an equal number of young officers of the staff, with whom I dined, rode, hunted, and shot; never seeing a single member of the Imperial family, nor, stranger still, one lady of the house-

hold. In what Turkish seclusion they lived? when they ventured out for air and exercise, and where? were questions that never ceased to torture me. It was true that all my own excursions had been on the left bank of the river, towards which side the apartment I occupied looked; but I could scarcely suppose that the right presented much attraction, since it appeared to be an impenetrable forest of oak; besides, that the bridge which formerly connected it with the island of Komorn had been cut off during the war. Of course, this was a theme on which I could not dare to touch; and as the reserve of my companions was never broken regarding it, I was obliged to be satisfied with my own guesses on the subject.

I had been about two months at Komorn, when I was invited to join a shooting party on the north bank of the river, at a place called Ercacs, or, as the Hungarians pronounce it, Ercacs, celebrated for the black cock, or the auerhahn, one of the finest birds of the east of Europe. All my companions had been promising me great things, when the season for the sport should begin, and I was equally anxious to display my skill as a marksman. The scenery, too, was represented as surpassingly fine, and I looked forward to the expedition, which was to occupy a week, with much interest. One circumstance alone damped the ardour of my enjoyment: for some time back exercise on horseback had become painful to me, and some of those evil consequences which my doctor had speculated on, such as exfoliation of the bone, seemed now threatening me. Up to this the inconvenience had gone no further than an occasional sharp pang after a hard day's ride, or a dull uneasy feeling which prevented my sleeping soundly at night. I hoped, however, by time, that these would subside, and the natural strength of my constitution carry me safely over every mischance. I was ashamed to speak of these symptoms to my companions, lest they should imagine that I was only screening myself from the fatigues of which they so freely partook; and so I continued, day after day, the same habit of severe exercise; while feverish nights, and a failing appetite, made me hourly weaker. My spirits never flagged, and, perhaps, in this way, damaged me seriously; sup-

plying a false energy long after real strength had begun to give way. The world, indeed, "went so well" with me in all other respects, that I felt it would have been the blackest ingratitude against Fortune to have given way to anything like discontent or repining. It was true, I was far from being a solitary instance of a colonel at my age; there were several such in the army, and one or two even younger; but they were unexceptionably men of family influence, descendants of the ancient nobility of France, for whose chivalric names and titles the Emperor had conceived the greatest respect; and never, in all the pomp of Louis the Fourteenth's court, were a Gramont, a Guise, a Rochefoucauld, or a Tavanne more certain of his favourable notice. Now, I was utterly devoid of all such pretensions; my claims to gentle blood, such as they were, derived from another land, and I might even regard myself as the maker of my own fortune.

How little thought did I bestow on my wound, as I mounted my horse on that mellow day of autumn! How indifferent was I to the pang that shot through me, as I touched the flank with my leg. Our road led through a thick forest, but over a surface of level sward, along which we galloped in all the buoyancy of youth and high spirits. An occasional trunk lay across our way, and these we cleared at a leap; a feat, which I well saw my Hungarian friends were somewhat surprised to perceive, gave me no trouble whatever. My old habits of the riding-school had made me a perfect horseman; and rather vain of my accomplishment, I rode at the highest fences I could find. In one of these exploits an acute pang shot through me, and I felt as if something had given way in my leg. The pain for some minutes was so intense that I could with difficulty keep the saddle, and even when it had partially subsided, the suffering was very great.

To continue my journey in this agony was impossible; and yet I was reluctant to confess that I was overcome by pain. Such an acknowledgment seemed unsoldierlike and unworthy, and I determined not to give way. It was no use; the suffering brought on a sickly faintness that completely overcame me. I had nothing for it but to turn back; so, suddenly affecting to

recollect a despatch that I ought to have sent off before I left, I hastily apologised to my companions, and with many promises to overtake them by evening, I returned to Komorn.

A Magyar groom accompanied me, to act as my guide ; and attended by this man, I slowly retraced my steps towards the fortress, so slowly, indeed, that it was within an hour of sunset as we gained the crest of the little ridge, from which Komorn might be seen, and the course of the Danube, as it wound for miles through the plain.

It is always a grand and imposing scene, one of those vast Hungarian plains, with waving woods and golden corn-fields, bounded by the horizon on every side, and marked by those immense villages of twelve or even twenty thousand inhabitants. Trees, rivers, plains, even the dwellings of the people, are on a scale with which nothing in the Old World can vie. But even with this great landscape before me, I was more struck by a small object which caught my eye, as I looked towards the fortress. It was a little boat, covered with an awning, and anchored in the middle of the stream, and from which I could hear the sound of a voice, singing to the accompaniment of a guitar. There was a stern and solemn quietude in the scene: the dark fortress, the darker river, the deep woods casting their shadows on the water, all presented a strange contrast to that girlish voice and tinkling melody, so light-hearted and so free.

The Magyar seemed to read what was passing in my mind, for he nodded significantly, and touching his cap in token of respect, said it was the young Archduchess Maria Louisa, who, with one or two of her ladies, enjoyed the cool of the evening on the river. This was the very same Princess for whose likeness I was so eager, and of whom I never could obtain the slightest tidings. With what an interest that bark became invested from that moment ! I had more than suspected, I had divined, the reasons of General Marmont's commission to me, and could picture to myself the great destiny that in all likelihood awaited her who now, in sickly dalliance, moved her hand in the stream, and scattered the sparkling drops in merry mood over her companions. Twice or thrice a head of light brown hair peeped from beneath the folds of the awning, and I wonder-

ed within myself if it were on that same brow that the greatest diadem of Europe was to sit.

So intent was I on these fancies, so full of the thousand speculations that grew out of them, that I paid no attention to what was passing, and never noticed an object on which the Hungarian's eyes were bent in earnest contemplation. A quick gesture and a sudden exclamation from the man soon attracted me, and I beheld, about a quarter of a mile off, an enormous timber raft descending the stream at headlong speed. That the great mass had become unmanageable, and was carried along by the impetuosity of the current, was plain enough, not only from the zig-zag course it took, but from the wild cries and frantic gestures of the men on board. Though visible to us from the eminence on which we stood, a bend of the stream still concealed it from those in the boat. To apprise them of their danger, we shouted with all our might, gesticulating at the same time, and motioning to them to put in to shore. It was all in vain ; the roar of the river, which here is almost a torrent, drowned our voices, and the little boat still held her place in the middle of the stream. Already the huge mass was to be seen emerging from behind a wooden promontory of the river side, and now their destruction seemed inevitable. Without waiting to reach the path, I spurred my horse down the steep descent, and half falling, and half plunging, gained the bank. To all seeming now, they heard me, for I saw the curtain of the awning suddenly move, and a boatman's red cap peer from beneath it. I screamed and shouted with all my might, and called out “The raft—the raft!” till my throat felt bursting. For some seconds the progress of the great mass seemed delayed, probably by having become entangled with the trees along the shore ; but now, borne along by its immense weight, it swung round the angle of the bank, and came majestically on, a long, white wave marking its course as it breasted the water.

They see it ! they see it ! Oh, good heavens ! are they paralysed with terror, for the boatman never moves ! A wild shriek rises above the roar of the current, and yet they do nothing. What prayers and cries of entreaty, what wild imprecations I uttered, I

know not; but I am sure that reason had already left me, and nothing remained in its place except the mad impulse to save them, or perish. There was then so much of calculation in my mind that I could balance the chances of breasting the stream on horseback, or alone, and this done, I spurred my animal over the bank into the Danube. A horse is a noble swimmer, when he has courage, and a Hungarian horse rarely fails in this quality.

Heading towards the opposite shore, the gallant beast cleared his track through the strong current, snorting madly, and seeming to plunge at times against the rushing waters. I never turned my eyes from the skiff all this time, and now could see the reason of what had seemed their apathy. The anchor had become entangled, fouled among some rocks or weeds of the river, and the boatman's efforts to lift it were all in vain. I screamed and yelled to the man to cut the rope, but my cries were unheard, for he bent over the gunwale, and tugged and tore with all his might. I was more than fifty yards higher up the stream, and rapidly gaining the calmer water under shore, when I tried to turn my

horse's head down the current; but the instinct of safety rebelled against all controul, and the animal made straight for the bank. There was then but one chance left, and taking my sabre in my mouth, I sprang from his back into the stream. In all the terrible excitement of that dreadful moment I clung to one firm purpose. The current would surely carry the boat into safety, if once free; I had no room for any thought but this. The great trees along shore, the great fortress, the very clouds over head, seemed to fly past me, as I was swept along; but I never lost sight of my purpose, and now almost within my grasp. I see the boat and the three figures, who are bending down over one that seems to have fainted. With my last effort, I cry again to cut the rope, but his knife has broken at the handle! I touch the side of the skiff, I grasp the gunwale with one hand, and seizing my sabre in the other, I make one desperate cut. The boat swings round to the current, the boatman's oars are out—they are saved. My "thank God!" is like the cry of a drowning man—for I know no more.

CHAPTER III.

A LOSS AND A GAIN.

To apologise to my reader for not strictly tracing out each day of my history, would be, in all likelihood, as great an impertinence as that of the tiresome guest who, having kept you two hours from your bed by his uninteresting twaddle, asks you to forgive him at last for an abrupt departure. I am already too full of gratitude for the patience that has been conceded to me so far, to desire to trifle with it during the brief space that is now to link us together. And believe me, kind reader, there is more in that same tie than perhaps you think, especially where the intercourse had been carried on, and, as it were, fed from month to month. In such cases the relationship between him who writes and him who reads assumes something like acquaintanceship; heightened by a greater desire on one side to please, than is usually felt in the routine business of everyday life. Nor is it a light reward, if one can think

that he has relieved a passing hour of solitude or discomfort, shortened a long wintry night, or made a rainy day more endurable. I speak not here of the greater happiness in knowing that our inmost thoughts have found their echo in far away hearts, kindling noble emotions, and warming generous aspirations, teaching courage and hope by the very commonest of lessons; and showing that, in the moral as in the vegetable world, the bane and antidote grow side by side; and, as the eastern poet has it, "He who shakes the tree of sorrow, is often sowing the seeds of joy." Such are the triumphs of very different efforts from mine, however, and I come back to the humble theme from which I started.

If I do not chronicle the incidents which succeeded to the events of my last chapter it is, in the first place, because they are most imperfectly impressed upon my own memory; and, in the second, they are of a nature which,

whether in the hearing or the telling, can afford little pleasure ; for what if I should enlarge upon a text which runs but on suffering and sickness, nights of feverish agony, days of anguish, terrible alternations of hope and fear, ending, at last, in the sad, sad certainty that skill has found its limit. The art of the surgeon can do no more, and Maurice Tiernay must consent to lose his leg ! Such was the cruel news I was compelled to listen to as I awoke one morning dreaming, and for the first time since my accident, of my life in Kuffstein. The injuries I had received before being rescued from the Danube, had completed the mischief already begun, and all chance of saving my limb had now fled. I am not sure if I could not have heard a sentence of death with more equanimity than the terrible announcement that I was to drag out existence maimed and crippled. To endure the helplessness of age with the warm blood and daring passions of youth, and, worse than all, to forego a career that was already opening with such glorious prospects of distinction.

Nothing could be more kindly considerate than the mode of communicating this sad announcement ; nor was there omitted anything which could alleviate the bitterness of the tidings. The undying gratitude of the Imperial family ; their heartfelt sorrow for my suffering ; the pains they had taken to communicate the whole story of my adventure to the Emperor Napoleon himself, were all insisted on ; while the personal visits of the Archdukes, and even the Emperor himself, at my sick bed, were told to me with every flattery such acts of condescension could convey. Let me not be thought ungrateful, if all these seemed but a sorry payment for the terrible sacrifice I was to suffer ; and that the glittering crosses which were already sent to me in recognition, and which now sparkled on my bed, appeared a poor price for my shattered and wasted limb ; and I vowed to myself that to be once more strong and in health I'd change fortunes with the humblest soldier in the grand army.

After all, it is the doubtful alone can break down the mind and waste the courage. To the brave man, the inevitable is always the endurable. Some hours of solitude and reflection brought this conviction to my heart, and I re-

called the rash refusal I had already given to submit to the amputation, and sent word to the doctors that I was ready. My mind once made up, a thousand ingenious suggestions poured in their consolations. Instead of incurring my misfortune as I had done, my mischance might have originated in some commonplace or inglorious accident. In lieu of the proud recognitions I had earned, I might have now the mere sympathy of some fellow-sufferer in an hospital ; and instead of the "Cross of St. Stephen" and the "valour medal" of Austria, my reward might have been the few sous per day allotted to an invalided soldier.

As it was, each post from Vienna brought me nothing but flattering recognitions ; and one morning a large sealed letter from Duroc conveyed the Emperor's own approval of my conduct, with the cross of commander of the Legion of Honour. A whole life of arduous services might have failed to win such prizes, and so I struck the balance of good and evil fortune, and found I was the gainer !

Among the presents which I received from the Imperial family was a miniature of the young Archduchess, whose life I saved, and which I at once despatched by a safe messenger to Marshal Marmont, engaging him to have a copy of it made and the original returned to me. I concluded that circumstances must have rendered this impossible, for I never beheld the portrait again, although I heard of it among the articles bequeathed to the Duc de Reichstadt at St. Helena. Maria Louisa was, at that time, very handsome ; the upper lip and mouth were, it is true, faulty, and the Austrian heaviness marred the expression of these features ; but her brow and eyes were singularly fine, and her hair of a luxuriant richness rarely to be seen.

Count Palakzi, my young Hungarian friend, and who had scarcely ever quitted my bedside during my illness, used to jest with me on my admiration of the young Archduchess, and jokingly compassionate me on the altered age we lived in, in contrast to those good old times when a bold feat or a heroic action was sure to win the hand of a fair princess. I half suspect that he believed me actually in love with her, and deemed that this was the

best way to treat such an absurd and outrageous ambition. To amuse myself with his earnestness, for such had it become, on the subject, I affected not to be indifferent to his allusions, and assumed all the delicate reserve of devoted admiration. Many an hour have I lightened by watching the fidgety uneasiness the young count felt at my folly; for now instead of jesting, as before, he tried to reason me out of this insane ambition, and convince me that such pretensions were utter madness.

I was slowly convalescing, about five weeks after the amputation of my leg, when Polakzi entered my room one morning with an open letter in his hand. His cheek was flushed, and his air and manner greatly excited.

"Would you believe it, Tiernay," said he, "Stadion writes me word from Vienna, that Napoleon has asked for the hand of the young Archduchess in marriage, and that the Emperor has consented?"

"And am I not considered in this negotiation?" asked I, scarcely suppressing a laugh.

"This is no time nor theme for jest," said he, passionately; "nor is it easy to keep one's temper at such a moment. A Hapsburgher Princess married to a low Corsican adventurer! to the ——"

"Come, Polakzi," cried I, "these are not words for me to listen to; and having heard them, I may be tempted to say, that the honour comes all of the other side; and that he who holds all Europe at his feet ennobles the dynasty from which he selects his empress."

"I deny it—fairly and fully deny it!" cried the passionate youth. "And every noble of this land would rather see the provinces of the empire torn from us, than a Princess of the Imperial House degraded to such an alliance!"

"Is the throne of France, then, so low?" said I, calmly.

"Not when the rightful Sovereign is seated on it," said he. "But are we, the subjects of a legitimate monarchy, to accept as equals the lucky accidents of your Revolution? By what claim is a soldier of fortune the peer of King or Kaiser? I, for one, will never more serve a cause so degraded; and the day on which such humiliation is our lot shall be the last of my soldiering;" and so saying, he

rushed passionately from the room, and disappeared.

I mention this little incident here, not as in any way connecting itself with my own fortunes, but as illustrating what I afterwards discovered to be the universal feeling entertained towards this alliance. Low as Austria then was—beaten in every battle—her vast treasury confiscated—her capital in the hands of an enemy—her very existence as an empire threatened; the thought of this insult—for such they deemed it—to the Imperial House, seemed to make the burden unendurable; and many who would have sacrificed territory and power for a peace, would have scorned to accept it at such a price as this.

I suppose the secret history of the transaction will never be disclosed; but living as I did, at the time, under the same roof with the royal family, I inclined to think that their counsels were of a divided nature; that while the Emperor and the younger Archdukes gave a favourable ear to the project, the Empress and the Archduke Charles as steadily opposed it. The gossip of the day spoke of dreadful scenes between the members of the Imperial House, and some have since asserted that the breaches of affection that were then made never were reconciled in after life.

With these events of state or private history I have no concern. My position and my nationality, of course, excluded me from confidential intercourse with those capable of giving correct information; nor can I record anything beyond the mere current rumours of the time. This much, however, I could remark, that all whom conviction, policy, or, perhaps, bribery, inclined to the alliance, were taken into court favour, and replaced in the offices of the household, those whose opinions were adverse. A total change, in fact, took place in the persons of the Royal suite, and the Hungarian nobles, many of whom filled the "*Hautes Charges*," as they are called, now made way for Bohemian grandees, who were understood to entertain more favourable sentiments towards France. Whether in utter despair of the cause for which they had suffered so long and so much, or that they were willing to accept this alliance with the oldest dynasty of Europe as a compromise, I am unable to say; but so was it. Many of the

emigré nobility of France, the unflinching, implacable enemies of Buonaparte, consented to bury their ancient grudges, and were now seen accepting place and office in the Austrian household. This was a most artful flattery of the Austrians, and was peculiarly agreeable to Napoleon, who longed to legalise his position by a reconciliation with the old followers of the Bourbons, and who dreaded their schemes and plots far more than he feared all the turbulent violence of the "Faubourg." In one day, no fewer than three French nobles were appointed to places of trust in the household, and a special courier was sent off to Gratz to convey the appointment of maid of honour to a young French lady who lived there in exile.

Each of my countrymen on arriving came to visit me. They had all known my father by name, if not personally, and most graciously acknowledged me as one of themselves, a flattery they sincerely believed above all price.

I had heard much of the overweening vanity and conceit of the Legitimists, but the reality far exceeded all my notions of them. There was no pretence, no affectation whatever about them. They implicitly believed that in "accepting the Corsican," as the phrase went, they were displaying a condescension and self-negation unparalleled in history. The tone of superiority thus assumed, of course made them seem supremely ridiculous to my eyes—I, who had sacrificed heavily enough for the Empire, and yet felt myself amply rewarded. But apart from these exaggerated ideas of themselves, they were most amiable, gentle mannered, and agreeable.

The ladies and gentlemen of what was called the "Service," associated all together, dining at the same table, and spending each evening in a handsome suite appropriated to themselves. Hither some one or other of the Imperial family occasionally came to play his whist, or chat away an hour in pleasant gossip; these distinguished visitors never disturbing in the slightest degree the easy tone of the society, nor exacting any extraordinary marks of notice or attention.

The most frequent guest was the Archduke Louis, whose gaiety of temperament and easy humour induced him to pass nearly every evening with us. He was fond of cards, but liked

to talk away over his game, and make play merely subsidiary to the pleasure of conversation. As I was but an indifferent "whister," but a most admirable auditor, I was always selected to make one of his party.

It was on one of the evenings when we were so engaged, and the Archduke had been displaying a more than ordinary flow of good spirits and merriment, a sudden lull in the approving laughter, and a general subsidence of every murmur, attracted my attention. I turned my head to see what had occurred, and perceived that all the company had risen, and were standing with eyes directed to the open door.

"The Archduchess, your Imperial Highness!" whispered an aide-de-camp to the Prince, and he immediately rose from the table, an example speedily followed by the others. I grasped my chair with one hand, and with my sword in the other, tried to stand up, an effort which hitherto I had never accomplished without aid. It was all in vain—my debility utterly denied the attempt. I tried again, but overcome by pain and weakness, I was compelled to abandon the effort, and sink down on my seat, faint and trembling. By this time the company had formed into a circle, leaving the Archduke Louis alone in the middle of the room; I, to my increasing shame and confusion, being seated exactly behind where the Prince stood.

There was a hope for me still; the Archduchess might pass on through the rooms without my being noticed. And this seemed likely enough, since she was merely proceeding to the apartments of the Empress, and not to delay with us. This expectation was soon destined to be extinguished; for, leaning on the arm of one of her ladies, the young Princess came straight over to where Prince Louis stood. She said something in a low voice, and he turned immediately to offer her a chair; and there was I seated, very pale, and very much shocked at my apparent rudeness. Although I had been presented before to the young Archduchess, she had not seen me in the uniform of the Corps de Guides (in which I now served as colonel), and never recognised me. She therefore stared steadily at me, and turned towards her brother as if for explanation.

"Don't you know him?" said the Archduke, laughing; "it's Colonel de

Tiernay, and if he cannot stand up, *you* certainly should be the last to find fault with him. Pray sit quiet, Tiernay," added he, pressing me down on my seat; "and if you won't look so terrified, my sister will remember you."

"We must both be more altered than I ever expect if I cease to remember M. de Tiernay," said the Archduchess, with a most courteous smile. Then leaning on the back of a chair, she bent forward and inquired after my health. There was something so strange in the situation: a young, handsome girl condescending to a tone of freedom and intimacy with one she had seen but a couple of times, and from whom the difference of condition separated her by a gulf wide as the great ocean, that I felt a nervous tremor I could not account for. Perhaps, with the tact that Royalty possesses as its own prerogative, or, perhaps, with mere womanly intuition, she saw how the interview agitated me, and, to change the topic, she suddenly said—

"I must present you to one of my ladies, Colonel de Tiernay, a country-woman of your own. She already has heard from me the story of your noble devotion, and now only has to learn your name. Remember you are to sit still."

As she said this, she turned, and drawing her arm within that of a young lady behind her, led her forward.

"It is to this gentleman I owe my life, Mademoiselle D'Estelles."

I heard no more, nor did she either; for, faltering, she uttered a low, faint sigh, and fell into the arms of those behind her.

"What's this, Tiernay!—how is all this?" whispered Prince Louis; "are you acquainted with Mademoiselle?"

But I forgot everything; the presence in which I stood, the agony of a wounded leg and all, and with a violent effort sprung from my seat.

Before I could approach her, however, she had risen from the chair, and

in a voice broken and interrupted, said:—

"You are so changed, M. de Tiernay—so much changed—that the shock overpowered me. We became acquainted in the Tyrol, Madame," said she to the Princess, "where Monsieur was a prisoner."

What observation the Princess made in reply I could not hear, but I saw that Laura blushed deeply. To hide her awkwardness perhaps it was, that she hurriedly entered into some account of our former intercourse, and I could observe that some allusion to the Prince de Condé dropped from her.

"How strange, how wonderful is all that you tell me!" said the Princess, who bent forward and whispered some words to Prince Louis; and then, taking Laura's arm, she moved on, saying in a low voice to me, "Au revoir, Monsieur," as she passed.

"You are to come and drink tea in the Archduchess's apartments, Tiernay," said Prince Louis; "you'll meet your old friend, Mademoiselle D'Estelles, and of course you have a hundred recollections to exchange with each other."

The Prince insisted on my accepting his arm, and, as he assisted me along, informed me that old Madame D'Agreville was dead about a year, leaving her niece an immense fortune—at least a claim to one—only wanting the sanction of the Emperor Napoleon to become valid; for it was one of the estate but not confiscated estates of La Vendée. Every word that dropped from the Prince extinguished some hope within me. More beautiful than ever, her rank recognised, and in possession of a vast fortune, what chance had I, a poor soldier of fortune, of success?

"Don't sigh, Tiernay," said the Prince, laughing; "you've lost a leg for us, and we must lend you a hand in return;" and with this we entered the salon of the Archduchess.

MAURICE TIERNAY'S "LAST WORD AND CONFESSION."

I HAVE been very frank with my readers in these memoirs of my life. If I have dwelt somewhat vain-gloriously on passing moments of success, it must be owned that I have not spared my vanity and self-conceit, when either betrayed me into any excess of folly.

I have neither blinked my humble beginnings, nor have I sought to attribute to my own merits those happy accidents which made me what I am. I claim nothing but the humble character—a Soldier of Fortune. It was my intention to have told the reader somewhat more

than these twenty odd years of my life embrace. Probably, too, my subsequent career, if less marked by adventure, was more pregnant with true views of the world and sounder lessons of conduct ; but I have discovered to my surprise that these revelations have extended over a wider surface than I ever destined them to occupy, and already I tremble for the loss of that gracious attention that has been vouchsafed me hitherto. I will not trust myself to say how much regret this abstinence has cost me ;—enough if I avow that in jotting down the past I have lived my youth over again, and in tracing old memories, old scenes, and old impressions, the smouldering fire of my heart has shot up a transient flame so bright as to throw a glow even over the chill of my old age.

It is, after all, no small privilege to have lived and borne one's part in stirring times ; to have breasted the ocean of life when the winds were up and the waves ran high ; to have mingled, however humbly, in eventful scenes, and had one's share in the mighty deeds that were to become history afterwards. It is assuredly in such trials that humanity comes out best, and that the character of man displays all its worthiest and noblest attributes. Amid such scenes I began my life, and, in the midst of similar ones, if my prophetic foresight deceive me not, I am like to end it.

Having said this much of and for myself, I am sure the reader will pardon me if I am not equally communicative with respect to another, and if I pass over the remainder of that interval which I spent at Komorn. Even were love-making—which assuredly it is not—as interesting to the spectator as to those engaged, I should scruple to recount events which delicacy should throw a veil over ; nor am I induced,

even by the example of the wittiest periodical writer of the age, to make a "feuilleton" of my own marriage. Enough that I say, despite my shattered form, my want of fortune, my unattested pretension to rank or station, Mademoiselle D'Estelles accepted me, and the Emperor most graciously confirmed her claims to wealth, thus making me one of the richest and the very happiest among the Soldiers of Fortune.

The Père Delamoy, now superior of a convent at Pisa, came to Komorn to perform the ceremony ; and if he could not altogether pardon those who had uprooted the ancient monarchy of France, yet did not conceal his gratitude to him who had restored the Church and rebuilt the altar.

There may be some who deem this closing abrupt, and who would wish for even a word about the bride, her bouquet, and her blushes. I cannot afford to gratify so laudable a curiosity, at the same time that a lurking vanity induces me to say, that any one wishing to know more about the "personnel" of my wife or myself, has but to look at David's picture, or the engraving made from it, of the Emperor's marriage. There they will find, in the left hand corner, partly concealed behind the Grand Duke de Berg, an officer of the Guides, supporting on his arm a young and very beautiful girl, herself a bride. If the young lady's looks are turned with more interest on her companion than upon the gorgeous spectacle, remember that she is but a few weeks married. If the soldier carry himself with less of martial vigour or grace, pray bear in mind that cork legs had not attained the perfection to which later skill has brought them.

I have the scene stronger before me than painting can depict, and my eyes fill as I now behold it in my memory !

HANNA'S LIFE OF CHALMERS.

THE biographer of Chalmers has added two volumes to his work since we gave to our readers an account of the first. The arrangement of the subject, originally contemplated, was a division of Dr. Chalmers's biography into three periods. "The first from his birth, in 1780, to the close of his ministry in Kilmany in 1815; the second from the commencement of his ministry at Glasgow to the termination of his professorship at St. Andrew's in 1828; the third from the time of his appointment to the chair of Theology at Edinburgh to his death in 1847." And Dr. Hanna imagined that he could include the account of each of these periods within a single volume. His materials have proved more abundant than he had at first calculated, and he has been compelled to extend the work to a volume more than he had originally purposed. No reader of the book will regret this. It is one the interest of which increases with every page. There is a calm and subdued eloquence in Dr. Hanna's style which, more than that of any writer we know, impresses us with the feeling of his entire earnestness in every word he writes. We feel that we know Chalmers more and more as the work advances. He has grown not alone on our admiration, but on our affections. We believe him to have been the greatest and the best man of his age. Is this to say that we assent to all his views? Surely not; but it is to say, that whatever we can learn of him satisfies us that he was a true and single-hearted man; that we can read no part of his works without feeling that they are filled with the spirit of truth. It is impossible, we think, for any fair-minded man, whatever may be his views as to questions of episcopacy and presbyterianism, not to regard Chalmers as a man doing more for our common Christianity than any other man of our time; and effecting what he has done by the energies of his own powerful mind, with little of human aid. We know of no man who so often brings to our mind the apostleship of Paul—affectionate, earnest, single-minded, prudent, with a belief in good that never waver-

ed. We know of no man who has done so much to bring some of the more abstruse doctrines of Christianity within the compass of the understanding; and the more that is rescued from mysticism, inadequate as the intellect is to deal with what is properly spiritual, the more is the intellect itself raised, and something is thus gained for the cause of good by improving for its service the ministerial faculties of our nature. There is a feeling of freshness in the good sense of Chalmers. In this he reminds us of Paley and of Whately, though nothing can be more unlike than his style is to either of those writers. But in all these there is the appearance and, no doubt, the reality of their great power being derived from looking at things straightforward, and as they are in themselves; making them, as far as is possible, to stand out face to face before the mind. In Paley, and in the other writer whose name we have mentioned, the style is of almost scientific precision; not a word more or less than the occasion demands. Chalmers's style is, on the contrary, diffuse, and it would appear to us, from this cause, commanding less attention from his hearers than the justness and originality of his views deserve. We presume that the difference of style, as far as it does not depend on differences in the conformation of the respective minds of the writers, is to be referred to the fact that Chalmers's style was formed from his habit of addressing country congregations and half educated classes of students, and that the expansion of every thought into which he was led, for the purpose of rendering it intelligible to such auditors, led to a diffuseness which would have been fatal to effect if occurring in the writings of a man of less power.

In our review of the earlier part of Dr. Hanna's work, we had brought down the narrative of Dr. Chalmers's life to the period of his sister's Barbara's death. The next year was marked by the death of an uncle. In this case it was the ripe ear that had been gathered. The old man, who had appeared in his usual health through the

day, had been found dead in his own room in the evening in the attitude of prayer. The spirit, it would seem, had passed away without a struggle. When the account reached Kilmany, where Chalmers was now resident, it found him seriously ill; and, in the course of that year, disease which had been lurking about him for a long period, but which he refused to yield to as long as was possible, manifested itself so distinctly that he was obliged to give up all exertions of every kind for many months. For half-a-year he did not enter his pulpit, and more than a year elapsed before the duties of his parish were again regularly resumed by him.

The illness was an affection of the liver. "I never saw any one," says Professor Duncan, "so much altered in the same course of time; being then greatly attenuated, while formerly he was corpulent. He had much the appearance of an old man, of one who would never again be equal to much exertion." In the interval between the death of his sister and his own illness, he had formed a connexion with the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, supplying it with some articles on mathematics and physics. He now asked to have the article "Christianity" entrusted to him. At no time could Chalmers have been described as a disbeliever, in the sense in which a disbelief of revelation exists in those who yet believe in God. There had been in his early days a scepticism which was more deeply rooted, which alike refused assent to either natural or revealed religion. That scepticism is of a kind which can rarely last; the eternal power and godhead of the Creator are written in characters too distinct to have it possible for a fair mind to resist the evidence which everywhere meets the eye and mind, and the great work of Butler had long since taught Chalmers that the difficulties presented in revealed religion were not distinct in character from those which must be admitted to exist in nature. Still, it would seem, that the peculiar doctrines of Christianity were little appreciated by him at this stage of his progress, and that when he proposed to write the article on Christianity his thoughts were chiefly engaged by what Dr. Hanna calls "the credentials of the Bible." The visitations of death in his family, the duties arising from his

pastoral charge, the thoughtfulness forced upon him in long illness, produced in his mind what may be described as a serious change. Dr. Hanna has, in the posthumous works of Chalmers, published a volume of sermons; some written in the year he was ordained, some in the very last year of his life; and these certainly show, not alone increased power and increased spirituality, but there is, we think, a marked distinction in the doctrines taught, a distinction which becomes more marked when one endeavours—no easy task—to reduce to definiteness of statement the language of his earlier years. It is earnest, it is vehement, often powerful, but the power is as of some rich, ambitious music, affecting the senses or the less intellectual part of our mental being. We are by no means sure that, assuming the speaker to have himself definite views, and remembering that his sermons are but a small part of the means of instruction which a pastor brings to bear on his people, such oratory is not the most effective; but it is certainly that which least bears to be examined alone, and except for the purpose of enabling us to judge of what Chalmers was, and of the steps by which his great power was matured, we think the publication of some of those early discourses might have been spared. It would be unfitting for us, even did we feel ourselves competent to the task, to do more than allude to the change which appears to have taken place in Chalmers's mind, and the deeper seriousness with which it became impressed as life advanced, and as his acquaintance with Scripture and with his own heart increased; but we feel it necessary to say, that the evidence does not appear to us to authorise the statement that such change was other than gradual, or, if on such a subject we may use the language, other than in the natural order of sequence. We find him—

"From good to better persevering still."

The successive deaths in his family could not but have solemnised the feelings of Chalmers, and forced upon his thoughts that other world to which he beheld the removal of so many of his near relatives. For twenty years death had been a stranger to the family; a brother and sister had now been borne away, and two others were

threatened with the same fatal disease; then, suddenly, in the midst of life, his uncle was removed, and he himself seemed to be dying. "A panic seized the family, as if one after another they were doomed to fall." A letter of Chalmers's is preserved, which shows strongly that he partook of the feeling. The letter is written in a style too diffuse to admit of our quoting more than a sentence; but in that sentence he says:—"My confinement has fixed in my heart a very strong impression of the insignificance of time, an impression which I trust will not abandon me though I should again reach the heyday of health and vigour. This should be the first step to another impression still more salutary—the magnitude of eternity. Strip human life of its connexion with a higher state of existence, and it is the illusion of an instant, an unmeaning farce, a series of visions and projects, and convulsive efforts, which terminate in nothing." He then mentions Pascal, "who could renounce, without a sigh, all the distinctions which are conferred upon genius, and resolve to devote every talent and every hour to the defence and illustration of the gospel. This is superior to all Greek and all Roman fame."

Chalmers was not a man to do anything by halves; there can be no doubt that he soon began to acknowledge, what before had formed no part of his belief, new views of the utter depravity of human nature, which led to altered views of the atonement. One by one, it would seem, the truths of Scripture manifested themselves to him; not as parts of a system, but as truths which he sought to reconcile with earlier and imperfect views, and one by one, it would seem to us, that the parts of his earlier fabric of Theology were abandoned, till, long before the close of his life, his opinions became what are most often denominated evangelical.

There can be no doubt, we think, that throughout the writings of St. Paul there are references to the original elements of our nature; appeals to the principle of honour; to the feelings of indignation; to much that is within the heart of every man, whether a believer in revelation or not; to the sense of truth and justice; to much that is not peculiar to Christianity, and which many persons, and those of high repute,

too, would disconnect altogether from its teaching, as if Man was not the being to be taught, to be influenced; as if, when endowed with a life from above, no part of our original nature was to remain. So far from this being the character of Paul's preaching, we find that the moment any proposition violates a principle of natural justice, he at once infers that such proposition is untrue. We feel that in Paul his strength is irresistible when he appeals to feelings which modern religionists would shut out if they could altogether; that the ineffaceable handwriting of conscience, the faithful witness, confirms all that he thus utters. Admitted truths are everywhere made the basis of his argument; and while he enunciates new truths peculiar to Christianity, he everywhere presupposes a body of antecedent truth.

Such primary truths, presupposed in the teaching of Christianity, but not peculiar to it, were those most insisted on in Chalmers's earlier discourses; the doctrines peculiar to Christianity, if adverted to, were seen only through a dim mist of encumbering words. They embarrassed the preacher, and if they affected the audience it must have been rather through associations habitually connected with the language of Scripture, which he could not but use, than that the doctrines received any illustration from the preacher. It is, however, more reasonable to regard Chalmers's first sermons as exercises in composition and declamation than in any other point of view. To describe them as false in doctrine would, we think, be inaccurate. They are deficient, no doubt, but they are true as far as they go; they could not have been ineffectual of good. Our impression is, that Chalmers's views of Scriptural truth were more clear as life advanced; that after the illness we have mentioned, and during the preparation of his article on "Christianity," the feeling of the depravity of human nature was for the first time distinctly pressed on him; his statement of which, however, would be far from satisfying the views of the high Calvinists. Dr. Hanna represents Dr. Chalmers's views on this subject as having been formed in the year 1810, and he preserves a sermon preached by Chalmers in 1813, in which are the germs of a discourse delivered afterwards in Glasgow, and published, if we remember rightly, in

the Tron Church Sermons. That Chalmers's general views of Christianity were essentially unaltered from this period appears in the fact that sermons preached by him in 1815, were again delivered from the pulpit in 1847, the last year of his life. The study of Wilberforce's "Practical View" is described by Dr. Hanna, and referred to by Chalmers himself as connected with "a great revolution in all his opinions about Christianity." These are Chalmers's own words. Dr. Hanna has published a journal of Chalmers's, written in this year—one manifestly kept for the single purpose of self-improvement—and though there is nothing in it that is not honourable to Chalmers and instructive to others, yet we think such documents ought scarcely to be published. It is of the utmost moment that persons should have such opportunity of self-instruction as may be derived from keeping some record of their passing thoughts, and of being alone with their own minds, but once establish the practice of publishing such records, and they either will cease to be kept at all, or insincerity will creep into them, and a consideration of the eyes to which they may be afterwards exposed. Dr. Hanna is more impressed with the importance of this journal of Chalmers's than we are. We transcribe a sentence in which, however, we do not quite agree; finding in Dr. Chalmers's journal nothing whatever to warrant the comparison of such disturbance of mind, as his illness and the circumstances in which he found himself created, and the cases of Luther and Loyola:—

. "But I cannot close this chapter without alluding to the comparison naturally suggested between the spiritual struggle which it records, and that through which, at a like period of their lives, Ignatius Loyola and Martin Luther passed. Loyola's great effort was to tread the world beneath his feet, and to rise into a mystic region of rapt idealism, where high spiritual intercourse with the unseen world might be enjoyed. The main stress of his struggle was to mortify the desires of the flesh and of the mind—to spiritualise the carnal nature. Luther's great effort, prompted by an urgent sense of guilt, was to reconcile himself to an offended Deity; and the main stress of his struggle was to bring into a state of right adjustment his personal and im-

mediate relationship with God. Dr. Chalmers' great effort was to prepare for an eternity felt to be at hand, by discharging aright the duties of time; and the main stress of his struggle was to bring his dispositions and conduct towards all around him up to the requirements of the Divine law. Loyola busied himself mainly with fastening aright the ties, and sustaining the communion, which bound him to the spiritual world, as that world was conceived of and believed in. Luther busied himself mainly with his legal standing before the High Judge of all the earth, and was still trying over and over again the question of his acceptance or his condemnation before the bar of eternal justice. Dr. Chalmers busied himself mainly with the state of his affections and behaviour towards his fellow-men, with all of whom he tried to be on terms of perfect and cordial amity ere he passed into eternity. The devotional element predominated with the first, the legal with the second, the moral and social with the third. Out of his severe and prolonged struggle, Loyola found his exit by casting himself into the bosom of his church, and giving himself up to the devotions which she prescribed, and the services which she demanded. Out of their struggle, Luther and Dr. Chalmers alike found their exit by casting themselves into the bosom of their Saviour, and giving themselves up to all the duties of life, spiritual and social, as those who had been freely and fully reconciled unto God through Jesus Christ their Lord."—Vol. i., pp. 188, 189.

In the next year we find Chalmers making so many sage resolutions against matrimony, that we are prepared for his hazarding that great experiment, "for," like death, "it is an experiment to the most experienced." The courtship was not long; the lady's friends opposed no obstacles; and we have the Doctor telling us, in language, not altogether English, that "he obtained a final and favourable deliverance on Friday, the 26th of June, 1812." By the words "final and favourable deliverance" is meant that the lady expressed her consent. In a short time occurred the marriage. Chalmers, writing an account of the matter to a female friend, says:—

"The event took place before dinner at Starbank. Dr. Greenlaw, the clergyman, was in his ninetieth year. He made a most laughable mistake, which converted a business that is often ac-

accompanied with tears, into a perfect frolic. It made me burst out, and set all the ladies a-tittering. In laying the vows on Grace, what he required of her was that she should be a loving and affectionate husband, to which she assented."

The marriage was one singularly happy. We wish we had room to extract what Dr. Hanna says of Mrs. Chalmers. Since it was written she, too, has been removed. Two years of great happiness passed at Kilmany. Chalmers's reputation each day rose.

The article on Christianity, prepared for the *Encyclopædia*, was also circulated extensively in a separate form. His aid was sought and effectively given to the Bible Society and to missionary societies. He did escape mixing in the controversies connected with those subjects; and he had become fond of authorship, but his power was chiefly shown at this time in popular addresses. Chalmers had also some contests in presbyteries and synods, in which he spoke with great power. A deputation from Glasgow now waited on Chalmers, and, after some preliminary suggestions, he became, in 1815, minister of the Tron Church.

When Chalmers left his country parish, in Fife-shire, for Glasgow, it is probable that there was no other man in the Scottish Church of more widespread reputation. Still the reputation of any man depending on the estimate formed of him by public assemblies, and the echoes of popular admiration, is one always felt to be of a doubtful kind. Chalmers's scientific pursuits and his parish ministry were felt by many of those who affirmed for themselves a higher orthodoxy than they conceded to him, as if they could be scarcely consistently united. There is an indisposition in professional persons to endure any excellence beyond the range of ordinary professional occupation, and where such excellence is of a character that cannot be denied or overlooked, the feeling of unacknowledged jealousy, which it provokes, leads mean-minded men to receive in a questioning spirit every proper professional exertion of such a man. When Chalmers left Kilmany, he published an address to his parishioners, an address eloquent, affectionate, and that of a man whose whole heart was engaged with their interests, temporal and spiritual. The address is publish-

ed in the collected edition of his works; and some three or four sermons preached among them about the same time, and having reference, like the address, to the termination of his connexion with them, have been added to his posthumous works. Both the sermons and the more formal work are addressed as to persons commencing a religious life, "who, in the first stages of religious earnestness, feel unsettled and insecure as to the ground of their acceptance with God." Such persons are urged by Chalmers "to set themselves immediately, and with all diligence, to renounce every obviously wrong thing they had hitherto practised, and to do every obviously right thing they had hitherto neglected." We need not say that language of this kind was not unlikely to have awakened adverse criticism. The evangelical part of the clergy fell out with it because they thought its language implied false views on the subject of justification. To them there was the ready answer, one repeatedly pressed in Chalmers's writing, that the adjustment of doctrines in a system of theology was not his object in addresses of the kind.

Everything Chalmers expressed in the address might have been easily expressed in language which would have been felt to be unobjectionable by this class of adversaries, for there is nothing in the expressions we have quoted which might not have been more easily, more justly, and more naturally expressed in the language of St. Paul; and in that language Chalmers would probably, at a later stage of his life, have expressed it; but in his earlier sermons his dialect is less that of the Scriptures than in his later works. But, while the evangelical clergy had no reasonable ground of complaint with a doctrine essentially not different from that which they preach but in other words, there was an antagonist who was delighted at the opportunity of lashing at the evangelical clergy, and who felt that this address of Chalmers's gave him an opportunity which he had long desired. John Walker, of Dublin, was then resident at Glasgow, engaged, we believe, in the publication of classical school books, and in the education of pupils. Walker, who had been a Fellow of Dublin College, was a man exceedingly diligent and conscientious in the dis-

charge of his duties as a college tutor. The statutes of Dublin College require that most of the Fellows shall be clergymen of the Church of England. Walker held, in addition to his Fellowship, the chaplaincy of a popular chapel. There he preached Calvinistic doctrines in a strength of language and a disregard of consequences at which most Calvinists would shrink. His system was based on the belief that all which is called natural religion is essentially false; that man is utterly depraved, nay, wholly incapable of improvement; that degrees of holiness are, in fact, impossible to be conceived; and that the use of such language proves a total ignorance of man's nature, and of the scriptural doctrine of redemption, Sanctification meaning separation from the world, and nothing more or other than this. While Walker was still a Fellow of College, he published an "Address to the Methodist Society in Ireland," meaning by the Methodist Society the Wesleyan Methodists; in which he attacked with great severity and with great truth many of their dogmas, and many of their practices. A man very unequal to Walker in learning, or, indeed, in intellectual power, but whose name is now far more known—Alexander Knox—was rash enough to hazard a reply to Walker, which led to a prolonged controversy, Walker's part of which has been often republished. There is no intimation in Walker's original "Address to the Methodists" of his intention of leaving the Church of England; and after he had left it he describes himself as having had for many years, while yet a clergyman, essentially the religious views that he passed his after life in preaching; but the controversy carried him somewhat beyond his first purposes. He resolved all Christianity into a belief that our Lord, who had died, was risen, and into an unreasoning obedience to the apostolic precepts. Repentance was a belief of the first of these two propositions; and any form of church government not identical with the arrangements of the Churches mentioned in the New Testament, was disobedience to the command of God—practical infidelity. In the course of the controversy he was led to dwell on the unscriptural character of the Christian priest, and to insist on there being no distinction such as that of priest and layman, acknowledged in Scripture.

The proposition is true in the sense that we have no sacrificing priests, and a fact not alone inoffensively but instructively stated by many of the writers of the several Protestant communions, and more particularly by clergymen of the Church of England, seems to have been, at the time Walker wrote, little recognised. This proposition pressed on Walker's mind as in irreconcilable opposition with the Holy Orders of the Church of England; and his leaving the Church is, we think, traceable to the circumstance that this question is for the most part shirked, and some claim identical with the sacramental character which in the Roman Church is given to Holy Orders, is assumed to be involved in the historical fact of apostolical succession. Walker's view of Christianity was that it was at all times confined to a very few persons, and would at all times continue confined to few. In one of his tracts he says he can recognise none as Christians but a few families, who joined him in weekly meetings, assembled for the purpose of breaking bread together. There might be others, he said, but he did not know that there were; and he more than intimated his belief that there were not. His personal influence seems to have controlled the assemblies where he was present; but when he left Dublin for London, or any other place, and sought to continue his connexion with those whom he left sound in the faith, then began a struggle. The war of words which Young Ireland waged in its club-rooms when O'Connell was no more, was nothing to the discordant voices which disturbed the little congregation of Walkerites, as they were called by the world—Separatists, as they chose to call themselves, in unconscious irony—suggesting that there was among them no bond of union. The Church meeting in Portsmouth-street, London, and the Church meeting in Stafford-street, Dublin, had a pamphlet war on the subject of whether the intercourse of ordinary society was to be continued in the case of members excommunicated; whether they were to be regarded as heathens, with whom it was admitted that Christians might live even on terms of intimacy; or whether, being apostates, they should be no longer even greeted with the common forms of salutation. Walker, the great excommunicant, took the se-

verer view, and held that when a man was delivered over to Satan he became disentitled to the ordinary courtesies of life. Walker was in London when this battle commenced. The Dublin folk would not give up their old friends so easily; they dealt out damnation to them, to be sure, in their churches, but thought them not the less pleasant fellows in private; and they held that once removed from the Church they were precisely in the same circumstances as if they had never joined it. Within the circle of disciples there were serious disputes as to forms of salutation; and matters which are regarded by most persons as of mere indifference, or subjects of unimportant antiquarian investigation, were discussed, with little other aid than the English translation of the Bible supplied, by men and women for the most part uneducated, and who were taught by Walker to believe that they continued as binding regulations for all time. Never did two antagonists meet in the field of controversy more unequally matched than Walker and Knox. Walker, a severe logician, insisting on the letter of Scripture, and laughing to scorn everything that approached speculation as to the immediate or the ultimate purposes of Christianity, considered in its operations on the heart and affections, or in its effects on society; Knox, a man living in a devout dream of moral fitnesses and adaptations, seeing Christianity in Mahometanism, and Dæmonism, and every other *ism* that ever afflicted mankind; inventing some ultimate purpose for each and all of these manifestations of what he called a divine spirit; seeking to sympathise with all that wiser men struggle against; a man who seems to us in his writings rather to assume the character of patronising the Bible than of humbly studying it; and who may be regarded as the father of the Pursevites and all the semi-mystical class of divines who have done so much to disturb the religious peace in England. Walker's accurate habits of thought could not abide Knox's effort to see in everything something more than presented itself to the first view. Knox's speculations, from his watch-tower in the skies, appeared to Walker barren generalities; and the more plausible they were made to appear, the more entirely unscriptural did he

esteem them. To have conquered Knox in the strife of polemics, was, in the estimate of the persons of that day, an unimportant triumph. The victory was easily won; but such victories are things to be deplored, rather than proper subjects for exultation. In spite of Walker's consistent course, for the thirty or forty years of his after life, we think it not improbable, that but for that controversy, and the attention it excited, his mind would have sobered into sounder views of religion; and that he would have, if placed in his proper position, as he must have ultimately been, in the direction of education in Ireland, anticipated the Lloyds in the improvements which in the Provostship of the elder Lloyd were introduced into the Irish University. We think we discern in Walker's latest writings, a kindlier feeling towards the Church of England than to any other religious body; and his feeling of kindness to the University, which has had the singular good fortune of attaching to her even those on whom she had little claims of gratitude—Swift, for instance, and Burke—is often manifested. Walker, soon after his controversy with Knox, left the Church of England; and his connexion with the University, of which he was a distinguished member, ceased. Walker's hand was now against every man, but most of all against professors of evangelical doctrine. Their doctrine he regarded as a human forgery; and the more like a genuine note the imitation was rendered, so much the worse it was—so much the more likely to deceive. When Chalmers's "Address" to his parishioners appeared, the occasion was too tempting to be let escape, and Walker published a pamphlet, impugning the Doctor's orthodoxy, and denouncing him as a false prophet. The pamphlet is preserved in Mr. Burton's edition of Walker's Works; gives some hard hits; is not always easily answered; and Chalmers wisely let it die away unnoticed. The only place in which we find Walker mentioned in Dr. Hanna's work, is the following extract from a letter of Chalmers's:—"Glasgow is a great thoroughfare in the religious world. The most remarkable men I have met with in that way since my arrival, are Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge, and Mr. Walker, of Dublin." We regret that Walker's friends have told us so little

of his private life. We should feel some curiosity to know how he regarded Chalmers, and whether they were thrown into much communication. We should feel yet more curiosity to know what he thought of Coleridge, whom, we believe, he often met.

Chalmers's first sermon, in Glasgow, was preached before the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, on Thursday, the 30th of March, 1815. There had been an anxious canvass for the office which he was called on to fill; and the friends of the disappointed candidates had, without, perhaps, malice, been circulating all manner of reports about the new minister: one was that he was mad.* Friends and foes came to hear him. The sermon is preserved, and is a noble discourse. From no writer in the language is so much to be learned on the all-important subject of pauperism, as from Chalmers. Till we had read this sermon, we thought his acquaintance with the subject was chiefly derived from his practical dealings with pauperism, when he strove to rescue from it a considerable parish in Glasgow; but we were wrong. In this exertion of his, he was but carrying out projects which had long occupied his thoughts in his retirement at Kilmany. His first sermon

"Contained in embryo his whole theory as to the proper treatment of pauperism, and is remarkable thus as indicating how firmly established in his mind that theory had become, even before his labours as a city clergyman had

commenced. But that particular institution whose claims he had undertaken to advocate was not forgotten; and in making an appeal to his hearers on behalf of the orphan children of clergymen, the following picture of the breaking up of a minister's family was presented:—

" ' When the sons and the daughters of clergymen are left to go, they know not whither, from the peacefulness of their father's dwelling, never were poor outcasts less prepared by the education and the habits of former years, for the scowl of an un pitying world; nor can I figure a drearier and more affecting contrast than that which obtains between the blissful security of their earlier days, and the dark and unshielded condition to which the hand of Providence has now brought them. It is not necessary, for the purpose of awakening your sensibilities on this subject, to dwell upon every one circumstance of distress which enters into the sufferings of this bereaved family; or to tell you of the many friends they must abandon, and the many charms of that peaceful neighbourhood which they must quit for ever. But when they look abroad, and survey the innumerable beauties which the God of Nature has scattered so profusely around them; when they see the sun throwing its unclouded splendours over the whole neighbourhood; when, on the fair side of the year, they behold the smiling aspect of the country, and, at every footstep they take, some flower appears in its loveliness, or some bird offers its melody to delight them; when they see quietness on all the hills, and every field glowing in the pride and luxury of vegetation; when they see

* We transcribe a letter to Dr. Hanna:—

" Edinburgh, November 14, 1849.

" MY DEAR SIR,—I shall now put in writing to you what I consider the most interesting anecdote I ever heard regarding Dr. Chalmers. I first heard it narrated upwards of thirty years ago, when it was not uncommon for our moderate clergy to say, 'Oh, as for Chalmers, he is mad!'

" A gentleman and his wife, one Sabbath, going to church in Glasgow, met a friend who spoke to them, and inquired where they were going. They said, 'To hear Dr. Chalmers.' He said, 'What! to hear that madman?' They said, if he would agree to go with them, and hear Dr. Chalmers for once, and if, after that, he persisted in talking in such a manner of him, they would never dispute the matter with him again. He accompanied them; and, singular to relate, it happened that, when Dr. Chalmers entered the pulpit that day, he gave out as his text, 'I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of soberness and truth;' and the gentleman who, I rather think, was a medical man, became from that day a changed man—a convert to evangelical Christianity. I had often heard and related this story without being able to authenticate it, till, on happening to mention it to my friend, Dr. Welsh, he told me that he knew it to be *perfectly authentic*, and knew who the party was. I was delighted with this confirmation of the story, as I think it one of the most interesting anecdotes in modern biography.

" I am, yours ever,

" JOHN ANDERSON.

" To Dr. Hanna."

summer throwing its rich garment over this goodly scene of magnificence and glory, and think, in the bitterness of their souls, that this is the last summer which they shall ever witness smiling on that scene which all the ties of habit and of affection have endeared to them; when this thought, melancholy as it is, is lost and overborne in the far darker melancholy of a father torn from their embrace, and a helpless family left to find their way, unprotected and alone, through the lowering futurity of this earthly pilgrimage, do you wonder that their feeling hearts should be ready to lose hold of the promise, that He who decks the lily fair in flowery pride, will guide them in safety through the world, and at last raise all who believe in Him to the bloom and the vigour of immortality? The flowers of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet your Heavenly Father careth for them; and how much more careth He for you, O ye of little faith.'

"One who heard this passage delivered, has told us, that 'the tears of the *father* and preacher fell like rain-drops on the manuscript.'"—Vol. ii. p. 5.

This sermon was heard by Lockhart. It is impossible to omit his account of it:—

"I was a good deal surprised and perplexed with the first glimpse I obtained of his countenance, for the light that streamed faintly upon it for the moment did not reveal anything like that general outline of feature and visage for which my fancy had, by some strange working of presentiment, prepared me. By and bye, however, the light became stronger, and I was enabled to study the minutiae of his face pretty leisurely, while he leaned forward and read aloud the words of the Psalm, for that is always done in Scotland, not by the clerk, but the clergyman himself. At first sight, no doubt, his face is a coarse one, but a mysterious kind of meaning breathes from every part of it, that such as have eyes to see cannot be long without discovering. It is very pale, and the large, half-closed eyelids have a certain drooping melancholy weight about them, which interested me very much, I understood not why. The lips, too, are singularly pensive in their mode of falling down at the sides, although there is no want of richness and vigour in their central fulness of curve. The upper lip, from the nose downwards, is separated by a very deep line, which gives a sort of leonine firmness of expression to all the lower part of the face. The cheeks are square and strong, in texture

like pieces of marble, with the cheek-bones very broad and prominent. The eyes themselves are light in colour, and have a strange, dreamy heaviness, that conveys any idea rather than that of dulness, but which contrasts in a wonderful manner with the dazzling watery glare they exhibit when expanded in their sockets, and illuminated into all their flame and fervour in some moment of high entranced enthusiasm. But the shape of the forehead is, perhaps, the most singular part of the whole visage; and, indeed, it presents a mixture so very singular, of forms commonly exhibited only in the widest separation, that it is no wonder I should have required some little time to comprehend the meaning of it. In the first place, it is without exception the most marked mathematical forehead I ever met with (being far wider across the eyebrows than either Mr. Playfair's or Mr. Leslie's), and having the eyebrows themselves lifted up at their exterior ends quite out of the usual line, a peculiarity which Spurzheim had remarked in the countenances of almost all the great mathematical or calculating geniuses—such, for example, if I rightly remember, as Sir Isaac Newton himself, Kaestener, Euler, and many others. Immediately above the extraordinary breadth of this region, which, in the heads of most mathematical persons, is surmounted by no fine points of organisation whatever, immediately above this, in the forehead, there is an arch of imagination, carrying out the summit boldly and roundly, in a style to which the heads of very few poets present anything comparable, while over this again there is a grand apex of high and solemn veneration and love, such as might have graced the bust of Plato himself, and such as in living men I had never beheld equalled in any but the majestic head of Canova. The whole is edged with a few crisp, dark locks, which stand forth boldly, and afford a fine relief to the death-like paleness of those massive temples."

We are then told of his peculiarities of voice and manner:—

"His voice is neither strong nor melodious, his gestures are neither easy nor graceful, but, on the contrary, extremely rude and awkward; his pronunciation is not only broadly national, but broadly provincial, distorting almost every word he utters into some barbarous novelty, which, had his hearer leisure to think of such things, might be productive of an effect at once ludicrous and offensive in a singular degree. But

of a truth, these are things which no listener can attend to while this great preacher stands before him armed with all the weapons of the most commanding eloquence, and swaying all around him with its imperial rule. At first, indeed, there is nothing to make one suspect what riches are in store. He commences in a low, drawling key, which has not even the merit of being solemn, and advances from sentence to sentence, and from paragraph to paragraph, while you seek in vain to catch a single echo that gives promise of that which is to come. There is, on the contrary, an appearance of constraint about him that affects and distresses you. You are afraid that his breast is weak, and that even the slight exertion he makes may be too much for it. But then, with what tenfold richness does this dim preliminary curtain make the glories of his eloquence to shine forth, when the heated spirit at length shakes from it its chill-confining fetters, and bursts out elate and rejoicing in the full splendour of its disimprisoned wings. . . . I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in regard to argument, and have heard very many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance both of conception and of style; but most unquestionably I have never heard, either in England or Scotland, or in any other country, any preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his."—Vol. ii. pp. 2, 3.

Chalmers at first feared much from the overwork exacted from him, and struggled to release himself from it. Of any of his proper duties he never was impatient, but that his time should be broken in upon by everybody and for everything, as if the clergyman of a district was the only person in it capable of doing anything. "What think you," he says, "of my putting my name to two applications to sell spirits? and to two certificates of being qualified to follow out the calling of pedlars?" In another letter the grievance is more amusingly told:—

"This, sir, is a wonderful place; and I am half entertained and half provoked by some of the peculiarities of its people. The peculiarity which bears hardest upon me is the incessant demand they have upon all occasions for the personal attendance of the ministers. They must have four to every funeral, or they do not think that it has been genteelly gone through. They must have one or more to all the committees of all the societies. They must fall in at every procession.

They must attend examinations innumerable, and eat of the dinners consequent upon these examinations. They have a niche assigned them in almost every public doing, and that niche must be filled up by them, or the doing loses all its solemnity in the eyes of the public. There seems to be a superstitious charm in the very sight of them; and such is the manifold officiality with which they are covered that they must be paraded among all the meetings and all the institutions. I gave in to all this at first, but I am beginning to keep a suspicious eye upon these repeated demands ever since I sat nearly an hour in grave deliberation with a number of others upon a subject connected with the property of a corporation, and that subject was a *gutter*, and the question was whether it should be bought and covered up, or let alone and left to lie open. I am gradually separating myself from all this trash, and long to establish it as a doctrine that the life of a town minister should be what the life of a country minister might be—that is, a life of intellectual leisure, with the *otium* of literary pursuits, and his entire time disposable to the purposes to which the Apostles gave themselves wholly, that is, the ministry of the word and prayer."—Vol. ii. p. 21.

In another letter he tells of his four chief annoyances. The first is, as our readers will have anticipated, the secular work thrust on him; next, the intolerable nuisance of visits and invitations; thirdly, the fatigue of preaching. In this Chalmers had to blame himself, for his sermons were too long and too loud—a mistake which good preachers are very apt to make:—

"My fourth annoyance is the want of seasoning to the air and climate of Glasgow. The frost has an opposite effect to what I was counting on. It condenses the smoke of the public works and sends it down in the form of darkness visible through the streets and passages. Here the kindness of the people is unbounded. I spend a great part of my time among the neighbouring villas of the town. I am just now writing you from one of those pure country houses. My feelings are not at all peculiar or alarming. Every new-comer requires such a seasoning; and Dr. Lockhart, one of the clergy, told me that he was miserable his first winter here, and has enjoyed uninterrupted health ever since."—Vol. ii. p. 24.

Chalmers formed a strict intimacy with a friend who accompanied him in

most of his walks and rides. Some interesting letters that passed between them are given. We transcribe an important sentence of Chalmers's:—

“Our week-day conversation and letters will, I trust, have ever much of Sabbath unction pervading them; but there is one point of distinction I should like to establish between the seventh day and the remaining six. Let all argument, if possible, be banished from our Sabbath converse, and let us know what it is on that day to fill up an hour not with treating religion so much as an intellectual subject, but as an affair of the heart, a matter of feeling and of devotion, that love to God may be made to burn within us, and the hope of an eternal Sabbath to elevate our hearts, and a refining purity of thought and of purpose to sanctify our every desire, and faith in the great Redeemer to be working all its peaceful influences upon our souls, and the contemplation of His bright example to be likening us to Him more and more, and the whole effect of our happy Sabbath hour to send each of us to his separate employment in that frame and temper of heaven which fills the whole man with superiority to the vanities of the world, and a mild, quiet, benevolent tenderness for all who live in it.

“Agreeably to this, I shall not take up the remainder of my time with any topic of observation whatever; but recollecting that Dr. Samuel Johnson often wrote his prayers, and found this a more powerfully-devotional exercise than if he had said them, I entreat my dear friend's indulgence if I do the same at present. And as a blessing on that tender intimacy to which God, who turneth the heart of man whithersoever He will, has turned our hearts, is the great burden of my present aspiration to heaven, I send it to you that you may, if you approve, join in it, and that the promise may be realised in us, that if two shall agree touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done unto them.”—Vol. ii. pp. 34, 35.

In a letter from the neighbourhood of Kilmany, during a visit of Chalmers, we find the following:—

“I did not carry with me here the book I brought from Glasgow, but trusted my reading to such as I could find when I came, and the one I fell upon was the English prayer-book, with which I was greatly refreshed and edified all yesterday. It will determine me, I think, when I get a church so cool that I can afford to prolong the service a

little, to have a great deal more reading of the Bible introduced into my public ministrations. The prayers and (with the exception of two flaws, one in the Burial and the other in the Baptismal Service) all the other devout compositions are very admirable, and I do regard the whole composition as an interesting monument of the piety and sound intelligent Christianity of better days.”—Vol. ii. pp. 57, 58.

We cannot at present enter into the question of pluralities, which was discussed by Chalmers with such power of eloquence as to have made the late Lord Jeffrey say, that he was reminded “more of what one reads of as the effects of the eloquence of Demosthenes than anything I ever heard.” On the Sunday which immediately followed the display of eloquence thus described, he preached at the High Church a sermon which heralded the series of what have been called his “Astronomical Discourses.” Dr. Hanna has printed from that sermon some splendid passages, little likely to be forgotten by any one who has ever read them. What must they have been to those who heard them delivered? The infidel objection, that man is too insignificant an object for the Deity to attend to, was stated in its fullest strength, yet could it be more strongly stated than in the Psalm—“When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?” After mentioning the wonders of modern science, he electrified his audience by a passage which Dr. Hanna gives in full, but to which we can only advert. “The telescope, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, puts infidelity in possession of the argument against which we are contending—the microscope neutralises the whole of the argument. The one led me to see a system in every star—the other leads me to see a world in every atom.” “There is no one portion of the universe of God too minute for his notice, nor too humble for the visitations of his care.” The close of the discourse was admirable.

“Anxious as we are to put everything that bears upon the Christian argument into all its lights, and fearless as we feel for the result of a most thorough sitting of it, and thinking, as we do

think it, the foulest scorn that any pigmy philosopher of the day should mince his ambiguous scepticism to a set of giddy and ignorant admirers, or that a half-learned and superficial public should associate with the Christian priesthood the blindness and the bigotry of a sinking cause; with these feelings we are not disposed to shun a single question that may be started on the subject of the Christian evidences. There is not one of its parts or bearings which needs the shelter of a disguise thrown over it. Let the priests of another faith ply their prudential expedients, and look so wise and so wary in the execution of them. But Christianity stands in a higher and a firmer attitude. The defensive armour of a shrinking or timid policy does not suit her. Hers is the naked majesty of truth; and with all the grandeur of age, but with none of its infirmities, has she come down to us, and gathered new strength from the battles she has won in the many controversies of many generations. With such a religion as this there is nothing to hide. All should be above boards. And the broadest light of day should be made fully and freely to circulate throughout all her secretcies. But secrets she has none. To her belong the frankness and the simplicity of conscious greatness; and whether she has to contend with the pride of philosophy, or stand in fronted opposition to the prejudices of the multitude, she does it upon her own strength, and spurns all the props and all the auxiliaries of superstition away from her."—Vol. ii. pp. 72, 73.

Summer came with its holidays, and Chalmers, with a schoolboy's feelings, left Glasgow to pass a few weeks in visiting his friends in Fifeshire. He arranged a route that would most conveniently carry him from house to house of old acquaintances. He avoided public conveyances; but, at one place, rode on horseback; at another, in a friend's carriage; often, too, on what in Ireland, at least, is sometimes called "Shank's mare," and this was not the least pleasant of his modes of travel. Mrs. Chalmers had now her babies to mind, and could not journey with him, and this accident gives us an accurate journal of his progress through his old familiar haunts, for Chalmers was an honest-hearted, home-loving man, and did not pass his time away from his wife without writing home every day. Between Glasgow and Kirkaldy a whole week was consumed, with no more remarkable incident than the

Doctor's falling in with a complimentary review of a sermon of his. The second week saw him walking slowly from Kirkaldy to Anstruther, chiefly along the sea-shore. He reached his father's at Anstruther on Friday evening of that second week. His father had now become blind, and was led to church by a guide—Chalmers himself performed that office on the following Sunday. He passed a week with his parents, and proceeded to his old parish of Kilmany. That part of his journal that mentions this visit will be read with great interest. Some single sentences are very touching. "I proceeded to the manse. *I remarked that the large gate laboured under its wonted difficulty of being opened,* and this circumstance, though minute, brought back the olden time with a gush of tenderness." He presided at family worship in what had been his own house; was led to the best bedroom, "where I indulged for some time in lively recollections, which carried a mournfulness along with them, and, at length, by a sound and lengthened repose, repaired the sleeplessness of the preceding night." The next day we have a record of two hours' severe composition, and then he visited the village.

"I was happy to see W. S., who had returned to Dairsie the day before, and came back to meet me. He feels a little humbled at being my satellite, and, to complete the joke, he calls me the comet that has appeared in their hemisphere, and I call him a little bouncing cracker at my tail. We had a pleasant evening at the manse, and staid up till nearly one o'clock. I complete this day's narrative by saying, that I should have mentioned in that of yesterday how young D. G. is turned remarkably stout, talking and walking, with a head as curly as ever I saw on a water-dog, and the hair so grown that his face looks like half-a-crown, with a prodigious system of head-dress all round it.

"After breakfast on Thursday I went to convoy W. S. towards Dairsie, ascended to the top of a romantic height at Airdit along with him, and then took leave; called on Mr. Anster, who was just mounting his horse with Mr. Heriot of Rathmornie. I walked back with them up the hill to Logie, and had there about an hour of severe composition. Reached the manse of Leuchars after eight o'clock."—Vol. ii. pp. 78, 79.

Another week passed with friends in

the neighbourhood, and then he was compelled "to preach at the window on my farewell sabbath." The day was windy, and the people without could not hear him. The crowds were oppressive to him. "It was not a preaching to my good, old people; many of them were jostled out, and instead of them I had an immense and most oppressive multitude." Dr. Hanna tell us of an incident that occurred either on this occasion or about this time. The wind interfered not alone with the people's hearing their preacher, but with the preacher's reading. He found a difficulty in holding the manuscript before him, and part of it was blown away. In Scotland it would be a dangerous experiment for any one but Chalmers to read a sermon, so strong and universal is their dislike to what they call a *paper* minister. Some person at a party where Chalmers was told a story of some country wife who defended the practice of a clergyman who read his sermons, by saying, "Ay, but he has a *pith* with his paper." Chalmers said, "This reminds me of an old anecdote of myself. A friend of mine expressing his surprise to a countrywoman in Fife that she, who so hated reading, should yet be so fond of Mr. Chalmers. She replied, with a serious shake of the head, 'Nae doubt, but its *fell readin' thon*.'" On the following day we again have a record of "two hours' severe composition after breakfast."

"At one sallied out; went down the Moutray, and recollected how often I had taken Anne down the bank, and entertained her with the ducks of Sandy Robertson I saw sailing in the burn. Dined in Mr. Cook's with a large party. There is a sideboard opposite to the fireplace in the dining-room, and the table is set from the south window to the opposite wall, Mr. Cook sitting at the window as the head. I looked out incessantly to the brae and upon Michael Matthew's ploughs running in their wonted style. Robie Dewar (the carrier) came from Cupar with a letter to me. I had a sentimental interview with him at the kitchen portico. He told me that he had no phrases, but that there was much in his heart."

"Escorted at different times by one or more of his old parishioners, and making many a visit by the way, late on the Monday evening he was welcomed to Starbank by his wife's relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. His earliest visits on the following morning were to those

spots made dear to him by the most peculiar recollections. In the midst of scenes so familiar to Mrs. Chalmers, his narrative now becomes, if possible, more minute than ever; and he tells how the shrubbery, in absence of the tending hand, had become a tangled wilderness; how Alexander Dun, however, still wrought the garden, and kept it in very good order; how half the strawberries on the bank had been renewed and yielded nothing, and the other half in their old state were not peculiarly productive; how, striving to get into the upper park, he had found all the gaps so closed that he had difficulty in penetrating into it; how he had tried to find out the place where once they had sat together, but could find no vestige of the seat which they had occupied; and how he had taken up his station for some time upon the elevation which, because of some tender remembrance, he denominates as 'the sentimental knowe.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 81, 82.

We have some notices which, at first, we did not understand. "After breakfast I retired to my bedroom, and read 'Jones.'" Who or what is "Jones?" said we. Jones was a popular preacher whose sermons were printed, and Chalmers had undertaken to write a review of them.

"His sermons at Glasgow and Kilmany are in the volume, but they look sadly reduced and enfeebled in print. Austruther, Saturday, half-past one.—I have now finished the review of 'Dr. Jones's Sermons.' I am heartily tired of this kind of work, and should like henceforward to decline it altogether."—Vol. ii. p. 84.

It was during this tour that he wrote most of the astronomical discourses, which he delivered shortly after at the Tron Church. When these sermons were first published the critics spoke of the midnight oil consumed on the elaboration with which they must have been prepared. Little did they imagine in what circumstances these were written. In a little pocket-book, with borrowed pen and ink, in apartments not his own, and where he was liable to continued interruption, those sermons were written. As he could snatch an hour at any of the friends' houses where his tour of visits brought him, he wrote rapidly what, no, doubt, however, had been before the subject of much thought. On his return to Glasgow he commenced preaching

these sermons. At the time we speak of it was customary for the city clergymen of Glasgow to preach, in rotation, on Thursdays in the Tron Church. Their number was eight, and the returns of duty was to each at an interval of two months. Chalmers's first discourse was delivered on Thursday, the 23rd of November. He undertook to shew the groundlessness of the prejudice against revelation, which rests on the vastness of the planetary universe, and what would seem the comparative unimportance of man. The discussion occupied all the Thursdays of 1816 that fell to him. The crowds that thronged to hear him were immense. All the news-rooms poured out their most diligent students of the *Herald* and *Courier*. The law-courts were deserted; the offices of merchants and bankers, in the busiest time of a busy city, sent out their thousands; master, clerk, and apprentice all crowding to hear Chalmers. "Out of the very heart of the great tumult, an hour or two stood redeemed for the highest exercises of the spirit; and the low traffic of earth forgotten, heaven and its high economy, and its human sympathies and eternal interests, engrossed the mind at least and the fancy of congregated thousands." In January, 1817, these discourses were announced for publication. The publication of sermons was a matter of so much commercial risk that a subscription was frequently resorted to, and this was suggested to Chalmers by his publisher. Chalmers resisted, and preferred trusting to the general market. Bookseller and author were alike surprised at the result. Within a year nearly 20,000 copies were disposed of. "The Tales of my Landlord" were published about the same time, and the circulation of the sermons equalled that of the popular novel. Hazlitt, from whom, by the way, we have the pleasantest if not the best account of Coleridge's preaching, tells us of Chalmers's:—"These sermons ran like wildfire through the country, were the darlings of watering-places, were laid in the windows of inns, and were to be met with in all places of public resort. We remember finding the volume in the orchard of the inn at Burford Bridge, near Boxhill, and passing a whole and very delightful morning in reading it without quitting the shade of an apple tree." Canning

told Mackintosh that he was entirely converted to admiration of Chalmers. Foster, in the *Eclectic Review*, blamed Chalmers for "dragging into notice a stale and impotent objection against the truth of the Christian religion, and giving a wide spread, by his discourses, to an argument which, as far as we can find, is almost unknown." We believe that Foster was wrong in supposing that some such feeling of prejudice does not lurk in many minds, and we think the greatest service is done in dragging into distinct light all such objections; whose real force is in the obscurity which gives them substantive existence. Forced into distinct expression there is nothing whatever in the strange fear that the God who created should disregard his creature. That the objection is "stale" is no reason for leaving it unanswered; that it is "impotent," if by impotent Foster means, as is most probable, that it ought to have no effect, is no reason for allowing it to produce an effect which it ought not to have the power of producing. There can, we think, be little doubt that, in all such cases, the fairest and the wisest course, if not the only fair and wise one, is—where a preacher feels himself competent to treat of a difficulty such as the prejudice dealt with by Chalmers—in his discourses to bring it fully before the minds of his congregation; to allow it such force as it may seem justly to have. Concealment, or shirking the difficulty, is the worst course he can adopt. We transcribe, from *Blackwood*, a passage no doubt by Wilson:—

"It has, we know, been said by some, that Chalmers has, in these noble 'Discourses,' all along combated a phantom, and that those objections to the truth of Christianity have never been raised which it is their object to overthrow. On this very account are his 'Discourses' invaluable. The objections which he combats are not so much the clear, distinct, and decided averments of infidelity, as they are the confused, glimmering, and disturbing fears and apprehensions of noble souls bewildered among the boundless magnificence of the universe. Perhaps there is no mind of any strength, no soul of any nobility, that has not often, in the darkness of the night, been beset by some of those majestic terrors; we may never have communicated them even to our dearest friends, for when they are gone, they are unutterable—like the

imagined shadows of ghosts, they come and go, silently and trackless; but an awe is left in the haunted mansion of the soul; and with all the deepest gratitude of a perturbed imagination we listen to the holy and the lofty voice which scares away the unhallowed visitants, and once more fills the midnight stillness with dreams of a peaceful and heavenly happiness. What although in the conversation of ordinary society no such thoughts ever find expression? Low, indeed, and unimpassioned is the strain of feeling which man holds with man in the common intercourse of life. And how, amid the trivial talk of amusement, or the intelligent discussion of affairs, or even the more dignified colloquy of philosophers, how could such emotions as we now speak of find utterance or sympathy? How can there be any conducting atmosphere by which such mysterious thoughts might be conveyed from soul to soul? But as there are fears, and doubts, and troubles, and agitating aspirations, too awful to bear the garb of ordinary words, so is there a Chalmers to meet them in all their dark array, and to turn them, during their hesitating allegiance or their open rebellion, into the service and beneath the banner of our God and our Redeemer."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 139.

The admiration with which these discourses were greeted was well deserved, but yet we agree with Chalmers's own judgment of them, who, when he was led to speak of them in advanced life, spoke of them "as a juvenile production, with too rich an exuberance of phraseology, to which the pruning-knife might be beneficially applied."

"Even among his sermons he did not think that they stood first, his 'Commercial Sermons' being always regarded by him as in every respect superior to them. In this, however, as in so many other instances, the judgments of the author and his readers have been at variance; for not only do these 'Astronomical Discourses' continue to be favourites with the public, but to this day they command a larger sale than any other portion of Dr. Chalmers's writings."—Vol. ii. p. 92.

We have exhausted the space which can be given to this paper, and yet we have left unsaid much that we wish to bring before our readers. Hitherto Chalmers's triumphs were on Scottish ground; in the course of the next year

he appeared for the first time in a London pulpit. Mrs. Chalmers and he, accompanied by Mr. Smith, his publisher, left Glasgow for London on Monday the 14th of April, 1817. Their progress was a circuitous one. They crossed from Cumberland to Yorkshire, visited the scenery of Rokeby, and inspected the Moravian establishment at Fulneck.

The journey was a delightful one. They saw with intelligent eyes the great manufacturing towns. They visited many eminent men—James Montgomery, at Sheffield; Robert Hall, at Leicester. As Mrs. Chalmers was of the party, we have not the kind of record which remains of most of Chalmers's other journeys, in his letters to his wife. But Smith and he wrote a joint journal, the Doctor undertaking to chronicle character, and Smith narrating such incidents as occurred, and describing scenery. That chronicle has not been recovered, but some of Smith's letters have been preserved, and the poet, Montgomery, has given an account of his recollections of the day on which he saw Chalmers. The Moravian missions were the subject of their conversation, and "Chalmers said—evidently *not* from sudden impulse, but a cherished purpose in his heart—'I mean to raise five hundred pounds for the Brethren's missions this year.' 'Five hundred pounds for our poor missions!' I cried; 'I never heard of such a thing before.' He rejoined—'I will do it.' But while I heartily thanked him, and implicitly believed in the integrity of his intention, I could only hope that he might be able to fulfil it, and within myself I said—'I will watch you, Doctor.' I did so, and traced him through sermons, subscriptions, collections, and donations, till he had realised, to the best of my recollection, a sum nearer to six than five hundred pounds."

"Now, considering in how many comprehensive concerns he was at that very time putting forth all his strength—originating, promoting, and accomplishing economical, local, patriotic, and Christian plans for the well-being of populous communities—in comparison with which this effort in aid of the Brethren was like the putting forth of his little finger only—yet, I confess, that 'small thing,' not to be despised, gave me a most magnificent idea of the intellectual, moral, and sanctified power for

good with which the human being who stood before me was endowed from on high. And surely, if ever ten talents were committed by Him who is Lord of all in His kingdom of heaven on earth, Dr. Chalmers was so invested; and judging by the labours which he did in his day, and the works *which remain as well as have followed* him to his account, we may fervently believe that the trea-

sure lent to him was doubled by his faithful occupation of the same, and that his 'joy of the Lord,' which was his 'strength' in life, is now his portion for ever."—Vol. ii. p. 96.

But we must conclude, and find some future opportunity of returning to the subject.

DIVINATION, WITCHCRAFT, AND MESMERISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I admire your courage in giving publicity to views so bold on Animal Magnetism, as I find in the leading article of your October Number. Allow me to make your pages the vehicle for certain evidences bearing on the same subject which I have noted from time to time in the course of miscellaneous readings.

It seems strange that so obvious a case as that of Barlaam and the monks of Mount Athos has not been brought into the mesmerical collection of *pièces justificatives*. The first compiler of the authorities on which it rests is Ughelli. The story is told in modern language by Mosheim, by Fleury, and by Gibbon at the years 1341–51. In taking the version of it by the last (Decline and Fall, c. 63), we shall run least risk of being imposed on by over-credulity.

"The Fakirs of India and the monks of the Oriental Church," says the complacent philosopher of Lausanne, "were alike persuaded that in total abstraction of the mind and body, the purer spirit may ascend to the enjoyment and vision of the Deity. The opinions and practices of the monasteries of Mount Athos will be best represented in the words of an abbot who flourished in the eleventh century. 'When thou art alone in thy cell,' says the ascetic teacher, 'shut thy door and seat thyself in a corner: raise thy mind above all things vain and transitory; recline thy beard and chin on thy breast; turn thine eyes and thy thoughts towards the middle of thy belly, the region of the navel; and search the place of the heart, the seat of the soul. At first all will be dark and comfortless; but if

you persevere day and night you will feel an ineffable joy; and no sooner has the soul discovered the place of the heart, than it is involved in a mystic and etherial light.' This light, the production of a distempered fancy, the creature of an empty stomach and an empty brain, was adored by the Quietists as the pure and perfect essence of God himself; and as long as the folly was confined to Mount Athos, the simple solitaries were not inquisitive how the divine essence could be a *material* substance, or how an *immaterial* substance could be perceived by the eyes of the body. But in the reign of the younger Andronicus these monasteries were visited by Barlaam, a Calabrian monk, who was equally skilled in philosophy and theology. The indiscretion of an ascetic revealed to the curious traveller the secrets of mental prayer, and Barlaam embraced the opportunity of ridiculing the Quietists who placed the soul in the navel; of accusing the monks of Mount Athos of heresy and blasphemy. His attack compelled the more learned to renounce or dissemble the simple devotion of their brethren; and Gregory Palamas introduced a scholastic distinction between the essence and operation of God."

Gregory illustrated his argument by a reference to the celestial light manifested in the transfiguration of our Lord on Mount Thabor. On this distinction issue was taken by the disputatious Calabrian, and the result was the convocation of a synod at Constantinople, whose decree "established as an article of faith the uncreated light of Mount Thabor; and, after so many insults,

the reason of mankind was slightly wounded by the addition of a single absurdity."

Of the truth of facts so long and openly discussed, there can be no question. The monks of Mount Athos did indeed put themselves into a state which may with safety be called one of mental lucidity, by fixing their eyes intently on a point. Mr. Robertson, who used to induce the mesmeric sleep by causing his votaries to fix their eyes on a wafer, had better precedent than he supposed for his practice; and Miss Martineau, who, in her artificial trances, saw all objects illuminated has been unconsciously repeating a monastic method of worship. The contemptuous indifference of Gibbon for once arises from defect of information; and when in a note he observes that Mosheim "unfolds the causes with the judgment of a philosopher," while Fleury "transcribes and translates with the prejudices of a Catholic priest," himself gives a luculent example of the errors of philosophy, and of the often unsuspected approach of prejudice to truth. Mosheim's observation, notwithstanding the damaging approval of Gibbon, is not without its value. "There is no reason," he says, "for any to be surprised at this account, or to question its correctness. For among the precepts and rules of all those in the East who teach men how to withdraw the mind from the body, and to unite it with God, or inculcate what the Latins call a contemplative and mystic life, whether they are Christians, or Mohammedans, or Pagans, there is this precept, viz., *that the eyes must be fixed every day for some hours upon some particular object*, and that whoever does this will be rapt into a kind of ecstasy. See what Engelbert Kempfer states concerning the monks and mystics of Japan, tom. i. p. 30; and the account of those of India by Francis Bernier, tom. ii. p. 127." Strange that Mosheim, observing the uniformity both of the process and of its results in so many different parts of the world, should not have suspected that there was something more in this species of lucidity than the merely casual effects of a distempered imagination. By fixing the gaze even of the lower animals on an immoveable point, they fall into a condition equally unnatural, and which, if they had language to express their visions, would

probably be found equally clairvoyant.

A favourite subject of mediæval art is the life of the Christian ascetic in the Desert. In these representations a human skull may generally be seen placed before the eyes of the devotee. Such an object would fix the gaze and induce the ecstasy as well as any other. The charm of this species of contemplation must have been intense, since in search of its exaltations and illuminations the very convents were deserted; and during the fourth and fifth centuries the deserts of Idumea, of Egypt, and of Pontus, swarmed with anchorites, who seemed to live only for the sake of escaping from life, and in their fasts and mortifications rivalled, if they did not for a time even surpass, the Fakirs of the East. To such an extent was this religious enthusiasm carried, that in Egypt the number of the monks was thought to equal that of the rest of the male population. Strange consideration, if it be the fact, that a few passes of a mesmeric operator should produce the same effects which these multitudes procured through toils so painful and sacrifices to themselves and to society so costly.

The Egyptian method of inducing clairvoyance in boys, by causing them to gaze on a pool of ink in the palm of the hand, has already been identified with the practice of Dr. Dee, whose black spherical mirror is now said to be in the possession and use of a distinguished modern mesmeriser. Divination by the crystal is a well-known mediæval practice; and from the accounts of it which Delrio and others have handed down, it appears to have resembled, in some remarkable particulars, the method now in use among the soothsayers of Cairo. It does not appear to make any difference whether the polished object be black or white, a mirror, a solid ball, or a transparent globe containing water: the same extraordinary series of appearances is alleged to follow an earnest inspection of it. Before proceeding to Delrio's singular corroboration of this use of the crystal, it will be well to state what is known of divination by the phial and by the mirror. Divination by the phial is technically known as *gasteromancy*. "In this kind of divination," says Peucer (12mo, Wirtemberg, 1560, p. 146, a), "the response is given by pictures, not

by sounds. They procured glass vessels of a globular shape, filled with fair water, and set round them lighted tapers; and after invoking the demon with a muttered incantation, and proposing the question, they brought forward a pure boy-child, or a pregnant woman, who, gazing intently on the glass, and searching it with their eyes, called for, and demanded, a solution of the question proposed. The devil then answered these inquiries by certain images, which, by a kind of refraction, shone from the water on the polished and mirror-like surface of the phial."

Catoptromancy, or divination by the mirror, is as old as the time of the Roman Emperors. In one of the passages relating to this method of inducing what is called clairvoyance, we have an illustration of the early acquaintance of mankind with some of the forms of mesmerism. The passage is found in Spartian's life of Dittus Julian, the rich Roman who purchased the Empire when it was put up to auction by the Prætorian guards. "Julian was also addicted to the madness of consulting magicians, through whom he hoped either to appease the indignation of the people, or to control the violence of the soldiery. For they immolated certain victims (human?) not agreeable to the course of Roman sacrifice; and they performed certain profane incantations; and those things, too, which are done at the mirror, in which boys with their eyes blindfolded are said, by means of incantations, to see objects with the top of the head, Julian had recourse to. And the boy is said to have seen (in the mirror) both the approach of Severus and the death of Julian."

The passage may be variously rendered, according to different readings and punctuations, either as "boys, who can see with their eyes blindfolded, by reason of incantations made over the top of the head;" or, "boys, who having their eyes blindfolded, can see with the top of the head, by reason of incantations;" or, "boys who, having their eyes blindfolded, can see with the top of the head, it being operated on by way of incantation." This seeing, or seeming to see, with the top of the head, is one alleged variety of the modes of modern clairvoyance. It seems difficult to imagine that the boy Horner, whose case is related by Mr.

Topham, in a letter to Dr. Elliotson, dated May 31, 1847 (*Zoist*, No. 18, p. 127), could have heard anything of these pagan practices. Mr. Topham, a barrister and man of credit, states—"After five or six weeks' mesmerism, he began spontaneously to exhibit instances of clairvoyance. The first occasion was on the 11th of September. It was in the dusk of the evening, so that the room where he was mesmerised was nearly dark. My previous mode of mesmerising him had been by pointing at his eyes, but on this occasion I began by making passes over the top of his head, and continued them after he was in the sleep. In the course of five or six minutes after the sleep was induced, he suddenly exclaimed that he could see into the room above us (the drawing-room). I said, 'Your eyes are closed; how can you see?' And he replied, 'I don't see with my eyes; I see from the top of my head. All the top of my head seems open.' He then described, &c. I found everything as he had described, &c." Mr. Topham, it need scarcely be added, does not appear to have been at all aware of the passage in Spartian, which, indeed, has not been cited or referred to in any published work for nearly two hundred years back.

A like use of the suspended ring, indicating the early acquaintance of practitioners in these arts with one of the alleged evidences of the so-called *odylic* force, is thus described by Peucer (p. 146, *b*) among various modes of hydromancy:—"A bowl was filled with water, and a ring suspended from the finger was librated in the water; and so, according as the question was propounded, a declaration or confirmation of its truth, or otherwise, was obtained. If what was proposed was true, the ring, of its own accord, without any impulse, struck the sides of the goblet a certain number of times. They say that Numa Pompilius used to practice this method, and that he evoked the gods, and consulted them in water in this way."

Crystallomancy is the art of divining by figures, which appear on the surface of a crystal ball, in like manner as on the phial filled with water. Concerning this practice, Delrio has the following remarkable passage, citing his cotemporary, Spengler (*Disq. Mag.* l. 4, c. 2, q. 5, s. 6):—"A man well

versed in the Greek and Latin fathers, and happy, if he had not presumed, with unclean hands, to dabble in the mysteries of our faith (Spengler), has published in Germany a learned commentary on the nature of demons, which he has prefixed to Plutarch's Essay, *De Defectu Oraculorum*. From this (says Delrio) I extract, in his own words, the following narrative. There are some (he says) who, being consulted on matters unknown, distinctly see everything that is inquired after in *crystals*; and a little further on proceeds to state, that he once had an acquaintance, a man of one of the best families of Nuremberg, and that this acquaintance of his came to him on one occasion, bringing with him a crystal gem, of a round form, wrapped up in a piece of silk, which he told him he had received from a stranger, who, encountering him several years before in the market-place, had asked his hospitality, and whom he had brought home with him and lodged for the space of three days; and that when the stranger was departing, he had left him the crystal as a present, in token of his obligation, and had taught him the use of it; thus, that if there was anything he particularly wished to be informed of, he should take out this crystal and desire a pure male child to look into it and say what he should see there; and that it would come to pass that whatever he desired to be informed of, would be indicated by appearances seen by the boy. And he affirmed that he never was deceived in any instance, and that he learned matters of a wonderful kind from the representations of those boys, although no one else, by the closest inspection, could see anything except the clear and shining gem. At a certain time, however, when his wife was pregnant of a male child, appearances were visible to her also in the crystal. First of all, there used to appear the form of a man clad in the ordinary habit of the times, and then would open the representation of whatever was inquired after; and when all was explained, the same figure of the man would depart and disappear; but in his departure would often appear to perambulate the town and enter the churches. But the report of these appearances having spread in all directions, they began to be threatened by the populace. It also appeared, that certain men of

learning had read in the crystal some statements respecting doubts entertained by them in their studies; and moved by these and other reasons, Spengler stated that the owner of the crystal came to him, representing that he thought the time was come when he ought to cease making such a use of it; for that he was now persuaded he had sinned in no light degree in doing so, and had for a long time suffered grievous pangs of a disturbed conscience on that account, and had come to the determination of having nothing further to do with experiments of that kind, and had accordingly brought the crystal to him to do with it whatever he pleased. Then Spengler, highly approving his resolution, states, that he took the crystal, and having pounded it into minute fragments, threw them, together with the silk wrapper, into a draw-well." So far Delrio.

Another variety of this process is found in the *Onuchomanteia*, or nail-divination, also spoken of by Delrio. "In this species," says he, "male children, before they have lost their purity, smear their nails with oil and lamp-black, and then holding up the nail against the sun, repeating some charm, see in it what they desire. This mischief," he goes on to say, "has gone even farther in our own time. I myself knew one Quevedo, a veteran Spanish soldier, but more distinguished in war and arms than in piety, who being in Brussels at the time when the Duke of Medina Cæli set sail from Galicia for Belgium, clearly showed in more than one of his nails the fleet leaving the port of Corunna, and soon after dreadfully tossed by a tempest. Thus this man, who could also cure the wounds of others by his words alone, rendered his own spiritual state incurable by any one."

The like use of the crystal ball and spherical phial, containing water, suggests a version of the epigrams of Claudian—"De crystallo in quo aqua inclusa"—which has not been afforded by any of the commentators. Globules of water are sometimes found enclosed in crystals, as well as in amber. On one of those singular gems Claudian has composed a series of epigrams, which ascribe properties to the stone, and make allusion to uses of it hardly reconcileable with the idea of its being a merely puerile curiosity. The ear-

lier epigrams of the series are neat and playful, but insignificant :—

“The icy gem its aqueous birth attests,
Part turned to stone, while part in fluid
rests;
Winter’s numbed hand achieved the cunning
feat,
The perfecter for being incomplete.

“Nymphs who your sister nymphs in glassy
thrall
Hold here imprisoned in the crystal ball;
Waters that were and are, declare the cause
That your bright forms at once congeals and
thaws.

“Scorn not the crystal ball, a worth it
owns,
Greater than graven Erythrean stones;
Rude though it seems, a formless mass of ice,
’Tis justly counted ’mongst our gems of
price.”

And so on through several others, until he comes to that one which seems to indicate something beyond a merely figurative use of the word “nymphs;” though, after all, it is possible that the word was originally written with an *l*, instead of *n*, which would make all the difference between “nymphs” and “waters” :—

“While the soft boy the slippery crystal
turns,
To touch the waters in their icy urns,
Safe in its depths translucent he beholds
The nymphs, unconscious of the winter colds;
And the dry ball exploring with his lip,
Seems, while he fails, the illusive lymph to
sip.”

The Latin is subjoined :—

“Dum crystallæ puer contingere lubrica gau-
det
Et gelidum tenero pollice versat onus,
Videt perspicuo deprensas in marmore
nymphas,
Dura quibus solis parcere novit hyems;
Et siccum religens labiis sitientibus orbem,
Irrita quæsitis oscula figit aquis.”

Not the least remarkable of the qualities here ascribed to the crystal ball is its energy in imparting the sensation of cold. Dom Chifflet, who, in 1655, published his learned treatise at Antwerp on the objects then recently discovered in the supposed tomb of King Childeric, at Tournay, says of the crystal ball which was found amongst them, “You would say it was petrified ice; so cold it was, that

my palm and fingers, after handling it, were quite torpid.” And cites Anslem Boetius, in his book on stones and gems, as saying, “the crystal is of so cold and dry a nature, that placed beneath the tongue of a feverish person, it allays the thirst; and held in the hands even of those violently fevered, it refreshes and cools them, especially if it be of considerable size, and of a spherical figure” (Lib. i. c. 44); and another writer on the same subject, Andreas Cissalpinus, who states (Lib. ii., *De Metallis*, c. 13) of the marble called ophite, that “they make of it little globes, for the handling of such as are in burning fever, the coldness of the stone expelling the disease.” So far Dom Chifflet (*Anastasis*, pp. 244–5). It seems almost as if we were reading Reichenbach. “He (Reichenbach) found that crystals are capable of producing all the phenomena resulting from the action of a magnet on cataleptic patients. Thus, for instance, a large piece of rock crystal, placed in the hand of a nervous patient, affects the fingers so as to make them grasp the crystal involuntarily, and shut the fist. Reichenbach found that more than half of all the persons he tried were sensible of its action” (*Dublin Medical Journal*, vol. i. pp. 154–5). Chifflet probably was a man of a nervous temperament. Those who desire to see the crystal ball in question, may inspect it, where it is still preserved, with other objects found in the tomb, at the Gallerie de Medailles, in Paris. Two similar balls may be seen here in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy.

The use of water in communicating an ecstasy similar to the mesmeric lucidity, is largely dwelt on by the mystical writers known as the Neo-Platonists. Psellus describes a mode of divination among the Assyrians by a basin, which smacks strongly of the mesmeric practice. “The water, which is poured into the basin, seems, as to its substance, to differ in nothing from other water; but it possesses a certain virtue, infused into it by incantations, whereby it is rendered more apt for the reception of the demon” (*De Dæmonibus*). The effect of the waters of some sacred places on those accustomed to their influence, was also such as is claimed for the mesmerised waters of our present practitioners. Jamblichus gives this account of the Colophonian oracle

—"There was a subterranean place at Colophon, near Ephesus, in which was a fountain. The priest on stated nights sacrificed, then drank the water, and afterwards prophesied, being rendered invisible to the spectators. It might seem," he says, "to some that the Divine Spirit passed into the priest through the water. But this is not so; for the divine influence is not transmitted thus according to the laws of distance and division, through these things which participate in it, but comprehends them from without, and inwardly illuminates and fills them with lucidity, and fills the water also with a certain virtue conducive to the prophetic faculty, that is, a clarifying virtue; so that when the priest drinks, it purifies the luminous spirit which is implanted in him, and accommodates it to God, and by that purifying and accommodating process, enables him to apprehend the Deity. But there is another kind of presence of the god, besides the virtue infused into the water, which illumines all around, above, and within us, and which no man wants, if he can only attain to the necessary state of congruity. And so of a sudden it falls on the prophet, and makes use of him as an instrument; and he in the meantime has no command of himself, and knows not what he says, nor where he is, and with difficulty comes to himself again, after the response given. Moreover, before drinking the water, he abstains for a day and night from food, and partakes of certain mysteries inaccessible to the vulgar; from which it is to be collected that there are two methods by which man may be prepared for the reception of the divine influence: one by the drinking of purgatorial water, endowed by the Deity with a clarifying virtue; the other, by sobriety, solitude, the separation of the mind from the body, and the intent contemplation of the Deity."—*De Mysteriis*,* pp. 65, 66.

One might here suppose he read of the rites of St. Patrick's Purgatory. The water of the lake there is usually called wine, and it may be that on minds and bodies "which have attained to the needful congruity," it has operated as wonderful effects as the Colophonian fount itself. The proceedings of the priestess at Brancidæ, who also,

from amongst other sources, derived the afflatus, or *Waren*, from a fountain, are to the same purpose. "The prophetic priestess at Brancidæ either sits on an axis [exposing herself to the influence, as the Pythoness on her tripod], or holds a wand in her hand, given by some god, or dips the hem of her garment in water, or inhales a certain vapour of water, and by these methods is filled with the divine illumination, receives the god, and prophesies. But, that the prophetic faculty comes from no corporeal or animal source, and from no local or material instrumentality, but solely and extrinsically from the presence of the incoming deity, appears from this, that the priestess, before she gives her oracle, performs many ceremonious rites, observes strict purity, bathes, abstains for three days from food, dwells apart, and so, by little and little, begins to be illuminated and enraptured."—(Ibid. 67.) What the exact meaning of sitting on an axis may be, it is difficult to divine; but those who allege that a patient may be thrown into the mesmeric trance by holding a magnetised branch—and those also who have read of all the phenomena of exorcism being as fully elicited by a satchel of feathers as by a bag of reliques—will readily apply the wand "presented by some deity," and placed in the hand of the priestess at the moment when she should receive the final cataleptic impulse. If there be truth in the alleged modern cases of *clairvoyance*, we need not be surprised at the singular coincidences which have sustained the credit of Colophon and Delphi.

Not to dwell on other methods of inducing the afflatus, such as by characters and amulets, by music, by dancing, and by movements of the body, all of which are more properly illustrative of those singularly-interesting papers on the *Waren* of the Hindoos, which, from time to time, have appeared in THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, than of the practices of the mesmerists, I shall now proceed with the effects alleged to have been produced on the *affluti*. Jamblichus must still be our principal authority. Lucidity and prevision have already been sufficiently indicated, and have doubt-

* "Marsil. Ficin." Lugdun. 1577. 12mo.

less been readily recognised: the other symptoms will be found not less remarkable and equally familiar:—“Man has a double life—one annexed to the body, the other separate from everything bodily. . . . In sleep we have the capacity of being wholly loosed from the chains that confine our spirit, and can make use of the life which is not dependent on generation. When the soul is thus separate from the body in sleep, then that (latter) kind of life which usually remains separable and separate by itself, immediately awakes within us, and acts according to its proper nature, . . . and in that state has a presaging knowledge of the future.” Then, omitting a distinction between sleeping and waking inspiration, and coming to the latter, in which, also, the *afflati* have a presaging power, he proceeds:—“Yet those (latter) are so far awake that they can use their senses, yet are not capable of reasoning, . . . for they neither (properly speaking) sleep when they seem to do so, nor awake when they seem awake; for they do not of themselves foresee, nor are they moved by any human instrumentality; neither know they their own condition; nor do they exert any prerogative or motion of their own; but all this is done under the power and by the energy of the deity. For that they who are so affected do not live an ordinary animal life is plain, because many of them, on contact with fire, are not burnt, the divine inward afflatus repelling the heat; or, if they be burnt, they do not feel it; neither do they feel prickings, or scratchings, or other tortures. Further, that their actions are not (merely) human, is apparent from this, that they make their way through pathless tracts, and pass harmless through the fire, and pass over rivers in a wonderful manner, which the priestess herself also does in the Cataballa. By this it is plain that the life they live is not human, nor animal, nor dependent on the use of senses, but divine, as if the soul were taking its rest, and the deity were there instead of the soul. Various sorts there are of those so divinely inspired, as well by reason of the varying divinity of the inspiring gods as of the modes of inspiration. These modes are of this sort—either the deity occupies us, or we join ourselves to the deity, &c. . . . According to

these diversities, there are different signs, effects, and works of the inspired; thus, some will be moved in their whole bodies, others in particular members; others, again, will be motionless. Also they will perform dances and chants, some well, some ill. The bodies, again, of some will seem to dilate in height, of others in compass; and others, again, will seem to walk in air.”—Ibid, pp. 56, 57.

Taking these various manifestations in order, and beginning with the alleged power of resisting the action of fire, the reader will not need to be reminded of many seemingly well-authenticated cases of escape from the fire-ordeal. It has been usual to ascribe the preservation of those who have walked barefooted over heated ploughshares to the use of astringent lotions; and where opportunity existed for preparation of that kind, their escape may perhaps be so explained. But in most instances the accused was in the custody of the accusers, and not likely to have access to such phylacteries. The exemption from the effects of fire was not confined to those cases of exaltation attendant on the enthusiasm of conscious virtue. Bosroger (*La Piété Affligée*, Rouen, 1752) states of one of the possessed sisters of St. Elizabeth at Louviers, in 1642.—“One morning Sister Saint-Esprit was rapt as in an ecstasy. The bishop commanded the devil to leave her. Immediately she experienced dreadful contortions, and an access of rage, and, on a sudden, says the exorcist, her demon left her like a flash of lightning, and threw the young woman into the fire, which was a considerable one, casting her with her face and one hand direct between the two andirons; and when they ran to drag her away, they found that neither her face nor her hand were in anywise burnt.”

It would be idle to multiply instances of this sort from the monkish writers. The preservation of the three youths in the Chaldaean furnace was one of the miracles most adapted to the servile yet audacious imitations of the Thaumaturgists. It is only when their statements correspond in unsuspected particulars with the phenomena of experience—as, for example, in the case of Barlaam and the monks of Mount Athos—that they can be adduced without offending the judgment of rational inquirers. But the action of burning is an operation of mechanical and che-

mical forces; and how any amount of spiritual or electrical effusion could prevent the expansion of the fluids in the tissues and the disruption of the skin, seems hard to imagine. Something more must, one should think, have been needed; and if the mesmeric and Pagan oracular ecstasies be identical, this testimony of Jamblichus would lead us to suppose that that something was supplied by the mind. However this may be, we shall be better able to judge after the investigation of some other of the alleged concomitants of Pagan inspiration.

The insensibility to prickings and pinchings is perhaps the commonest test of the cataleptic condition; and, as will doubtless suggest itself to every reader, was, until modern times, a popular test of witchcraft. That the unhappy wretches who were put to death in such numbers during the middle ages for this offence were actually in an unnatural and detestable state of mind and body, cannot be doubted. They really were insensible to punctures; for if they had winced when pricked with pins and needles by their triers, it would have been deemed a proof of their innocence. A person feigning the mesmeric sleep, and whose interest it is to feign, may endure such prickings with seeming insensibility; but it was not the interest of the ancient witch to affect an insensibility, which would be taken as one of the surest proofs of guilt. A perverse desire to be believed guilty is the only motive that can be suggested as likely to lead to such conduct; and those who have studied human nature most profoundly will be disposed to give great credit to that suggestion. The same nature which in the fourth century ran into the epidemic frenzy of anchoritism, and impelled the Circumcellionist multitudes to extort the boon of martyrdom from reluctant tribunals, may be admitted capable even of the madness of a voluntary aspiration to the stake and pyre of the witch. Certain it is that many of the convicts boasted of their interviews with the Devil, and seemed to be, if they were not, possessed with the conviction of having actually partaken of the orgies imputed to them. Had they really been there in imagination? Was it that the popular mind had realised to itself an epidemic idea, and that the effect of the contagion was to put its

victims *en rapport* with the distempered picture present to the minds of the multitude? In a moral epidemic the crowd, possessed with one idea, are the operators: it is the *Panic* possession of the ancients, which was not confined to general terrors, but applied to general delusions of every kind. The multitude itself radiates its own madness; witness the Crusaders, the Flagellants, the Dancing Fanatics of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; perhaps even we might add the Mathewites of our own day.

The next symptom of possession was the power of passing through trackless places, the disposition to run to wilds and mountains, like that rage of the votary of Bacchus:—

“Quo me Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum? Quis in nemora aut quos agor in specus
Velox mente nova?”

The Bacchic ecstasy was not merely drunkenness, but an epidemic madness induced by long-continued dancing and gesticulating to the sound of cymbals and other noisy instruments, in all respects identical with the methods of inducing the Hindoo *Waren* detailed in THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. The dancing mania also of the fifteenth century, described by Hecker in his “Epidemics of the Middle Ages,” was induced in the same manner, and its effects were the same,—possession, illumination, and insensibility to external influences. That the Bacchic and Corybantic frenzies were, in all respects, identical with the middle age dancing manias, and with the possession of those who still exhibit the influences of *Waren* in Hindoostan, can hardly be doubted. “As for the Bacchanalian motions and friskings of the *Corybantes*,” says Plutarch in his Essay on Love, “there is a way to allay these extravagant transports, by changing the measure from the *Trochaic* to the *Spondaic*, and the tone from the *Phrygian* to the *Doric* :” just as with the dancers of St. Vitus, and those bit by the Tarantala. Hecker states, “The swarms of St. John’s dancers were accompanied by minstrels playing those noisy instruments, which roused their morbid feelings; moreover, by means of intoxicating music, a kind of demoniacal festival for the rude multitude was established, which had the effect of spreading this unhappy malady wider and wider. Soft harmony was, however, employed to calm the

excitement of those affected, and it is mentioned (*Jo. Bodin. Method. Historic.*, p. 99), as a character of the tunes played with this view to the St. Vitus's dancers, that they contained transitions from a quick to a slow measure, and passed gradually from a high to a low key," (*Epidem.*, p. 107). After the termination of the frenzy the conduct of the dancers, as well indeed as of all the victims of this species of possession, whether *Tarantati*, convulsionnaires, or revivalists, tallied precisely with that of the Bacchic women. Plutarch, in his thirteenth example of the Virtues of Woman, has this graphic picture of the condition of a band of Bacchantæ after one of their orgies. "When the tyrants of Phoea had taken Delphos, and the Thebans undertook that war against them which was called the Holy War, certain women devoted to Bacchus (which they call *Thyades*) fell frantic, and went a gadding by night, and, mistaking their way, came to Amphissa, and being very much tired, and not as yet in their right wits, they flung themselves down in the market-place and fell a-sleep, as they lay scattered up and down here and there. But the wives of the Amphisseans, fearing because the city was engaged to aid in the Phoecean war, and abundance of the tyrants' soldiers were present in the city, the *Thyades* should have any indignity put upon them, ran forth all of them into the market-place, and stood silently round about them; neither would offer them any disturbance while they slept, but when they were awake they attended their service particularly, and brought them refreshments; and, in fine, by persuasion, obtained leave of their husbands that they might accompany them to bring them in safety to their own borders."

In the same way, throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, might groups of both sexes be seen lying, exhausted from their agitations, in the streets of Aix-la-chapelle, Cologne, Strasburg, Naples, and elsewhere; and even in our own century sights not dissimilar have been witnessed at revival assemblages in Wales and Scotland, and at camp-meetings in North America. The rending of Pentheus on Mount Citheron by his own mother and sisters, who, while under the influence of the Bacchic *afflatus*, imagined they saw in his form the appearance of

a wild beast, might be adduced as an example at once of the furious character of the frenzy, and of the liability of the afflated to optical illusions. Has what we read of fairy-gifts and glamour any foundation in this alleged power of the biologist to make his patient imagine different forms for the same object? But we are still among the mountain tops, and must descend to the remaining symptoms enumerated by Jamblichus.

"They pass over rivers in a wonderful manner, which the priestess herself also does in the Cataballa." We here again encounter the *indicia* of that possession which went by the name of witchcraft in the middle ages. A witch, really possessed, could not sink in the water, any more than she could feel the insertion of a needle. The vulgar belief is, that the suspected witch was cast into a pond, where, if she floated, she was burned, and if she sank she was drowned. The latter alternative was not so; if she betrayed no preternatural buoyancy, the trial was so far in her favour, and she was taken up.

Nor was water the only test. In some parts of Germany the triers, less philosophically, employed scales; and had fixed weights (from 14 to 15 lbs.), which, if the accused did not counterpoise, they concluded them to be possessed. But it will be asked, how can there be degrees of philosophy in practices equally insane, and which have been condemned by the common consent of enlightened nations for nearly three hundred years? Insanity there certainly was, and on a prodigious scale, in these ages; but the judges and executioners were not so insane as the multitudes who either believed themselves possessed by others, or believed that they themselves exercised the power of possessing. To us, living in an age of comparative rest from spiritual excitement, it seems almost incredible that thousands of persons, in all ranks and conditions of life, should simultaneously become possessed with the belief that they were in direct communication with the devil; should cease to attend to their duties and callings, passing their time in hysterical trances and cataleptic fits, during which they seemed to themselves to be borne through the air to witch orgies and assemblies for devil-worship, in deserts and mountains; and that while one portion of society gave themselves up

to these hallucinations, another class should, with an equal abandonment of every duty of life, have betaken themselves to mope and pine, going into convulsions, and wasting to skeletons, under the idea of having been bewitched; yet nothing is more certain than that it was such a frenzy as this the heads of the Church and the temporal Government had to contend against in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There were no mad-houses; if there had been, even to the extent we now possess them, they would not have sufficed to hold a tenth part of the numbers whose contact and example would have been fatal to the peace, perhaps even to the existence, of society. If such frenzies were, unhappily, to burst out among mankind at present, civilised nations might transport their *energumeni* to distant possessions; but the middle-age magistrates had no facilities of that kind: they should deal with a terrible plague by the only means at their disposal; and these were, either to let the madness wear itself out, or to repress it by the rope and fagot. If they had adopted the former course, the epidemic would probably have passed through the usual stages of popular distempers; would have had its access, its crisis, and decline; and when the scourge had passed, the public would have awakened to a full sense of the madness of which they had been the victims; but in that process there was the danger of society going to pieces—of the visionary frenzy of the possessed being taken up by fanatics as the foundation of a new and abominable religion, and of the hostility of the ignorant and uneducated class, among

whom chiefly the possession prevailed, being directed against the restraints of government and the principle of property. Having adopted the other course, they pushed it to cruel and inexcusable lengths; punished many innocent persons, and suffered many of the really possessed to go free. For they whose madness was most to be apprehended, as most contagious, were not the wretches who fancied they possessed the power of bewitching others; but the *convulsionnaires*, who deemed themselves bewitched, and were their accusers. Certainly if the same epidemic should ever again break out among a European population, or even among a British population, the arm of the magistrates would be again required to suppress it, and we would be better able to judge of the conduct of those whom it has been the fashion of modern historians to represent as altogether ignorant and brutal executioners. So long as possession is only the result of manual passes, or of fixing the gaze on indifferent objects; so long as the effects are regarded as physical or psychological phenomena, due to a physical cause, and the pretensions of the practitioner are not rested on any peculiar religious sanction, there is no danger of mesmerism degenerating into a dangerous epidemic; but we might have seen a very different state of affairs if the magnetisers and biologists had referred their powers to any species of supernatural agency; and possibly would have found ourselves long since under the necessity of reviving those penal proceedings which we have so generally been taught to abhor, as among the most revolting remnants of mediæval superstition.* Even as it is, these

* As an example of the gravity and formality with which proceedings in matters of this nature were conducted, even as late as the end of the sixteenth century, take the subjoined palinode or recantation of a Flemish ecclesiastic, who had been guilty of the offence of doubting the ejection, or bodily transport through the air of witches and wizards. The original may be found in Delrio, at the end of the Appendix, in his 5th Book:—

“I, Cornelius Loseus Gallidius, born in the town of Gouda, in Holland, now, by the command of the renowned and illustrious Lord Nuncio Apostolic, the Lord Octavius Bishop of Tricarnis, arrested and detained in the Imperial Monastery of St. Maximin, near Treves, on account of certain tracts ‘On True and False Witchcraft,’ rashly and presumptuously by me written, published, and sent to be printed at Cologne, without the perusal or permission of the superiors of this place: whereas I am informed for certain that in the aforesaid books, and also in certain of my letters on the same subject, sent clandestinely to the clergy and senate of Treves, and others, for the purpose of impeding the course of justice against witches and magicians, there are contained many articles which are not only erroneous and scandalous, but also suspected of heresy, and savouring of sedition: I therefore

powers of the biologist, if in truth they exist, are capable of fearful abuse. Let us take, for example, one of the oldest methods of exercising influence, for good or evil, on an absent person:—

“As fire this figure hardens, made of clay,
And this of wax with fire consumes away;
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be,
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.”

If the waxen or clay image be but a concentrator of the good or evil will of the operator towards the distant object, and the witchcraft of the love-sick magician in Virgil, or of the evil-disposed wizard of the middle ages, be in truth no more than an exertion of biological power, it behoves society to take care how individuals should be suffered to

acquire mesmeric relations with others, over whom they may exercise malignant as well as healing influences. If the pretensions of the biologists be established, biology must soon be put under medical supervision. But to return to the phenomena of possession.

The propriety of trying alleged witches by water, has been impugned and defended with abundance of scholastic learning; and, singular to say, its opponents have been chiefly found among the Roman Catholic writers, and its advocates among the Reformers. Delrio, by far the most learned of all the writers on demonology, vigorously assails Rickius, the only notable Roman Catholic advocate of the prac-

hereby revoke, condemn, reject, and repudiate, as if they had never been said or asserted by me, the said articles, as seditious and temerarious, contrary to the common judgment of learned theologians, to the decisions and bulls of the supreme Pontiffs, and to the practice, and statutes, and laws of the magistrates and judges, as well of this Archdiocese of Treves, as of the other provinces and principalities, in the order in which the same are hereunto annexed.

“1. *Imprimis*. I revoke, condemn, reject, and hold as disproved, what both in words and writing I have often and to many persons pertinaciously asserted; and what I would have had taken as the head and chief ornament of my disputations, to wit, that what is written touching the corporeal ejection or translation from place to place of witches and magicians, is to be held as a vain superstition and figment, as well because that opinion savours of heretical pravity, as because it partakes of sedition, and so also savours of the crimes of *lese majesté*.

“2. In the second place, I revoke what I have pertinaciously, but without solid reasons, alleged against the magistracy, in letters secretly sent to several, that is to say, that the course of procedure against witches is erroneous and fantastical; asserting, moreover, that those witches were compelled by the severity of torture to confess acts that they had never done; that innocent blood was shed by a cruel judicature; and that by a new alchemy gold and silver were extracted from human blood.

“3. Thereby, and by the like assertions, partly diffused by private oral communications among the vulgar, partly by various letters addressed to both branches of the magistracy, imputing to superiors and judges the exercise of tyranny towards the subjects.

“4. And consequently, inasmuch as the most reverend and illustrious Archbishop and Prince Elector of Treves not only permits witches and magicians to be subjected to deserved punishments in his diocese, but has also ordained laws regulating the mode and cost of the procedure against witches, thereby with inconsiderate temerity tacitly insinuating the charge of tyranny against the said Elector of Treves.

“5. *Item*. I revoke and condemn these following conclusions, to wit, that there are no such beings as sorcerers, who renounce God and worship the Devil, who bring on tempests, and do the work of Satan and such like, but that all these things are dreams.

“6. Moreover that magic is not to be called sorcery, nor its practisers to be deemed sorcerers, and that that place of Exod. xxii. (‘Ye shall not suffer sorcerers to live’) is to be understood of those who slay with material poison naturally administered.

“7. That no contract exists or can exist between man and the demon.

“8. That demons do not assume bodies.

“9. That the life of Hilary, written by Saint Jerome, is not authentic.

“10. That the demon cannot carnally know mankind.

“11. That neither demons nor witches can excite tempests, rain, hail, &c., and that what is alleged in that behalf is mere dreams.

“12. That spirits and forms can be seen by mankind separate from matter.

tice. The arguments on both sides being based entirely on scholastic definitions and distinctions respecting the nature of demons, and the baptismal and other spiritual virtues of water, are of little relevance in the present method of disussing physical phenomena. Both parties assume that the persons of witches exhibit a preternatural levity—Debrio admitting that something less than fourteen or fifteen pounds was the actual weight which popular belief throughout Germany ascribed to persons in that possessed state, no matter how large or fat they might seem to the eye; and Rickius gives an example of a woman, executed by drowning in 1594, whom the exe-

cutioner could hardly keep under with repeated thrusts of his pole, so high did she bound upwards from the surface, and “so boil up,” as it were, out of the depths of the water. The levity of possessed persons in water might be accounted for by a phenomenon attendant on those preternatural conditions of the body which follow excitements of an analagous kind. The victims of the flogging and dancing manias in the middle ages, and the subjects of the fanatical fervours of camp-meetings and revivals, alike experienced a windy intestinal distention, consequent on the departure of their mental frenzy. To controul this disagreeable symptom, the candidates

“13. That it is rash to assert that whatever demons can do magicians can also do by the help of demons.

“14. That the assertion that the superior demon can expel the inferior is erroneous and derogatory to Christ.—Luke, xi.

“15. That the Popes in their bulls do not allege that magicians and sorcerers perpetrate such acts as above mentioned.

“All these and the like, my assertions, with my many calumnies, falsehoods, and sycophancies, petulantly, indecorously, and mendaciously expressed against the magistracy, as well secular as ecclesiastical, wherewith my writings on witchcraft abound, I hereby expressly and deliberately condemn, recant, and reject, earnestly beseeching pardon of God and my superiors, and faithfully promising that henceforth I will not, whether by word of mouth or by writing, by myself or others, in any place where I shall happen to be, teach, promulgate, or assert the same or any of them. If I shall do to the contrary, I subject myself thenceforth and henceforth to the pains of the law against relapsed heretics, recusants, seditious misdemeanants, and convicts of *lese majesté*, to the pains of libellous sycophants publicly convicted, and also to those enacted against perjurers. I submit myself also to arbitrary correction at the pleasure of the Archbishop of Treves, and of the other magistrates under whom I shall happen to live, and who may be certified of my relapse or violated undertaking, that they may punish me according to my deserts, in name, fame, goods, and body.

“In testimony of all which I have, with my proper hand, subscribed this my recantation of the aforesaid articles, in presence of the notary and witnesses.

“(Signed,)

“CORNELIUS LOSEUS GALLIDIUS.

“ATTESTATION.—These presents were done in the Imperial Monastery of Saint Maximin Without, near Treves, in the abbatial chamber, there being then present the Venerable and Excellent Lord Peter Binsfeldt, Bishop of Azof, Vicar-General of the Most Reverend Lord Archbishop of Treves, our most Gracious Lord in matters spiritual; Reiner, Abbot of the said monastery; Bartholomew Bodegem, Reader of either Law in the Ecclesiastical Court of Treves; George Helffenster, Doctor of Sacred Theology, Dean of the Collegiate Church of St. Simon, in the city of Treves; and John Golmann, Doctor of Laws, Canon of the said Church, and Seal-Bearer of the Court of Treves, &c.; in the year of our Lord 1592, Treves style, on Monday, the 15th day of the month of March, in presence of me, the Notary underwritten, and of Nicholas Dolent, and Daniel Major, the Amanuensis and Secretary respectively of the Reverend Lord Abbot, trustworthy witnesses specially called and required hereto.

“Subscribed,

“ADAM TECTON, Notary.

“Compared with the original and found to agree, by me, the underwritten Secretary of the town of Antwerp.

“S. KIEFFEL.”

for both species of *afflatus* used to come to their meetings provided with napkins and rollers with which to bind their middles, and prevent the supervening inflation. Persons so puffed-up would certainly float with all the buoyancy ascribed to the German witches, if cast into water; but they would still preserve their proper corporeal gravity if placed in a scale. Unless, then, we suppose Delrio to have been the dupe of some singular and unaccountable delusion on this point, the tympanitic affections of the *convulsionnaires* will not account for the anti-gravitating phenomena ascribed to mediæval witchcraft. There are some reasons, however, for the belief that these appearances may not have been wholly imaginary; for if any reliance can be placed on the concurrent traditions of all religions, Pagan as well as Christian, supported by wide-spread popular belief, the high mental exaltation induced by religious abstraction, and also by other vehement affections of the mind, is actually attended with a diminished specific gravity. Of alleged ecclesiastical miracles of this kind it is better to say nothing. The Roman Catholic and the Hindoo devotees equally claim for their adepts in religious contemplation an exemption from (among other earthly liabilities) the hindrance of weight. In the rapture of prayer the ascetic and the saint alike rise in the air, and spurn the law of gravitation with the other incidents of matter. Suspected evidences of this kind are, however, of no weight in philosophical inquiry. It will be safer to leave the *Etstaticas* and the *Fakirs* to their respective believers, and to take a story of the people, into which religious considerations do not so directly enter. The native Irish, then, have a remarkable tradition, as old, at least, as the seventh or eighth century, that phrenetic madmen lose the corporeal quality of weight. A picturesque and romantic example of this belief is found in the story of the fate of Suibhne, son of Colman, King of Dalnaraidhe, as related in the bardic accounts of the Battle of Moyra. Suibhne, a valiant warrior, has offered an insult to Saint Ere, Bishop of Slane; the affront is avenged by a curse, the usual retaliation of aggrieved ecclesiastics in those days. The curse falls on Sweeny in the most grievous form of visitation that could afflict a warrior:—a fit of

cowardice seizes him in the very onset of the battle, and drives him frantic with terror. “Giddiness came over him at the sight of the horrors, grimness, and rapidity of the Gaels; at the fierce looks, brilliance, and ardour of the foreigners; at the rebounding furious shouts of the embattled tribes on both sides, rushing against and coming into collision with one another. Huge, flickering, horrible, ærial phantoms, rose up (around him), so that from the uproar of the battle, the frantic pranks of the demons, the clashing of arms, and the sound of the heavy blows reverberating on the points of heroic spears, and keen edges of swords, and warlike borders of broad shields, the hero Suibhne was filled and intoxicated with horror, panic, and imbecility; his feet trembled as if incessantly shaken by the force of a stream; the inlets of his hearing were expanded and quickened by the horrors of lunacy; his speech became faltering from the giddiness of imbecility; his very soul fluttered with hallucinations, and with many and various phantasms. He might be compared to a salmon in a weir, or to a bird after being caught in the strait prison of a crib,” &c. “When he was seized with this frantic fit, he made a supple, very light leap, and where he alighted was on the boss of the shield of the warrior next him; and he made a second leap, and perched on the crest of the helmet of the same hero who, nevertheless, did not feel him. Then he made a third active, very light leap, and perched on the top of the sacred tree which grew on the smooth surface of the plain in which the inferior people and the debilitated of the men of Erin were seated, looking on at the battle. These shouted at him when they saw him, to press him back into the battle again; and he in consequence made three furious leaps to shun the battle, but through the giddiness and imbecility of his hallucination, he went back into the same field of conflict; but it was not on the earth he walked, but alighted on the shoulders of men and the tops of their helmets,” &c.—“Battle of Moy-rath,” p. 234–5.

In this state Suibhne flits off the field of battle like a bird, or a waif of the forest, without weight, and betakes himself to the wilds, where he “herds with the deer, runs races with the showers, and flees with the birds,” as

a wild denizen of the wilderness ; but with his extacy of terror, he receives the gift of prophecy. Dr. O'Donovan, in a note on this curious passage, observes, "It was the ancient belief in Ireland, and still is in the wilder mountainous districts, that lunatics are as light as feathers, and can climb steep and precipices like the somnambulists."—See *Buile Suibhne*, a bardic romance on the madness of this unfortunate warrior. This latter romance is occupied with Suibhne's adventures as a mad prophet, *Omadh*, in Irish. Query did the Bacchus *Omadios* of the Greeks derive his name from a similar source? It would be a singular coincidence that would make a Greek god an *omadhum*. Keats, with a fine intuition, has depicted those *mores afflutorum*, in the satyrs who do the benevolent biddings of Pan :—

"Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service ; whether, to surprise
The squatted hare, while, in half-sleeping fit,
Or upward ragged precipices slit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw ;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their paths again."

Compare with this picture of the Irish lunatic among the boughs of the tree on the field of Moira, the following extracts from Rosroger's account of the possession of the nuns of Louviers, in A.D. 1642 (Calmeil, vol. ii. p. 73, et seq.) One of the sisters, surnamed De Jésus, conceived herself to be possessed by a demon whom she called *Arracon*. "On the occasion of a procession of the host by Monseigneur the Bishop of Evreux, *Arracon* exhibited another example of his quality, causing sister De Jésus to pour forth a torrent of blasphemies and furious expressions all the time of the procession. When she was brought into the choir, and held fast by an exorcist, for fear of her offering some insult, the holy sacrament was borne past her. *Arracon* immediately caused her to be shot forward through the air to a considerable distance, so as to strike the gilt sun in which the adorable eucharist was placed, out of the hands of the lord bishop ; and the exorcist making an effort to detain her, the demon lifted her up in the air over an accoudoir, or leaning place, of three feet in height, intending to lift her, as he declared, into the vault, but the exorcist holding fast, all he could do was to cast the nun and exorcist back

to the floor together," &c. *Putiphar*, the possessor of Sister Saint Sacrement, "made her with wonderful impetuosity run up a mulberry tree, of which the stem was easy enough of ascent ; but when she got up the stem, he forced her onward till she approached the extremities of the slenderest branches, and caused her to make almost the entire circuit of the mulberry tree, in such sort that a man who saw her from a distance cried out that she flew like a bird. Then the demon permitted her to see her peril ; she grew pale, and cried out with alarm. They ran in haste to bring a ladder, but *Putiphar* mocked them, crying, 'As I made this *chienne* get up without a ladder, so she shall go down,' and caused her to descend the same slender branches to the stem, and thence to the ground."—p. 107.

Pere de la Menarday, in his *Examen Critique de l'Histoire des Diables de Loudon*, gives a letter from a missionary priest in Cochin China, describing a case of demonopathy, in the course of which, if we could believe the narrator, the patient seemed for a time to have conquered all the ordinary tendencies of gravitation. The missionary, M. Delacourt, writing from Paris, 25th Nov., 1738, begins by protesting his unwillingness to expose himself to the repulses of public incredulity ; but for his friends' sake consents to give the particulars. "Voici donc le fait dans ses principales circonstances tel que je l'ai vu de mes propres yeux." In the month of May, 1733, a young native communicant, named Dodo, residing at the town of Cheta, in the province of Cham, and kingdom of Cochin China, being reproached by his conscience for the suppression of some facts in his confession, fell into violent convulsions on attempting to take the host in his mouth. He was brought to the missionary, foaming, leaping, and blaspheming in the manner usual among victims of his malady. After many exorcisms, both by the missionary and by two other ecclesiastics, which only increased his sufferings, he was at length, by gentler entreaties, brought to make a confession. The missionary then renewed his exorcisms, which he continued for a month with little success. "At last," says he, "I determined to make a last effort, and to imitate the example of Monseigneur the Bishop of Tilopolis on a like occa-

sion, namely, in my exorcism to command the demon in Latin to transport him to the ceiling of the church, feet up and head down. On the instant his body became rigid, and as though he were impotent of all his members, he was dragged from the middle of the church to a column, and there, his feet joined fast together, his back closely applied to the pillar, without aiding himself with his hands, he was transported in the twinkling of an eye to the ceiling, just like a weight run up by a cord, without any visible agency. While he hung there, with his feet glued to the ceiling, and his head down, I made the demon, for I had determined to confound and humiliate him, confess the falsehood of the Pagan religion. I made him confess that he was a deceiver, and at the same time admit the holiness of Christianity. I kept him for better than half an hour in the air, and not possessing enough of constancy to hold him there any longer, so frightened was I myself at what I saw, I at length commanded him to lay the patient at my feet without harming him. Immediately he cast him down before me with no more hurt to him than if he had been a bundle of foul linen."—(Calmeil, vol ii. p. 423.) It is by no means improbable that Pere Delacourt himself had become infected with the madness of the monomaniac whom he was engaged in exorcising, before his eyes conceived that extraordinary image of the patient ascending by invisible agency to the ceiling of the church. But his letter bears evident marks of having been written under a sincere belief of the reality of all that he describes, and he refers to several living witnesses of the scene.

Reverting to this subject of optical illusion, already glanced at, we find still another resemblance between the mysticism of the ancients and moderns. The priestess rendering herself invisible to the bystanders, appears to transcend all the rest of Jamblichus's wonders. Strange to say, even this pretension of the Colophonian prophetess is not without something analogous among the alleged phenomena of mesmerism. "I requested a young lady," says Dr. Elliotson, "whom I had long mesmerised, with the never-tiring devotion of a parent, and in whom I pro-

duced a variety of phenomena, to promise to be unable on waking to see her maid, who always sat in the room at work during my visit, till I left the room, and then at once to discern her. On waking, she said she did not see the maid, but said she saw the chair on which the maid sat. Presently, however, she saw the maid, was agitated, had an hysteric fit, and passed into the sleep-waking state. I now inquired how she came to see her maid, as I had not left the room, and told her she must not [see the maid], when I awoke her again. I then awoke her again; she could not see the maid, was astonished at the maid's absence, and at first supposed she was in an adjoining room; but presently rang the bell twice, though the woman was standing before her. I moved just out of the room, leaving the door open, and she saw the maid instantly, and was astonished, and laughed" (*Zoist*, No. xi. p. 365). In the Colophonian oracle, they were the spectators, not the prophetess, who had need thus to be put under the influence of the mesmeric *glamour*. Can it be that, in certain diseased states of the optic nerve, it really is subject to the illusion of seeing objects rise in air, as well as go round in horizontal motion? They who saw these sights in the *adyta* of temples, in caves and sacred groves, in initiations and oracular consultations, were all prepared by fasting, watching, and prayer, for the reception of biological influence, and possibly may have seemed to themselves to see what others desired they should believe themselves to have actually seen. Was Lord Shrewsbury under this influence at Caldaro?

But the reader will begin to suspect that his credulity is about to be solicited for the ærial flights of witches on their sweeping brooms. This apprehension may be dismissed. Witchcraft, or, to call it by its proper pathological name, demonopathy, was a true delusion, true so far as the belief of the monomaniacs themselves was concerned, but resting wholly in their own distempered imagination.

From a learned and philosophic review of the great work of Calmeil, "*De la Folie*,"* in vol. i. of the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medicine*, p. 459, we extract the following *résumé*

* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Baillière. 1845.

of the symptoms of this dreadful epidemic malady :—"The leading phenomenon was the belief of the sufferers that satan had obtained full mastery over them ; that he was the object of their most fervent worship, a certain portion of their life being spent in the actual company of himself and his legion of darkness, when every crime that a diseased imagination could suggest was committed by them. Both sexes attended at the Devil's Sabbaths, as they were termed, where the sorcerers met, danced, and enjoyed every wild pleasure. To these meetings they travelled through the air, though, by the power of Satan, their bodies seemed to remain at home. They killed children, poisoned cattle, produced storms and plagues, and held converse with Succubi and Incubi, and other fallen spirits. At the Sabbath all agreed, that from every country the sorcerers arrived transported by demons. Women perched on sticks, or riding on goats, naked, with dishevelled hair, arrived in thousands ; they passed like meteors, and their descent was more rapid than that of the eagle or hawk, when striking his prey. Over this meeting Satan presided ; indecent dances and licentious songs went on, and an altar was raised, where Satan, with his head downward, his feet turned up, and his back to the altar, celebrated his blasphemous mass."

Each individual sufferer believed herself or himself to have seen these sights, to have gone through these orgies, and to have been transported to them through the air. If there had been but a few confessions, and these exacted by torture, it might be thought that the fancies of the examiners supplied the phenomena, to which the sufferers merely gave an enforced and worthless assent. But the confessions were as often voluntary as forced, and were, indeed, rather triumphant bravadoes than confessions of anything that the sufferers themselves deemed shameful. It was a true belief in the minds of the parties affected. The question has already been asked, were they *en rapport* with the rest of the diseased multitude, in whose minds the common delusion existed ? The question presupposes a mental sympathy and participation, by one mind, of images existing in another, which is one of the alleged manifestations of clairvoyance. But there is another mode of account-

ing for these and similar phenomena, which as yet obtains the approval of physicians, more than any suggestions of clairvoyant communications. It is, that there are certain states of the body in which the patient truly believes himself to see particular objects, to do particular acts, and to possess special powers, which to the rest of the world have no existence, but in respect of the patient himself are realities as visible, tangible, and perceptible, as the actual existences which surround him. For example, it is a fact which admits of no dispute, that a certain quantity of alcohol taken into the human stomach will cause the drinker to fall into *delirium tremens* ; and that in that state the patient will, with his waking eyes, see objects of a particular kind ; in nine cases out of ten, the forms of rats and mice running over his bed, and about his person. There is no public delusion here, no popular mind possessed with a fixed idea of these appearances, to which the individual delusions might be referred ; yet the swallower of the alcohol in Dublin, and the swallower of the alcohol in Calcutta, will both see exactly the same sorts of appearances, and will both express precisely the same horror and disgust at their supposed tormentors. Is it the case, then, that, as the forms of rats and mice come into the minds of men in one kind of mental sickness, the forms of men and women riding on goats and broomsticks through the air, and the other apparatus of the witch-sabbaths, may have been but the manifestations of another disordered state of the mental organism, a symptom merely and concomitant of an epidemical disease ? It is easy enough to understand how symptoms so simple as the appearance of what are usually called "blue devils" should be constant in their attendance on a particular state of cerebral disorder ; but when the hallucination becomes so complex as in the fantasies of witchcraft, it is difficult to suppose that that long train of appearances and imaginary transactions should follow on a merely pathological derangement of the brain. Between the two alternatives of referring these hallucinations to such a cause, on the one hand, or to a mesmeric sympathy, as above suggested, between the individual and the crowd of the possessed, on the other, it is hard to choose ; but, perhaps, the latter will

appear to offer the less amount of difficulty. In the present state of knowledge, however, it would be rash to say that a particular state of diseased cerebral action might not be attended with a perfect set of supposed phenomena as complex and constant in the minds of the sufferers, as those which existed among the victims of demonomania.

An example less difficult of reconciliation with the theory of cerebral disorder than that of the witchcraft of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and yet more complex than that of the fantasies of *delirium tremens*, may be found in the case of *lycanthropism*, or that form of mania in which men have fancied themselves transformed into wolves. This disease also is contagious; and on many occasions has exhibited itself in all the terrors of a maniacal epidemic. As early as the time of Herodotus the belief was rife among the Græco-Scythian colonies that a people called the Neuri were subject to this species of metamorphosis; and Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, found the same superstition in full force in Ireland. It again broke forth in Livonia, its ancient seat, with all the symptoms of a periodical annual epidemic, in the sixteenth century. Peucer gives the following account of what these maniacs themselves believed to happen to them. "Immediately after Christmas Day, in each year, a club-footed boy appears, who goes round the country, and summons all those slaves of Satan, of whom there are great numbers, to assemble and follow him. If they hesitate or refuse, a tall man appears, armed with a whip of flexible iron wires, and compels them with blows of his scourge to come forth and proceed. He whips them so severely, that oftentimes the stripes left by the iron thongs remain impressed on their bodies and torment them cruelly. As soon as they go out and follow in the train, they seem to lose their human form, and to put on the appearance of wolves. Several thousands thus assemble. The leader walks before with his iron scourge; the crowd of those who, in their delusion, imagine that they have become wolves, follow after. Wherever they meet with cattle they rush upon them and rend them; they carry off such portions as they can, and do much destruction; but to touch or injure mankind is not permitted to them. When they come to rivers, the leader

with a stroke of his whip divides the waters, which stand apart, leaving a dry channel by which they cross. After twelve days the band disperses, and every man resumes his own form, the vulpine mask dropping off him. The way in which the change takes place is this, as they allege: those who undergo the change, which occupies but a moment, drop suddenly down as if struck with a fit, and so lie senseless and like dead persons; but they do not in fact go away or change their places at all; nor while lying in that seemingly lifeless state do they exhibit any vulpine appearance whatever, but they go out of themselves (and leave themselves) like dead bodies; and save that they are convulsed, and roll about somewhat, they exhibit no sign or evidence of life. Hence the opinion has arisen that their spirits only are taken forth of their bodies, and put for a time into the phantasms of vulpine forms; and then, after doing the bidding of the Devil in that way, are remitted back to their proper bodies, which thereupon are restored to animation; and the werewolves themselves confirm this belief by acknowledging that in truth the human form is not withdrawn from their bodies, nor the vulpine appearance substituted for it; but that it is their spirits only which are impelled to leave their human bodily prisons, and enter into the bodies of wolves, in which they dwell and are carried about for the prescribed space of time. Some of those who have stated that they came long distances after escaping from the chains of their wolfish imprisonment, being questioned how they got out of that confinement, and why they returned, and how they could cross such wide and deep rivers, gave answer that the imprisoning forms no longer confined them, that they felt coerced to come out of them, and passed over the rivers by an aerial flight."—(*Peucer de Generibus Divin.*, p. 132.)

The same features marked the outbreak of lycanthropy in the years 1598-1600, among the Vaudois. The possessed fell into catalepsy, and lay senseless during the time they imagined themselves in their bestial transformation. The disease was almost uniformly complicated with demonopathy, or the possession of witchcraft.

There seems no reason to doubt that lycanthropism was a disease as constant in its character and as well defined in its symptoms as *delirium tremens*, or any

of the ordinary forms of mania. The evidences of its existence are, however, considerably stronger than those of witchcraft; for where on the one hand no credible witness ever saw a witch either at the sabbath, or on her way to it, or on her return from it, there are not wanting distinct proofs on oath, corroborated by admitted facts in judicial proceedings, of persons afflicted with lycanthropy traversing the woods on all-fours, and being found bloody from the recent slaughter both of beasts and human victims; and in one of these cases, that of Jacques Roulet, tried before the Parliament of Paris in 1598, the body of a newly slain child, half mangled, and with all the marks of having been gnawed by canine teeth, was found close to the place where the maniac was arrested. It is worthy of remark that both lycanthropists and witches ascribed the power of disembodying themselves to the use of ointments. Antiquity furnishes no parallel to the horrors of these malignant and homicidal manias. Their analogues may be found in the fabled styes of Circe, or in the frenzied raptures of the Sybilline and Delphic priestesses; but the extent, the variety, and the hideousness of the disease in modern times, infinitely surpasses all that was ever dreamt of in Pagan credulity. The points of resemblance, however, are not yet exhausted.

“A chief sign of the divine afflatus,” says Jamblichus, citing Porphyry, “is, that he who induces the *numen* into himself, sees the spirit descending, and its quantity and quality. Also, he who receives the *numen*, sees before the reception a certain likeness of a fire; sometimes, also, this is beheld by the bystanders, both at the advent and the departure of the god. By which sign, they who are skilful in these matters discern, with perfect accuracy, what is the power of the *numen*, and what its order, and what are the things concerning which it can give true responses, and what it is competent to do. . . . Thus it is that the excellence of this divine fire, and appearance, as it were, of ineffable light, comes down upon, and fills, and dominates over the possessed person, and he is wholly involved in it, so that he cannot do any act of himself. . . . But after this comes ecstasy, or disembodiment.”

Thomas Bartholin (brother of Gaspar) has anticipated the inquiries of Sir Henry Marsh, and of Reichenbach

himself, on the subject of light from the human body. In a treatise, full of singular learning, “*De luce Animalium*,” he has adduced a multitude of examples of the evolution of light from the living as well as the dead body, and in the cases of secular and pagan, as well as of ecclesiastical and Christian, persons; and this, without having recourse to any testimony of the Hagiologists. The *Aureolæ* of the Christian saints may not, after all, have been the merely fanciful additions of superstitious artists.

The convulsive distortions of the Pythoness were but a feeble type of the phenomena of demonopathy, or the supposed possession of the middle ages. It was chiefly in convents, among the crowd of young girls and women, that these dreadful disorders were used to break out; but the visitation was not confined to convents, nor to the profession of any particular creed. Wherever religious excitation prevailed among the young and susceptible, especially when they happened to be brought together in considerable numbers, there the pest was attracted, as a fever or other malady would be attracted by a foul atmosphere. No patient in the magnetic coma ever exhibited such prodigies of endurance as thousands of the involuntary victims of these contagious manias. Who in any modern *seance* has beheld a patient supported only on the protuberance of the stomach, with the head and limbs everted, and the arms raised in the air, and so remaining curved into the appearance of a fish on a stall, tied by the tail and gills, motionless for hours at a time? Or what rigidity of muscle in magnetic catalepsy has ever equalled that of a convulsionnaire, who would weary the strongest man, inflicting blows of a club, to the number of several thousands a day, on her stomach, while sustaining herself in an arc solely by the support of the head and the heels? Madame de Sazilli, who was exorcised in presence of the Duke of Orleans, at Loudon, in 1631, “became, at the command of Pere Elisce, supple as a plate of lead. The exorcist plaited her limbs in various ways, before and behind, to this side and to that, in such sort that her head would sometimes almost touch the ground, her demon (say her malady) retaining her in each position immoveably until she was put into the next. Next came

the demon Sabulon, who rolled her through the chapel with horrible convulsions. Five or six times he carried her left foot up higher than her shoulder; all the while her eyes were fixed, wide open, without winking; after that he threw out her limbs till she touched the ground, with her legs extended straight on either side, and while in that posture, the exorcist compelled her to join her hands, and with the trunk of the body in an erect posture, to adore the holy sacrament." (Calmiel, vol. ii. p. 29, citing *Histoire des Diables*, p. 231.) We seem to read the proceedings of an electrobiologist, rather than of a pastor of the church: but the parallel is not yet at an end. "The same nun," says Calmiel, "towards the close of her exorcism, executed a command which the Duke imparted secretly to her exorcist." Then follows this remarkable admission of the learned and cautious physiologist:—"On hundreds of occasions one might believe, in effect, that the Energumenes read the thoughts of the ecclesiastics who were charged with the combating of their demons. It is certain that these young women were endowed, during their excesses of hysteria or nervous exaltation, with a penetration of mind altogether unique." The children of the fanatics of the Cevennes, while in their supposed prophetic ecstasies, spoke the purest dialect of French, and expressed themselves with singular propriety. The same facility of speaking in a fluent and exalted style while in the divinatory ecstasy, was remarked of old in the case of the Pythian priestess. "Though it cannot be divined," says Plutarch, in his "Inquiry," "why the Pythian priestess ceases to deliver her oracles in verse;" "but that her parentage was virtuous and honest, and that she always lived a sober and chaste life, yet her education was among poor, labouring people, so that she was advanced to the oracular sect rude and unpolished, void of all the advantages of art or experience. For, as it is the opinion of Xenophon, that a virgin, ready to be espoused, ought to be carried to the bridegroom's house before she has either seen or heard the least communication, so the Pythian priestess ought to converse with Apollo illiterate and ignorant almost of everything, still approaching his presence with a truly virgin soul."

We might here, without any stretch of imagination, suppose we are reading a commentary on the birth and character of Joan of Arc, or of any of the prophetesses of the Swiss Anabaptists. But to return to the possessions recorded by Calmeil.

The biological relations alleged by the mesmerists appear in still stronger development in the case of the nuns of Auxonne in 1662. The Bishop of Chalons reports, speaking of the possessed, "that all the aforesaid young women, being in number eighteen, as well seculars as regulars, and without a single exception, appeared to him to have obtained the gift of tongues, inasmuch as they accurately replied to the matters in Latin, which were addressed to them by their exorcists, and which were not borrowed from the ritual, still less arranged by any preconcert; they frequently explained themselves in Latin—sometimes in entire periods, sometimes in broken sentences;" "that all or almost all of them were proved to have introvision (*cognizance de l'interieur*) and knowledge of whatever thought might be secretly addressed to them, as appeared particularly in the case of the internal commands which were often addressed to them by the exorcists, and which, in general, they obeyed implicitly, although without any external signification of the command, either verbal or by way of sign; as the said Lord Bishop experienced in many instances, among others, in that of Denise Pariset, whom the exorcist having commanded, in the depths of his own mind, to come to him for the purpose of being exorcised, she came incontinently, though dwelling in a remote part of the town; telling the Lord Bishop that she had received his commands and was come accordingly; and this she did on several occasions; likewise in the person of Sister Jamin, a novice, who, on recovering from her fit, told him the internal commandment which he had given to her demon during the exorcism; also in the case of the Sister Borthon, to whom having issued a mental commandment in one of her paroxysms to come and prostrate herself before the Holy Sacrament, with her face to the ground and her arms stretched forward, she executed his command at the very instant that he willed it, with a promptitude and precipitation altogether

wonderful."—(Calmeil, vol. ii. page 137.)

Sister Denise Parisot, one of those who exhibited these singularities, also displayed a further and very remarkable manifestation of what would now be called biological influence. "Being commanded by his Lordship to make the pulse of her right arm entirely cease beating while that of the left continued, and then to transfer the pulsation so as to beat in the right arm while it should stop in the left, she executed his orders with the utmost precision in the presence of the physician (Morel), who admitted and deposed to the fact, and of several ecclesiastics. Sister de la Purification did the same thing two or three times, causing her pulse to beat or to stop at the command of the exorcist" (Calmeil, vol. ii. p. 139).

Instead of exorcist we may, without much apprehension of offending either the reason or the belief of any candid person, read "Mesmerist." The passes seem similar, the phenomena identical. Again, in the case of the girls of the parish of Landes, near Bayeux, in 1732, the orders given by the exorcists in Latin appeared to be well understood by the patients. "In general," says Calmeil, quoting the contemporaneous account of their possession, "during the ecstatic access, the sense of touch was not excited even by the application of fire; nevertheless the exorcists affirm that their patients yielded immediate attention to the thoughts which they (the exorcists) refrained from expressing, and that they described with exactness the interior of distant houses which they had never before seen" (vol. ii. p. 413).

This long and varied survey of different forms of physical and mental malady brings us to a point where we may, with some confidence, take our stand on inductive conclusions.

It seems evident, then, that all the phenomena of animal magnetism have been from an early period known to mankind under the various forms of divinatory ecstasy, demonopathy or witchmania, theomania or fanatical religious excitation, spontaneous catalepsy, and somnambulism.

That, in addition to the ordinary manifestations of insensibility to pain, rigidity, and what is called clairvoyance, the patients affected with the more intense conditions of the malady

have at all times exhibited a marvellous command of languages; a seeming participation in the thoughts, sensations, and impulses of others; a power of resisting, for some short time at least, the action of fire; and, perhaps, a capacity of evolving some hitherto unknown energy counteractive of the force of gravitation.

That the condition of mind and body in question can be induced by means addressed to each and all of the senses, as well as involuntarily by way of sympathy or contagion.

That the fixing of the eyes on a particular point, as a wafer, or the umbilicus, or on a polished ball or mirror, is one of the most general and efficacious means of artificially inducing the condition of clairvoyance. That it may also, on those prepared for its reception by strong mental excitement, be induced by tumultuous music, as by the sound of drums and cymbals, by odours, and, perhaps, by unguents; and that the same condition also frequently supervenes on long-continued and intense emotion, as well as on those hysterical and convulsive movements of the body which sometimes attend on excessive religious excitation.

That, induced by the latter means, clairvoyance has a tendency to become contagious, and has often afflicted whole communities with the most dangerous and deplorable epidemic hallucinations, as in the fancied witch-sabbaths of the demonomaniacs, and prowling excursions of lycanthropes and vampyres; but that, although in these demotic frenzies, the prevailing ideas and images presented to the minds of the sufferers are merely illusory, they possess the capacity of being put in such a relation with ideas and images derived from actual existences in the mind of others, as to perceive and appropriate them. Beyond this it would be difficult to advance our speculation with any degree of certainty; but if speculation may be at all indulged in such a question, it might, perhaps, be allowed to a sanguine speculator to surmise that, possibly, the mind in that state may be put *en rapport* with not only the ideas and emotions of another particular mind, but with the whole of the external world, and with all its minds. Another step would carry us to that participation in the whole scheme of nature, pretended to by diviners

and seers; but it must be owned that, in the present state of the evidences, there is no solid ground on which to rest the foot of conjecture in taking either the one step or the other.

In the meantime, many practitioners are playing with an agency, the dangerous character of which they little suspect. In ancient exorcisms, it sometimes happened that the exorcist himself became the involuntary recipient of the contagious frenzy of the patient. If such an event happened now, it would not be more wonderful than when it befel the Pere Surin, at Loudon, in 1635, as he has himself described his disaster in his letter to the Jesuit Attichi:—"For three months and a-half I have never been without a devil in full exercise within me. While I was engaged in the performance of my ministry, the devil passed out of the body of the possessed, and coming into mine, assaulted me and cast me down, shook me, and traversed me to and fro, for several hours. I cannot tell you what passed within me during that time, and how that spirit united itself with mine, leaving no liberty either of sensation or of thought, but acting in me like another self, or as if I possessed two souls; these two souls making, as it were, a battleground of my body. When I sought, at the instigation of the one, to make the sign of the cross on my mouth, the other suddenly would turn round my hand and seize the fingers with my teeth, making me bite myself with rage. When I sought to speak, the word would be taken out of my mouth; at mass I would be stopped short; at table I could not carry the food to my mouth; at confession I forgot my sins; in fine, I felt the devil go and come within me as if he used me for his daily dwelling-house." (Calmiel, vol. ii. p. 61.)

Or, if instead of passing into a single operator, as in the case of Surin, the diseased contagion should suddenly expand itself among a crowd of bystanders, there would be nothing to wonder at, although enough to deplore, in such a catastrophe. It would be no more than has already happened in all the epidemics of lycanthropy and witchmania, of the dancers of St. Vitus, of the Jumpers, Quakers, and Revivalists, of the Mewers, Barkers, and Convulsionnaires. The absence of religious pretensions among the operators seems

as yet to be the chief guarantee against such results. If instead of being made rigid and lucid by the manipulations of a professor, the patients should find themselves cast into that state by contact with the tomb of a preacher, or with the reliques of a saint, society would soon be revisited with all the evils of *pseudo*-miracles and supposed demoniacal possessions. The comparatively innocent frenzy of the followers of Father Mathew, was the nearest approach to a social disturbance of that kind that our country has been visited by since the barking epidemic of the fourteenth century. "In the county of Leicester, a person travelling along the road," says Camden (Brit. vol. ii. p. 636), "found a pair of gloves, fit for his hands, as he thought; but when he put them on, he lost his speech immediately, and could do nothing but bark like a dog; nay, from that moment, the men and women, old and young, throughout the whole country, barked like dogs, and the children like whelps. This plague continued, with some eighteen days, with others a month, and with some for two years; and, like a contagious distemper, at last infected the neighbouring counties, and set them a barking too."

If mesmerism did no more than demonstrate, as it has done, that all the supposed evidences of modern inspiration, as well as of modern demoniacal possession and ghost-craft, are but the manifestations of a physical disorder, capable of being induced by ordinary agencies, it would have done a great service to the cause of social and religious stability. In addition to this, it has furnished surgery with a new narcotic, perhaps with a new antispasmodic. It is not impossible that here, at length, a means may have been found for combating the horrors of hydrophobia. Its higher pretensions of clairvoyance and prevision, if not proved, are at least not yet satisfactorily disproved. Its admitted usefulness may, perhaps, counterbalance its perils; but in every exercise of it, whether curative or speculative, it is never to be forgotten, that the phenomena are those of disease, and that the production of disease, save for the counteraction of other maladies more hurtful, is in itself an evil.

S. F.

M'CARTHY'S POEMS.*

IN taking a survey of the contributions to literature during the last fifty years, it may possibly be a surprise to many that Ireland produces, comparatively, fewer poets than the sister isle. While, in the higher walks of the divine art, England, in the age that is just passing, can boast of many a great name—Byron and Shelley, Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson—Ireland has added to the foremost ranks but one—that of Moore. The English press, too, has teemed with the works of those who occupy the second place in the aristocracy of poetry—Montgomery and Bayley, Letitia Landon and Elizabeth Barrett; Bulwer Lytton, and Macaulay, and Taylor, and a host of others. Ireland has but her half-dozen names or so, which enjoy a fame beyond the shores of the land that gave them birth—Wolfe and Anster, Mangan and Ferguson, and a few others, most of whom have written too little to keep themselves permanently before the public, complete the number. Against Bulwer as a dramatist, we may, indeed, place our own Knowles in honourable competition. Miss Hamilton, “*Speranza*,” and others, may take their places beside Mrs. M’Lean and Miss Barrett. Beside the “*Festus*” of Bayley, we shall not fear to put the “*Judas*” of Starkey. We believe no living writer exceeds Mangan, whom we have but recently lost, in the vigour of his style, the vividness of his fancy, his wonderful mastery of language, and exhaustless power of rhyme and versification; while the spirit-stirring ballads of Macaulay do not surpass, in energy, in passion, or in power, the political songs which, within the last few years, some young and ardent spirits (be it for good or for evil, we shall not here discuss) have sent through the length and breadth of the land.

How it happens that we do not contribute in a larger degree to the published poetry of these kingdoms would

be a subject of inquiry not without interest, and perhaps profit, but we fear, too, not without pain. It certainly arises from no intellectual inferiority; nor do we think it can be attributed to want of intellectual culture. The genius of the Irish mind we believe to be as capacious, as brilliant, as imaginative, and as keenly susceptible of all poetic influences as that of our neighbours at the other side of the Channel. Whether it has the same amount of energy or an equal aptitude for toilsome study, may be perhaps questioned. These last are, after all, important elements in the production of successful literary performance of any kind at the present day, when the rules of composition and artistic power have so largely usurped the place once occupied by genius alone—when the refinement of intellect has gained the superiority over mere native talent, and, as a thoughtful and elegant foreign critic has observed, “everything is matter of observation, even the mode of observing, and everything is governed by rules, even to the art of imposing rules.”

There be those who will tell us that this state of things, to which we have adverted, is in some sort due to the moral and political position of Ireland—that while feuds and heartburnings rend and inflame her; while opposing races and conflicting creeds harass and distract her; while her people are struggling for the full participation of the constitutional privileges of a free people, and are depressed by the weight of unequal burthens, men’s minds are not sufficiently free from engrossment or debasement to cultivate with full ardour the higher branches of poetry. There may be some truth in the assertion. The muse of poetry loves tranquillity and repose. Undoubtedly she may be found on the battle-field, and in the dungeon: in every vicissitude of life the light of her divine influence may cheer and illuminate. But she is best wooed amid the

* “*Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics; Original and Translated.*” By Denis Florence M’Carthy. Small 8vo. James M’Glashan, Dublin; Wm. S. Orr and Co., London and Liverpool. 1850.

peaceful shades of contemplation ; and they woo her most successfully who are in the enjoyment of the full birthright of freedom ; whose spirit no wrongs agitate or depress, whose heart feels no bondage. But we shall not here discuss this topic — whether these causes exist in reality, or only in the fantasies of discontented minds. With more pleasure shall we turn to the consideration of that class of poetry in which Ireland stands unsurpassed, we mean that which has its foundation in feeling and passion, rather than thoughtful meditation, and will flourish amid tumult and trial—lyrical poetry. Nor is it surprising that lyrical poetry should abound in Ireland. It is that species of poetry in which a temperament and organisation such as the Irish possess will be ever most ready to find utterance. It is that in which the poet can most freely abandon himself to vivid impressions, and best express his own emotions—an effusion of passion, and an overflow of sentiment—and needs for its exhibition a verse of the most harmonious structure, and language of the most melodious sound. Thus music, uttered or understood, is an indispensable element of the lyrical, and a nice sense of the beautiful in sound and cadence is essential to its successful cultivation. They who know Ireland need not be told how thoroughly she is a land of song. The wild and tender melodies which yet linger in her sylvan valleys and her lone mountains attest this ; strains which a few sedulous collectors, with a pious love like that of “*Old Mortality*,” have deepened in their tracings on the national heart, and, partially gathering them amongst the homesteads of the older people, have given them permanency and fame, while one great poet has conferred a glory, as wide-spread as it is immortal, upon every melody to which he has sung. Others have followed where he led—and more, assuredly, will still follow, till we trust to see a body of lyrical poetry in Ireland (as there is in Scotland) which shall seize upon and secure all those beautiful melodies as yet unindividualised to our hearts by the spell of language ; those airy tenements of sound that are as it were floating about, drifting and purposeless, until the spirit of language shall enter into, and animate them, giving to each the individuality of a new and beautiful

being—the soul of poetry in the body of music.

It is time, however, that we should leave these speculations into which we have been seduced to wander, and turn to the consideration of the volume which is in some sort answerable for them. The poems of Mr. M'Carthy, which are now before us, afford as happy evidence of the truth of some of the statements we have been putting forward, and of our boast of Irish lyrists, as we could wish to adduce. Though some few of the poems in the book are, in form, not lyrical, yet in reality even they partake largely of its spirit and its colouring ; indeed one can scarce pause at the conclusion of a stanza that the ear does not ring with the fancied tone of the still vibrating lyre-string. The pervading characteristics of Mr. M'Carthy's muse are a vivid fancy, an imagination rich and warm, an intense perception of the beautiful, especially in natural objects ; great descriptive powers, and a peculiar felicity in the use of striking and picturesque similes and illustrations, with a vocabulary ornate, classical, and harmonious. These are to be found everywhere in the volume, united often to great vigour of thought and to great depth of tenderness and passion. To the readers of *THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE* some of these poems will be familiar, as having from time to time appeared in our pages, and earned for their author a high popularity ; and we are much pleased now to find those, together with his other numerous compositions, collected in a volume. The principal poems, in point of length, are four in number, which we shall briefly glance at before we come to the Songs and Ballads. “*The Bellfounder*,” which is based on a legend with which most southerners are acquainted, and in itself highly poetic, has been managed by Mr. M'Carthy with considerable ability. There is throughout the poem the bold and manly tone of one who understands the dignity of labour and the nobility of virtue, intermixed with some pictures of domestic life that are touched with a fine hand. In the founding of the bell one is naturally reminded of Schiller's magnificent poem, and yet Mr. M'Carthy's description is, we think, very fine, though less minute than that of the great German. We give the passage :—

"In the furnace the dry branches crackle, the crucible shines as with gold,
As they carry the hot flaming metal in haste from the fire to the mould;
Loud roar the bellows, and louder the flames as they shrieking escape,
And loud is the song of the workmen who watch o'er the fast-filling shape;
To and fro in the red-glaring chamber the proud Master anxiously moves,
And the quick and the skilful he praiseth, and the dull and the laggard reproves;
And the heart in his bosom expandeth, as the thick bubbling metal up swells,
For like to the birth of his children he watcheth the birth of the bells.

'Tis for this that the bellows are blowing, that the workmen their sledge-hammers wield,
That the firm sandy moulds are now broken, and the dark-shining bells are revealed;
The cars with their streamers are ready, and the flower-harnessed necks of the steers,
And the bells from the cold silent workshop are borne amid blessings and tears.
By the white-blossom'd, sweet-scented myrtles, by the olive-trees fringing the plain,
By the corn-fields and vineyards is winding that gift-bearing, festival train;
And the hum of their voices is blending with the music that streams on the gale,
As they wend to the Church of our Lady that stands at the head of the vale.

Now they enter, and now more divinely the Saints' painted effigies smile,
Now the Acolytes bearing lit tapers move solemnly down through the aisle,
Now the Thurifer swings the rich censer, and the white curling vapour up-floats,
And hangs round the deep-pealing organ, and blends with the tremulous notes.
In a white shining alb comes the Abbot and he circles the bells round about,
And with oil, and with salt, and with water, they are purified inside and out;
They are marked with Christ's mystical symbol, while the priests and the choristers
sing,
And are bless'd in the name of that God to whose honour they ever shall ring."

"Alice and Una" perhaps affords as good a specimen as any other of the peculiar powers of our author. The measure is exceedingly harmonious, the style light and playful, the imagery is vivid, and the description of the moonlight ride of the fairy-thralled

lover is full of animation and spirit, while the enchanted halls of "Una" are drawn with a rich and picturesque fancy. Here are two pictures of female beauty, both highly finished. The first is Alice the mortal:—

"Alice was a chieftain's daughter, and, though many suitors sought her,
She so loved Glengariff's water, that she let her lovers pine;
Her eye was beauty's palace, and her cheek an ivory chalice,
Through which the blood of Alice gleamed soft as rosiest wine,
And her lips like lusmore blossoms which the fairies intertwine,
And her heart a golden mine.

"She was gentler and shyer than the light fawn that stood by her,
And her eyes emit a fire soft and tender as her soul;
Love's dewy light doth drown her, and the braided locks that crown her
Than autumn's trees are browner, when the golden shadows roll
Through the forests in the evening, when cathedral turrets toll,
And the purple sun advanceth to its goal."

Next look at this of the fairy Una, as her bright eyes are bending over her mortal lover:—

"These eyes are not of woman—no brightness merely human
Could, planet-like, illumine the place in which they shone;
But nature's bright works vary—there are beings, light and airy,
Whom mortal lips call fairy, and Una she is one—
Sweet sisters of the moonbeams and daughters of the sun,
Who along the curling cool waves run.

"As summer lightning dances amid the heaven's expanses,
Thus shone the burning glances of those flashing fairy eyes;
Three splendours there were shining—three passions intertwining—
Despair and hope combining their deep contrasted dyes,
With jealousy's green lustre, as troubled ocean vies
With the blue of summer skies!

"She was a fairy creature, of heavenly form and feature—
 Not Venus' self could teach her a newer, sweeter grace—
 Nor Venus' self could lend her an eye so dark and tender,
 Half softness and half splendour, as lit her lily face;
 And as the choral planets move harmonious throughout space,
 There was music in her pace.

"But when at times she started, and her blushing lips were parted,
 And a pearly lustre darted from her teeth so ivory white,
 You'd think you saw the gliding of two rosy clouds dividing,
 And the crescent they were hiding gleam forth upon your sight
 Through these lips, as through the portals of a heaven pure and bright,
 Came a breathing of delight!"

Take it all in all, this is a very fine legendary poem; yet it is not without its faults. There is almost too much melody about it. The rhythm is too *round*, if we may be allowed the word, for a poem of its length, and the rhymes too frequent; so that while we are surprised by the great mastery of language, we are yet somewhat fatigued by it. There is, too, an occasional affectation of levity of phrase or sentiment that is misplaced. We regret to find such

words as *fire* and *morn*, used as dissyllables. Still it is a beautiful and a graceful poem; and if it has the languid softness of a fairy scene, it has all its richness and fragrance too. If its light be not strong as day, it is mellow as the moonshine. The finest pieces of thinking, to our mind, in it, are the reflections preceding the tale upon the wonders of modern science, which have superseded and rivalled the elder wonders of faëry and magic.

"Now that Earth once more had woken, and the trance of Time is broken,
 And the sweet word—Hope—is spoken, soft and sure, though none know how,—
 Could we—could we only see all these, the glories of the Real,
 Blended with the lost Ideal, happy were the old world now—
 Woman in its fond believing—man with iron arm and brow—
 Faith and Work its vow!

"Yes! the Past shines clear and pleasant, and there's glory in the Present;
 And the Future, like a crescent, lights the deepening sky of Time;
 And that sky will yet grow brighter, if the Worker and the Writer—
 If the Sceptre and the Mitre join in sacred bonds sublime.
 With two glories shining o'er them, up the coming years they'll climb,
 Earth's great evening as its prime!"

A wild and somewhat barbarous, though we admit a bold and chivalrous, predatory excursion of an Irish chieftain to despoil a neighbouring lord of his three most prized treasures, his wife, his horse, and his hound, is sung in "The Foray of Con O'Donnell." The tale is thrown off in the happiest style of minstrel-craft. A pleasant and smooth stanza of eight octo-syllabic lines (the line which Walter Scott has consecrated to minstrelsy) carries one easily along alike through festal hall and midnight foray, and the interest never flags throughout. A poem of this sort, however, affords little opportunity for the higher qualities of poetry. It is essentially narrative, and little else, and we usually look for the descriptive rather than the reflective or the imaginative. It is the poetry of incident and action rather than of thought and passion.

The ablest of these compositions is, however, beyond all question, "The Voyage of Saint Brendan." In this composition Mr. M'Carthy has produced a poem which, had he never written aught else, would entitle him to hold no mean place in literature. With all the charms of the lyrical, it has much of the dignity of the epic. The subject of the piece (the heaven-directed wandering of the saint in search of the happy islands), affords a fine scope for the exercise of a poetic mind. The incidents, as related in the legendary works, which Mr. M'Carthy appears to have studied accurately and used with great skill, are themselves highly romantic. With such materials, invested with the charms of incident, the devotional fervour of religion, and the halo of antiquity, he has given us a poem at once vigorous, animated, and interest-

ing ; full of fine thinking, of elevation and tenderness ; sparkling with brilliant images and rich in vivid and forcible description of scenery. The voyage from the south-western coast of Ireland northward, along the shores of Kerry, Clare, and the province of Connaught, is described with a singular felicity of language and accuracy of detail, while every legend of the remarkable localities passed is interwoven with great skill and learning.

If this fine poem were not already familiar to the readers of our pages, where it originally appeared, we should be tempted to quote largely from it. Nevertheless we cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from what we consider not only a highly poetical but a singularly ingenious descriptive ornithology. In the course of his pilgrimage the saint lands, as the legend goes, on an island called the Paradise of Birds, and upon this fair scene Mr. M'Carthy takes occasion to place the most remarkable and lovely birds known to the ornithologists as denizens of America, and has portrayed them in language as admirable for its accurate delineation as it is for richness and beauty. One feels, indeed, while perusing it, as if he had before him an illustrated volume of the "American Ornithology," save that the pictorial portion is contributed by the pen of the poet instead of the pencil of the painter. Here we have the blue bird :—

" — that to the farthest west,
Bears the sweet message of the coming
spring ;
June's blushing roses paint his prophet
breast,
And summer skies gleam from his azure
wing."

Then the song of the cedar-bird and
the golden-crowned thrush, and how—

" The golden robin flies on fiery plumes,
And the small wren a purple ruby wears."

And

" Bright yellow birds of a rich lemon hue,
Meeting in crowds upon the branches green,
And singing sweetly all the morning
through."

And above all, and beyond all, those
"jewels of ornithology," the humming
birds—

" — diamond birds, chirping their single
notes,
Now mid the trumpet-flower's deep blossom
seen ;
Now floating brightly on with fiery throats,
Small winged emeralds of golden green."

And there, too, are the parrots—

" A many-coloured painted crowd,
Prattling for ever with their curved beaks,
And through the silent woods screaming
aloud."

Equally felicitous is the description
of the melody of the birds of America.
Let us, for example, take that of the
mocking bird :—

" That strange bird whose many-voiced throat
Mocks all his brethren of the woodland bower—
To whom indeed the gift of tongues is given,
The musical rich tongues that fill the grove,
Now like the lark dropping his notes from heaven—
Now cooing the soft earth-notes of the dove.
Oft have I seen him, scorning all control,
Winging his arrowy flight rapid and strong,
As if in search of his vanished soul,
Lost in the gushing ecstasy of song."

It is, however, in his strictly lyrical compositions that the genius of Mr. M'Carthy takes his highest flight, and in them, we think, he is yet sure to find his highest fame. Into these he throws his whole soul, his affections, his passions, his tastes, his feeling, his loves, his aversions. Truth, sincerity, and genuine unaffected sentiment pervade them, and shine out in every line. He feels the dignity of the bard, the great mission of poetry, and that feeling inspires and elevates him. Thus

he describes what the poet is in "The Bridal of the Year :—

" But who is this with tresses flowing,
Flashing eyes and forehead glowing.
From whose lips the thunder-music
Pealeth o'er the listening lands ?
'Tis the first and last of preachers—
First and last of priestly teachers ;
First and last of those appointed
In the ranks of the anointed ;
With their songs like swords to sever
Tyranny and Falsehood's bands !

'Tis the Poet—sum and total
 Of the others,
 With his brothers,
 In his rich robes sacerdotal,
 Singing from his golden psalter,
 Comes he now to wed the twain—
 Truth and Beauty—
 Rest and Duty—
 Hope, and Fear, and Joy, and Pain,
 Unite for weal or woe beneath the Poet's
 chain !”

Mr. M'Carthy is, or at all events was, one of those ardent spirits, many of whom, we sincerely believe, brought honour, enthusiasm, truth, and patriotism, the sterling gold of the soul, and cast them in with the dross and alloy of baser metal, the elements of which the Young Ireland party was but too largely composed. With his politics we have, as we said before, nothing to do *here*, save in so far as to illustrate or explain the poems which they have inspired. Let us, however, remark that, throughout his political songs, we find no truculence mingling with his enthusi-

asm ; no blood-thirstiness with his hatred of the tyranny or the tyrants in whose existence he believed : rarely does he appeal to the sword or the battle-field ; often to the pen and the voice, and, in fine, seeks to achieve the objects of his heart rather by moral and intellectual power than by physical force. With these observations we fear not to offer his “National Poems and Songs” to the hearty admiration of every lover of poetry. We believe that it would not be easy to find in the lyrics of any land or any time, a sublimer song than that which we subjoin. It moves along with a solemn yet bold majesty—full of power, full of poesy, full of melody. It well might inflame the coldest heart and incite the most sluggish spirit. Let it still so incite them : but let it be in the saner and better spirit in which we would interpret the concluding stanza, to courage, to knowledge, and to tolerance, to wisdom, and to justice :—

“ God bade the Sun with golden steps sublime
 Advance !

He whispered in the listening ear of Time,
 Advance !

He bade the guiding spirits of the Stars,
 With lightning speed, in silver shining cars,
 Along the bright floor of his azure hall,
 Advance !

Sun, Stars, and Time, obey the voice, and all
 Advance !

“ The River at its bubbling fountain cries
 Advance !

The Clouds proclaim, like heralds, through the skies,
 Advance !

Throughout the world the mighty Master's laws
 Allow not one brief moment's idle pause.
 The Earth is full of life, the swelling seeds
 Advance !

And Summer hours, like flowery harnessed steeds,
 Advance !

“ To Man's most wondrous hand the same voice cried,
 Advance !

Go clear the woods, and o'er the bounding tide
 Advance !

Go draw the marble from its secret bed,
 And make the cedar bend its giant head ;
 Let domes and columns through the wondering air
 Advance !

The World, O Man ! is thine. But wouldst thou share—
 Advance !

“ Unto the soul of man the same voice spoke,
 Advance !

From out the chaos, thunder-like, it broke,
 Advance !

Here, too, is another, not so bold or impassioned as the former, yet very beautiful and very tender—ay, and teeming with aspirations and hopes for which every true Irish heart must sigh; wishes which must stir every Irish bosom—a Future which every Irishman would desire to see realised:

“Bless the dear old verdant land!

Brother, wert thou born of it?
As thy shadow life doth stand,
Twining round its rosy band,
Did an Irish mother's hand
Guide thee in the morn of it?
Did thy father's soft command
Teach thee love or scorn of it?

“Thou who tread'st its fertile breast,

Dost thou feel a glow for it?
Thou, of all its charms possesst,
Living on its first and best,
Art thou but a thankless guest,
Or a traitor foe for it?
If thou lovest, where the test?
Wouldst thou strike a blow for it?

“Has the past no goading sting

That can make thee rouse for it?
Does thy land's reviving spring,
Full of buds and blossoming,
Fail to make thy cold heart cling,
Breathing lover's vows for it?
With the circling ocean's ring
Thou wert made a spouse for it!

“Hast thou kept, as thou shouldst keep,

Thy affections warm for it,
Letting no cold feeling creep,
Like the ice breath o'er the deep
Freezing to a stony sleep
Hopes the heart would form for it—
Glories that like rainbows weep
Through the darkening storm for it?

“What we seek is Nature's right—

Freedom and the aids of it;
Freedom for the mind's strong flight,
Seeking glorious shapes star-bright
Through the world's intensest night,
When the sunshine fades of it!
Truth is one, and so is Light,
Yet how many shades of it!

“A mirror every heart doth wear,

For heavenly shapes to shine in it;
If dim the glass or dark the air,
That Truth, the beautiful and fair,
God's glorious image, shine not there,
Or shine with nought divine in it,—
A sightless lion in its lair,
The darkened soul must pine in it!

“Son of this old down-trodden land,

Then aid us in the fight for it;
We seek to make it great and grand,
Its shipless bays, its naked strand,
By canvas-swelling breezes fanned.
Oh! what a glorious sight for it!
The past expiring like a brand,
In morning rosy light for it!

“Think that this dear old land is thine,
And thou a traitor slave of it,—
Think how the Switzer leads his kine,
When pale the evening star doth shine,—

His song has home in every line,
Freedom in every stave of it!
Think how the German loves his Rhine,
And worships every wave of it!

“Our own dear land is bright as their's,

But oh! our hearts are cold for it;
Awake! we are not slaves but heirs;
Our fatherland requires our cares,
Our work with Man, with God our prayers.

Spurn blood-stained Judas-gold for it—

Let us do all that honour dares—
Be earnest, faithful, bold for it!”

Let us now turn to themes upon which no diversity of opinion can prevail. We all acknowledge the sovereignty of nature, we are all loyal to the Beautiful and the True. Here is a very pleasing poem, a succession of pictures of external nature in all her varying moods, drawn with no unskilful hand:—

“When I wander by the ocean,
When I view its wild commotion,
Then the spirit of devotion
Cometh near;
But it fills my brain and bosom,
Like a fear!

“I fear its booming thunder,
Its terror and its wonder,
Its icy waves, that sunder
Heart from heart;
And the white host that lies under
Makes me start!

“Its clashing and its clangour
Proclaim the Godhead's anger—
I shudder, and with languor
Turn away;
No joyance fills my bosom
For that day!

“When I wander through the valleys,
When the evening zephyr dallies,
And the light expiring rallies
In the stream,
That spirit comes and glads me,
Like a dream!

“The blue smoke upward curling,
The silver streamlet purling,
The meadow wild flowers furling
Their leaflets to repose,—
All woo me from the world
And its woes!

"The evening bell that bringeth
A truce to toil outringeth,
No sweetest bird that singeth
Half so sweet,
Not even the lark that springeth
From my feet !

"Then see I God beside me,
The sheltering trees that hide me,
The mountains that divide me
From the sea,—
All prove how kind a Father
He can be.

"Beneath the sweet moon shining
The cattle are reclining,
No murmur of repining
Soundeth sad ;
All feel the present Godhead,
And are glad !

"With mute unvoiced confessings,
To the Giver of all blessings
I kneel, and with caressings
Press the sod,
And thank my Lord and Father,
And my God."

We think Mr. M'Carthy has a very genuine sense of the beautiful in Nature ; indeed, we believe, there never yet was poet without it. It is of the essence of his intellectual, as love is of his moral being. The poems before us afford numerous evidences of these qualities. Let us offer a specimen, selected from amongst many to which it is not superior :—

"The Summer is come!—the Summer is come !
With its flowers and its branches green,
Where the young birds chirp on the blossoming boughs,
And the sun-light struggles between
And like children over the earth and sky
The flowers and the light clouds play ;
But never before to my heart or eye
Came there over so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May ! sweet May !

"Oh ! many a time have I wandered out
In the youth of the opening year,
When Nature's face was fair to my eye,
And her voice was sweet to my ear !
When I numbered the daisies, so few and shy,
That I met in my lonely way ;
But never before to my heart or eye
Came there ever so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May ! sweet May !

"If the flowers delayed, or the beams were cold,
Or the blossoming trees were bare,
I had but to look in the Poet's book,
For the Summer is always there !
But the sunny page I now put by,
And joy in the darkest day !
For never before, to my heart or eye,
Came there ever so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May ! sweet May !

"For, ah ! the beloved at length has come,
Like the breath of May from afar ;
And my heart is lit with her gentle eyes,
As the Heavens by the evening star.
'Tis this that brightens the darkest sky,
And lengthens the faintest ray,
And makes me feel that to heart or eye
There was never so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May ! sweet May !"

Here is a sweet rural picture, such as Cuyp or Wouvermann would have painted :—

“ See yonder little lowly hut,
 Begirt with fields of fresh-mown hay,
 Whose friendly doorway, never shut,
 Invites the passing beams to stay ;
 Upon its roof the wall-flower blooms,
 With fragrant lip and tawny skin,
 And through the porch the pea perfumes
 The cooling breeze that enters in.

“ Sweet-scented pearly hawthorn boughs
 Are in the hedges all around ;
 Sweet, milky, fragrant, gentle cows
 Are grazing o'er the dewy ground ;
 The rich laburnum's golden hair
 O'erhangs the lilac's purple cheek,
 While, stealing through the twilight air,
 Their hives the honey plunderers seek.”

We shall conclude our quotations with a little poem that has both vigour and sweetness :—

“ The Poet's heart is a fatal boon,
 And fatal his wondrous eye,
 And the delicate ear,
 So quick to hear,
 Over the earth and sky,
 Creation's mystical tune !
 Soon, soon, but not too soon,
 Does that ear grow deaf, and that eye grow dim,
 And Nature becometh a waste for him,
 Whom, born for another sphere,
 Misery hath shipwrecked here !

“ For what availeth his sensitive heart
 For the struggle and stormy strife
 That the mariner-man,
 Since the world began,
 Has braved on the sea of life ?
 With fearful wonder his eye doth start,
 When it should be fixed on the outspread chart
 That pointeth the way to golden shores—
 Rent are his sails, and broken his oars,
 And he sinks, without hope or plan,
 With his floating caravan.

“ And love, that should be his strength and stay,
 Becometh his bane full soon,
 Like flowers that are born
 Of the beams at morn,
 But die of their heat ere noon.
 Far better the heart were the sterile clay,
 Where the shining sands of the desert play,
 And where never the perishing flow'ret gleams,
 Than the heart that is fed with its wither'd dreams,
 And whose love is repelled with scorn,
 Like the bee by the rose's thorn.”

There is but one other class of compositions in the volume before us which needs our notice. We allude to the author's translations from various modern languages. Upon this subject we shall be brief. We do not undervalue the translator's merits, nor underrate the difficulty of his task : far from it. We know well that the former is considerable, because the latter is arduous. To reproduce a poem of any language in another, transferring the spirit as well as the mere sense of the original, and, with these, to preserve all those fine and almost undefinable tones of shade and colour, of light and warmth, which

seem to cling as inherently to the language of the original as the hues do to the down on the butterfly's wing, and as liable to be destroyed by the unskilful manipulation of him who would transfer them—to do all this, and in language, too, which betrays not the secret of translation by reason of its possessing the grace, and freedom, and fluency of an original—is, we repeat, an arduous task, and needs all the qualities of the poet, save one, the power of original thought. We admire and value the performance of such an one much as we do the fine copies of Raffaele's great paintings.

They display the power of the copyist in his accuracy of sketch, his happiness in catching every expression and attitude, his justness of colouring, his harmony of toning—in all that the great master brought to the creation of the original, save the mind to conceive it. Such being our estimate of translators and translations, we should proceed to the examination of Mr. M'Carthy's performances in this line upon these principles, were he nothing more than a translator. As, however, we have shown that he is an original mind, we shall content ourselves with observing, that his translations are, as we might expect them to be, very graceful, very spiritual, and, as far as we have had opportunity to examine them, very faithful.

But it is not with translation that we would have Mr. M'Carthy chiefly occupy himself. If we be at all right in our estimate of him, he has original powers that should conduct him to higher and better things than he has yet achieved; and most assuredly he is amply endowed with those accessorial qualifications of taste, language, and sense of harmony, without which the greatest minds are inadequate to communicate their thoughts to others without the loss of much of their strength and splendour in the medium of transmission. We think he is capable of producing a longer and more continuous poem than any in the volume before us. He will find subjects in abundance; let it not be one of mere narrative or description. Let it be one of thought and passion, rather than mere action; let it have a high purpose—the evolution of a great moral principle, the inculcation of some

great truth. Were we to offer an opinion as to its form, we would say there is no vehicle so manageable, and, at the same time, so effective, as the dramatic.

We have another mission for Mr. M'Carthy, one which we would forward with all the energy of Irishmen; one which has long been a favourite speculation of our hearts. Let him aid in that great national work to which we have already alluded in the commencement of our observations—the preservation of our beautiful national airs by the aid of national words. This his lyrical powers abundantly qualify him for. It is a debt of patriotism which every real poet owes to his native land; a debt which Scottish bards have paid with filial piety to their mother land, till her name is famous, and her melodies familiar through the world, chaunted in every court and every bower, as the troubadours of old sung the charms of their mistresses wherever they went; a debt which Irishmen have yet so ill discharged. Let him, however, in doing so, not subserve the purposes of party politics, or sects, or creeds. Independent of these, the neutral ground is ample enough, upon which the poet may wander, and meet with others, fellow-labourers in the same grateful work, the celebration of our native land, her beauties, her capabilities, her legends, her loves, her pastimes; the instruction of her people, by drawing out and fostering the personal and social feelings, by cultivating all kindly affections, repressing strife and enmity, and giving them a taste for those harmless and healthy enjoyments of song and music, which civilise and soften the human heart.

LEGISLATION ON THE PROMISSORY PRINCIPLE A WEAK DEFENCE AGAINST
PAPAL AGGRESSION.*

WHETHER in rivalry or in sympathy, Science in the world of nature, and Will in the world of man, have been, for more than five-and-twenty years past, accomplishing great changes, with a rapidity which would have appeared to the men of former generations wholly unattainable. Everywhere we see proofs of the dominion which man has gained over external nature; not, like the necromancers of old, to cherish his acquisitions as a mystery, but to place them at the disposal of society, and make them conducive to the convenience of all its members. And everywhere we discern, in evidences of change effected and premonitions of change to come—undeniable proofs, that human will has not been less enterprising and authoritative in dictating change to institutions, social and political, than art and science have been in compelling the elements to do their bidding.

In this marvellous progress, social and scientific, the British Empire has now, as ever, held a foremost place. Spirits seem to have toiled at her command; under the earth, on the earth, on the waters, her work has been featly done; and Prospero was never endowed by the poet's genius with ampler authority, or provided, as his ministers, with daintier sprites, than the genius of Science and Art have realised for England. Nor has progress been less marked in her political history. Emancipation of the slave; abolition of civil disabilities on account of religion; reform, parliamentary and municipal; enlargement of educational advantages; repeal of corn law protection; and a free trade so daring as to condemn reciprocity; such are the enter-

prises with which the England of the politician makes response to the England of art and science, as distinguished in its mines and steam-boats, and railways, and telegraphs, and in its systems of machinery more complex and more powerful than the world ever witnessed in days of old.

But there is a marked and a most instructive distinction between the processes through which science has made secure advance, and those in which the spirit of political enterprise exerts itself. The distinction is not less than is found between principle and passion or predilection. Science, in every stage of its advances, has truth for its companion and guide; it discards prejudice, discriminates between the permanent and the accidental, and sees in principles of universal application, the germs of beneficial results. Thus, in the world of nature, the spirit of science is a spirit of prophecy. Not so in political enterprise. There passion, party, "time and the hour," prevail against the enduring and the true; and in many an instance the predictions and promises that succeed best, because they dazzle most, are those that are not "attained to," but contradicted by "old experience."

It seems to be a vice of British legislation that it is governed to an extent little to be excused in a reflecting people, and (notwithstanding all that may justly be said) a moral people, by rash promises of great good to come. Yet perhaps we ought not to wonder that it should be so. It is a rare thing to find a man who will endure the labour of thought necessary to ascertain the value of evidence, where contention is sharp, and where the assurance attainable

* "Protective Measures in behalf of the Established Church; Considered in a Charge to the Clergy of the Dioceses of Dublin, Glandelagh, and Kildare, August, 1851, by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin." Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1851.

"A Letter to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, on the Subject of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act, and the Charge addressed to the Clergy of Dublin in 1851. By Lord Monteagle, F.R.S." Dublin: Hodges and Smith. London: Ridgway. 1851.

"England or Rome; which shall govern Ireland: a Reply to a Letter of Lord Monteagle. By Joseph Napier, M.P." Dublin: William Curry & Co. 1851.

ble can be no more than high probability. We have heard of juries persuaded to bring in a verdict of guilty by the foreman's confident asseveration that the sentence would be mild; and we ought to remember that juries afford no unfair specimen of the ordinary resources and extent of human intelligence and credulity. Promises, however untrue, when confidently and perseveringly repeated, have great power over the multitude in and out of parliament. And thus it came to pass that Reform, as one of its most zealous promoters candidly avowed, was carried by enormous lying; so was Free-Trade; so was "Catholic Emancipation;" and, perhaps, the only circumstance which can excuse a feeling of surprise as we reflect on these mishaps of legislation, is, that the parties whose false professions and delusive promises led the people and the legislature astray, would be as ready, after their exposure as before it, to promise and profess, and the people and the legislature equally ready to be again deluded.

There is another unhappy characteristic of modern legislation. It is the readiness of eminent men to become instruments of what they believe to be popular will, in opposition to their own declared convictions. If this vice be not corrected or carefully watched over, there can be no stability in the administration of public affairs. Sir Robert Peel, we believe, in his advocacy of the great measure of 1829, was the first statesman of high reputation and great authority who acted, in a momentous question, on this perilous principle. He did not, it is true, defend his change of policy and his new measure simply on the plea that the masses "would have it so." Parliamentary majorities gave increased authority to the popular voice, or rather to the voice of the Roman Catholic association; and because the declared opponent of the Relief Bill (in any form, with any securities) found it difficult to prolong his opposition with credit or effect, he became patron of the measure of which he knew, and had made others know, all the evil, and actually retained his place in the Cabinet for the express purpose of carrying it. "*Hinc illa clades.*" The perilous example had a large "following." The Right Hon. Baronet, who was responsible for it, did not seem

alarmed or instructed by its consequences. Again and again he repeated the lacheté of 1829. Again and again his bad example had imitators. "*facilis descensus Averni.*" Again and again the violence of the people or the convenience of party furnished reasons or pretexts for abandonment of principle, forfeiture of pledges, disregard of justice, rude practices upon and against the constitution; until the minds of men have become so bewildered and confused by processes of incessant change in schemes of policy and principles of government, that at this moment when Romanism, on the one hand, threatens the British Empire with her terrible Canon Law, and a British minister, on the other, menaces the Crown and the country with a new revolution, were it not for the religious feeling and the earnest remonstrance of persons whose political sagacity is denied or despised, the land would be given up to experiments in legislation, which would have anarchy for their immediate result, and would end, after some years of rapine and disorder, in abasing our country under the sway of Papal despotism.

And if the nation is to be preserved in this emergency, and utter ruin to be averted, the human instrumentality through which the great deliverance is to be accomplished will partake, to no small extent, of the evil which has called forth from us the language of remonstrance. The aggression of the Papacy has been repelled (if we can with propriety call the recent Parliamentary enactment resistance to it) because the people of England declared they would not submit to it. Had they been inert when the Crown and law were audaciously insulted, the "Bill to prevent the Assumption of certain Ecclesiastical Titles," passed in the last Session of Parliament, would not be at this moment the law of the land. If the artifices of mistaken or ill-intentioned persons can cause the people to relapse into the indifference out of which they have been awakened, the Queen's ministers will, in all probability, permit the law to remain a dead letter. It is of great moment that the people at large, in this grave emergency, be duly instructed. All whose station, abilities, or experience afford them opportunities or means to be useful, should be

earnest in the discharge of what has become an imperative duty. We, on our parts, hope and pray that we be not found inert or faithless. We do not question the authority or desert of those who would instruct the British public that the law passed against Papal aggression was uncalled for, and may safely be suffered to remain a dead letter among the lumber of our statutes; but believing that their authority in this instance is overstrained and abused, we would willingly contribute our share, that the minds of men who have no party purposes to serve be not overawed or led astray by it.

The Act of Parliament for the Relief of the Roman Catholics, passed in the year 1829, was considered as in some sort a great national compact, in which members of the Church of Rome renounced all hostility to the Church or State of England; and the State admitted them, thus reconciled, to the great privileges of the constitution. "All its provisions," as the Duke of Wellington said, in his important speech on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, "were well considered at the time;" and among them was a recital of that clause, the fifth in the Act of Legislative Union, which pronounces the Churches of England and of Ireland one, and which thus brings the branch of the Church most exposed to peril within the sphere of that highest of all protections, the coronation oath of a British sovereign. In the same Relief Act (as if with zealous care for the Established Church), to show that even the titles of its rulers were to be respected, and to enjoin upon the relieved parties respect for them, it was provided, "that if *any person*, other than the person thereunto authorised by law, should assume or use the name, style, or title of archbishop of any province, bishop of any bishopric, or dean of any deanery, in England or Ireland, he should, for every such offence, forfeit and pay the sum of one hundred pounds." This and similar provisions were among those which, according to the illustrious Duke, "were well considered at the time;" but how were they observed or enforced afterwards? Hear his Grace's learned and eloquent colleague, Lord Lyndhurst:—

"He was a party to the Relief Bill of 1829. At that time he had the honour of holding the Great Seal. He consult-

ed with his colleagues, and he felt satisfied that it was not only a measure of justice, but in the state of parties in the other house, it was absolutely necessary. They were aware, in introducing that bill, of the consequences to which it would lead, so far as related to themselves; they knew that it would lead to the relinquishment of office; but the question was of such a nature, their sense of duty was so strong, that they voluntarily incurred the hazard, and the event that had been foreseen afterwards followed. He regretted not the part he took on that occasion, in assisting in the introduction of the bill, and in supporting it during the vigorous debates which took place. Further, when he came afterwards into power at a subsequent period, a noble lord who spoke last night directed his attention to various Acts of Parliament, which, though necessary at the time of their introduction, and though necessary immediately after the Reformation, had become, he would not say a shame, but a disgrace to the statute book. He referred the whole question of these bills to a commission on the criminal law, and directed them to examine those bills. The subject was a very complex one, and a report was made. In consequence of that report, he brought in two bills, and expunged from the statute book the greater part of those acts entirely, and in some parts the extreme penalties which were imposed on the infringement of those acts. The object which he and his colleagues had in view was, to grant extensive toleration to the Roman Catholics, he might say toleration without limit, a full participation in all the rights and privileges of the rest of her Majesty's subjects. That was the object they had in view; and he thought they had fully attained that object. But he was disappointed. Toleration had never satisfied the Roman Catholic clergy. Toleration they wished for, for the purpose of saving themselves from inconvenience. Toleration they wished for, as a stepping-stone to the attainment of power; but toleration, as a principle, was wholly alien to the Roman Catholic Church. As a principle, it was ridiculed and despised. Had he any authority for the assertion? A strong and decisive authority, an address of the late Pope to the Bishop of Belgium, in which, alluding to the establishment of liberty of conscience, he says, 'It is an absurd and erroneous maxim, it is a wild notion.' And the persons to whom it was addressed sanctioned the remark. The Roman Catholics of Ireland were parties to the Relief Bill. When it was under consider-

ation, it was seen, examined, criticised, and adopted by those persons in whom the Roman Catholics confided, and to whom they entrusted the care of their interests. It was sanctioned in every respect. But what had happened? The assumption of titles? Had they regarded that prohibition? He did not mean to say it had in every instance been violated to a very considerable extent. Parties were not to appear in public in their robes, but only in their places of worship. That prohibition was constantly disregarded. Another prohibition, which he had always considered one of the most important, was that against the introduction of Jesuits in this country. There were certain limitations, certain restrictions, certain boundaries drawn, to prevent the prohibition being attended with inconvenience. But the system had been carried on in defiance of the prohibition. Another important and material prohibition was that against religious establishments and monasteries in this country. There were now not only convents, but monasteries and religious houses, as the most effective means of creating proselytes to the Roman Catholic religion. These were absolutely forbidden, under severe prohibition and penalties. But there were at this time, as their lordships would find, on looking at an almanac, nearly twenty monasteries which had been established in open defiance of the prohibition to which he had referred. He said that the Roman Catholics of Ireland had not kept their promise; they had taken all that was granted—they had taken more—but *they had not given one single thing which they themselves promised.*"

Such is the *post mortem* report on those important and necessary provisions which were "well considered" in 1829, and of which the whole worthless congeries is found a dead letter twenty-two years after. With all due respect and deference for "The Duke" (and our respect is deep and unfeigned), and for his colleagues, we must say the provisions to which his grace alluded were not "well considered," at least by those who thought well of them. There were many eminent men at the time who did consider well the Relief Bill, and all its guardian clauses, who condemned them, and who gave warning of their inefficiency for good. Among these censors and monitors were many wise, and upright, and liberal men; but their remonstrances were set at naught, as if they were the bodings of prejudice and superstition. The Duke of Wel-

lington, in his late admirable speech, has shown that the difference of opinion between his supporters and those who separated from him is easily intelligible. Dissentients from his views grounded their opposition to the measure he proposed on the *principles of the Church of Rome*,—the Duke was led to the adoption of the measure *by professions of Roman Catholics.*

"My Lords," said his grace, recently, "I am one of those who counselled your lordships, and prevailed upon your lordships to adopt the Roman Catholic Relief Act, and I have felt it my duty on all occasions and under various circumstances to object to all alterations of that Act. All its provisions were well considered at the time; *they were founded upon the petitions presented by the Roman Catholics in order to obtain that which they had been for more than thirty years endeavouring to obtain, the relief of their Church from the disabilities which different Acts of Parliament had imposed, care being taken to indemnify and provide securities for the Established Church.* All these points were thoroughly examined, and then the Bill was prepared and proposed to your Lordships in the shape in which it came before you, and was carried through both houses of Parliament with very large majorities."

If it were necessary to acquaint our readers with the sequel, we have but to refer them to our extract from Lord Lyndhurst,—his lordship has told it. The promised securities, the gratitude, the obedience, had but an ephemeral existence,—"born to flutter but a day," and to disappear before Reform. We do not accuse or suspect our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen of any intention to delude the State when they made those flattering professions which put grave senators off their guard; but we understand in them the genius of the system by which they were enthralled. It was for the good of "the Church" that they should profess constitutional principles, and they were left ignorant enough of creeds and catechisms to make the convenient declarations with sincerity. It was for the good of the same Church that all such professions should be disregarded in the day when she had gained strength; and, accordingly, her casuistry and her terrors were put in requisition that she might extort from her children and champions a submission which seemed incompati-

ble with the obligations of conscience and honour.

Had those eminent men who were influenced by the professions and petitions of Roman Catholics to devise the Relief Bill, and to hope good from it, condescended to make themselves acquainted with the principles and policy of the Roman Church, they would have been warned, and perhaps protected, against the disappointment which waited on their enterprise. They engaged in it with the credulity which is characteristic of generous minds, but it was an enterprise which, to be conducted well, demanded a spirit of circumspection not less than a feeling of confidence. The Roman Catholic Relief Bill was not well considered,—was not “well considered at the time,”—has not been well considered since; nor, if we may judge of the views of leading men by their expressions, is it well considered at this day.

Its “provisions were grounded on petitions of Roman Catholics!” What a basis to build on! It is not rash to say that the parties who could build on such a foundation, at such a time, disregarded sources of intelligence within their reach, *in their knowledge*, and were self-deceived.

One warning we will place on record. In the inquiry into the College of Maynooth, conducted in 1826, by a royal commission, the Professor of Canon Law, Dr. Slevin, was examined, and gave very remarkable testimony. He was a cautious witness, and his admissions were accordingly the more to be noted and remembered. One of his examiners appears to have been occasionally very persevering in the endeavour to extort full information on subjects which it most concerned a Protestant State to understand; but the discreet witness evinced no disposition to gratify this embarrassing curiosity. Passages of fence,—curious, instructive, and (were all thought of morals dismissed) entertaining, occurred on some of these occasions; and in one of them the witness broke away, and escaped from too pressing interrogatories by declaring the imperfection and incompleteness of the canon law in Ireland.

“Our Church government in Ireland,” he said, “has been and is still very irregular, on account of the unhappy circumstances of our Church. It is not governed in the systematical manner so observable in Catholic countries, so that

our canon law is reducible to a very small compass.”

Much information on subjects of which the State ought to take cognizance could not be expected from a witness who made such an avowal; and accordingly little was obtained. There was a promise, however, held forth, that the time was coming when ampler stores of knowledge would be thrown open for inspection. In a note appended to the confession reported above, Dr. Slevin has written:—

“However, diocesan and provincial statutes have been adopted in different parts and at different times, which will, no doubt, be now improved and enlarged. It may even be hoped that the time is not remote *when our bishops, assembled in synod, will, under the paternal protection of a benign sovereign, draw up a code of rational regulations adapted to the circumstances of our Church.*”

A notice of more importance and significance was never, perhaps, so unhappily neglected. The very first step in the progress towards “emancipation” should have been to procure this inestimable volume of canon law, prepared “under the paternal protection” of a wise and liberal government, suited to the circumstances of Romanism in Great Britain, and in accordance with those petitions on which the provisions of the Relief Act were grounded. Never was fairer opportunity neglected. The canon law of British Romanism, fashioned as, at that day, it might have been, would have been, in all that regarded social and political principle, such as we firmly believe many generous Roman Catholics even now would wish it to be. It would have been more Catholic and less Roman; it would have had more of the people and less of the priest in it. Is the false step of the emancipationists irretrievable? Has their precipitancy removed for ever the hope of good? Can we, after Emancipation and Reform, and before the new revolution threatened by Lord John Russell, compel a wise and benevolent revision, by Cardinal Wiseman and his associates, of their perilous canon law? Perhaps not. It is most probably not to be hoped for, now that Romanism (embattled as she is, “confident against the world in arms”) can be brought to embarrass her enterprises and incapa-

citate her agents, by placing a charitable construction on her laws. But if it be chimerical to hope that the Church of Rome can be conciliated or counselled into toleration, she may be exposed and exhibited to her own children and to the world, intolerant, anti-social, absolute in her despotism over the consciences of votaries whom she considers slaves; immitigable in her hostility to all who will not, if she so command, fall down and worship her. Roman Catholics may thus be enabled to see that the Church which claims their obedience is not the Church either of their convictions or affections; and liberal men of all sects and parties may be enabled to understand, that measures of precaution against the ambition of an intolerant Church are not to be censured or opposed as if they implied persecution of a religion.

Opportunity was given, it may be said without presumption, providentially, for solemn inquiry into the character of the Church of Rome, before the opening of the late session of Parliament; and the session closed without the appointment of a committee to inquire. It did not close, however, without having provision made by which inquiry may be greatly facilitated, or, indeed, without something like an assurance that the attention of Parliament, at its next assemblage, may be called to a duty which ought to be no longer postponed. But we are not very confident in our hope that this assurance will be realised. Unaccountable as it may seem, there are individuals of high reputation and much ability who deprecate the inquiry, which the circumstances of the times would seem to force upon the country as of indispensable necessity. Some object, on the ground that the ends of inquiry would be defeated by artifices with which the Church of Rome is familiar, and that the result of a baffled investigation would leave us in a worse condition than it found us. Others are unwilling to "treat the religion of millions with disrespect;" and deprecate, therefore, inquiry into its constitution and character. There are some who hold inquiry unnecessary, because they believe that all it could ascertain is already known, and that it would be unwise to postpone bold legislation any longer; and there are others who would let things take their course, without legislation or inquiry, and would trust

to a merciful Providence, and to the common interests and feelings of man, for protection against the vices of an antisocial system.

To each class of objectors we would address a brief remonstrance. To the first class we would say, there is no ground for your apprehensions. The facts are against them. Inquiries have been prosecuted, from time to time, by parliamentary committees and by royal commissions, with more or less advantage in every several instance. The parliamentary committees and the royal commissions before which Roman Catholic ecclesiastics have been examined, succeeded in acquiring much useful information; and although very few, if any, of the parties who conducted the inquiries on these occasions, were qualified for the duty imposed upon them, still, through the exercise of a native, though untaught, sagacity, they elicited from their reverend and right reverend respondents very important revelations. It would be practicable now to engage the services of better-instructed inquirers; and, as the temper of the times promises, to attract, what was not strongly engaged in former cases, the attention of all classes of men to the investigation and its consequences. If danger were distant, it might be questionable whether uncalled-for inquiry would not aggravate or accelerate the evil against which it was purposed to provide; but when we learn that the arrangements for governing the consciences of British subjects by the canon law of Rome have been actually made, there ought to be no unnecessary delay in disturbing those arrangements; and, as the best mode of rendering them inoperative, no delay in exposing the moral and social character of the laws they were designed to carry into effect.

To those who deprecate inquiry because they would not "treat the religion of seven millions with disrespect," we venture to recommend that they should pay to the millions of human beings the compliment they offer to the religion which has enthralled them. This would be the more Christian, as well as the wiser, application of their homage. As a general rule, it would be more humane to pay respect to the souls of men than to their predilections. Whosoever believes the religion embraced by multitudes of men to be true, will not treat

it with disrespect, because it is conformable to the Word of God. Whosoever believes a religion false—opposed or alien to God's Word, is not justified in respecting it for the success it has had in misleading man. He owes more to God and to human souls than to *idola* which usurp the name of religion, and he ought not to be deterred from the fullest exposure of such a religion, by the fear that it would be disrespectful to inquire into it.

To the remaining class we address no direct remonstrance; our counsel to them may be understood from the observations we proceed to lay before the reader on two addresses named in the title or heading to this article.

The authors of these two addresses are both eminent in office and in reputation; both looked up to by their respective followers as personages of high authority; both, we regret to say, exerting their talents and authority to the prejudice of the law passed in the late Parliament against the Papal aggression of last year. But there is difference as well as agreement between these distinguished men; and the charge of the Most Reverend Prelate has furnished occasion to the noble Lord for a reply, which contains, amid many expressions of admiration and respect, some rather pungent strictures on his Grace's views and arguments.

For some time we expected to see, on the part of his Grace, a notice of these sharp strictures. But it is the habit, we are told, of the Archbishop to abstain from defending his publications against the commentaries they may have provoked. We wish his Grace had made an exception in the case of Lord Monteagle, whose letter, we are of opinion, ought to have received an acknowledgment and reply. It is not, however, for us to judge what becomes eminent men set in high status and authority. A different duty seems presented to us. The task which the Archbishop declines we propose to take upon ourselves—a thankless office we feel it may be, so far as one of the high parties at issue is concerned, but in which we can content ourselves with the conviction that we are endeavouring to discharge a duty.

The question at issue between the Archbishop and the noble Lord admits

of being briefly stated. The Most Reverend Prelate regards the recent enactment against the assumption of ecclesiastical titles as objectionable; but insists that, such a law having been enacted, Ireland as well as Great Britain ought to be included in its provisions. Lord Monteagle thinks that a law, bad or impolitic in itself, is not the better for being made comprehensive in its operation; and is of opinion that, the more narrowly it is limited, the less will be its amount of mischief. The bill is bad, according to the judgment of his Grace; but to exclude Ireland from the effect of its provisions would make it worse. It is a bad bill, echoes the noble Lord, but all the worse for the application of it to Ireland.

In pronouncing the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill objectionable, the Archbishop seems, if we understand his Grace correctly, to have in view rather the imprudence of passing such an Act than any injustice with which it is fairly chargeable.

“When, however, I speak of objections to the passing of the Bill, I do not mean that its provisions are what I would reasonably deprecate, if such a law had been enacted in reference to those of my own communion.”*

“But groundless alarms and *fancied affronts* will often produce real and great uneasiness and disturbance; such as one would gladly avoid when there is no important object to be gained on the other side.”†

We believe that we have here the alleged grounds of his Grace's objection to the Bill. It is not unjust, but it may give offence, and it is unnecessary. Why it should be thought unnecessary, the Charge can explain with more authority in its own words than in our version of them:—

“Whatever encroachments may have been attempted on the rights or the dignity of the Sovereign, and whatever legislative measures may have been necessary for the maintenance of those rights and of that dignity, it should always be carefully borne in mind that each man's religious persuasion must be defended—and *can* only be defended—by himself. As his faith cannot be wrested from him against his will, by the act of

* Charge, page 8.

† Charge, page 10.

another, so, neither can it be maintained in its purity by legal enactments. Against religious dangers, our people must be taught, and trained, and sedulously warned to defend themselves, instead of relying on anything that Government can do for them. To those who are not themselves earnest and vigilant, as no divine aid is promised, so, no human aid can be availing.

"In reference to the religious portion of the question, there is no need that I should say much at present. My sentiments have long been well known on the subject of the claim of the Church of Rome—or of *any* Church—to supreme dominion over all Christians. And you are also well aware, that, strong as are my own convictions on this and on several other points, I have always been opposed to the enforcement of them on others by secular means;—to the infliction of civil penalties or disabilities on those whom I believe to be in error.

"It is important, however, to remember—what some persons seem, very strangely, to have almost forgotten,—that those claims of the Church of Rome which have been adverted to are nothing *new*, but have existed for many ages, and are, in fact, an essential part of that system against which our ancestors revolted and protested, at the Reformation.

"Of this no one can be really ignorant; and yet some seem to have so far forgotten it, that they have apparently felt *wonder* mixed with their indignation—as at some startling novelty—at the language of arrogant assumption employed by the Court of Rome; as if it were a thing possible, and consistent, to put forth, and act on, the claim to be Christ's Viceroy on Earth, and supreme spiritual Ruler of the Christian world, in terms that would, to *us*, appear modest and reasonable.

"The only novelty is, as you are aware, the substitution, in England, of regular Roman Catholic Bishops for Vicars Apostolical, exercising all the episcopal functions, but acting as merely deputies of the Pope, and liable to summary removal at his pleasure."

Hence it would follow, if we rightly interpret the reasoning of his Grace, that the new law was uncalled for. No law was required to guard the Sovereign's prerogative; no law had power to guard the subject's faith: neither for Crown nor people, therefore, was a law necessary.

With much deference and respect, but with a feeling of strong conviction, we must express dissent from his

Grace's argument and assumptions. Law cannot deprive a believer of his faith; neither can human law impart faith to the unbelieving. This may be true; and it may be also true, that law can do much by which conviction shall be shaken, or be strengthened, in many a human heart. Law cannot compel a youth, against his will, to become profligate; neither can it intrude purity into a corrupted soul. But law can protect inexperienced minds, to some extent, against temptation, by prohibiting and punishing the publication of pernicious books. And law does not altogether withhold this protection. Is it just and wise to guard society against incentives to vice? and can it be wrong to bestow some care in counteracting persuasives to a false religion?

We may be told that we are comparing things not cognate. The stimulants to impurity are of a different order from the agencies that minister to the diffusion of infidelity, or of an unsound faith. In the former case, an appeal is made to the passions and senses; in the latter, the reason is sole arbiter in the controversy.—We do not assent to the reality of this distinction; nor do we admit the propriety of basing an argument upon it. We believe that there is a deeper wisdom than is generally acknowledged in those Scriptural warnings, which represent idolatry under the similitude of an impure life. We believe that there is a region of our being, neither purely intellectual nor wholly sensual, but into which influences of sense and mind are infused, and over which the seducing spirits of a false religion have power greater than that of the reason or of the grosser passions; and we believe that a Government is responsible for augmenting the force of such misleading agencies, if, in order that they may be free to exercise an evil apostleship, it suffer its laws to be violated. Elevated in habits of thought above the vapours of this low world, the Archbishop of Dublin may receive those communications only which pure reason sanctions. To his Grace, the Cardinal Wiseman, and all his pageantry, may be merely what they are, not magnified nor embellished, as was the violet to Peter Bell, but there are minds of an inferior stamp, to which the accessories in the argument tell for more than the subject and substance. To

them the Cardinal's robes, and the Cardinal's Eminence, the imposing incidents of a scenic worship, and the associations from of old which all is fraught with, have a charm, of which cold reason cannot understand the power—

“*Saltem tenet hoc nos ;*”

and if their power be augmented by a permission to transgress law with impunity, the State which grants so pernicious an indulgence incurs a most serious responsibility. It is undeniable, that success augments the power of an argument in its influence on weak minds most fearfully. The Church or creed which can display proofs of its acknowledged power, while urging its claims on man's acceptance, will prevail over many a heart which reason could not influence. Evidences of material or external prosperity will have an effect not very dissimilar to what was produced on gross minds by miracle; and it would have an evil power over the multitude, if the mission conducted by Cardinal Wiseman were able to pronounce, that Romanism had awed or conciliated the British Government and Legislature into acquiescence in claims disallowed and rejected by the spirit and letter of our laws. The State which could thus, by its supineness, augment the influence of a false religion, would render itself an accessory and accomplice in evil. We firmly believe that many a perversion to Romanism has been made in England through the agency of a persuasion (which acts often while the mind is unconscious of its operation, and acts the more fatally for being unobserved), that the many millions who profess and call themselves Roman Catholics are proof that their religion is divine. Can it be matter of light moment to enhance the power of such a persuasion, by consenting that the constitution and laws of the British Empire shall become inoperative, whenever Papal arrogance or design commands that they be suspended?

Hence we feel bound to affirm, that although there may be a sense in which the words of his Grace the Archbishop (“each man's religious persuasion must be defended, and *can* only be defended by himself”) are true, it must also be admitted that law, and the administration of law, may very greatly augment the power of arguments by which

“religious persuasions” are sought to be confirmed or to be shaken. Notwithstanding, therefore, the opinions of his Grace, we retain our conviction, that legal enactments were not uncalled for on the occasion of the “Papal Aggression.”

The second ground on which the Archbishop argues that legislation was not necessary, may be thus re-stated in the words of his Grace:—

“It is important, however, to remember—what some persons seem very strangely to have forgotten—that those claims of the Church of Rome, which have been adverted to, are nothing *new*, but have existed for many ages, and are, in fact, an essential part of that system against which our ancestors revolted and protested at the Reformation.”

“Of this,” the Archbishop affirms, “no man can be really ignorant.” We have read his Grace's positive and unqualified assertion with unwonted surprise. For ourselves, we are bound to confess, we were in utter ignorance of what his Grace pronounces to be an undeniable, although sometimes a strangely-forgotten, fact. We are not obstinate in error, and have ever been open to conviction where the weight of testimony was against our prejudice or bias; but we are strongly persuaded, that, in the instance now under consideration, testimony is on our side, and against the opinion held by his Grace. We believe that the “claims adverted to” have *something* “new;” and that, in the present form, they were not “an essential part of that system against which our ancestors protested at the Reformation.” We will not detain the reader longer on this subject. It is, perhaps, enough to say, that the “claims adverted to” are those which Roman Catholic ecclesiastics swear, in the Creed of Pius IV., that they will enforce. Any reflecting man who compares this creed with Ante-Tridentine, or even Tridentine Romanism, will see that the Papal claims, acknowledged at the Synod of Thurles, are not the same with those that could be safely advanced in the Council of Constance, or even (until its concluding Session, if then) that of Trent; and are not, therefore, the same that “our ancestors protested against at the Reformation.”

While the Archbishop of Dublin accounted the Act against the assump-

tion of ecclesiastical titles as, at best, of doubtful expediency, he declared himself as very decided in his opinion, that, the Act having become law, Ireland was wisely included within its provisions; and it is here we find his Grace and Lord Monteagle at issue. The Archbishop argues thus:—

“This virtual separation of the Irish branch of the United Church from the English, in violation of a most solemn compact in the Act of Union, I have heard defended as a sacrifice of ‘theory’ to ‘political expediency.’

“It is by suggestions of this kind that the very word ‘expediency’ has come to be, itself, odious to many persons; as having been associated, in their minds, with the idea of some violation of duty.

“But I have always deprecated such an application of the term. Besides that, in the highest sense, nothing can be really and ultimately expedient that is at variance with the principles of rectitude. I do not believe that even mere worldly expediency is ultimately promoted by departure from the strict rules of justice.

“In the present case, most assuredly, nothing could have been more *inexpedient* than the proposed abandonment of (what was called ‘Theory,’ *i. e.*) principle. The advocates of it probably imagined that if any act were passed extending to England alone, Ireland would *remain in the same situation as before* the passing of it. But any one may perceive, on a very little reflection, that this could not have been the case. If there are two roads from a certain spot, and a notice be posted upon *one* of them, warning all persons that it is private, and they will be guilty of a trespass if they pass along *this* road, you could not doubt that every one would conclude the *other* road to be a public thoroughfare. In like manner, a prohibition by law of *any* thing whatever, in one part of the empire, excluding another part, is sure to be understood as equivalent to a *sanction* of it in the latter.

“It would have been understood, therefore, that what *had been done in reference to Galway* had been deliberately sanctioned by the legislature, and might be allowably repeated to any extent in Ireland.

“It would have been understood, in short, that one portion of the royal prerogative had *required*, and received, *parliamentary* confirmation in England,

and was *abandoned* in Ireland: abandoned, not on any grounds of justice or of kindness, but of fear; thus holding out an encouragement to indefinite encroachments.

“And, moreover, a virtual violation of one of the articles of the Act of Union, while that Act remains unrepealed, would have placed us in a most unfavourable position in reference to those who agitate for a repeal of the Union altogether. For, a repeal of any law, in a regular way, however unwise and mischievous, cannot be called *illegal*; and the advocates of such repeal could not well have been censured by those who should have violated its provisions indirectly, and as it were by a side-wind, while the law remained unrepealed. And it would have been in vain to allege that the whole question related to a matter of subordinate importance,—a mere point of detail; since, however true this may be (and I do not undertake to disprove it), it is certain the *English public thought quite otherwise*. Supposing that it was really a matter of small consequence that for so many months agitated the Nation and the Parliament, *they* at least deemed it one of vital importance.”

Such is the argument which Lord Monteagle opposes. “It appears,” writes the noble lord, “that your Grace’s censure rests upon the following propositions:—

* “§ 1. The exemption of Ireland from the Act would, in your opinion, have been an abandonment of the royal prerogative in Ireland, whilst that prerogative required, and received, a parliamentary confirmation in England.

“§ 2. The exemption of Ireland would have been a virtual violation of one of the articles of the Union.

“§ 3. The exemption of Ireland would have been imputed, not to motives of kindness or justice, but to fear.

“§ 4. Whilst your Grace disapproves of the Act which has unfortunately passed, you consider that the exemption of Ireland would have been incomparably more dangerous, as well as dishonourable.

“Let me entreat your Grace carefully to review each of these propositions, and to extend your accustomed candour to the observations which I shall make in opposition to the judgment you have pronounced.

“§ 1. Her Majesty’s prerogative, you tell us, is invaded, and must be vindicated.

* “Letter,” &c., p. 4.

cated. For the sake of argument, I will admit your Grace's statement. That does not, however, justify the Act, unless the prerogative require vindication, where it has not been violated, as well as where it has. Were an enemy to take possession of the island of Jamaica, her Majesty's imperial prerogative would unquestionably be thereby invaded. Military force might, therefore, be resorted to; martial law might be proclaimed. Your Grace will not, however, therefore contend that, on this account, the Constitution should be superseded in Barbadoes or Trinidad."

It is, perhaps, sufficient to observe on this argument, that the assumptions on which it rests are altogether groundless.

"What," writes Lord Monteagle, "is the cause of our complaint? It is, that the Pope should have issued a certain apostolical letter, purporting to create bishops with territorial titles and jurisdiction in England. This is objected to as clashing with the royal prerogative. It is not, however, asserted by any person that the act affected Ireland directly or indirectly."*

Such is his Lordship's view of the grounds on which the new law was enacted. The view he takes of the obnoxious law may be inferred from the following description of it:—

"According to ordinary experience, the application to those in health of a remedy prescribed for the sick, is a startling novelty in hospital practice. To compel me to swallow cholera medicine, because my neighbour is in the blue state of collapse, does not seem very reconcileable with common sense or discretion. But when the question is not the administration of a remedy, but the application of a severe punishment, I am at a loss to find either a precedent or an excuse for so anomalous a proceeding."

We have three objections to this expert sleight of reasoning. It represents the noble Lord as having overlooked what was ostentatiously forced upon his sight; as having seen what had no existence; and as imagining an analogy or illustration which ought to have shown the noble writer, as it proves to the dullest of his readers, the soundness of the principle he contends against.

His Lordship assumes that the legislature had nothing to complain of in Ireland—in Ireland, where the ultramontane principle had become embodied in Dr. Cullen, and was proclaimed as the law of Irish Romanism in the Synod of Thurles. He assumes that the new law is chargeable with "the application of a severe punishment," when, in truth, the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill does no more than insist that the terms of the Emancipation Bill be respected. And in his cholera metaphor, the noble Lord, unconsciously it would seem, suggests to his readers a remembrance of those rules of quarantine, which, although they may have all the inconvenience of penalties on the healthy, whose freedom they restrain, are universally regarded in the light of sanatory regulations, not punishments.

To the second of the Archbishop's reasons for extending the Titles Bill to Ireland, Lord Monteagle devotes several pages, commencing his argument with a misrepresentation of the proposition he opposes. Having stated, as the proposition adopted by His Grace the Lord Archbishop, that "the exemption of Ireland would have been a virtual violation of one of the articles of the Union," he invites the Most Rev. Prelate to accept, as a fair representation of his Grace's principle, a version of it which we would not venture to lay before our readers in any other words than those of the noble Lord himself:—

"Let me beseech your Grace to remember that the question at issue between us is, whether the Union prescribes, under the penalty of being guilty of a violation of its articles, *the necessity of preserving in all things an identity in the ecclesiastical laws of England and Ireland.*"

This may be very dexterous reasoning, but to us, in our simplicity, it has the adroitness of legerdemain rather than logic. To pass a law for the protection of England from *foreign* aggression, to which Ireland is, at least, equally exposed, and deliberately leave Ireland unprotected, is, according to the Archbishop of Dublin, to infringe the articles of Union. This proposition, according to Lord Monteagle, is equivalent to an assertion that those

* Letter, p. 4.

articles are violated if there be not identity in the ecclesiastical laws of England and Ireland *in all things*. Having thus shaped out a question for himself, the noble Lord very complacently addresses himself to the discussion of it; and alleging that the legislature of Great Britain and the Sovereign of the realm enacted laws for the Church Establishment in Ireland suited, or supposed to be suited, to the circumstances of the case, and not extended to England (for which they were unsuited) he seems to imagine that he has disproved the argument of the Archbishop. If the Pope be set free to promulgate laws for Ireland, the articles of Union are not kept—this is the proposal of his Grace. Lord Monteaule seems to fancy that he has refuted this proposition by showing that the articles of Legislative Union permit diversity of legislation for the two branches of the Church of England and Ireland, when the legislation is that of the British Senate, and is beneficial for both.

The Archbishop insists that the compact of Union would be violated by abandoning the Established Church in Ireland to the aggressions of parties who are bound by solemn obligations *to do her harm*; and Lord Monteaule interprets the language of his Grace as if it applied equally to the interposition of those who are no less strictly and solemnly bound *to do her good*. If the noble lord overlooked the distinction, we feel deeply convinced that many of his Lordship's readers, and all of ours, will be far more clear-sighted.

A writer capable of misrepresenting a living author to the extent hazarded by Lord Monteaule, may well be thought still more adventurous in his enterprises on buried celebrities. We do not desire to impute to Lord Monteaule a conscious and wilful participation in practices which may win for his "Letter" an unenviable notoriety. He may have accepted citations prepared for him, as they have been prepared for other writers not inferior to him in sagacity or learning. We wish to be understood, then, as not ascribing to him the frauds we proceed to expose; but we tell the noble Lord and his readers that he has kept bad company; or has given employment to very dishonourable agents and transcribers. We have been, perhaps, anticipated in

the task we undertake, but, superfluous as our labours may be, we proceed with it.

In page 35 of his Lordship's "Letter," we find the following sentence:—

"Bishop Mant states distinctly, that, 'in the reign of Edward VI., the majority of the bishops were decidedly attached to the Popish creed under Archbishop Dowdall, who, though deprived of his primacy, was left in possession of his see.'"

We find in Mant's History, vol. i. page 188, part of his Lordship's quotation, and at page 212 of the same volume we find what very strongly resembles a contradiction of the other part. The quotation is a composite affair. The comment of the noble Lord is wedded to the text of the author he cites, and the extract, brief as it is, contains three fraudulent perversions. In the first place an important word in the sentence, written by Bishop Mant, is omitted in Lord Monteaule's quotation. In the next place his Lordship presents to the readers of the pamphlet his own words as if they were those of the Bishop; and, thirdly, these interpolated words are not in accordance with the Right Rev. Prelate's statements, but in direct opposition to them. In the *Irish Ecclesiastical Journal* for October the fraud palmed upon his Lordship is thus exposed:—

"To enable the reader to judge of this point, we shall place the original and the professed citation in parallel columns:—

' LORD MONTEAGLE.

'Bishop Mant states distinctly, that "In the reign of Edward VI. the majority of the Bishops were decidedly attached to the Popish creed under Archbishop Dowdall, who, though deprived of his primacy, was left in possession of his see."—*A Letter, &c., p. 35.*

' BISHOP MANT.

'The majority, indeed, of the Bishops, as well as of the inferior clergy, were decidedly attached to the Popish creed and practice, under the patronage of Primate Dowdall.—*Mant, vol. i. p. 188.*

"There are just a sufficient number of Bishop Mant's words in this passage to enable us to trace it to its source. The reader will, however, at once understand Lord Monteaule's objection to references, when he observes, that of a single sentence, purporting to be an extract, one-half is simply an addition of the noble writer's. Yet, this is not by any means the worst of it. It will seem scarcely credible that the addition to this passage, which tends to prop Lord

Monteagle's general position, is not merely not to be found in Bishop Mant, but is actually at variance with what he states respecting Dowdall's case. According to Lord Monteagle's version, 'Dowdall, though deprived of his primacy, was left in possession of his see. If these words mean anything they mean that Dowdall continued to live in Ireland, and in possession of his bishopric. According to Bishop Mant, however, 'Archbishop Dowdall, being deprived of the primacy, withdrew beyond the seas,' and lived an exile during the remainder of the reign of Edward VI.* Under such circumstances, it is not easy to understand how he could have retained possession of his see during the same period. But even here again Bishop Mant is explicit. After observing that it is a question whether Dowdall's banishment was voluntary or forced, he adds that there is also some doubt whether he was actually deprived of his bishopric, or was regarded as having virtually resigned it by withdrawing from the country. 'In either case,' he proceeds, 'the archbishopric of Armagh was considered vacant; and measures were accordingly taken for providing a successor.†'

"We may remark, too, that the word 'patronage,' employed by Bishop Mant, is significantly suppressed by Lord Monteagle, his object being to convey that the Popish creed was maintained not by 'patronage,' but by the *authority* of Dowdall."

So much for Lord Monteagle's first citation in proof of an unbroken succession of Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland. Were it not that his lordship may place much reliance on the obscurity of the subject he has chosen to illustrate, his selection would be pre-eminently indiscreet. To adduce the case of Dowdall as pertinent to an argument in favour of Papal authority, implies no ordinary hardihood. Dowdall was the King's, not the Pope's, archbishop. He accepted his archbishopric from Henry VIII., and held it, notwithstanding the nomination of Robert Wauchop to the same see by Pope Paul III., who could never be brought to sanction Dowdall's appointment. We do not deny this prelate's Popish predilections. He accepted a bishopric from the King, and would probably have sworn to a creed from the Pope; but it is not a very prospe-

rous mode of conducting an argument, or selecting authorities, to adduce, as the first recognition of Papal authority, the name of a bishop who held his see in defiance of the Pope so long as his King approved of him, and who "fled the realm" as soon as he fell under the temporal sovereign's displeasure.

Lord Monteagle's second citation is scarcely worth a comment, so far as the noble Lord's argument is concerned in it, but it has other claims to notice.

"In another passage he (Bishop Mant) states equally strongly, '*In Elizabeth's time there remained intrusive missionaries, sent by the Bishop of Rome, exercising jurisdiction, and calling themselves by the usurped titles of the rightful prelates.*'"

As in former instances, the noble Lord, or his purveyor, abstains from reference to the part of the history from which his extract is taken. We apprehend it has been falsified from a passage in page 285, vol. ii., which we transcribe:—"It is true that there existed, in the kingdom, other intrusive missionaries, sent by the Bishop of Rome, as opponents of the Sovereign, the laws, and the Church of the kingdom; and arrogating for themselves the jurisdictions, and calling themselves by the usurped titles of the rightful and duly recognised prelates."

Such, we presume, is the sentence which his Lordship has been influenced to adopt or select. It was hardly worth while to tamper with it; but the sequel in the valuable history to which his Lordship has indiscreetly alluded, is well worth the reader's attention:—"Thus," continues the Right Rev. Prelate, "in the course of history, we read, in 1567, of a titular Archbishop of Cashel, who, because the true archbishop would not surrender to him the administration of his province, wounded him with a skeine or Irish dagger, and made his escape for safety into Spain. We read, in 1568, of the titular Bishops of Cashel and Emly being sent by certain confederated rebels, as their ambassadors to the Pope and King of Spain, to implore aid and assistance for rescuing their religion and their country from the tyranny and oppression of Queen Elizabeth. We read, in 1593, of the titular Primate of Armagh importuning a proclaimed

* "Mant, vol. i. pp. 212, 213."

† "Mant, ib."

traitor to invade Connaught, with the intention of preying on that country; of his forces being routed in battle, and himself with many of them being slain. We read, in 1599, of the titular Archbishop of Dublin coming to another rebel and traitor, who had publicly and haughtily professed that he would recover the liberty of religion and his country, and bringing to him Papal indulgences for all that would take arms against the English, and a phoenix plume to O'Neal, and 22,000 pieces of gold from the King of Spain."

Such were the intrusive missionaries noticed in that history from which the noble Lord professes to quote; a history in which he could have learned that, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, all the bishops in Ireland, with the exception of two, conformed to the Protestant established religion, and renounced the authority of the Pope. It was rather adventurous to adduce the crimes of murderers and traitors as precedents for exercises of Papal authority. As well might the brilliant advocates of Meagher and O'Brien appeal to the acts of the men of Ninety-eight, and call them cases in point for the defence of their unhappy clients.

Lord Monteagle's third citation is from a high legal authority:—

"In a letter from Sir J. Davies to the Earl of Salisbury, written in the reign of James I., this learned authority, the prosecutor of Lalor" (his lordship does not add—prosecutor on the Roman Catholic Statute of Premunire, not on the more recent enactment for the King's supremacy), "informs us that the churches are utterly waste, though the King is patron. The incumbents are Popish priests, instituted by bishops authorised by Rome."

The testimony adduced by his Lordship, as given of Ireland in general, was presented to Sir John Davies, and communicated by him to Lord Salisbury, respecting *a single county—Monaghan*. "The inquisition presented unto us," he writes, "*in this country*, was in Latin, because the principal jurors were lawyers and clerks. It appeared," &c., &c. It would be profitable, were space afforded, to lay copious extracts from this important State paper before the reader; but for the present we must rest satisfied with exposing the inveteracy of misquotation with which Lord Monteagle's agent is chargeable.

The fourth citation is more flagrant in its violation of decorum. Its delinquencies are graver:—

"In the Royal Visitation of 1622, the Bishop of Derry reports on 'the jurisdiction usurped by authority from Rome. Their authority is derived from the pretended Archbishop of Dublin, by whom was made a vicar-general of Derry. By him are priests placed in every parish to celebrate the mass and to execute all other functions. Under the vicar-general are placed four officials in the four deaneries. *For the removing of these priests the laws are powerless.*'"

To this latter sentence his Lordship has given the emphasis of typography, and he calls the attention of the Archbishop to the argument contained in the passage where it is found. "Your Grace will doubtless observe that these extracts recite acts of jurisdiction as well as of order, and *all were equally left undisturbed.*"

Had Lord Monteagle turned his attention to "Ware's Bishops," or even to "Mant's History," which he has quoted, he would scarcely have set forth an error and untruth so easily detected.

The Bishop of Derry exposed the inefficiency of the law, *for the very purpose of having the evil remedied*. Lord Monteagle has been pleased to call his citations "extracts;" it would have been more correct had he styled them "excerpts." Always bearing in mind that he may have been the unconscious instrument of a very gross fraud, we would say that in this fourth, as well as in the three preceding citations, there is an amount of duplicity not less than it has been our lot to detect in the most unscrupulous of literary tricksters.

And, even limited as we are, we shall give two instances of the unworthy practices by which the pretended citation from the Bishop of Derry is marred. Where Lord Monteagle's excerpt closes with "authority from Rome," the original continues, "to the greater dishonour of God, hindrance of religion, and shame of the government."

Where Lord Monteagle wrote,— "Under the vicar-general are placed four officials in the four deaneries," we read (in Mr. King's report), "Under the vicar-general are placed four officials at the least, who, amongst many other abominations which they prac-

tise, doe for small rewards divorce married couples, and sett them at libertye to marry others, insomuch that there is scarcely anie man of yeares, but he hath more wyves lyving, and few women which have not plurality of husbands.”*

Is this the jurisdiction which Lord Monteagle has taken upon him to defend—which he would account tolerable in times past or present—at which he thinks law ought to connive? We pass from his most fraudulent quotation with but one further remark. The Bishop of Derry complained of the practices of Rome and the inefficient administration, for the express purpose of obtaining a remedy,—a purpose in which he succeeded; and Lord Monteagle, misled by excerpts most disgracefully garbled, falls into the error of believing that Bishop Dounham’s complaints can be of service to his argument.

His Lordship’s fifth citation is from Bishop Bedell. We shall content ourselves with transcribing it, and inserting in brackets the passage which has been most culpably omitted :—

“I now refer to the authority of one whose name deserves veneration wherever the Christian faith extends. I allude to the pious Bishop Bedell. He states to Archbishop Laud, in 1629 :—‘The Popish clergy is more numerous than we, and in full exercise of all jurisdiction ecclesiastical by their vicars-general, who are so confident that they excommunicate such as come to our courts [even in matrimonial cases; which affront hath been offered to myself by the Popish primate’s vicar-general, for which I have begun a process against him]. The primate himself lives in my parish,’ &c. &c.

We need not continue the citation. The conclusion of the letter to which Lord Monteagle has thought proper to appeal is as follows :—“His Majesty is now with the greatest part of this country, as to their hearts and consciences, King, but at the Pope’s discretion.”†

We will proceed no further with our odious task. The exposures we have made are enough to deprive Lord Monteagle’s pamphlet of all claim to authority. We wish his Lordship no

further harm. On the contrary, it would be our earnest desire that he should learn caution from the proofs we have given how vilely he has been abused, and that henceforth he should resolve to examine for himself any citations for which he is to be held answerable. As to the show of argument which his authorities have been cited to bolster up, we account it altogether unworthy of a remark. There was, we admit, ecclesiastical insubordination very embarrassing to the State at various periods of our history—there were also lay turbulence and commotion; and unless Lord Monteagle hold that the many insurrectionary movements which desolated Ireland of old are to constitute precedents for further experiments of the same kind, and are to be cited as proofs that the civil power shall not resist or permit them, he has no right to press an argument in defence of the schemes of the Pope and Dr. Cullen, while unwilling to extend the benefits of it to the more daring but not more formidable enterprises of Mitchell and M’Manus.

We shall, we hope, return to this subject again. But in the meantime we must enter a protest against one premise, most unwarrantably assumed in their respective arguments, by both Lord Monteagle and the Archbishop of Dublin. It is, that nothing had been done in Ireland, in connexion with the Papal aggression, to call for the interference of the Legislature in this part of the United Empire. We have no hesitation in meeting this assumption with a distinct and peremptory denial. The Synod of Thurles, with its attendant circumstances, and the oath ostentatiously paraded by its members, we regard as a more flagrant outrage on the Crown and law of Great Britain, than even the invasion of the country by the Pope and Cardinal. To parade such an oath as was then sworn—an oath at variance with laws human and divine—was a new thing in the land, and demanded prompt and effectual legislation, if it did not call for prompt intervention of the executive.

The Archbishop of Dublin pronounces fear bad policy. To commit an act of partiality or injustice, under

* “King’s Primer,” p. 904,—a valuable contribution to Irish Church history, from which we hope soon to borrow largely.

† “Life of Bedell.” London, 1685, p. 47.

the influence or suspicion of terror, he seems to account impolitic as well as ignoble. Why does he not then condemn the policy which leaves the oath of the Synod of Thurles uncensured? The oath of an Orangeman, although it is only a more emphatic form of the oath of allegiance, is prohibited under heavy penalties. The oath of a Ribbonman, badge and bond of a confederation hostile to British law, incurs a similar prohibition. And the oath of the Synod of Thurles—an oath of obedience to the Pope, and of unabated malevolence towards all whom he proscribes as enemies—why is this defiance of the Throne and law left unpunished and overlooked, if the connivance be not that of fear? We cordially agree with his Grace of Dublin, in condemning all policy of the craven species, and we wish *he* would uplift his voice in reprobation of that most odious form of it which would conciliate Rome by being insolent towards loyal subjects of the Queen, and traitorously indulgent towards the Pope's vassals.

We grieve to learn, that the first of our great literary and political organs of the press, recommends something like a dastard concession, as not unseemly or unwise in the difficulties by which we are embarrassed. A concordat with Rome! It sounds strange in our ears that the *Quarterly Review* should advise such a measure; a measure which implies a confession, that the Sovereign of Great Britain is not entitled to the subject's allegiance:—

"Unloose that string, and mark what discord follows."

Admit that a foreign Potentate has authority, in any degree whatever, within the Queen's realms, and none can say to what height the conceded power may grow, and how it may overshadow the land with its baleful influence. Admit, although we cannot believe, that present relief might be had by such a measure—it would be but transitory. As soon as it became approved policy on the part of Rome to break her engagements, she would find good reason for the violation; and while she consented to observe in the letter the terms of her engagement, her influence in the land, wherein her partnership in Government was recognised, would be very dangerously augmented. Absolute Governments may admit such partnership; where there

is freedom and representation, where influence becomes authority, it is not to be hazarded. The Pope of a concordat would not be, as some have imagined, a chief of police for England—he would be a rival sovereign.

For the present we have done; only asking this much of those who think with favour of a measure which we believe would be fatal to our country—*what should the terms of their concordat be?* Will they avow to England what it is they hope to gain for her? If they will, we hesitate not to promise that all practical and unprejudiced men who reflect upon the terms they hope to gain, will pronounce them inadequate or unattainable.

While correcting the preceding pages for the press, a document of the highest interest and value reached us—Mr. Napier's reply to Lord Monteagle's letter. We look upon the production of this important reply as an ample recompense for any evil the noble lord's letter may have had the power of doing. It is, we believe, a remark of Coleridge's, that, in the gradational series of natural things, existence in every grade becomes intelligible in the higher form of being to which it has, as it were, an unconscious aspiration. We will not say that the letter of Lord Monteagle was conceived in a spirit which had any tendency or aspiration to the wisdom which speaks in Mr. Napier's reply; but we are satisfied not to be too curious, and to accept the compensation which has been provided for what we felt to be a wrong; and we pardon even the scribes who have misled Lord Monteagle, for the benefit they have unintentionally procured for the country, in calling forth the admirable response of Mr. Napier.

We cannot review as we could desire this timely response; but regret our inability the less, because we feel assured it will be in the hands of most of our readers before these pages reach them. We desire, however, to express our high admiration of the masterly performance. Its cogency of argument, its ample and faithful citation of authorities; the lofty spirit which pervades it; the association of liberal feelings, and devoted adherence to principle; the acumen with which sophistry is detected, and falsehood exposed; and the mildness of reproof, uttered as from the judicial bench, not the fo-

rensic arena, and conveyed in language which would become the lips of a merciful judge sentencing for crime, rather than of a prosecutor magnifying the enormity against which he pleads;—all these excellencies grace Mr. Napier's reply; and, although the noble Lord who has merited its reproofs may naturally suffer under them, even he must feel that the severity consists altogether in a faithful exposure of the arts and acts to which Lord Monteagle has been, whether inadvertently or not, an assenting party.

The spirit of Mr. Napier's letter may be judged of from the brief extracts which we subjoin without a word of comment:—

“The Papacy is a double system—a Church with a code of doctrine; a State with a code of laws and a course of policy. As a State, it has been the ancient assailant of the constitution; as a Church, the more modern antagonist of the Reformed religion of our country. In this latter aspect of the controversy with Rome, we must rely on Scripture and right reason; leaving conscience without restraint, and opinion free. The Churches of the Reformation, in combined power and individual effort, are required to use the strength and privilege, the light and freedom, which God has bestowed upon them, for a mighty contest of contending principles. No legislation, no state policy, no prohibition, no penalties, can supply what is needed for this department of our warfare. But there is another aspect not to be disregarded. There is a State conflict—an assault on our laws and constitution, an effort to subjugate to foreign power the subjects of this realm, the constitution of which solemnly repudiates all foreign jurisdiction, pre-eminence, or authority. Thus the state policy of Rome conflicts with the constitution of the United Kingdom; and our state policy has uniformly opposed the power of Parliament to the state aggression of the court of Rome. Our religious policy relies on other agencies.”—pp. 44, 45.

“You have, my Lord, intimated an apology for the paucity of your references; but this cannot explain their obvious inconclusiveness. You certainly have not repeated the bold assertion of the unbroken chain from the time of St. Patrick, continued with unbroken links to the present hierarchy of the Church of Rome. So far you have been abstemious; but the ‘unbroken succession for 300 years, as regular as in the Established Church,’ is, though not so bold,

at least not more worthy of credit. Mr. Shirley, in the modest preface to his most interesting collection of state documents (letters and papers) connected with the Irish Church (and these are the historical witnesses accredited by the sound and elevated mind of Edmund Burke), says:—‘They may, perhaps, be of service in assisting to prove that the assertion of those modern statesmen, who affirm that the Romish Church has existed in Ireland in unbroken succession from the time of the Reformation, rests on a very inadequate foundation; it is evident that, although from the distracted state of the times the Reformation was necessarily very imperfectly carried out in Ireland, the true succession of bishops in the Church was ever preserved, and that *solely* in the line of prelates acknowledged by the State; the Romish intruders into their dioceses have derived their orders from Italy and Spain, and not from the Irish Church.’—pp. 56, 57.

“Did the rejection of the Papal supremacy destroy the succession in Ireland? then how has it been preserved in England? Did the adoption of the reformed doctrine and the retention of the ancient creeds? then where is the title of the English branch of the Church? The Church also retained its ancient domestic discipline, fixed by the laws which the Constitution acknowledged. Hence, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction which commenced after the Church Christian was established and took possession of the country, was allowed and preserved, because it agreed to enforce no rule, decree, or canon, which had not been accepted as part of the king's ecclesiastical law, and so incorporated into the known general law of the land. This is explained with singular ability by Mr. Justice Crampton, in his most able and instructive judgment in the great marriage case. Such jurisdiction is part of the law, subject to its control, and bound by its commands. The Church of Rome, which sprang up after 1558, or (to fix a better date) after 1564, originated in Rome with a Papal creed, unknown to the early Church; it accepted the bondage of the canon law as part of its Catholic faith; it had not the sanction of domestic prelates, with a domestic title; it had not the lawful and limited discipline of the National Church theretofore in this land; it set up a profession of faith which the National Church had never accredited, and a code of discipline which the common law and our Church had openly rejected.

“You, my Lord, shrink from the common law and the catholicity of the ancient Constitution: you turn your back on the ancient statute law and the

repentant legislation which ushered in the Reformation; the Act of 1829 you overlook; that of 1846 you overturn. I find you crouching in the dusk of times when the light of truth and freedom was but in its dawn. You are concealed under the crooked branches of this new plantation, severed from ancient roots; without domestic succession or historical title; a new ecclesiastical organisation in hierarchy, creed, discipline—in everything which constitutes the framework of a Church. In what position did it necessarily stand at this time; I speak of the latter part of the sixteenth century? It rejected the reformed religion; it repudiated the restored independence and the known lawful discipline which belonged to the National and Established Church, the constitution of which has never conflicted with the free constitution of the State. It could not have demanded greater privilege than any nonconformist body or communion, rejecting the discipline or disclaiming the doctrine of the Church by law established. Such other bodies, however, had no hindrance from foreign connexion; they simply required to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, yet subject to the Constitution of their country. But the foreign power of Rome and the domestic authority of England were in constant conflict and struggle, and not until this power was supposed to be sufficiently restrained, was the claim of the Roman Catholic allowed to be capable of adjustment. The name of Papist, which was appropriated to all in ostensible connexion with the modern Church of Rome, was exchanged for that of Roman Catholic, after solemn and general disavowal of some tenets which excited distrust and hostility. It was felt, too, that however the organisation of this Church, in its hierarchy, was Papal, its laity in these lands might not, nor should rea-

sonably have any desire to live under the Court of Rome, if they could freely enjoy the Constitution of their own native country: they might be conscientious Roman Catholics and loyal subjects without the interference or allowance of foreign jurisdiction. The liberty of the Constitution was accepted, with solemn assurance that its independence would be preserved; the settlement of 1829 was the result: laymen and bishops joined in previous pledges and subsequent assurances that all would be arranged so as to secure the integrity of the Constitution in Church and State, without any compromise of the freedom of their Church in Ireland, and as the harbinger of peace and prosperity."—pp. 60–63.

"My Lord, I must draw to a conclusion. I have had this great subject before me in the senate. I had no desire to make any parade of my opinions upon it, but I did not hesitate to express them sufficiently, according as occasion required. I have had it again before me as a lawyer, under the sanction of professional responsibility. I have recorded the result of careful investigation, in a deliberate professional opinion. And, lastly, my Lord, as a private man, as one who much respects your Lordship, grateful for courtesy often experienced from you, I have, in quiet retirement, anxiously reviewed the whole in consequence of your pamphlet. I have done so with the most unfeigned desire to sift the truth, and to adopt it. It is my clear and decided conviction, that the recent act has not withheld one solitary right sanctioned by law, hindered one lawful function, or narrowed the freedom, civil and religious, stereotyped in the Constitution, to preserve and perpetuate which the people of this kingdom are bound to man as they are responsible to God."—p. 67.

CHRISTMAS WITH OUR OWN POETS.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

DEAR FRIENDS AND GENTLE READERS,—Here we are at the last month of the year—"dark December." Eleven months of this year have passed over us. Ah! how have they passed for each? For some, fleeting as the foot of the antelope or the wing of the swallow—joyous and jocund, as if life were all a jubilee, and sorrow and suffering but the fictions of the romancer, to enhance, by their contrast, the joys that, from their very constancy, might become insipid. Some such there be, but they are the few: others there be, but they too are few we hope, for whom the days and hours and months moved wearily onward, as moves the foot of a toil-worn traveller over the shingly thoroughfare or the thorny pathway; grief and trouble and trial, sickness and privation, marking each month with melancholy emphasis—to whom spring brought no budding promise, summer no rich-blown joy; for whom autumn reaped no golden harvest of fruition, and the dreary winter, with its shower and its frost, seems to them but a truer emblem of their tears and their desolation. But for most of us life has moved on changeful and checquered, with varied motion and with varied speed—now swift and bounding as is the step of the child chasing the painted butterfly through the sun-lit fields—now loitering and devious as the pace of him who wanders pensively by the bank of some tortuous and sluggish-rolling river—now slow and toilful and full of pauses, like the progress of one who breasts some rugged hill, and wavers and staggers up the painful ascent, and stops oft to regain his breath and brace his energies for fresh struggles. For most of us the year has passed on, full of mutations like the months that composed it—sunshine and shadow, light and gloom, fervour and chill, calm and tempest in the world without us, apt types of the changes in the moral world within us. Good with its probationary evil—evil with its compensating good; joy laughing away sorrow, and sorrow again dashing the cup from our lips and withering the smile upon our brows; hope and despair chasing each the other, as figures on revolving lamp-shades seem in turn the pursued and the pursuer; health and sickness, strength and weakness, each at the appointed hour executing its mission, while peace and passion soothe and agitate our souls in unceasing succession. Thus is it, doubtless, that most of us, dear friends, have travelled through these stages along life's highway, and here we are now at our last change, pulling up for a moment, as it were, at the ancient hostel under the sign of "the Goat," while we wrap ourselves up more warmly as we look at the gloomy heavens and the wintry earth, and prepare for the short distance that now remains to be accomplished. But you and I, dear friends, when once we start from this common point, shall not meet again till we are commencing the journey of a new year, if haply even such a meeting be reserved for us. And as I have contrived somehow or other to fall in with you at almost every posting-house in the journey we are now travelling, to give you a kindly greeting, and, to the best of my poor ability, offer something pleasant or profitable, if it were only a stave of a song or an observation on the weather, it seemed to me very meet that we should have one more greeting, were it even no more than to say "God send you safe to your journey's end."

Well, then, my first observation will be to remind you of that excellent, though homely old saw, "*make the best of everything*." Everything has two sides, and two handles. Let us always look at the fairest side, and lay hold of the proper handle, and we shall find that there are few objects which will not afford us some advantage or pleasure to contemplate, and few burthens that we cannot bear all the lighter, that we lift them in the right manner. December is not all gloom and desolation and cold without. If the sunshine be not long and sultry, yet it often blinks out cheerily between the cold sleet-showers, or glitters pleasantly on the icicle and the snow-wreath. If the pinching frost and the blustry autumn winds have left the forests leafless, and the gardens desolate, there are yet a few trees and flowers, true old friends, that cheer us on through the

winter with the fidelity of genuine affection, looking gaily and lovingly on us till the children of the spring come laughing to us with the sunshine. The crisp, bright holly shows still its pleasant, shining, green leaves; the yew and the pine and the fir are still verdant, and the ivy, evermore green and lovely, that emblem of faithful hearts, clings to the ruined arch, or mantles round the winter-stripped tree, covering its nakedness with loving and reverent piety. And have we not still the rose that flushes with a sweet and healthy brightness, even while the white snow is lying beneath it? and does not the nightshade flower in the hedges, and the crysanthemum in the parterre? True it is that—

“ Now no more at evening pale
Singeth sad the nightingale,
Nor the blackbird on the lawn,
Nor the lark at dewy dawn,”—

but the poor little sparrows and the chubby redbreasts come now almost to our hand, and chirp with as homely a sweetness as the cricket that makes the clear, bright hearth ring with his fireside song.

“ Winter white is coming on,
And I love his coming,
What, though winds the fields have shorn—
What though earth is half forlorn—
Not a berry on the thorn—
Not an insect humming;
Pleasure never can be dead,
Beauty cannot hide her head!
Look, in what fantastic showers
The snow flings down her feathered flowers,
Or whirls about in drunken glee,
Kissing its love, the holly tree.
Behold the sun himself come forth,
And send his beams from south to north—
To diamonds turns the winter rime,
And lends a glory to the time.”

Yes, winter is coming, and so let us even make the best of it. Have not we, too, *leaves* that no frost can sear, no wind can dissipate?—the leaves that grow thick upon the tree of knowledge; the leaves of books! turning our homes into winter gardens, as the London folk talk about doing with the Crystal Palace; the tale and the song at the evening fireside; and the healthy out-door exercise, that keeps the blood from chilling by day.

But the glooms of winter hide within them **ONE DAY**, the brightest and the cheeriest that the circling year brings round, as the barren, arid desert holds within its bosom the verdant oasis and the fresh bubbling spring. Yes, **CHRISTMAS** comes in dreary December; and could it come at a more welcome season? As Almighty Wisdom brought physical illumination out of the night of chaos, and Almighty Love brought spiritual light out of the darkness of sin, so out of the dreariest portion of the year, when days are contracted to their shortest, when the gloom and the fog that dim the heavens weigh down and darken our spirits also, and the frosts that pinch our outward members would creep almost chillingly upon our hearts, dawns this bright, festive, glorious day, with its solemn, religious glory, its holy charities, its blessed memories, its cheerful institutions, its heart-flowing kindlinesses, its merry meetings, its mirth, its games, its wassail-bowl, and its mistletoe; a day whose very anticipation makes the heart glad for weeks before, and leaves it so through the rest of the dying year, creating, as it were, a twilight of love and joy that precedes and follows its rising, and dissipates the darkness of sorrow and care:—

“ Ecce nova gaudia
Anni reduxit orbita;
Facit hæc solemnitas
Nativitas Dominica
Quapropter cuncti mortales
Hilariter, hilariter, hilariter, hilariter,
Conjubilemus.”

So may it be while the world lasts, and the name of Christ is named each coming year more widely over the regions of the earth !

Amongst the many good old customs which Christmas brought, there is one which is fast dying away. For days before its advent, the sounds of music and the voice of minstrels used to be heard upon the night air, playing sweet airs, and singing their joyous carols. Right welcome, I wis, were these minstrels at every door. The elder folks would turn themselves round from the blazing fire close by which they were sitting, and stop for a season their interminable old-world gossip to listen ; the younger people would steal over to the windows, and draw back the curtains, or, if the night were fine, even venture to open a little of the casement ; while at the tale of love, the maiden's eye would melt, and her hand would fling down the bright silver piece, the guerdon for the grateful song. Often, too, the youth would slip down to the door, and draw in from the wintry air these sons of song, and treat them delicately, and give them of the best, and hear all their minstrelsy, and then dismiss them with thanks and bounty.

Dear friends, it occurred to me, that you should not be without your carols ; and so I have culled some for you, and have got some choice minstrels to come with me, and we shall be at your door anon gleefully. Give us, then, entertainment befitting the season, and such as minstrels immemorially of right may claim ; and now, my masters all, and matrons, blooming maidens and merry lads, old and young, great and small, here we are, "your honours' waits," in our yellow livery, and the royal badge of good Queen Bess upon our breasts. Listen to our chanting :—

I.

God give you joy these Christmas times ;
Gentles, listen to our rhymes.

Fleecy snow-clouds now are sailing
In the chill and clear moon light,
And the wintry wind is wailing
To the ear of lonely Night.
Snow-drifts on the roofs lie heavy,
Ice-drops glisten from the eaves ;
Boughs in autumn that were leafy,
Now are clad with snow-born leaves.
God give you joy these Christmas times ;
Gentles, listen to our rhymes.

II.

Hark ! from out the ivied steeple
Clangs the jocund peal of bells,
Waves of sound, like billows, ripple
On the night in solemn swells.
See, with merry pipe and tabor,
At your doors we play and sing ;
Listen to our grateful labour,
Deign to hear our carolling.
God give you joy these Christmas times ;
Gentles, listen to our rhymes.

III.

We have songs of pride and glory
For the ear of lord and knight ;
We can sing a true-love story
To the heart of maiden bright.
We have ditties sweetly tender
That will make you pleased, tho' sad ;
Deftly we know how to render
Eyes more bright, and hearts more glad.
God give you joy these Christmas times ;
Gentles, listen to our rhymes.

IV.

Lusty youth and manhood able,
 Matrons gentle, maidens dear,
 Crippled age and childhood feeble,
 Each and all our carols hear ;
 At this festive time, to cheer you,
 We have culled the sweetest lays ;
 Kindly call us to come near you,
 All the meed we ask is—*praise*.
 God give you joy these Christmas times ;
 Gentles, listen to our rhymes.

Well, there now, you are all attention, and have even opened your doors to our summons, and drawn us kindly in with abundance of joyous welcome and the prospect of all sorts of good cheer. What, then, shall we give you first ?

“ Why, something of your own, Jonathan,” some kind friend says to us.

Well, even be it so. As they who fill the cup taste it first ere they send it round, so is it meet that I sing for you the first carol.

The Three Angel-Hymns.

I.—THE CREATION.

THERE was a song in Heaven—mystic, sublime—
 That filled the universe: the primal song
 Whose thunder-tones rolled surgingly along
 Through the infinitude of space. What time
 The MASTER-HAND in weltering chaos piled
 Earth's deep foundations ; when th' obedient light
 Glowed instant at God's Word, and startled Night
 Fled from her ancient throne, and Eden smiled.—
 Then sang the morning-stars that wond'rous hymn
 With awful music like to rushing fires ;
 And all the sons of God, the angelic choirs,
 Shouted for joy. Cherub and Seraphim
 Caught up the anthem ;—but the words that fell
 Upon Creation's ear, no human lips can tell.

II.—THE NATIVITY.

There was a song on Earth,—when she had run
 Four thousand courses round her central light,
 That poured upon the ravished ear of Night
 The holiest strains heard since the world begun.
 What time a Light, more pure than of the sun,
 Down from the SOURCE OF LIGHT was borne along
 On wings of angels, 'midst adoring song ;
 'Till o'er Death's gloomy realms its radiance shone.
 Then sang the hosts of heaven this joyful hymn—
 “ Glory to God within the Heavens most high—
 Peace upon Earth—to mankind amity.”
 Thus chanting sweet, Cherub and Seraphim
 Rose on the midnight air to heaven again,
 As soars the morning lark upon his blissful strain.

III.—THE CONSUMMATION.

There shall be yet one other song,—when Time
 Is over. Round the iris-cinctured throne—
 Whereon ONE sits like to a jasper stone,
 Or sardine,—day and night that hymn sublime

Shall vibrate ceaseless, 'mid the lightning's fire
 And thunder-peal. Creatures of awful guise,
 Six-wingèd each, and full within of eyes,
 Angels and holy elders, form that choir.
 Then shall they sing a new and wond'rous hymn
 Unto the Lord Almighty and the Lamb,
 Tuning to golden harps the glorious psalm,
 Each casting 'fore the throne his diadem.
 "Worthy of honour, glory, power, alone
 Art THOU, that wast and art and shalt be, HOLY ONE!"

Now, not a word of comment before my face; but tell me what you would like next. Something about old Father Christmas, I'll be sworn. Well, so it shall be, then. Here is a

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

If there be a time when praises
 Sweeter sound in Jesu's ear;
 If there bloom a green oasis
 In the desert of the year—
 'Tis this gladsome Christmas morn,
 The blessed day when He was born.

If any spot on earth be nearer
 Sanctity than other sod;
 Where all is dear, if ought be dearer
 Than another unto God,
 Well I ween that spot must be
 The place of the Nativity.

Thither, then, in spirit tending,
 Let us praise the heavenly Child,
 From glory unto shame descending,
 That we might be reconciled.
 Love how great, and, oh! how free,—
 Boundless as eternity!

Let a kindred love for ever
 Guide us in the coming year;
 Doing good, with good endeavour,
 Kissing off the scalding tear.
 For sweet 's the pathway to above
 When paved with charity and love.

How like ye that, good friends? I'faith I think it is a pleasant chant enough, full of a fluent harmony, and breathing that spirit of heavenly charity which the angel minstrels made the burthen of the first Christmas Carol that ever fell on mortal ears—"Glory to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards man!" Now, you shall have something that smacks of those foreign melodies which we have learned from Italy. Listen—

SONNET.

CHRISTMAS! to thee we owe a vast, vast debt!
 'Oh, what a dull affair would be the year,
 Our weary, wintry, up-hill work how drear,
 Were not thy half-way house thus blithely set
 'Twixt fall and spring, for travellers to forget
 Their worst Novembral fogs in thy sweet cheer,
 And dream that January's icy spear
 Might in thy festal glow drop pointless yet.

Let the bold winds pipe high!—we're strong at heart—
 A toast shall drown their roar! Here's—home again
 To all our absent friends, from every part,
 Be it from Afric's sands or Arctic main.
 Ah, with the thought, the tears unbidden start
 For those the world is looking for—in vain!

Alas! this is the only drop of bitter in the sweet cup of Christmas! The absent one!—absent for a season or for ever! Wandering, as haply are now the brave, adventurous hearts that left our shores, at the call of science and humanity, to seek a pathway through the untracked polar snows; or *dead*, as our fears will sometimes whisper to us they are. Yet do we owe a “vast debt” to Christmas——

“*Debt!* indeed,” interposes one of our minstrels—a lean, little fellow, with limbs as stiff as a poker, and a blue, frost-bitten nose—“Debt, indeed; sure enough are we to be reminded of our debts at Christmas, and made to pay them, too. ’Tis well for us Christmas comes only once in the twelve months, or ’twould be impossible for any decent body to keep out of the poorhouse. If you’d like to know my sentiments about this happy season, just listen to my

“CHRISTMAS CAROL.”

I.

HAIL! merry Christmas, happy season!
 Happy in what?—I’d like to know.—
 In paying bills beyond all reason,
 An occupation far from pleasing;
 And trudging streets half thawed, half freezing,
 Through muddy snow.

II.

How merry ’tis to find your nose
 Like a blue-bag on washing day;
 In getting nightly no repose,
 But shivering ’neath the icy clothes
 With stiffened limbs and frozen toes—
 What’s merry, pray?

III.

What nonsense ’tis to deck the ceiling
 With mistletoe and holly,
 While skin from off your face is peeling,
 With chilblains sore beyond all healing—
 How can a man of any feeling
 Be jolly?

IV.

Of “merry wassail-bowl” I hear, too;
 A wassail-bolus would be nearer,
 When colds are plenty, and to spare, too,
 And every “ill the flesh is heir to”
 Is raging here and everywhere, too—
 What could be drearier?

V.

But boughs of mistletoe I hate
 To see on wall or panel;
 It seems far more appropriate
 With woollen cap to deck my pate,
 And wreath my limbs, ere ’tis too late,
 With flannel.

VI.

No Christmas seems to me as sunny,
 It's jollity but smoke is,
 I share more of the gall than honey,
 As rheumatism 's ought but funny,
 And to lose health as well as money
 No joke is.

Ha! ha! ha! what a pleasant dog! What humour there is in his querulousness! Take him, good friends, to the buttery, and stuff him with all sorts of good things, till you make his face shine with an oily jollity and his eye blink moist and merry; stick him in the chimney-corner till his heart warms and his blue nose thaws to a rich red, like a plum ripening in autumn; and, for the sake of sweet charity, give him a silver piece to pay his last month's bill for board and lodging, and strong waters. Meantime, to make amends, we will sing you something in praise of hoary winter:—

CRACKLE and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze,
 There's snow on the housetops—there's ice on the ways,
 But the keener the season
 The stronger's the reason
 Why ceiling should flicker and glow in thy blaze;
 So fire—piled fire,
 Leap, fire, and shout—
 Be it warmer within
 As 'tis colder without,
 And as curtains we draw, and around the hearth close,
 As we glad us with talk of great frosts and deep snows,
 As redly thy warmth on the shadowed wall plays
 We'll say winter's evenings outmatch summer's days,
 And a song, jolly roarer, we'll shout in thy praise.
 So crackle and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze,
 While roaring the chorus goes round in thy praise.

Crackle and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze,
 There's ice on the ponds and leaves on the ways;
 But the barer each tree
 The more reason have we
 To joy in the summer that roars in thy blaze.
 So fire, piled fire,
 The lustier shout,
 The louder the winds shriek
 And roar by without;
 And as red through the curtains go out with thy light
 Pleasant thoughts of warm firesides across the dark night,
 Passers-by, hastening on, shall be loud in thy praise;
 And while spark with red spark in thy curling smoke plays,
 Within the loud song to thy honour we'll raise.
 So crackle and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze,
 While roaring the chorus goes round in thy praise.

Ah! that's a very pleasant chant, and a very cheerful picture, truly, to see happy faces round the bright, roaring fire, with the closed curtains that screen out wind and weather; but there is another side to the picture, and let us hear it. Step out a moment from your festive chamber and your happy home, and

look into the wild, black, blustry night, such as we see oftentimes in the dreariest of all deserts—the streets of a city. Shall we show it to you thus?—

SONNET.

The winds are up!—dark is the night at sea.
 Typhoons come down in great broad blinding sheets,
 And hurry roaring o'er the decks of fleets,
 From the white windward to the dusky lee.
 The winds are up!—the night is dark on land.
 Howls the black tempest, smiting forests down,
 Or round the corners of the clattering town,
 Toppling the chimneys over with its hand
 Into the streets, where quaking beggary clings
 Fast to the rails, and shrieks aloud with dread.
 The winds are up!—but on their rushing wings
 An angel rides—and Heaven's behests are sped;
 The Strong stands faster as the tempest blows—
 The Tender gives—the Rotten only goes.

That is a fine picture, but Nature is never natural in a town. Everything is forced and artificial—comforts and misery, grandeur and degradation. Let us give you a song of the month that is just past, such as one sees it in the country. Mortimer Collins shall sing it to you—

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER, month of mornings misty-bright

With golden light—

Month when the many-tinted leaf

Lies thick upon the moss below;

While to and fro

The breezes moan, as if in grief

November, who dost swell the mountain streams,

To break the dreams

Of the long summer's silent sway,

And rousest the tumultuous floods,

Through glens and woods

To thunder all the sullen day.

The wandering swallows at thy bidding fly

Adwart the sky,

And dare to pass the whirling seas,

Nor pause until their pinions flutter

Where wavelets utter

Low songs amid the Cyclades.

And through the silver vapour-robe of Even,

Swift stars are driven

Across heaven's margin, over-blue,

And to the dark dyes surrender

That sudden twilight hour

Which from the world unknown they draw.

O, month of change, the gleam and shadow and frost,

Thou art the month of rest

With Autumn's golden harvest

And Winter's white and cold

November, thou hast wreaths of evergreen,
 Fair brows to screen,
 Mingled with berries ruddy-hued ;
 And the old ivy, plant divine,
 Young locks to twine,
 Though summer's glory is subdued.

The poet praises June's bright glance of glee,
 And July free,
 Dancing, flower-laden, o'er the plain—
 The myriad blossoms wonder-bright,
 Which cast delight
 O'er the wide land and clasping main.

But me thy humid sky doth gladden more,
 The streamlet's roar,
 The shadows floating far away—
 Strange sounds that, in thy milder moods,
 Fill all the woods—
 The very music of decay.

Now for the wassail-bowl—for the minstrel loves ever the red wine. Here's
 a health to all, and a merry Christmas—

“ Now wassel to you all ! and merry may ye be,
 And foul that wight befall who drinks not health to me.”

So here is a song in praise of the grape ; 'tis Beranger's own, though dressed in
 English :—

BRENNUS, OR THE PLANTING OF THE VINE IN FRANCE.

Brave Brennus thus said to his Gauls—
 “ Let us hallow this triumph of mine ;
 Rome's fields have been taxed for our toils,
 I have brought you this plant of the vine.
 Deprived of their juice, so surprising,
 We fought that the cup we might drain ;
 And the vine on our green hills uprising
 Will crown our victorious campaign.

“ One day, on account of this fruit,
 Other nations with envy shall ring ;
 In its nectar the sunbeams will shoot ;
 All the arts from its bright juice will spring ;
 Many vessels shall quit our dear shores,
 O'er the sea with their white sails unfurled,
 With wine and with flowers for their stores,
 They will circulate joy round the world.

“ Oh, Bacchus ! who brightened our fate !
 In prayer all our voices have met,
 That the exile who stops at our gate
 His country awhile may forget.”
 Brennus then blessed gracious Heaven,
 And planting the vine with his lance,
 The glad Gauls, all joyous, were given
 A glimpse of the future in “ France.”

Shall we give you another foreign lay ? Here, then, is one not from “ La

belle France," but from the land of song, Germany. Listen to Grün's "Der letzte Dichter."

THE LAST POET.

"WHEN will the poet's voice
Of singing weary be?
When will the tones be mute
Of time-worn poesy?

"Has not long since been drained
Its deep o'erflowing cup?
Its blooming garlands gathered,
Its ancient springs dried up?"

Long as through azure space
The sun careers afar—
Long as one human eye
Surveys his glittering car;

Long as heaven's tempests burst,
And deep-voiced thunders break,
And hearts before its wrath
In trembling homage shake;

Long as, when storms are o'er,
Her flag the rainbow shows—
One bosom still with peace
And reconciliation glows;

Long as in ether's fields
Night sows her starry seed;
Long as the eyes of man
The golden lessons read;

Long as the moonbeams shine,
And passions ebb and flow—
Long as the forest gales
O'er weary pilgrims blow;

Long as green-vested Spring
Drops roses on her way—
Long as o'er laughing cheeks
Bright sparks of gladness play;

Long as the cypress boughs
Wave o'er the churchyard mound;
Long as one weeping eye—
One aching heart is found;

So long upon this earth
The Goddess Poesy
And her consecrated priests
Hand in hand shall ever be.

And the song and choral strain
Shall never cease before
The last Poet, the last Man
Hand in hand shall leave earth's shore.

Now we see the fair maidens are becoming anxious for love ditties and tender stories, and so we must even indulge them. Give ear to *Mortimer Collins*

singing a "love passage" in his life; but you must not believe it all happened to himself, however:—

ADA.

HER father lived beside old Windermere,
 Lake of the poets. Little one, whose eyes
 Were like two dewy stars at eventide,
 Why, what a father hadst thou! His the woods,
 Ancient, autumnal, which went sloping down
 With many murmurs to the quiet lake.
 His the long terraces of quaintest box,
 The snow white peacocks screaming all day long
 Through the hot summer. His the pineries
 Where beneath acres of a glassy roof
 The fruitage mellowed, like the olive cheek
 Of Spanish beauty. Not so tenderly
 Does dawn descend upon the eastern hills
 As fell the syringed water on those kings
 Of horticulture. His the fallow deer
 That trod the smooth turf of the hither parks,
 The red deer belling in the distant glens,
 By tarn and pool, his also. Strange old man—
 Stern as a caliph in an Arab tale:
 Thy daughter than sultana lovelier.

I was a chemist then, and loved the breath
 Of noxious gases more than that perfume
 Which steals from ruddy lips. The dreams of Eld,
 Half fable and half miracle, to me
 Were all the world. Yet not unknown to art
 Those conflicts with the powers that make the earth
 Pregnant and joyous. On the hyaline,
 Or on bright silver lucid as the lake
 I could cast pictures of the aged trees,
 Of the old mansion dark amid the green,
 With gables known to Queen Elizabeth,
 And one bright fountain like a sunbeam shot
 Across the landscape. So the merry hours
 Dancing along the path of summer tide,
 Brought beauty to the maiden, dignity
 Of querulous complexion to her sire,
 And smiles of Nature's girlish face to me.

It was beneath a line of sycamores
 I saw the lady first. O Ada! Ada!
 The green trees opened to a stream of sky,
 And through the long dim avenue two pillars
 Of an old temple glittered. There I came
 To make that beauty on the silver steadfast;
 When midway to the temple Ada passed,
 And gazed a moment, and her small white hand
 Shaded her flushing brow from sunlight, while
 Beneath a broad straw hat a shower of ringlets
 Fell on her rosy shoulder. Thus it was
 I caught her image. Dancing light and shade
 Fell round her through the green leaves lovingly:
 And lovingly upon her form I gazed,
 While by the magic aid of iodine
 The silver seized its shadow. All that day
 Aimless I wandered through the breezy woods,

Dreaming of Ada. Full of stars the sky,
And not a sail was left on all the lake,
Nor any light upon the forest pools,
When I passed homeward, Ada in my heart.

But when I heard her speak, one happy day,
The whispered music lingered in my ear,
The simple words fell softly on my heart,
Yet burnt it like a meteor. Far away
Among Arabia's palms and sunny wells
She comes amid the mirage, and I hear
The screaming peacocks and the chapel bell,
And Ada uttering faintly—"I am thine."

Well, fair ones, we hope you are pleased. Ah, we see you are by your smiles
and the sly looks of some that are near you. Come now and listen to something
as touching as ever made heart to sigh, all the more touching that it is full of
truth :—

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S MOTHER.

I.

"Oh! come, my mother, come away, across the sea-green water;
Oh! come with me, and come with him, the husband of thy daughter;
Oh! come with us, and come with them, the sister and the brother,
Who, prattling, climb thine aged knees, and call thy daughter—mother.

II.

"Oh! come, and leave this land of death—this isle of desolation—
This speck upon the sun-bright face of God's sublime creation;
Since now o'er all our fatal stars the most malign hath risen,
When Labour seeks the Poorhouse, and Innocence the Prison.

III.

"'Tis true o'er all the sun-brown fields the husky wheat is bending;
'Tis true God's blessed hand at last a better time is sending;
'Tis true the island's aged face looks happier and younger,
But in the best of days we've known the sickness and the hunger.

IV.

"When health breathed out in every breeze, too oft we've known the fever—
Too oft, my mother, have we felt the hand of the bereaver;
Too well remember many a time the mournful task that brought him,
When freshness fanned the Summer air, and cooled the glow of Autumn.

V.

"But then the trial, though severe, still testified our patience,
We bowed with mingled hope and fear to God's wise dispensations;
We felt the gloomiest time was both a promise and a warning,
Just as the darkest hour of night is herald of the morning.

VI.

"But now through all the black expanse no hopeful morning breaketh—
No bird of promise in our hearts the gladsome song awaketh;
No far-off gleams of good light up the hills of expectation—
Nought but the gloom that might precede the world's annihilation.

VII.

"So, mother, turn thine aged feet, and let our children lead 'em
Down to the ship that wafts us soon to plenty and to freedom;
Forgetting nought of all the past, yet all the past forgiving:
Come, let us leave the dying land, and fly unto the living.

VIII.

“ They tell us, they who read and think of Ireland’s ancient story,
How once its Emerald Flag flung out a sunburst’s fleeting glory ;
Oh ! if that sun will pierce no more the dark clouds that efface it,
Fly where the rising Stars of Heaven commingle to replace it.

IX.

“ So come, my mother, come away, across the sea-green water ;
Oh ! come with us, and come with him, the husband of thy daughter ;
Oh ! come with us, and come with them, the sister and the brother,
Who, prattling, climb thine aged knees, and call thy daughter—mother.”

X.

“ Ah ! go, my children, go away—obey this inspiration ;
Go, with the mantling hopes of health and youthful expectation ;
Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plough the expectant prairies ;
Go, in the sacred name of God, and the Blessed Virgin Mary’s.

XI.

“ But though I feel how sharp the pang from thee and thine to sever,
To look upon these darling ones the last time and for ever ;
Yet in this sad and dark old land, by desolation haunted,
My heart has struck its roots too deep ever to be transplanted.

XII.

“ A thousand fibres still have life, although the trunk is dying—
They twine around the yet green grave where thy father’s bones are lying ;
Ah ! from that sad and sweet embrace no soil on earth can loose ‘em,
Though golden harvests gleam on its breast, and golden sands in its bosom.

XIII.

“ Others are twined around the stone, where ivy blossoms smother
The crumbling lines that trace thy names, my father and my mother ;
God’s blessing be upon their souls—God grant, my cold heart prayeth,
Their names be written in the Book whose writing ne’er decayeth.

XIV.

“ Alas ! my prayers would never warm within those great cold buildings,
Those grand cathedral churches, with their marbles and their gildings ;
Far fitter than the proudest dome that would hang in splendour o’er me,
Is the simple chapel’s whitewashed wall, where my people knelt before me.

XV.

“ No doubt it is a glorious land to which you now are going,
Like that which God bestowed of old, with milk and honey flowing ;
But where are the blessed saints of God, whose lives of his law remind me,
Like Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille, in the land I’d leave behind me ?

XVI.

“ So leave me here, my children, with my old ways and old notions—
Leave me here in peace, with my memories and devotions ;
Leave me in sight of your father’s grave, and as the heavens allied us,
Let not, since we were joined in life, ever in the grave divide us.

XVII.

“ There’s not a week but I can hear how you prosper better and better,
For the mighty fire-ships over the sea will bring the expected letter ;
And if I need aught for my simple wants, my food or my winter firing,
Thou’lt gladly spare from thy growing store a little for my requiring.

XVIII.

“Remember with a pitying love the hapless land that bore you ;
At every festal season be its gentle form before you ;
When the Christmas candle is lighted, and the holly and ivy glisten,
Let your eye look back for a vanished face—for a voice that is silent, listen !

XIX.

“So go, my children, go away—obey this inspiration ;
Go, with the mantling hopes of health and youthful expectation ;
Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plough the expectant prairies ;
Go, in the sacred name of God, and the Blessed Virgin Mary’s.”

An over-true tale : all its pathos deepened by the exquisite tenderness and poetic feeling with which the bard has told it. Alas ! alas ! that it should be so ; that the children of our own dear land should fly from the soil where they sprang ; that the “*mal du pays*” of the Swiss mountaineers should be reversed in Irish bosoms, driving them, with a passionate ardour which is the sacred due of fatherland alone, to seek the hospitable wilds of a newer world. Yet what marvel at that feeling now-a-days ! The evil was done in the age that is past ; the broad way across the Atlantic was paved in the last generation ; and now they who hurry away, fly not to an unknown land, but to one that draws their hearts by a thousand bonds. They go to meet friends, and kindred, and homesteads, to where brothers and sisters, or children await them. And where *they* all are, that is their country. But this is no theme to linger sadly over in merry Christmas times ; so now for another tale to suit the season :—

THE SNOW STORM.

I.

WILDLY and fearfully
Snow-flakes were flying ;
Sadly and tearfully
On the ground lying
Rested a mother,
With infant on breast,
Whom the snow storm doth smother,
And the tempest molest.

II.

Coldly and wearily
There was she wandering ;
Darkly and drearily
In her mind pondering
On griefs more than human
Her sad heart must bear,
And the thought filled the woman
With bitter despair.

III.

Fell the sorrow cheerlessly
On the poor stranger,
Bravely and fearlessly
Struggling with danger ;
I But her infant awaking
From perilous sleep,
I Her journey she’s taking
O’er mountain and steep.

IV.

Wilder and darker yet
The fierce storm bloweth,
But one eye doth mark her yet,
As colder she groweth ;
She looks up to heaven,
Sees only the snow,
Her heart-strings seem riven,
And down she sinks low !

V.

There heavily, passively,
On snow couch reclining,
Her heart more submissively
Shrinks from repining ;
A sad spell hath bound her,
She hears her child’s cries !
And tho’ perils surround her,
She struggles to rise.

VI.

Paler and sadlier,
Her boy is scarce living ;
Sternier and madlier
The mother is striving ;
Close, closer she presses
Her babe to her heart,
In love’s wildest caresses,
Ere lov’d ones do part.

VII.

Still heavily drifting
 The snow falls at pleasure ;
 The mother uplifting
 Her heart's dearest treasure,
 Is now only trying
 To keep him awake,
 While the snow-flakes are flying,
 And her fond heart doth ache.

VIII.

Still dark clouds are pouring
 Down snow, never melting,
 And she is enduring
 Its pitiless pelting ;
 With a wreath of the whitest
 Of gems she is crowned,
 And hues that are brightest
 Her forehead surround.

IX.

Sinking down lower still,
 Now, then, behold her,
 Her weak feet go slower still,
 Her limbs are grown colder ;
 She has not to cheer her
 The glad things of life,
 And death's drawing near her,
 To finish the strife.

X.

Of her life she is weary now,
 The snow is still beating ;
 Before all seems dreary now,
 And there's no retreating.
 On her child are still centred
 Her fond hopes below,
 Tho' the iron hath enter'd
 Her soul in its woe.

XI.

There, meekly and motionless,
 Her babe fondly clasping,
 Silent and passionless,
 For breath even gasping ;
 Yes, there are they lying
 So sadly and low,
 The wind o'er them sighing,
 Their grave-shroud the snow.

XII.

Yet faint not, sad mother,
 For the thick clouds are clearing ;
 One struggle—another—
 And hope is appearing ;
 Bear yet a while longer
 With suffering and grief,
 And that hope will grow stronger,
 And change to relief.

XIII.

Now brighter, and brighter yet
 That hope her heart cheereth,
 And lighter, and lighter yet
 The dark cloud appeareth ;
 And far in the distance
 Are forms moving fast,
 That are bringing assistance
 And comfort at last.

XIV.

See !—two mastiffs are bounding
 O'er the snow hillocks lightly,
 And the spot are surrounding
 Where she still struggles slightly ;
 And by the warm pressing
 To the babe which they give,
 And their earnest caressing,
 The poor child doth live.

XV.

Nor do these dumb creatures,
 Thus lab'ring so lonely
 In the warmth of their natures,
 On strangers wait only ;
 For their brave-hearted owners
 To the rescue have come,
 The benevolent donors
 Of warmth, life, and home !

XVI.

With gladness and rapture
 Is the mother's heart swelling,
 Escap'd from Death's capture,
 To Charity's dwelling ;
 How gladly she listen'd
 To the voice of her child,
 And her eyes how they glisten'd
 As the babe sweetly smiled !

Shall we now give you a piece of minstrelsy which has come to us all across the "broad Atlantic,"—ay, even from Pennsylvania,—for you see we have already established our transatlantic communication? While others are discussing which is the nearest port and the safest harbour, we have laid down *our* line of telegraph, by which spirit communicates with spirit; and the spark of genius kindled on the Susquehanna and the Alleghany soon blazes upon the banks of the Liffey.

FATHER TIME AND HIS CHILDREN.

As Time passed on his ceaseless course,
 His children, one by one,
 To greet him came ;—and first appeared,
 With stately step and flowing beard,
 His fearless first-born son.

A snowy robe was round him thrown,
His brow was bare and bold ;
So proud was he that he car'd for none—
He spoke in a hoarse and hurried tone,
And his breath was sharp and cold.

Few were the words that passed between
Old Time and his sullen child,
When the second came with sadder mien ;
In his dull face no pride was seen,
And he seldom, if ever, smiled.

A coat of glittering mail he wore,
That rattled with every breeze ;
A crystal staff in his hand he bore,
And tears anon from his eyes would pour,
On his icy cheek to freeze.

A hurried greeting, a cold farewell,
And Time on his journey pass'd ;
When he heard a sound through the woodland swell,
And the voice of March on his quick ear fell,
Like the rush of a stormy blast.

A merry, merry lad is March,
With his loud and cheerful song ;
A ragged cloak o'er his shoulders cast,
And half-unclothed his rugged breast,
And little he cares in his song to rest,
For his lungs are stout and strong.

Rudely he greeted his aged sire,
Though his heart was kind enough ;
And the old man smothered his kindling ire,
While his son struck wildly his tuneless lyre
To numbers wild and rough.

April came next, like a laughing child,
And the old man's heart was stirred,
As she gathered flowers that were sweet and wild,
And o'er them by turns she wept and smiled,
And her happy voice the hours beguiled,
Like the song of a singing bird.

Yet on she went, for the gentle May
Was waiting his smile to meet ;
She scattered blossoms about his way,
And flung, wherever he chose to stray,
At early morn or the close of day,
Fresh dews to cool his feet.

Oh, a happy, happy time he had
While his lovely child was nigh ;
She was never weary and never sad,
And her merry voice made his old heart glad
As the pleasant hours flew by.

But he might not linger, for blue-eyed June
Advanced with a smiling face,
Her form was light, and a brilliant zone
Of gorgeous hues around her thrown,
And she flew with a grace which was all her own
To her father's fond embrace.

She led him away over field and hill,
 With lightsome step and free,
His bosom with fragrant flowers did fill,
By field and forest and dancing rill,
And Time for awhile had a right good will
 To be as gay as she.

But she passed away with her beauties rare,
 And her sister, bright July,
With fruit-stain'd lips and golden hair,
Approached her sire with a bustling air,
 For the harvest time was nigh.

And she was a gay, industrious maid,
 With little time to waste ;
But the noonday rest in the cooling shade
She loved full well ; or by bright cascade
To bathe her limbs ; or in forest glade
 The ripe wild fruit to taste.

And the flowers which June had kindly nurs'd
 She scattered in high disdain,
But the merry laugh from her red lips burst,
When the bright scythes swung, and she bound the first
 Ripe sheaves of the yellow grain.

Old Time loved dearly his bright-eyed child,
 Though rest she gave him not,
He must follow her steps wherever she toiled,
Till his sluggish veins with fever boiled,
 For the sun shone fierce and hot.

But the merry harvest time was gone,
 And Time, with weary sigh
And listless step, moved slowly on,
While August came o'er the dew-gem'd lawn
 With half-shut, drowsy eye.

With languid step did August come,
 And look of weariness,
Her voice was soft as the wild bee's hum,
And thin as if woven in spider's loom
 Was her bright, unbelted dress.

Some flowers of bright and varied hue
 Among her hair she wove,
Scarlet and yellow and brilliant blue,
And she bathed them oft in pearly dew
 In meadow, field, and grove.

But the bright things drooped on her sultry brow,
 And her sunny face grew wan,
As she heard a voice that whisper'd low,
And soft as the streamlet's gentle flow—
“ Your flowers must die in their summer's glow,
 For September is coming on.”

She passed ; and her sunburnt brother sprung
 To his father's side with glee.
His clear, shrill notes through the valleys rung,
And the songs that fell from his silvery tongue
Were gladly welcomed by old and young ;
 For a cheerful youth was he.

A heavy load did September bear,
 Though his step was firm and light:—
The purple plum, the yellow pear,
The ripe red peach with its fragrance rare ;
And he scattered his treasures here and there,
 Like the gifts of a fairy sprite.

No wonder if Father Time should prize
 His generous-hearted boy ;
But Time (as the proverb hath it) flies,
And with hurried step and heavy sighs,
Such as mortals heave when a bright hope dies,
 Or they miss some promis'd joy.

Next came October, richly clad,
 In robe of gorgeous dye ;
A regal crown adorns his head,
Of purple grapes ; and round him spread
Were the ripened fruits the trees had shed ;
 For the vintage time drew nigh.

He looked about as if to see
 What work was left to do.
He chased away the humming bee
And summer bird, and merrily
Shook the ripe nuts from the rustling tree,
 Nor seemed his work to rue.

But yet his work was hardly done,
 When November said in wrath—
“ You wear a robe ; you have need of none.
I have shivered for years for lack of one,
As year by year my course I run
 Along this dreary path.”

And he was, indeed, a shivering wight,
 Nor robe nor cloak he wore.
He grasped October's mantle bright,
Tore it apart with ruthless might,
And scattered it, in sport or spite,
 His father's face before.

The squirrel he chased to its winter rest,
 Within the hollow tree ;
The serpent crawl'd to his earthy nest,
As the wind blew cold from the bleak north-west,
 For averse to cold was he.

But Time went on with a quicker pace,
 And a frown upon his brow ;
For how could he wear a smiling face,
When a bloomless world was his dwelling-place,
For he sought in vain to find a trace
 Of his favourite beauties now.

December met him with noisy shout,
 Like a schoolboy's heedless mirth,
And he rung his merry welcome out—
“ I am glad to find you so hale and stout ;
But what, old man, have you been about,
 As you journey'd round the earth ?”

Said Time, "I have seen my children all,
 From the eldest, down to thee;
 I have seen flowers bloom at the gentle call
 Of one, by another's breath to fall;
 And the bridal robe and the mourning pall
 Are neither new to me.

"The youngest one of all art thou,
 And a jolly boy thou art;
 But thy eldest brother's stormy brow
 Is thine, and his robe of frost and snow;
 I would call you twins, if it were not so
 That you're numbered so far apart."

December laughed, and his white locks shook,
 As he rushed to his brother's side;
 The stern-one little sport could brook,
 But him by the hand he kindly took,
 And his chilly face wore a kinder look,
 As December hoarsely cried—

"We are much alike, so our father said,
 And faith, I believe 'tis true,
 For the self-same covering decks our bed;
 So here on your breast I'll lean my head,
 And we will be brothers, linked and wed
 In bonds of friendship true."

And so his frigid form he flung
 On his brother's icy breast,
 And a wild and fitful song he sung,
 That far away through the forest rung,
 Till echoes from hill and valley sprung
 Ere he sunk to quiet rest.

But see, the evening is long past, and the hours are hurrying us on to midnight.
 There go the chimes from the bell-tower; it is time that we retire; yet one
 chant more ere we go. We meet not again till Christmas, with its merry-
 making, shall have come and gone, and this old Year shall have died in the arms
 of his young heir. We will sing him out, even as we sang him into life:—

A CHANT FOR THE END OF THE YEAR.

ALL day long the snow is drifting, drifting o'er the champaign white;
 All the night the broad December moonlight makes the silence bright:
 It is winter! it is winter! Harken to the hailstorm's flight.

Ay, the holy Christmastide with its vivid joy is fled:
 And another year of struggle, almost numbered with the dead,
 Bids us pause amid the turmoil while a saintly song is said.

Tamely now the merle and mavis flutter in the hedges near;
 From the cottage thatch the snow drips with many an icy tear:
 It is winter! it is winter! heralding the new-born year.

Wearily the lusty teams smoke against the frosty hill;
 Ice has caught the brook's low ripple, curving in its wayward will;
 Ice has seized the very vapour, garlanding the casements chill.

Mighty One ! we bow before Thee, praising Thee for winter's chain—
Asking that a summer warmth in our hearts may ever reign,
Warmth to cheer the poor and toil-worn guider of the heavy wain.

Thou hast given, O Creator ! Thou again mayest take away !
Let us not forget our stewardship, but go forward, day by day,
Cheering those who are Thy children on their sorrow-laden way.

For the power of earth is passing, like the morning's glittering rime,
And the swiftest of Thine angels guides the chariot of time
Onward to the end of all things, onward to the holy clime.

“ Onward to the end of all things ! ” yes, that is the irresistible decree of fate—the fiat of the Creator upon his whole creation. Move onward we must. Let us then do so submissively, carefully, cheerfully. Making the pathway smooth by our patience, pleasant by our cheeriness, and easy by our charity. Bearing one another's burthens, with a ready hand to help him who stumbles, and a kind one to dry the tears of him who weeps. And so now must we, in obedience to the great command, pass away for the present. Yet ere we go, give us our guerdon : and if we have cheered an hour of sadness at a season when none should be sad, if we have made your eye lighten with pleasure, or your lips smile at our sallies, then are we rewarded with the only meed that true minstrel ever coveted. Fare ye well, then, one and all, and till next we meet we give you a piece of good advice for winter weather—

“ Heap on fresh fuel, make a blazing fire,
Bring out the cup of kindness, spread the board,
And gladden winter with your cheerfulness.”

Fare ye well, once again, we say, gentle masters and mistresses all. Pledge us now, ere we cross the threshold, in one toast, and in a full cup of the best and brightest—

“ HEALTH AND LONG LIFE TO MARY ! ”

And so—

“ Wassail ! To you and yours, and all ! All health ! ”

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